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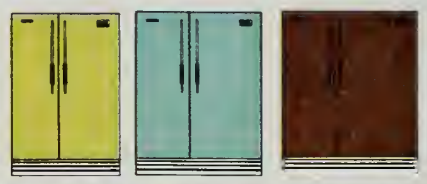

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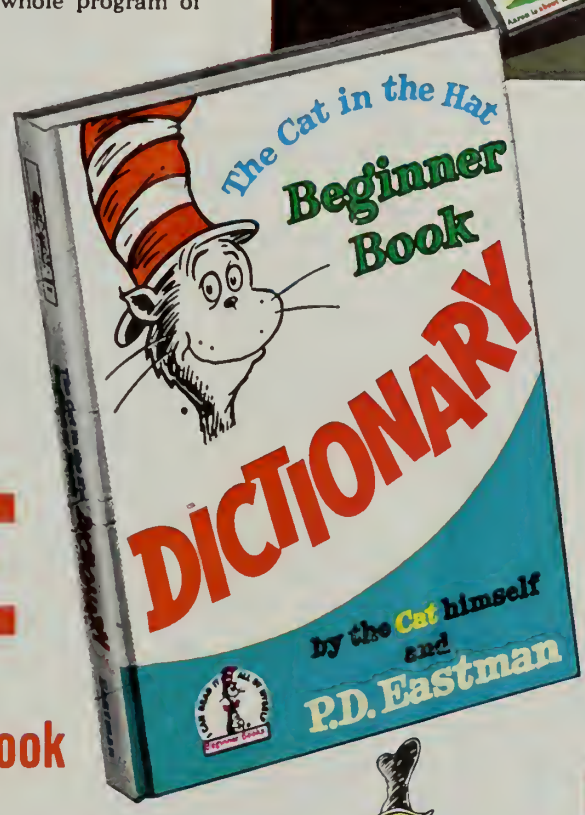

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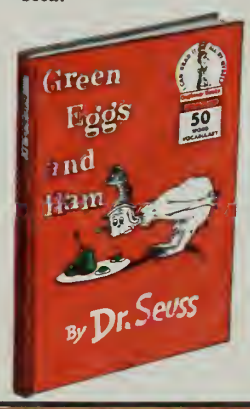

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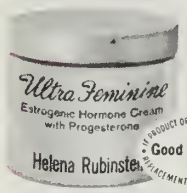

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JANUARY 1965 VOL. LXXXII NUMBER 1

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ARTICLES

18 My World: To India, with Love *Pearl S. Buck*
22 The Truth about Female Hormones *Sherwin A. Kaufman, M.D.*
24 What's so Wonderful about English Schools? *Clara Claiborne Park*
33 Panel of American Women *Samm Sinclair Baker*
42 "Absolument, Mlle. Bardot!" "Positivement, Mlle. Sagan!" *Richard Grenier*
52 The Journal of a Soul (Conclusion) *Angelo Roncalli (Pope John XXIII)*
92g Can Fashion Be Immoral? *Jessica Daves*
99 Great American Palaces: Whitehall *James T. Maas*

FICTION

44 The Joyous Season *Patrick Dennis*
50 The Thousand Doors (Conclusion) *Abraham Rothberg*
92b Don't Make a Sound *Helen Hudson* (Journal Fiction Extra)

REGULAR FEATURES

6 Our Readers Write Us
11 Contributors and Editors
73 Journal Shopping Center

FASHIONS AND PATTERNS

30 Journal Original: 19
36 A Bright Winter Life *Trudy Owett*
46 Paris Close-up *Nora O'Leary*
97 Backviews

BEAUTY

55 Count Silver an Asset *Dorothy Anne Robinson*

FOOD

17 Table for Two
62 New Data on Diets
66 The Psychology of Dieting *Hilde Bruch, M.D.*
94 Vegetables with Flair *Willetta Bar-Illan*

DECORATING

58 On View: Collections *Margaret White*

COVER: We greet January head on with a dashing leather helmet by Adolfo. For other ways to brighten your winter wardrobe, see pages 36–41. Photograph by Francesco Scavullo.

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Our Readers Write Us

DREAM OF THE WILD WEST

Dear Editors: I have bought the *Journal* for many years, and find your articles very interesting, both those on serious subjects and those on fashion and beauty problems. It is quite obvious that the world is getting smaller and smaller, and the differences in thinking and dressing seem to grow more insignificant all the time.

Now I would like to ask you for help in a very special matter. I have a five-year-old son, Lasse, who is gradually losing his sight. He will be completely blind in time—we do not know when. However, this young man has seen a picture of a little American boy dressed in cowboy clothes, and now he is dreaming about writing letters to and getting letters from a small boy in the Wild West—or what he believes to be the Wild West—and, above all, he wants to get a photo of this boy sitting on his horse. As children in Sweden do not start school until they are seven years old, my son cannot yet write a proper letter himself, but he wants to send drawings and photos instead. He has already made a good start by drawing a picture of a Swedish car (see below), which he asked me to mail for him.

Of course the boy is a bit young, but we do not know how long it will be possible for him to see a picture, and, of course, we want him to see as much as possible before he gets completely blind. His sight is already so weak that he will have to go to a school for blind children.

I am very much aware of the fact that you do not run a correspondence club, but maybe you could help me to find a little boy (or girl) for my son.

MRS. B. O. BACKMAN
Grangesberg, Sweden

• *Anyone with a Wild-Western son who would like to write to Lasse, please send letters to Lasse Backman, c/o Ladies' Home Journal, 641 Lexington Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. We will be happy to forward them with all speed.—ED.*

MAN OF GREAT WORTH

Dear Editors: I am sure that people everywhere, Protestants, Jews and Catholics, share my gratitude for your beautiful publication of THE JOURNAL OF A SOUL (November, 1964).

I am sure, too, that your article has added greatly to the love which Pope John XXIII inspired in people all over the world. I am anxiously awaiting the next two installments.

NELLIE JIM
Latrobe, Pa.

Dear Editors: The Pope and I are as widely separated as the two poles in our doctrinal and organizational acceptances, but what sameness we both found when turning on the searchlight in our souls. The same hindrances in attaining holiness, the same "walking backwards" while trying to take steps in God's direction, the same worldly appetites while reaching for Heaven's hopes.

All of which proves that down inside, past our preoccupied tenet-filled minds, we all have foolish faults to overcome. Being a priest or a minister's wife, they are pretty much the same.

BEVERLY V. GARBER
Harrisonburg, Va.

Dear Editors: Thank you for revealing the formation of a great and holy soul to so many people. Usually one finds stories of this kind only in religious periodicals, read by only a small number of people, or in an expensive and extremely long book. Now at the price of a few cents and a few minutes each month, thousands will gain a spiritual understanding hitherto open to only a few.

MRS. W. L. SCHWARZROCK
Minot, N. Dak.

Dear Editors: The late Pope John XXIII was without doubt a sincere and godly man, but all through his writings there seems to be a fear that he may yet be lost unless he does certain things or refrains from certain acts. To me the Christian religion should be one of joy and promise. When we become children of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, we are always His children. We can dwell so much on our own shortcomings that we have not the time nor the energy to do the many things Christ has asked of His disciples. No one is perfect, but we can strive for perfection, knowing that God doesn't expect of us the impossible.

MRS. E. R. LOOMIS
Covington, Ky.

RECIPE FOR HOBBLY-BARNEK

Dear Editors: I'd like a nickel for every Barnek I've made and eaten! (OUR READERS WRITE US, November, 1964.) My father taught me how to make it when I was about eight, but I've found only one other person who knew what it was, and this is the first time I've seen the word in print. We never put ham in it, but I shall try it soon.

Here's my recipe: In a bowl, mix 1 cup corn meal, ½ cup flour, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon baking soda. Stir in enough rapidly boiling water to form a stiff dough (something like pie crust). Spread (and it's hard to) in a greased pie plate, and bake in a 425° oven 30–40 minutes. The center is like mush, but it's the crust that is so good. We eat it in bowls of ice-cold milk, or either hot or cold with butter.

MRS. JOSEPH ZUROMSKIS
East Rochester, N.H.

(continued on page 9)

Forget everything you knew about macaroni and cheese

Instead, think of golden elbow macaroni deep in cheddar flavor (a whole can of creamy cheese sauce) – that's Kraft Macaroni and Cheese Deluxe Dinner

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REPORTING on a Government-Financed Study of Five Leading Pain Relievers, an article in The Journal of The American Medical Association shows that Bayer Aspirin is as gentle to the stomach as any product tested, including the higher priced buffered product. Furthermore, not one of the products tested, not even the higher priced combination-of-ingredients one that claims to be 50% stronger—none of these products is faster or stronger than Bayer Aspirin.

 continued from page 6

HIGH REWARD, LOW SALARY

Dear Editors: In THE REWARDS OF TEACHING (November, 1964), Mary Ellen Chase refers to teachers who wear "the same old duds" day in and day out.

May I say that if a teacher were paid a minimum baby-sitter wage of 50 cents per hour per child she could easily afford a fine closetful of suits, blouses and dresses.

MARGARET HAMROCK
Youngstown, Ohio

Dear Editors: I had just completed a wearying but happy day with my 32 fourth-graders. My relaxing reading for the evening was THE REWARDS OF TEACHING, and how enjoyable it was! I have had only two short years of rewards so far, but am finding so much pleasure, fun and excitement in this life that I will probably never give it up.

MRS. HARRY W. YOUNG JR.
Gloucester, N.J.

NOTHING TO LOSE BUT YOUR MEN

Dear Editors: In answer to Mrs. Fred Robbin's letter, "Rally Round the Flag, Girls" (OUR READERS WRITE US, November, 1964), I would like to ask a few questions. Is her husband an active union member or one who just pays dues and then complains about the union? A union is as strong, honest and worthwhile as the members make it. The same applies to political parties.

Where is her "pioneer spirit"? True, we suffer, to a degree, when there is a strike, but we must realize that the union is trying to better working conditions now, as well as in the future for our children.

Instead of starting another union and another political machine, she should encourage her husband to become more active in his local union, and should work in the political party of her choice to help make them what she wants them to be.

Our men become soft when we women step into their world and take away their incentives to act as men!

MRS. FRANK GILD
Compton, Calif.

SELF-RELIANTLY YOURS

Dear Editors: The Jefferson letters (AFFECTIONATELY YOURS, November, 1964) were most refreshing to read, especially after all the campaign cat-calling.

When President Jefferson wrote: "It is a part of the American character to consider nothing as desperate; to surmount every difficulty by resolution and contrivance. Remote from all other aid, we are obliged to invent and to execute; to find means within ourselves, and not to lean on others"—it made red, white and blue pride surge through me.

Thank you for a brief look at our wonderful heritage.

MRS. FELIX F. CHURCH
Bellevue, Wash.

BITTER HARVEST

Dear Editors: Pearl Buck's article, AMERICAN CHILDREN: ALIEN BY BIRTH (November, 1964), is a moral indictment of the Government. I can understand how and why this problem arose, but am appalled at the cold disregard for these children.

I can't see how these countries can help but be bitter toward the United States for ignoring a very real human problem which we have left them with. What a waste of American life to allow these children to grow up ignorant and without hope for the future.

MRS. DONALD HUTCHINSON
O'Fallon, Mo.

Dear Editors: It has been a year and a half since my husband, a career Army officer, returned from a 13-month tour in Korea, but our lives will always be shadowed by what he saw there. He visited many orphanages and witnessed the struggle to find homes for hundreds of mixed-race children.

There are thousands of them who never find their way into the refuge of an orphanage, but roam the streets and steal and beg in order to survive; girls barely in their teens who prostitute themselves to support younger brothers and sisters.

Why is it that the American soldier, who ordinarily would never dream of doing a thing like this at home, feels that it is all right in a foreign country? I don't know what the answer is for the children who are already suffering, but I think Miss Buck is on her way to finding it. Since it is obvious that the people who are *directly* responsible are not going to help her, then it falls to all of us who have any pride in our country or love for our fellow men.

MRS. GARY GALLIER
College Park, Ga.

DWINDLING LIVING SPACE

Dear Editors: Compliments to the magazine and the author of THE THREATENING CROWD (November, 1964). Marya Mannes has really put it on the line in her brief, fact-packed article. She has said what needs to be said, shocking and disillusioning as it may be. Too many of her "comfortable middle classes" have buried their heads, ostrichlike, in the sands of "never before have we had it so good."

MRS. JAMES FERRY
Norwich, N.Y.

Dear Editors: The population explosion is acknowledged as our most serious world problem by thinking people of all faiths, and it cannot too often be discussed so that each one of us may realize it is an individual responsibility to assure that something is done—and much can be done—about it. Almost all our other problems are augmented by this one.

MRS. HENRY M. MINTON
New Hyde Park, N.Y.

Dear Editors: It would appear that Marya Mannes has never traveled the United States, much less the world, or she would certainly not have felt crowded, away from the metropolitan centers. I feel quite sure that Almighty God has provided us with the necessary intelligence, if we use it properly, to take care of any children that He (not the birth-controllers) might ever send into this world.

MRS. PALMER L. CONRAN
Clayton, Mo.

Little Kim was abandoned by her mother in an alley of Seoul, Korea. She was found curled up behind a box, shivering, hungry and frightened.

Her G.I. father probably doesn't even know she exists. And since Kim is a mixed-blood child, no relative will ever claim her.

Her future? Well, that's up to you. Look at her! Her every movement and gesture seem to be a plea for someone to love her. Will you?

For only $10 a month you or your group can "adopt" a boy or girl equally as needy as Kim, in your choice of the countries listed.

You will receive the child's picture, life history, and the opportunity to exchange letters, Christmas cards—and love.

Since 1938 American sponsors have found this to be the beginning of a warm personal friendship with a deserving child, making it possible for Christian Children's Fund to assist children in orphanages, schools, and special projects around the world.

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Sponsors needed to help children in the following countries this month: Korea, Japan, Taiwan, Hong Kong, India, American Indians.

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Canadians: Write 1139 Bay St., Toronto 5, Can.
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LHJ15

Swiss-in-the-Round

Here in America Kraft master cheesemakers have discovered how to make natural Swiss that's truly nut-sweet in flavor to the last delicious morsel. It's yours—whenever you pick the package marked Kraft—to enjoy in everyday sandwiches or Treatwiches like these for a buffet party. ☐ To fix them: spread 3 slices of round rye with Kraft Mayonnaise. Top first slice with lettuce, sliced boiled ham, Kraft Natural Swiss; second slice with sliced bologna, Kraft Swiss. Top with remaining slice and skew with garnished picks. Cut in 4 wedges.

THE FINEST OF NATURAL CHEESES—NATURALLY FROM KRAFT

Contributors and Editors

Patrick Dennis

Willetta Bar-Illan

Samm Sinclair Baker

Clara Claiborne Park

By 1958, *Auntie Mame*—the novel, the play, and then the movie—had brought **Patrick Dennis** tremendous popular acclaim. But the Chicago-born writer is much more than a one-shot success. Since 1953 he has produced 11 books, including several best sellers, and will soon come out with a twelfth, entitled *The Joyous Season*. A condensation begins on page 44 of this issue.

The complexities of calculating a diet, even with the aid of computers, can be staggering. For NEW DATA ON DIETS (page 62), the *Journal*'s food editor, **Willetta Bar-Illan**, worked three weeks helping eight RCA electronic data processing technicians to program three 301 computers, then spent 35 hours collecting and interpreting the results. The first computer-prescribed meal was strange: pineapple juice and Brussels sprouts. But programmers found the hitch. They'd forgotten to tell the machine to select six items for each meal. The lack was supplied.

Former advertising executive **Samm Sinclair Baker** was born in Paterson, N.J., worked his way through the University of Pennsylvania, and is now a business consultant living in Larchmont, N.Y. He says he started writing as soon as he could hold a pencil, is able to work anywhere, under almost any conditions, because of apparently remarkable powers of concentration. A desire to "help people live happier, more rewarding lives" has led Mr. Baker to write a dozen books on such disparate subjects as creative thinking, gardening and mystery writing, and it was in that spirit that he undertook the PANEL OF AMERICAN WOMEN article on page 33.

The idea for WHAT'S SO WONDERFUL ABOUT ENGLISH SCHOOLS? (page 24) occurred to **Clara Claiborne Park** during a stay in England with her husband. She had intended, she says, "to immerse myself in British novels," but "became fascinated instead by the unbelievable convolutions of the British educational system." Mrs. Park is a native of Tarrytown, N.Y., received her B.A. at Radcliffe, her M.A. at the University of Michigan, now lives with her husband and four children in Williamstown, Mass., where she teaches English part time at Berkshire Community College.

James T. Maher is, at the age of 47, well-launched on a second career. His first ended about seven years ago, with a job as press-relations director for a major oil company, which he quit in order to write. GREAT AMERICAN PALACES, which starts on page 99, is the first of eight nonfiction books he hopes to produce; he is working on a musical comedy and a novel, and has outlined or sketched out about 30 short stories for future work. One of Mr. Maher's short stories, *Good Night, Mr. Mulcahy, Good Night*, appeared in the May, 1964, issue of *Ladies' Home Journal*.

To **George Riemer**, who wrote for us last October on the Initial Teaching Alphabet, goes credit for the painstaking, delicate task of selecting, from a 170,000-word manuscript, the portions of Pope John XXIII's spiritual diary that have been published in the *Journal* as THE JOURNAL OF A SOUL. Final installment, page 52.

Now, at home, you can easily

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SEND FOR NEW CATALOG OF 63 EXQUISITE DESIGNS AND SIMPLE STEP-BY-STEP INSTRUCTIONS

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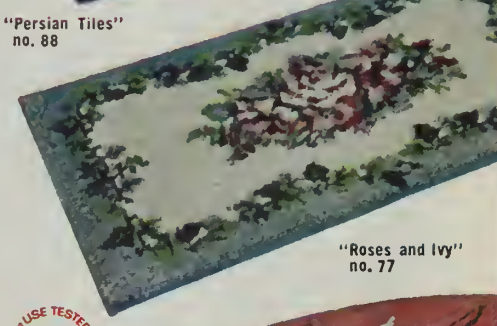

"Roses and Ivy" no. 77

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- **Readicut Moth-proofed 100%-wool 6-ply Rug Yarn, imported from England.** No cutting or winding...comes *cut-to-size*. Guarantees *even*, extra *deep* pile.
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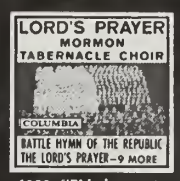
1544. Also: Seltzer Boy, The Streets of Miami, etc.

1090. "This is an extraordinary chorus." —New York Times

1538. Also: If I Had A Hammer, La Bamba, A-Me-Ri-Ca, etc.

1605. America's most celebrated organist." — Newsweek

1044. Also: Rinky-Dink, The Stripper, Take Five, etc.

1258. Also: Midnight in Moscow, If I Had A Hammer, etc.

1606. Also Lovesong of May, Frasquita's Serenade, etc.

1165. Also: Lovely Hula Hands, Pagan Love Song, etc.

1542. Also: O Sole Mio, Sixteen Tons, Via Venato, etc.

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ANY 6

REGULAR or STEREO RECORDS

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As our 10th Anniversary Gift to you, we will include this record rack FREE. You'll find it extremely useful, for this compact, brass-finished rack adjusts to your specific needs . . . its capacity grows as your collection grows. Folds flat when not in use.

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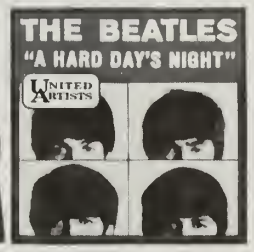

the Beatles

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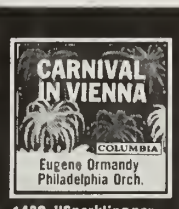
1553. Here's the Beatles' biggest hit album . . . and you can begin your membership by purchasing it as your first selection. To receive it, just write the number "1553" in the "First Selection" box on the postage-paid card provided . . . and fill in the numbers of the other six records you want free.

t300. Greensleeves, Humoresque, Clair de Lune, 12 in all

1093. "A work of genius . . . colossal score!"—High Fid.



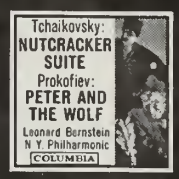
1480. "Sparkling performances...music." — Musical America

1326. Humoresque, Nocturne, Romance, Mazurka, 9 others

1098. "Fierce impact and momentum." — N.Y. World-Telegram

Classical Favorites

1263. "Magnificent performances!" — High Fidelity

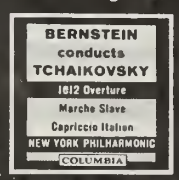


1070. "Skillfully, warmly, richly performed."—High Fid.

1523. "A glittering performance."—Billboard

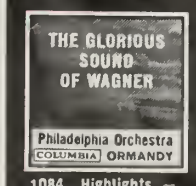
1283. "Appealing tunes and lush romanticism."—Life

1081. "Most astonishing playing we've heard!"—Wash. Star



1603. Bernstein "at top of his form." — High Fidelity

1067. "Perhaps the greatest piano recording."—HiFi Rev.



1084. Highlights — Tannhauser, Lohengrin, Siegfried, etc.

1328. "Bold accents and rich color." — St. Louis Globe-Dem.

1322. Performances are "quite dazzling" —New York Times

1577. Performed with "glowing intensity." —High Fidelity

1083. "Abundance of pulsing rhythms." — St. Louis Globe-Dem.

IT'S COLUMBIA RECORD CLUB'S 10th ANNIVERSARY and we're celebrating with our best offer ever! If you join now, you may have ANY SIX of the hit albums shown on these two pages — FREE! And you'll also receive, as an Anniversary Gift, an adjustable record rack FREE.

Simply write in the numbers of the SIX records you wish to receive FREE on the postage-paid card provided. Then choose another record as your first selection, for which you will be billed only $3.98 (regular high-fidelity) or $4.98 (stereo). In short, you will actually receive seven records for the price of one!

Be sure to indicate whether you want your seven records (and all future selections) in regular high-fidelity or stereo. Also indicate the type of music in which you are mainly interested: Classical; Listening and Dancing; Broadway, Movies and Musical Comedies; Country and Western; Teen Hits; Jazz.

HOW THE CLUB OPERATES: Each month the Club's staff of music experts selects outstanding records from every field of music. These selections are fully described in the Club's entertaining and informative music Magazine, which you receive free each month.

You may accept the monthly selection for the field of music in which you are mainly interested, or take any of the wide variety of other records offered, or take NO record in any particular month.

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Great Jazz

1156. One Fine Day, Monkey, 10 others

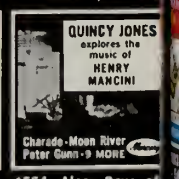
1327. Also: Sticks And Stones, etc.

1359. Standanavian, Rubberneck, 7 more

1556. World's Fair, Iberia, 4 others

1364. Here are the Count's greatest hits

1600. Once Upon A Summer Night, 6 more



1554. Also: Days of Wine And Roses, etc.

© Columbia Records Distribution Corp., 1963 900/565

. Also: My Heart s for You; Hey, d Lookin'; etc.

t607. Also: Browsy Waters, The Hawaiian Wedding Song, etc.

1301. Also: I Stayed Too Long at The Fair, Gettc Move, etc.

1593. Gordon Jenkins' musical poems inpraise of Manhattan

1537. Also: Lost In The Stars, Too Close for Comfort, etc.

S. Also: What'll , Always on My d, Solitude, etc.

1350. Also: Third Man Theme, Caravan, Solitude, etc.

t023. Also: Love for Sale, Candy Kisses, Marry Young, etc.

1586. Also: Home on The Range, Carolina Moon, etc.

1013. Also: Twelfth of Never, No Love, Come to Me, etc. *

2. Also: What of Fool Am I?, Each Day, etc.

1113. Also: A Guy Is A Guy, Whatever Will Be, Will Be; etc.

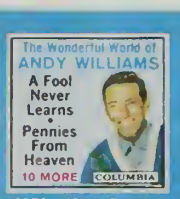
1302. Also: The High And The Mighty, I Get Rhythm, etc.

1287. Also: Return to Paradise, Beyond The Reef, etc.

1408. Also: Daddy, Come On-A My House, Blue Moon, etc.

LISTEN—DANCE—DREAM

Romantic Music



1351. Also: Dream, This Is All I Ask, Noelle, 12 in all

1442. The Sweetest Sounds, You'll Never Walk Alone, t0 more

1812. Also: When I Take My Sugar to Tea, A Fine Romance, etc.

t061. Also: A Taste of Honey, My Honey's Loving Arms, etc.

t614. Also: Forget Him, You Don't Own Him, SugarShack, etc.

1610. Also: Crooked Little Man, Wives And Lovers, etc.

1487. Also: Fly Me To the Moon, Nina Never Knew, etc.

1584. Also: Tara's Theme, Imagination, Laura, etc.

1595. Also: Because of You, All The Way, Secret Love, etc.

1608. Also: The Blue Danube, Sabre Dance, Clelito Lindo, etc.

2. Also: Revin' nbler, A Travelin' n, t2 in all

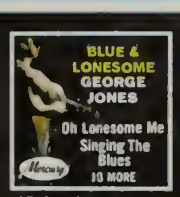
1458. Also: Streets of Laredo, Bonanza, New Mexico, etc.

6. Lemon Tree, If d A Hammer, This n, t2 in all

t004. Green Leaves of Summer, My Toni, Greenfields, 8 more

t448. Also: Sunshine Special, Goin' Home, Sinner Man, etc.

t443. Also: Slowly, Back Street Affair, More And More, etc.

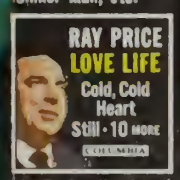


t596. Also: Cup of Loneliness, Color of The Blues, etc.

t590. Also: Anything Love Can Buy, This Ol' Riverboat, etc.

t450. Also: Folsom Prison Blues, Bad News, etc.

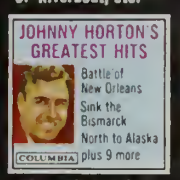
t447. All My Trials, Rocky Road, Very Last Day, etc.



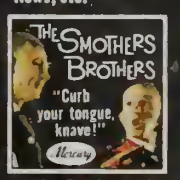
t587. Also: How Long Is Forever, Please Talk to My Heart, etc.

t012. Also: What Do I Care, Forty Shades of Green, etc.

1449. Also: Tell Old Bill, The Tarriers Song, etc.

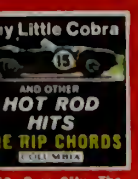


t057. Also: Johnny Reb, Comanche, Jim Bridger, etc.



t501. Eight spanking new explosions of laughter and song

1536. Also: Silver Dagger, Fare Thee Well, etc.



3. Drag City, The een, 10 more

t508. Also: It's So Easy, etc.

t585. Also: What Am I Living For, etc.

t545. Also: So Sad, Temptation, etc.

t580. Also: Gee Baby Gee, etc.

t562. Also: Cherry Stones, etc.

ENJOY A SWINGING

Teen Party

1581. Also: You Don't Own Me, etc.

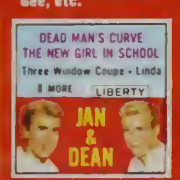
1583. Also: Forever And A Day, etc.

4. Cry Your Eyes 12 in all

1586. Also: My Own True Love, etc.

1445. Also: Life Is Bet A Dream, etc.

1552. Also: Blueberry Hill, etc.



1571. Also: Hey Little Freshman, etc.

1410. Also: Hurdy-Gurdy Man, etc.

1188. Also: I Wanna Be Loved, etc.

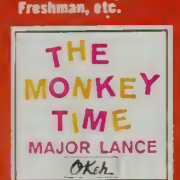
1519. Also: Walkin' The Dog, etc.

0. Also: For You, sas City, etc.

t009. Also: Party in Laguna, etc.

t587. Leave Me Alone, Don't Call Me, t0more

1348. Also: Getting to Know You, etc.



1390. Hitchhike, The Bird, 12 in all

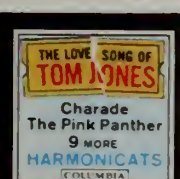
1444. Also: No Time to Lose, Stay, etc. *

1063. Also: Rumble, Honky-Tonk, etc.

1584. Also: Fools Like Me, etc.

1373. Also: I Can Dream, Can't I?; etc.

2. Also: Exodus, a La Douce, etc.



1439. Also: Lawrence of Arabia, etc.

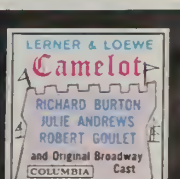
1031. Great Rodgers & Hammerstein Hit *

1032. "Brilliant." — N. Y. Journal-Amer.

1345. Also: Secret Love, Gigi, etc.

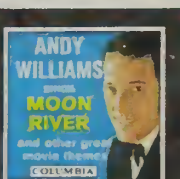
THE BEST FROM

Broadway and Hollywood



1035. "A triumph." — Dorothy Kilgallen

1458. The Academy Award Winning Score



1001. Tonight, Never On Sunday, 9 more

3. "Wonderful." Ed Sullivan

1036. Also: Smile, Magnificent 7, etc.

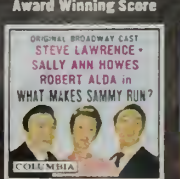
1199. "Superb!" — HiFi/Stereo Review

1355. Eleven riotous sketches

1030. "Splendid tunes."—New Yorker

1037. Most exciting musical ever made

1602. "A historic Hamlet!" — Life



1453. "Wholly beguiling." — Cue

1214. Also starring Barbara Cook

At last, robust flavor in a 1 calorie soft drink: Tab.

Taking the calories out of a soft drink—that's easy. But putting robust flavor in—that's hard. It took The Coca-Cola Company to do it. Taste what robust flavor can do for a 1 calorie soft drink. Taste Tab.

Table for Two

From Scotland, where robust food has been refined to hearty cuisine, comes the first dinner for two of the New Year. The Scots' specialties, notably their barley soup (better known to us as Scotch broth), are a perfect antidote to blustery January weather. And their famous shortbread is particularly appropriate for this time of year; in Scotland it is served to friends, called first-footers, who visit early in the year to bring good luck.

Golden Mist

Barley Soup

Beef-and-Oyster Pie *Stoved Potatoes* *Steamed Minted Peas*

Scotch Shortbread *Fruit Scones*

Coffee

GOLDEN MIST: Prepare by pouring 1 cup apple juice mixed with ½ tsp. bitters over very finely chopped ice in 4- to 6-oz. flat or stemmed glasses. Halve a paper straw; put half in each glass. Serve.

BARLEY SOUP: Combine in saucepan 1 can consommé, 1 cup water, 1 diced slice of bacon, 1 diced carrot, ¼ cup each shredded cabbage and grated onion, 3 tbsp. barley, ¼ tsp. salt. Cover; simmer 20 min. Stir in 1 tbsp. instant-type flour to thicken. Cover; simmer 10 min. longer. Serve topped with 2 tbsp. chopped parsley.

BEEF-AND-OYSTER PIE: Have butcher cut 1 lb. sirloin steak into ¾-inch cubes. Preheat oven to 375° F. Coat cubes with flour. Melt 3 tbsp. butter or margarine in skillet; add meat and lightly brown. Remove meat from skillet; add 1 chopped onion to skillet; lightly brown. Return meat to skillet; add mixture of 1 can bouillon, 1 tbsp. catsup, 1 tsp. each Worcestershire sauce and salt, ½ tsp. vinegar, ¼ tsp. freshly ground black pepper. Simmer 10 to 15 min., stirring occasionally. Combine 1 can drained oysters with meat-onion mixture; pour into 1½-qt. casserole. Prepare half of 1 pkg. pie-crust mix, following pkg. directions. Roll out pastry; cut out design in center of pastry with cookie cutter to make air vent. Place pastry over meat; crimp edges; brush top with beaten egg yolk mixed with 1 tbsp. water. Bake for 15 min., or until crust is lightly browned and sauce is bubbling.

STOVED POTATOES: Peel 6 small new potatoes; place in saucepan with water to cover, ½ tsp. butter or margarine and ¼ tsp. salt. Cover tightly; simmer 15 min., or until potatoes are fork tender. Drain; top with butter and serve.

STEAMED MINTED PEAS: Place 1 pkg. frozen peas in skillet with 2 tbsp. butter or margarine and ¼ tsp. dried mint. Cover tightly; simmer 8 min. or until peas are done; shake skillet occasionally to prevent sticking. To serve, sprinkle with ¼ tsp. each salt and sugar.

SCOTCH SHORTBREAD: Preheat oven to 325° F. Cream ½ lb. sweet butter with ½ cup finely granulated sugar until light and fluffy. Sift together three times 2 cups sifted flour, ¼ tsp. salt; blend into creamed mixture. Press dough evenly into a 9"x 9"x 2-inch pan. Bake about 1 hr., or until pale gold color. Do not overbake. Remove from oven; cut into 2¼-inch squares. Makes 16 squares. Store in airtight container. (It is preferable to mix this recipe by hand.)

FRUITED SCONES: Preheat oven to 425° F. Sift together twice 2 cups sifted flour, ¼ cup sugar, 2 tsp. double-acting baking powder and ¾ tsp. salt. Add ½ cup candied fruit; toss together lightly. Stir in ⅓ cup light cream, ¼ cup melted butter or margarine and 2 beaten eggs. Roll or pat dough out into a circle about ½ inch thick and 8 inches in diameter; place on greased baking sheet. Brush top with slightly beaten egg yolk. Bake for 15 min., or until golden. Cut into small wedges; split and butter to serve. Makes 12–14 wedges. Cool, wrap and freeze leftover scones.

SHOPPING LIST: *small head cabbage, carrots, parsley, 6 new potatoes, 10½-oz. can consommé, 10½-oz. can bouillon, 8-oz. can oysters, 10-oz. pkg. frozen peas, ½ pt. light cream, ½ lb. sweet butter, 1 lb. sirloin steak, ½ lb. bacon, 10-oz. pkg. pie-crust mix, 1-lb. box finely granulated sugar, 1-lb. box barley, qt. apple juice, 4-oz. jar candied fruit, ½-oz. pkg. dried mint, 2 oz. bottle aromatic bitters.* HAVE ON HAND: *onions, flour, butter or margarine, sugar, eggs, catsup, Worcestershire sauce, vinegar, double-acting baking powder, shaker of instant-type flour.*

Bisquick
Look what you can make with Bisquick.
Family favorites--quick to make--
homemade good and that's a promise.
Betty Crocker
PANCAKES
2 cups Bisquick 1⅓ cups milk
1 egg
Beat smooth with rotary beater. Grease griddle if necessary. Turn when bubbles appear. Makes about 16. Use 2 cups milk for thinner pancakes.
COFFEE CAKE
2 cups Bisquick 1 egg
2 tbsp. sugar ¾ cup milk
Heat oven to 400°. Mix ingredients. Beat vigorously half min. Spread into greased 9" round pan. Sprinkle with mixture of ⅓ cup brown sugar, ⅓ cup Bisquick, ¼ cup cold butter, ½ tsp. cinnamon blended with fork until crumbly. Bake 20 to 25 min.
For richer batter add 2 tbsp. more sugar, 2 tbsp. melted shortening or vegetable oil.
MUFFINS
Mix ingredients as for Coffee Cake. Fill greased muffin pans ⅔ full. Bake 15 min. Makes 12.
VELVET CRUMB CAKE
1⅓ cups Bisquick 1 egg
¾ cup sugar 1 tsp. vanilla
3 tbsp. shortening ¾ cup milk*
Heat oven to 350°. Grease and flour 8" square or 9" round pan. Mix ¼ cup of the milk with other ingredients. Beat 1 min. med. speed on mixer or vigorously by hand. Stir in rest of milk, beat ½ min. Pour in pan. Bake 35 to 40 min. While warm, cover with topping.
Broiled Topping. Mix 3 tbsp. soft butter, ⅓ cup brown sugar, 2 tbsp. cream, ⅓ cup coconut, ¼ cup chopped nuts. Spread on baked cake. Put about 3" under broiler until brown, about 3 min.
*Over 3,500 ft. altitude, add 2 tbsp. milk. Bake at 375° 25 to 30 min.
FRUIT SHORTCAKE
2 cups Bisquick 2 tbsp. sugar
¾ cup cream* (If desired)
Heat oven to 450°. Mix ingredients with fork to soft dough. Beat vigorously 20 strokes. Knead 8 to 10 times on lightly floured board. Roll dough ½" thick. Cut with 3" floured cutter. Bake on ungreased baking sheet about 10 min. Split shortcakes; spoon fruit between and over layers. Makes 6 small shortcakes.
*Or use ⅓ cup milk plus ¼ cup melted butter.
BISCUITS
2 cups Bisquick ⅔ cup milk
Heat oven to 450°. Stir to a soft dough with fork. Beat vigorously 20 strokes until stiff but sticky.
Bisquick
Far Drop Biscuits—spoon onto greased baking sheet. Bake 10 to 15 min. Makes 12 med. size.
For Rolled Biscuits — roll dough on cloth-covered floured board. Knead 8 to 10 times. Roll ½" thick. Cut with floured cutter. Bake on ungreased baking sheet 10 to 15 min. Makes 12 2" biscuits. For richer biscuits add ¼ cup soft butter or shortening to Bisquick before milk.
WAFFLES
2 cups Bisquick 1⅔ cups milk
2 tbsp. melted shortening 1 egg
Beat with rotary beater until smooth. Makes three 9" waffles.
DUMPLINGS
2 cups Bisquick ¾ cup milk
Mix well with fork. Spoon onto boiling stew. Cook over low heat 10 min. uncovered and 10 min. covered. Makes 10 to 12 dumplings.

Surprise... it makes a cake too!

(Look on the back of your Bisquick box)

What a cake Bisquick makes—Velvet Crumb Cake! Moist, tender, homemade. Surprised? Just wait 'til you taste it. You won't make a cake like this from any other box. Quick and easy because the basic baking ingredients are already measured and blended for you in Bisquick. And the easy Betty Crocker recipe is right on the box. Surprise someone with a Bisquick Velvet Crumb Cake. Surprise yourself too.

My World: To India, with Love
by Pearl S. Buck

India is a country so rich in variety and diversity that what is my India may not be at all the same as someone else's.

How does one discover one's own in a country to which one doesn't belong? I suppose the first piece of baggage one must carry to any foreign country is an empty mind. This is not to say that one should enter the country with an ignorant mind. One may read and learn, if one wishes, although always eclectically, so that the mind is not biased for or against what is to be discovered. Yet books are written by men and women who may themselves have bias, and it may be as well to be ignorant, if, of course, one can develop an ignorance without prejudice and bias of one's own. The point is to enter a new country with a mind open to information from any source. Then one discovers one's own in any country.

The discovery is more difficult in India than in other countries, for, of the many countries I know, India is the most complex and various. In age and culture she has no peer, with the possible exception of China. These are the two mother civilizations of Asia, and throughout Asia one sees peoples who have developed from one or the other of the two basic cultures. They are totally different, these two, although they have exchanged gifts. Buddhism, for example, began in India and was taken to China by early Buddhist missionaries. China did not accept this religion as her own until 500 years had passed; by that time she had so changed Buddhism that it was no longer Indian. In the meantime India had all but discarded this religion.

India and China are totally different. It would be hard to find two more different peoples. Their one common trait is a basic tolerance of human nature as it exists. Yet even the method of their acceptance is different.

China has received everyone into her boundaries, even her conquerors, Mongolian and Manchu, and gradually absorbed them. She is the only country, for example, that from early times received Jews as traders and settlers, accepting and absorbing them so completely that they lost their identity as Jews.

India received the Jews, too, but did not absorb them; they keep their identity within her boundaries. The story of the Parsis is another good example of Indian ways. Hundreds of years ago, they came from Persia with their own religion of Zoroastrianism. Today they are a small but wealthy and influential group in India, living mainly about Bombay. They belong to India, but like the Jews they have not been absorbed.

One of the charms of India, for me at least, is this separateness, accustomed as I am to the ancient melting pot of China and the new melting pot of my own country, the United States. To travel from one region to another in India is to discover a new continent. In almost every province the language changes; customs, food and costumes change. Religion may change too; certainly the character of the people changes. The strong, virile, warrior type one sees in northwestern India is quite unlike the feverishly brilliant, nervous, slenderly built man of Bengal.

Even the skin is different. Alexander of Greece left many fair Greeks behind him after his invasion of India centuries ago, and one still sees in India people with fair skin and light eyes. The late Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru once told me his mother had red-gold hair and white skin. The people of the south are dark; so are the people of Bengal, in the east. Yet each region considers itself peculiarly blessed.

One day not long ago, when I was holding a press conference in Calcutta, I wearied of the many questions from the crowd of reporters and begged leave to put a question of my own. "Why," I asked them, "do the people of Bengal think they are the best in India?"

A short, dark, spindly youth with bright dark eyes answered the question from the back of the room.

"Because," he replied, "we are so beautiful!"

My India is a peaceful land, surprisingly so considering its many divisions. True, religion is divisive, reaching even into the caste system, which modern Indians are working against, valiantly and successfully. How do I know they are trying? Because I went to India last year; in fact, I went twice and stayed many months. I had wanted to go, ever since England dissolved her empire, with such grace that India chose to remain within the British Commonwealth. The last time I had visited India was before World War II, when young and old were seething with rebellion against colonial status. In that earlier visit I traveled the length and breadth of the country, living only with Indians, hearing the Gandhian cry of independence from all except civil servants. Young men and women alike declared that when war broke out—it was already imminent—they would declare India's independence, instead of helping the British.

Yet when war came they chose to fight beside the British against the evils of Nazism. Many Indians gave their lives in the war, not because they hated colonialism less but because they preferred the British, empire and all, to Hitler and his allies.

In my India the people feel deeply and passionately. They are not a reserved people. They pour out their thoughts and feelings, for they are men and women of passionate inclinations, impetuous, warm, impulsive. Yet, when a choice is necessary, they can put all passion aside and choose with wisdom.

After the war, for example, India might have chosen to ally herself with the United States and Britain against Soviet Russia. Impulse rose strongly in our favor. But wisdom prevailed, and India, although inclined to partisanship, chose to be nonpartisan, not only for her own good but also for the sake of us all. A nonpartisan India has been a strong stabilizing force in Asia, and therefore in the world. Had she decided to be partisan, we might now have a major war raging in Asia, with India the battleground, and our own men engaged there in force.

In a world as sharply divided as ours, especially with a vast country like China against us, a stabilized nonpartisan India has been a salvation. It is unfortunate that so many of our people have not understood this; we must all be grateful to the late Prime Minister Nehru for enduring with patience and forbearance the vilification of detractors.

But my India is not political India, not really. I went to India to see what it is like now, as a free and self-governing nation. Had the people changed? Had the country changed? Was it the India I had known for so long? My mind was filled with such questions as our jet aircraft settled into the handsome modern airport at Bombay. Friends were there, many of them, with garlands and greetings. The old warmth had not faded. Most of them were young Indians, people whose parents I had known, whom I had known, too, as children. Their parents had been the rebels, but these are the ones now responsible for India.

We moved together across the field and into the airport-terminal building. It was late at night, but a crowd was surging toward the entrance, and immediately I was enveloped, garlanded, embraced. I recognized the atmosphere of my India. Had I to express that atmosphere in a word or two, I think "vitality," or "love of life," would comprehend it. In old India, prewar India, I had felt this vitality, too, but repressed and ready to burst. Now the pressure was gone. Everyone in the airport was alive, working, talking, laughing, busy. Gone was the old half-sullen silence, the withdrawn look, the nervous intensity of negativism. I felt freedom in the air. Confusion, yes, perhaps confusion, but freedom, people hurrying, people searching, people full of hope.

Where did I find my India after the welcome? I found it again in a great new hotel built on the beach at Juhu. I had seen Juhu before, years ago, when I visited Bombay. It was a sandy desert then, empty except for a few fishermen's huts, a desert facing the most beautiful beach in the world, where a semicircular sweep of land encloses a gently sloping ocean bed. At low tide one may walk for a mile toward the seaward horizon. At high tide? Ah, one must be careful! The tide will sweep out with force that swimmers cannot resist. They can only give up and be swept out to sea, hoping to meet a fishing vessel somewhere beyond the bay. But the tide was in when I saw it, and since it was Sunday, a holiday for business houses, many people were on the beach, families with children, young men and women, a gay sight from my hotel window.

How modern indeed the hotel! When I had visited India last, air-conditioning was unheard of. Now, although the heat outdoors was intense, my rooms were cool and comfortable. On that earlier visit I had bathed in Indian fashion, dippers of water poured over my well-soaped self. Now I had a bathroom, huge by New York hotel standards, with fittings of the newest design. I showered, dressed, and went down by push-button elevator to the outdoor terrace, and looked over the sea wall. Ah, there was some of my old India! Fortune tellers waved at me, shouting their talents, a playful monkey clambered up the wall, and while I ate an American breakfast of orange juice, bacon and eggs, I watched agile boys climb the coconut palms and cut down clusters of the nuts for the day's customers.

When one buys a coconut it is pierced, and the milk is served ice cold in a tall glass; a few minutes later the coconut meat is presented by a white uniformed waiter. I rather missed the old waiters in their white tunics, brilliant sashes and turbans. The new ones are like good waiters in the Western world, neat, clean and unspectacular.

After breakfast I left the hotel for a walk. Beyond the walled gardens of bright tropical flowers, mingled with English lilies and marigolds, I found the old huts. They looked very much as they had years before, the same brown children running about, all but naked in the morning sun, women in cotton saris carrying brass jars of water on their heads, the same men—no, wait! The men were not the same.

They were not fishermen. They were young, they were lighthearted, but with a peculiar watchful, secretive look. I put that look into my mind for inquiry. It was soon *(continued on page 20)*

If you think water is a moisturizer,

you're all wet!

Water dries your skin. And because it dries, you need to moisturize. Ordinary bath oils may help, but they're heavy, leave you too oily. Not Helene Curtis Tender Touch. It's the *light* bath oil that moisturizes as it bathes dry skin away. Tender Touch leaves you feeling smooth and dewy-fresh and clean. All over. Never oily. You need the *light* moisturizing bath oil. Tender Touch.

Helene Curtis Tender Touch, the *light* moisturizing bath oil for dry skin. $1.50 plus tax

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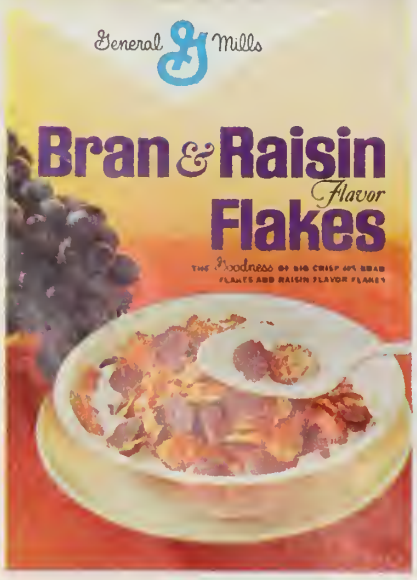
Great raisin flavor in every spoonful! Because there's a tender raisin flake for every two big bran flakes to give you brighter, fresher flavor than any raisin bran.



TO INDIA, WITH LOVE

continued from page 18

explained: the men were making money from illicit liquor. India, in part for religious reasons, prohibits liquor. Enforcement gives her the same trouble that we had years ago in like circumstances. People buy moonshine liquor, or beg from Western friends who are on a legal quota, with the result that Indian people are drinking today who never drank before. The significance of this change is that it shows a loosening of religion's hold on the Indian people.

Indeed, I saw this loosening everywhere. The caste system, for example, is disappearing very fast. Educated and modern Indians ignore it. The young make a point of breaking taboos. Of course, many an old grandmother still feels that her grandchild must marry within the family caste. The grandmother will be indulged for a few more years, but when she is gone, what other voice will be raised to defend ancient customs?

It is true that customs are changing everywhere in Asia as modern industries build a different way of life. Yet let me remember Japan, so changed and new when I saw it a couple of years ago. At first the American Occupation seemed to be destroying the very roots of old Japan, arousing in the Japanese a passionate desire to be modern, to change, to reject old ways and traditions. Yet a few months' stay showed me that my impression was wrong. The new had been tried, was still being tried. It was not wholly rejected, but the old, strong Japanese character was showing itself again, the self-discipline, the adherence to the family system, the belief in tradition.

In India, under British rule, the exposure to Western customs and attitudes had been longer, lasting almost three centuries. In departing, however, the British left behind certain good gifts to India. The first and most important is a system of modern democratic government, with a trained civil service. The transition from colonial government to self-government was made easily and without serious disturbance.

The Houses of Parliament in India now function very much as the British Parliament does. I attended the sessions occasionally, and was impressed by the evidences of democratic processes. As long as I live I shall not forget the sight of the late Prime Minister Nehru as each day, at a certain hour, he stood before the members of one House or the other, answering questions from the floor. The members were sharply critical at times; in this period China was attacking India's northern borders. Nehru's patient, aging figure, the noble head bowed, the firm voice, the clipped English—these are not to be forgotten. Each question was answered fully, with high intelligence, at times with brilliance. The quality of Nehru's personality was in itself a unifying influence throughout the whole country.

Another good gift which the British left behind is the English language. Divisive influences in Indian life, among which are the subcontinent's many languages, have led ultranationalists to demand that English *not* be a required language there. It was amusing to hear those arguing in Parliament *against* the use of English voicing their arguments *in* English, the language understood by most members. So far the ultranationalists have not prevailed, but as the influence of Prime Minister Nehru fades, their day may come. Meanwhile, a common tongue has been of inestimable value to the Western nations, especially to Americans; among all the peoples of Asia, Indians are one people with whom we can easily communicate.

Through English-speaking Indians we have been able to understand much that we could never have understood otherwise, especially in view of India's many languages. It has been important, too, that India could speak in English for other Asian countries, even for China. This fact makes it even more important for India to remain nonpartisan.

My India, then, has its amazingly modern aspects. I found examples everywhere I went. When last I had seen the capital at New Delhi, for instance, the handsome red stone buildings were British and Imperial. I thought then how lonely they looked, set apart from the old city of Delhi, standing alone in the desert. Now there has sprung up around those buildings a new city wherein Indians administer government. One of the most beautiful avenues in the world, flanked by splendid embassies, leads to the seat of Indian self-rule. Most striking is our own American Embassy, a white building standing above a wide sweep of steps and marble terrace, enclosing inside its entrance a pool and garden. New Delhi is as modern as this morning. Young men and women in Western dress move everywhere with assurance, while men and women from all over India, in their own traditional garments of tunics, turbans, saris and Punjabi trousers, sit in Parliament dealing with laws and treaties. This is my India!

Ah, but it is the villages that I love! To the villages we went every morning in the course of our work. Did I say that I was helping to make a film? In cooperation with Indian producers, our own firm, Stratton Productions, Inc., was filming R. K. Narayan's distinguished novel, *The Guide*. More than any Indian work I have read, this novel portrays something very deep, not only in Indian nature but in human nature. Indeed I believe that what we think of as essentially Indian is essentially human. The people there have lived so long together that all has been worn away except what is most profoundly human; when we look into the Indian face we see our own, as it will be someday.

At any rate, Narayan's novel portrays the making of a leader, an unwilling leader, a reluctant saint, compelled by the people's demand to become someone far beyond his own wishes and even capacities—a story of peculiar significance for today's world. Making the film took us into the villages, day after day, month after month, for it is in the villages that most Indians still live. Thus I became acquainted all over again with the people I know so well, the people who make up most of Asia, and therefore the world, the peasants who live dependent upon earth and upon heaven, who toil and struggle, who live short lives and die too soon, who are shorn by life's exigencies of everything except the will to live. They are there in the Indian villages, strong, good people, bone-thin from undernourishment, their minds keen, their eyes glowing in their gaunt faces, their laughter ready, their speech eager. They have tremendous vitality, for they are a great people. They, too, are my India.

Ah, how their faces emerge in my memory! In the early mornings when the air was cool we went into the villages. The men were up and sitting outside their houses, wrapped in white cotton shawls against the cold. Inside the small thatched houses the women were stirring about, caring for the children and cooking. Wisps of smoke wavered into the sky. Once the sun rose high enough to raise the temperature, all was changed. Men cast aside shawls, cows walked the streets, birds fluttered, monkeys began to chatter. Thus the day began.

From then until dusk we were surrounded by a crowd of eager, helpful, curious people. Anything we asked for we had. Our cast numbered 300 Indian men and women, two cobras and some elephants, and occasionally camels, tigers, leopards and deer; so we brought our own food and drink. No village could have supplied our needs on such a scale, but much was supplied in the way of kindness. Villagers lent us their houses and their goods, their families and themselves. Never have I received such kindness, and I have received much kindness in my lifetime. At night when we went to our hotel, wherever it was, I took with me many impressions of the day; but the overwhelming, strong impression, wherever I was in India, was of the immense vitality of the people everywhere, and the brilliance.

The Indian people, educated or not, in the formal sense, have an intelligence which, combined with their warmth of heart and affectionate natures, makes them a superb people. There are, of course, individual exceptions, as there must be among many people, but these make only their individual impressions and can be forgotten. The immense vitality of the villagers in spite of poverty, their keen minds, their quick feelings, remain with me. Let all the young modern Indians be proud of this India, even in impatience. For the treasure of any nation lies in its villages. Here is the fountain, here is the source for the leaders and thinkers of the future. Yes, here in these hungry minds and half-starved bodies. This, too, is my India.

Yes, I am in love with India! ■

RUNAWAY

By Paul Engle

So far she flees from us, as if
admitted
To the shy world of chipmunk,
rabbit, fox,
As if the hill came toward her and
submitted
Wavering grass and badger-
burrowed rocks
To her small foot. Now she is all
horizon,
Distance-delighting as a scared
quail's wing,
Fluttering feather which the warm
wind lies on:
No running child, but just a natural
thing.
Leaping away, she turns to wave
defiance
But stumbles, and her head cracks
on a stone.
Silence—a cry—and her proud
self-reliance
Falls shattered to the ground in its
wild dearness.
Her life one yell: don't leave me
here alone,
And all her love a total need for
nearness.

For the joy of a slender figure, try SEGO, the magical meal that helps you slim.

Wouldn't it be fun to be slender again? Lively and younger looking? SEGO® Diet Food is an invaluable help. With 2 extra ounces, each 225-calorie meal is more satisfying. With extra protein, that satisfied feeling lasts longer. With 9 rich, cool soda-fountain flavors, your taste stays happy. There is nothing just like SEGO.

CHOCOLATE, CHOCOLATE MALT, VANILLA, ORANGE, PINEAPPLE, STRAWBERRY, BANANA, CHERRY, CHOCOLATE-COCONUT

PET
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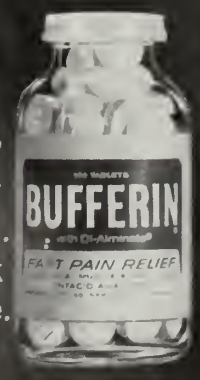
Two Bufferin...two aspirin look alike

until they get to your headache.

Two Bufferin deliver twice as much pure pain reliever as two aspirin

Doctors recently heard: simple aspirin loses much of its pure pain reliever in the first critical minutes because it acts so slowly. But because Bufferin® rushes to work, in minutes two Bufferin deliver twice as much pure pain reliever as two aspirin. That's why two Bufferin and two aspirin may look alike in your hand . . . but not to your headache. Take Bufferin.



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The Truth about Female Hormones

Despite baseless fears, estrogen is usually safe and effective in relieving the distressing symptoms of menopause.

It is perfectly natural for women to wish to slow up the aging process and to remain more attractive. They don't hesitate to use contact lenses for failing eyesight, color rinses for drab-looking hair or caps for their teeth. Then why should they put up with the discomforts that afflict about half of them in middle age, when the menopause begins?

The fact is, most patients don't know that many of their most distressing symptoms can be treated with estrogen; or they are kept from seeking relief by an unfounded fear that hormonal therapy tends to promote cancer.

The menopause usually occurs between the ages of 45 and 50, and can be described simply: The ovaries no longer produce adequate amounts of estrogen, the hormone most important in making a woman womanly. As a consequence, ovulation and menstruation cease. In the animal kingdom the female can bear offspring until the end of her life; but the human female continues to live for many years after her reproductive function is ended. The cessation of menstrual periods is not an unpleasant side effect, since many women are delighted to be free of the monthly discomfort. The ending of menstruation also brings release from the fear of pregnancy, which may explain why in some women the sex drive is increased at this time.

So for a good many women the change of life presents no great problems. They are the lucky ones who continue to produce enough estrogen to prevent unpleasant menopausal symptoms. They age slowly, always looking younger than their years.

But for one in every two women the menopause is a difficult time. One patient described her symptoms this way: "I don't sleep; I'm wringing wet several times a day; I burst into tears for no reason—but I suppose this is all part of what I can expect because of the changes." The symptoms that patients complain about most often are hot flushes and sweating. Other common problems are palpitations, headache, nervousness and insomnia. Some of these symptoms may, of course, be secondary: A woman who suffers from hot flushes and sweating at night may in consequence develop insomnia and fatigue. And women of this age usually feel anxious about growing old and less attractive.

Other physical changes occur more gradually. The breasts and genitals become atrophied, and intercourse may be uncomfortable; the skin gradually loses its elasticity and wrinkles multiply; there is a tendency to gain weight, especially around the abdomen and hips.

Medically, there are even more important changes. The woman past menopause loses some of her protection against coronary heart disease, which up until these middle years has been largely a masculine problem. The older woman is also prone to arthritis, and to osteoporosis—a thinning and weakening of the bone structure which often leads to crippling fractures.

It is true that the menopause is a natural phenomenon, but are these disagreeable symptoms "normal"? Should so many women face such unpleasant effects of age stoically, with gritted teeth? It is amazing to me how many women do bear it without asking help, because they are afraid. I have found that the dread of menopausal symptoms is exceeded only by the dread of taking something to alleviate them. And that something is a dirty word called "hormones." They have read articles apparently linking estrogen intake with cancer, particularly cancer of the breast. So they suffer in silence, feeling that they have chosen the lesser of two evils.

Let's examine this fearful word, "hormone," and the estrogen hormone in particular. What is a hormone, anyway?

It is an internal glandular secretion. Thyroid is a hormone, and no one hesitates to take thyroid by prescription when they are suffering from a thyroid deficiency. Insulin is a hormone too; its lack results in diabetes. And estrogen is a hormone, produced chiefly by the ovaries, along with progesterone. Together they regulate the menstrual cycle.

What grounds are there for warnings against the use of estrogen therapeutically? They are based chiefly on experiments carried out years ago, in which huge doses of various chemicals, including some estrogens, were injected into mice. These mice were of a special strain which had been inbred over many generations, so that they were particularly susceptible to developing cancer. In this strain of mice the injections produced cancerous growths.

But there is another and quite different side of the picture.

Item: Similar experiments in monkeys, which more nearly resemble human beings organically and physiologically, have consistently failed to show any harmful effect, despite large doses of estrogens over long periods.

Item: Cancer of the breast and genital organs appears to occur more often when there is *less* estrogen, rather than more, in the body. Over 90 percent of cancers of the uterus, for example, occur in women past 40, when their estrogen levels are falling.

Item: When a woman is pregnant her ovaries pour enormous amounts of estrogen into her blood stream, yet the incidence of malignancy is no greater among the pregnant than the nonpregnant. Even with women who have many children in rapid succession, producing an almost continuous high estrogen con-

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centration, cancer during pregnancy is relatively rare.

Item: The number of cases and the mortality rate of breast cancer is about the same today as it was in 1930, when estrogens were not in general use. Doctors have prescribed literally tons of estrogens in the past two or three decades, including the estrogens contained in birth-control pills. All this has made no perceptible difference in the cancer statistics.

The case against this fear of estrogens was perhaps best summed up by Dr. E. J. DeCosta in answering a query in the *Journal of the American Medical Association*. He stated: "There is a widespread belief among the laity and even among some physicians that exogenous estrogens may be responsible for carcinoma of the breast. There is not, nor has there ever been, the slightest evidence that any estrogen is carcinogenic when given to humans in therapeutic doses." And Doctor DeCosta's opinion is shared by many prominent endocrinologists and gynecologists.

Let me point out, however, that there are some medical conditions which rule out the use of estrogens. All drug therapy must take into account the special aspects of a given case. Thus, to be conservative, physicians consider it inadvisable to give estrogen to a patient who has breast cancer or who has had it in the past. (But even here estrogen plays a paradoxical role, producing remission of the cancer in about one in four cases, particularly in older women.) In the case of women with uterine fibroids, which are benign muscular growths on the womb, estrogen may cause an increase in the size of the fibroids and should be used cautiously with frequent observation. Finally, cases of the glandular congestion of the breasts known as cystic mastitis may be aggravated by estrogen.

If a woman suffering from the problems of menopause can put aside her groundless fears, just what can she expect from the usual oral doses of hormones? There is no question but that many of the commonest symptoms, such as hot flushes and sweating, can be entirely prevented, or ended. There is no need for women to suffer these disagreeable symptoms, which may last for months, even years. The feeling of well-being that results from treatment often relieves the secondary symptoms of insomnia, fatigue and nervousness. As one patient put it, "I just enjoy life more—I haven't felt so alive in years."

There is also a very effective remedy for the atrophy of the female genital organs I mentioned earlier. Here the treatment is by local application of estrogenic cream, and the improvement is dramatic in its speed. The physician then instructs the woman in the simple measures needed to keep her tissues from reverting to the dry state. It is tragic that with such a specific and enormously effective treatment available, many women, and even some doctors, still recoil at the thought of using something with a hormone in it.

Dr. R. A. Wilson, who is a strong advocate of continuous hormonal cyclic treatment for the duration of a woman's life, has a perceptive comment on this: "Let us reverse the situation regarding atrophy. Suppose the man of medicine noticed that his own genitals were gradually disappearing year by year. Would he be as indifferent to genital atrophy as he now appears to be? We think not. His medicine closet would be well stocked with protective hormones."

In addition, keeping a woman estrogen-rich diminishes her chances of suffering from osteoporosis and probably further protects her from coronary disease. Treatment will neither increase nor decrease the sex drive, except, perhaps, through the resultant feeling of general well-being. And one often-overlooked advantage is that women under regular hormone treatment are under much closer medical observation than the average woman gets, so that the symptoms of any illness are likely to be spotted earlier.

Estrogen therapy also has a noticeable effect on the breasts, which, as Dr. Herbert Kupperman has said, are the only organs of which there is always too much or too little. With age they begin to lose their contours, and may become smaller. Local estrogenic creams will not enlarge the breasts. Taking estrogens orally causes only a temporary swelling, but no real increase in breast tissue. However, the continuous, cyclic use of estrogen, either after the menopause or before it [as with the birth-control pills], gives a woman with small breasts a better figure, while her normally endowed sister will complain that her breasts are now too large.

But taking estrogen, either in pills or cream, will have little effect on wrinkles or fatty deposits. Nor will grandmothers in their 60's regain an ability to have babies, even though the dosage may be given so as to promote cyclic bleeding every month or two, as some physicians prefer. Such periods are not accompanied by ovulation.

The truth is that menopause is a deficiency state which gradually defeminizes a woman physically. Estrogen replacement is not rejuvenation but an effort to extend the woman's own natural resources in line with her longer life span. Treatment doesn't make a woman younger, but it does make her younger-looking. For the one in every two women who need it, estrogen therapy is a safe way to make the second half of her life more pleasant and useful. ■

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What's so Wonderful about English Schools?

by Clara Claiborne Park

When our children went to school in England, we had misgivings. Would Katy, Rachel, Paul—bright children, but coming out of a small-town Massachusetts school system—have learned as much as their English counterparts? Would they be ready to benefit from the rigorous training which the English are said to give their children?

We worried—and this was before Admiral Hyman Rickover published his book, *American Education, a National Failure*, in which he wrote, "We are educationally so much out of step with other Western countries that children of Americans living abroad can only with great difficulty be fitted into European schools."

As parents, we went to Cambridge all set to learn from England, aware that we were going not to another small college town but to the seat of one of the world's great universities, with a well-supported school system and an active and resourceful board of education. Katy, Rachel and Paul spent a year in the schools of Cambridge and its suburbs. We did have great difficulty in fitting the children into English schools, it is true. But the difficulties arose not from the inadequacies of their preparation but because it was too good.

Our main trouble was in dealing with English preconceptions about the level of work American children would be ready to do. We were handicapped by a heavy item in the baggage we took to England—our American inferiority complex. If it isn't the Russians who are ahead of us it's the French, and if not the French then it's the Germans or the English. The English can't be blamed for sharing a point of view so flattering to themselves. If Americans think they're inferior, no European is going to disagree. And placing the children wasn't entirely simple; you couldn't just sling them in with their age group and let it go. Our public school in America had been experimenting with an accelerated plan. Second and third grades had been telescoped for a small portion of the age group, and back home our children had been a year ahead.

In England we explained this at some length to the County Education Officer, a cultivated, dedicated and courteous man. Paul wasn't quite eight, it was true, but at home he would have been entering fourth grade, and wouldn't it be better if he went in with nine-year-olds in England as he would have done at home? The same for Rachel, who was not quite 11, and Katy, just 12. After all, it wasn't how old they were, but how much school they'd had—Rachel had finished sixth grade, Katy seventh.

The grade levels, of course, meant as little to the school official as his Standards meant to us. Clearly they did not calm his doubts. He was ready, out of courtesy, to put our children in with English children their own age. After all, they were professor's children, presumably hright and well looked after. But he was unprepared to put them ahead of English children just hecause they had been ahead at home. He was polite. He didn't say it was impossible for American children to have forged ahead of British children. He just fell back on a sentence we came to know by heart as we heard it, in the coming weeks, from headmasters, headmistresses, teachers: "We do find, you know, that the American children do better if we leave them back a year."

So they left them back a year, and we, with our transatlantic inferiority complex, agreed it was probably the thing to do. After all, hadn't these English eight-year-olds started reading and arithmetic at five—not six—with a full school day too? With that good, no-nonsense British training we'd read about (no play-as-you-work, no look-and-say), we were ready to believe they'd be well up to the American nine-year-olds that Paul would have been working with. The last thing we expected was to find them right where their American counterparts would have been: back at the beginning of third-grade work.

We hegan to wonder when Paul reported, at the end of the first week, that he was learning his multiplication tables, and that his spelling words were "and," "can" and "get." He already knew his tables, and could read any American third-grade reader going. What was going on? We'd expected that he'd be entering fifth grade when he got home, if he was to stay with his class. Now it looked as if a year of rigorous British education would leave him behind where he would have been if he'd stayed home. Rachel was repeating work too—in fact, it looked as if Standard 7 wouldn't even catch up to what she'd finished last year. To take only the most easily assessed subjects: she could analyze a sentence for all the parts of speech; her English classmates, that year, would progress no farther than the distinction between nouns, verbs and adjectives. They were working on fractions; she had had decimals and percents, an American sixth-grade staple, which these British children would just be starting at the end of the year (no criticism implied; decimals are extra difficult in England, which does not have a decimal coinage). They would not reach the work on areas and volumes that are traditional seventh-grade subject matter. Nor would they have French. When would Rachel acquire the skills in language and numbers she would need to enter eighth grade on her return to America?

Diffidently, we went back to the headmaster. Could it be that the children were placed too low? (Americans are supposed to be brash and aggressive; we had a horror of appearing "pushy" for our children.) We were reassured; the children were merely reviewing in these early weeks. Everything would straighten out. I could talk to Rachel's teacher; he was sure she could challenge Rachel with extra work. Briefly, hypnotized by my American sense of inferiority, I was sure too.

But not for long. No teacher with a class of 25 can provide "extra work" that is equivalent to a year's classwork in three subjects. Rachel would simply have to be moved—if necessary—into a private school. Since, at almost 11, she was at the top of the Primary (in the United States it would be called Elementary) system, she had no grade to move up to. Three weeks after the term began, we had the tricky job of getting her into a grammar school—the hard-to-get academic education that Britain provides for the top 25 percent of its children. She moved, at length, with the headmaster's recommendation. Hesitant American to the last, I asked, "We didn't push you into it, did we?" The Head smiled; a kind, flexible, intelligent man he was, proud of the happy, imaginative school he ran with its guinea pigs, its recorder lessons, its Friday chess club. "We never recommend a change unless we think it right for the child." And Paul? I dared no more than breathe his name. Another, rather secret, smile, as of one who prepares a nice surprise: "You'll be glad to know that we have decided to move Paul up into the next Standard."

So Rachel joined Katy in the Grammar School for Girls, and became the youngest in her class. (In fact, as I found out later, she had been granted a special privilege because she was American; if she had been English, it would have been against regulations to send her to grammar school until the following year.) Of the three of them, only Katy had been correctly placed. Significantly, she had been placed not on her expected achievement as an American 12-year-old, but on the basis of an oral quiz. Once placed, she did not need to move up; she merely led her class.

The English authorities would like me to believe that all this happened because my children are freaks of intelligence. I imagine they are still telling American parents that "We do find, etc." And my children *are* bright; they wouldn't have been put ahead of themselves otherwise. It's just that that's not the point. If they hadn't been accelerated, it's true, they would have fitted in neatly with English children their own age. But what this means to me is that despite all the talk about how backward we are in the States, English children and American children between the ages of six and 13 are learning at about the same rate.

It is only in the present atmosphere that this fact could be considered surprising. What we found out the hard way was very simple: that successful completion of an American sixth-grade program prepares a child to move on to the British equivalent of junior high school—at approximately the same age as a British child.

And this in spite of the English schools' beginning their serious academic work a year earlier than we do. It seems risky to say it in front of Admiral Rickover, but most English children aren't ready to learn to read and figure at five or five and a half, any more than most of ours are. The fact that many of them are taught in classes of 40 (the maximum set for primary schools by the Ministry of Education) doesn't make the learning process any easier. It's not surprising that most of these bewildered babies, exposed for the first time in their lives to reading, writing, arithmetic and the strains of a full school day, fail to make good use of their early start in school. Nor is there reason to point a complacent American finger at the 40-child class. Administrators keep classes as small as they can, and in fortunate areas they are far below the maximum.

But if we can refrain from criticizing England, we need not sell ourselves short. Admiral Rickover's statement that "American children fall behind Europeans almost from the first day they go to school, and the older they get the bigger grows the achievement gap" is simply not true—not in England. It is not true that "by age 11 (English children) are usually one to two years ahead of American children who have completed the sixth grade." And if this is not true, the reasons he gives are not valid criticisms of American education.

When Rachel was moved to the grammar school, she seemed comfortable and I stopped worrying. I did, however, take advantage of Parents' Night to see what was going on. The English teacher was the one I wanted to see; I've worried for years about the neglect of written English in our (*continued on page 26*)

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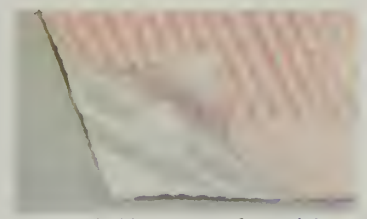

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schools. In England a child's knowledge of history, English, even science, is expressed daily in the form of clear sentences, paragraphs, essays. I wondered how Rachel would do.

There was a long line of parents waiting to see the English teacher. English seemed to be causing trouble in England too. When I finally got to Rachel's pretty teacher, I said that I expected her to find Rachel less well prepared than her other pupils and why. Well! not at all. Why did I think that? Her preparation was excellent. Distinctly better than most of the others. "Her essays are excellent," said the teacher. "She's well above the others."

I got used to remarks like this: "Katy seems to have had a good deal of this before." "Has she had biology already?" "Rachel knew a good deal of French when she came in, didn't she?" "You say Paul would have had long division already? I'm afraid we don't start it until the end of the year."

To almost the end of junior high school, American public education is at least as good as the British. Our arithmetic, not weighed down by a cumbersome monetary system, is just plain better, whether or not it includes the colored rods and advanced concepts of "the new mathematics." We do more with reading comprehension. Our system of workbooks, with all its dangers of stereotyping and mediocrity, does seem to work, and provides real protection against poor teaching, since a well-made workbook is almost a little teaching machine. Workbooks, even textbooks, are much less used in Britain. Instead, children do much more writing and note-taking, and this pays later in making it unnecessary to teach English composition as such. (We, of course, are still teaching composition in *college;* often, apparently, for the first time.) But, in the short run, the lack of writing training didn't handicap the children; age 12 wasn't too late to catch up, though age 15 might have been. In all other fields they were excellently prepared.

This happy state doesn't last, though. Admiral Rickover may have gone in over his head on elementary education, but when it comes to secondary education he is on stronger ground. Age 12–13 is about the oldest an American-educated child can come into a so-called "grammar school" and not feel outdistanced. For Katy, at 12, two hours of written homework a night was routine. At 12, the British really begin to push. They can afford to; a "grammar school" is a school from which the least able 75 percent of the children have been excluded by competitive examination.

The "Eleven-Plus" examination (named from the age at which a child enters secondary education; most leave it at 15) is a controversial subject in England; at least one political party has called for its abolition. But surprisingly few Englishmen do challenge the idea of an examination which, at the age of ten and a half, gives a nearly final decision on a child's future. If your child passes the Eleven-Plus, he goes to grammar school with the top 25 percent. If he doesn't, he goes to a "secondary modern" school with the peasants. (Seen in this light, letting our Rachel, underage and American, into the paradise from which so many British children are excluded, seems extraordinarily generous.) Some "modern" schools, especially in big cities, are good schools, with a grammar-school stream which may enable a late developer to beat the system, but in general they have poor facilities, overworked teachers, and a student body impoverished by the systematic skimming off of the talented students who should set the tone of student morale.

Few British middle-class parents take the Eleven-Plus lying down. They accept it—for other people's children. Their own are tutored to pass it, and if they don't pass, they are sent to private schools, where the superior teaching and small classes frequently transform "failures" into university students. One reason, perhaps, that Paul showed up so well was that already, at age eight, anxious parents were taking their little boys out of his happy and imaginative state school to put them into private school. Why? Insurance; educated parents consider it desperately necessary for a boy to pass the Eleven-Plus; his future career is at stake. He'll have a better chance at a private school, in smaller classes with more push. So the middle-class boys are skimmed off. Starting about eight the exodus begins. By age 11, there is a real imbalance; almost all the middle-class children remaining are girls, whose academic future doesn't matter so much, so their parents can take a chance on their passing the exam anyway.

And everybody at the girls' grammar school, of course, had passed it. It's no surprise that once the deadheads and the fogbound are eliminated, the favored few can steam ahead. Ordinary British grammar schools *are* better than all but the very best American high schools; even in these, only the "advanced-standing" work can compare with the ordinary work of the last two years in a British grammar school. Students in these last two years are 17 and 18; in America the 18-year-olds, and a good many of the younger ones, would be in college. The British children's work, not surprisingly, is of college level. But the vast majority of British children are not in school at 17 and 18, or at 15 or 16 either. They haven't dropped out. They've finished. They're at work.

The wonder is, not that English grammar schools are good, but that they are not even better than they are, when you think how easy is the job they set themselves. "Educate only the obviously bright." Is there a U. S. schoolmaster who couldn't reduce his working hours by a third if that's all he had to do?

EPILOGUE:

Back in the States now, we've just got the children's report cards from our hometown school. They might, perhaps, serve as a rough evaluation of their English education at various levels.

Katy, in ninth grade, is fine; her grammar-school training has her doing well in everything, and she has had to move into 10th-grade Latin and French.

Rachel is reasonably well off; the grammar school has not prepared her in grammar as thoroughly as is expected here, and since nobody expects her to write anything, the more important skills she learned there aren't being used.

But the payoff for Admiral Rickover is Paul; for all his supposed English concentration on "basics," his spelling is below standard for the top fifth-grade section, and he has forgotten whatever arithmetic he knew. All he knows is how many chains long is a cricket field and, slowly, painfully, how to add pounds, shillings and pence. ■

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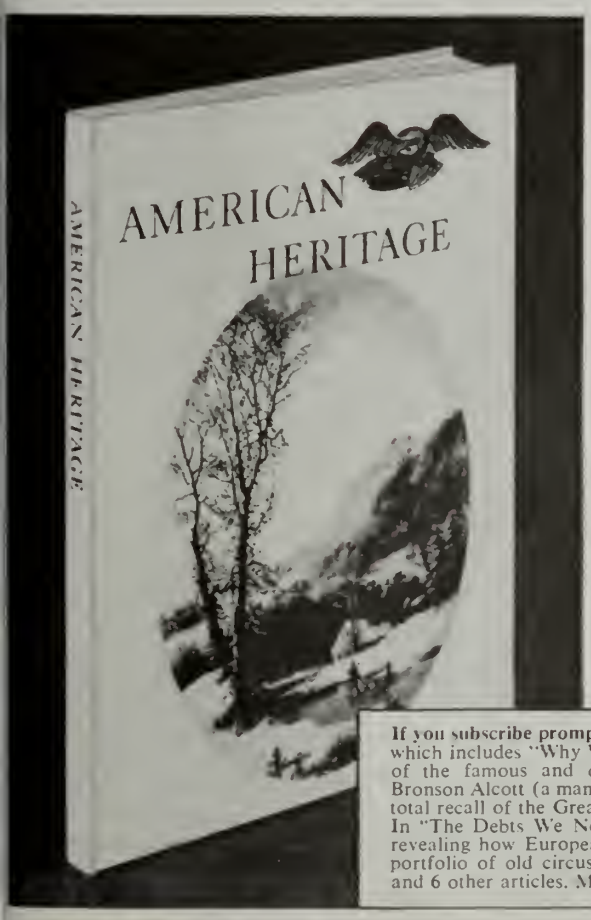

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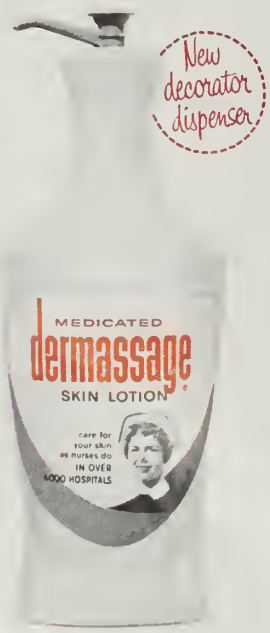

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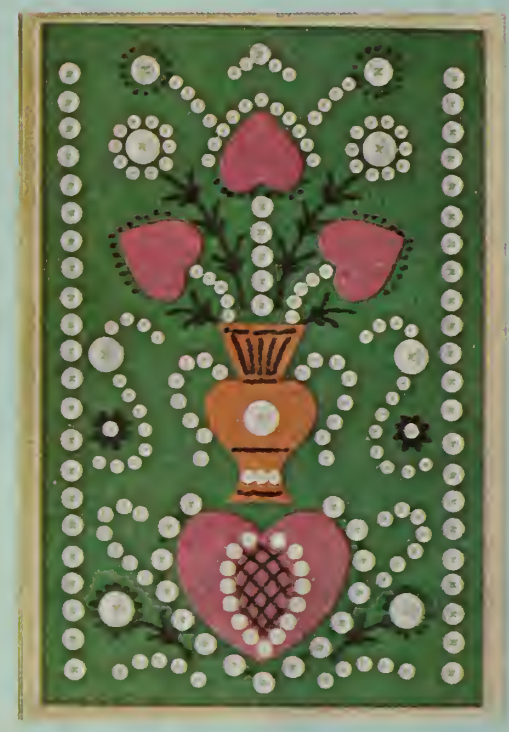

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"I don't want my children to lie every time they say the pledge of allegiance."

"For the first time I felt the discomfort of being an outsider."

"Some of my friends have not been allowed to purchase homes where they wish."

"As Negroes, we were classified as inferior and undesirable."

These are some of the remarks four mothers in Kansas City make about bias and discrimination. For more on what they think and feel, turn the page. For an explanation of the grass-roots program that encouraged them to speak out, see the article below.

PANEL OF AMERICAN WOMEN

By SAMM SINCLAIR BAKER

It began as a sometime thing, whipped up to fill the timely-topic slot in a women's-club program—subject, racial and religious prejudice in Kansas City, Missouri. Mrs. Paul Brown, a businessman's wife who gives much of her time to community affairs, helped choose the format.

"A panel show," she said. "No bigwigs—just women, housewives, but there must be a Catholic, a Jew, a Negro, and a white Anglo-Saxon Protestant. They should speak frankly, from personal experience. Why not call it 'Panel of American Women'? It should be lots better for a change than having some professional lecturing."

It *was* better. Panel of American Women, an amateur production, was so much better than professional tub-thumping that it gave rise to a national movement, aimed at promoting understanding among people of all races and religions.

Unlike some wor[illegible] in related fields, the panelists are not strangers [illegible] (continued on page 93)

“I am Shirley Morantz. I am rearing four children, eight guppies, two mud turtles and a pink-eyed hamster. My son Keith is eighteen, my daughter,

Jeryl, is fourteen, Richard is eleven and Andy is eight. My husband, Stanley, is ageless.” There was a giggle, then laughter, from the pews in the conservative church in the middle-class neighborhood in Kansas City, Kans. The ice had been broken. There had been ice because there was going to be talk of bitter things—prejudice, bias, discrimination—and the 200 women who came to Stephens Memorial Methodist Church that sunny afternoon had come with set faces and sober attitudes, obviously expecting a challenge to thought, and perhaps some pain. Mrs. Morantz is Jewish, and she was serving on a “Panel of American Women.” Before her opening remarks, the church organist had played Beethoven’s *Adagio*. There had been a brief invocation, and a few words of greeting from women of the congregation. The panel moderator, Mrs. Paul Brown, introduced her speakers—a Jew, a Negro, a Catholic, a Methodist—and the women in the pews braced themselves for harsh realities. Then, suddenly, it was all right. The women were smiling, and Mrs. Morantz continued: “My father was born in Russia, came to the United States, and then to Kansas City with his parents when he was eight years old. He never attended school beyond the third grade. He is one of the original ‘self made’ men, owning a prosperous business here and participating in many community affairs. My mother was born in England, en route to Kansas City from Russia. Together these two people created a middle class American Jewish family. I was the middle child of three. I have never known what it is to be hungry, or not to have sufficient clothing and a comfortable home; and I was never aware of any personal insults because of my religion. The summer before my freshman year at the University of Kansas City I was called upon by a committee of sorority girls. I guess, during the conversation, I let my religious convictions be known. There were no more calls from the sorority. This was my first really conscious experience of being left out because I was a Jew. I guess the greatest thing that ever happened to me was meeting and falling in love with my husband, Stanley, a ‘nice Jewish boy’ who grew up with the ethical teachings of his faith. He taught me that if you are going to *live* by those teachings, you have to *work* at it. Because I am a Jew, I cannot be insensitive to what happens to others. I know that some of my friends have not been allowed to purchase homes where they wish because of ‘gentlemen’s agreements’; or play golf on a golf course they may enjoy, or often attend a college of their choice. I know that my father’s synagogue was bombed, my Jewish Community Center desecrated. I know that in my lifetime and yours six million Jews were murdered in Germany—all this simply because they were Jews. Sometimes I stop and ask myself: ‘What is so terrible about being a Jew?’ I am proud to live by my religion, and yet so many have suffered indignities because of it. But, I must reach out in many directions. When a Negro’s home is burned by an arsonist, my home is also endangered; when anti-Catholic literature is circulated, I have been maligned. When a well-qualified physician is refused admittance to a hospital staff because of his race or religion, I feel the loss—for myself as well as my community, which cannot benefit by his skill. It is hard for me to believe that a whole state in our democratic country becomes a monster because a five-year-old child needs heroic courage to be the first Negro in an all-white school. We *all* suffer because these things are violations of our democratic principles and religious beliefs. *Every human being has the right to walk with dignity.* If we were all alike this could be a very dull world. What makes it so exciting to me is that we do have this kaleidoscope of patterns from our various backgrounds. I want to be able to enjoy that which is uniquely my heritage and also enjoy the freedoms that make our country such a special place in which to live. Each time a group such as this asks for a program to learn about the differences and likenesses of Americans, then I know that people are on the move toward better understanding of all of us.”

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LARRY FRIED

“I am Bernadette Hoyt, wife of a newspaper editor. We have six children; the oldest is

sixteen, the youngest nearly four. Together with my mother we live in a large stone house crowning a high hill. Before we moved in, it was the neighborhood haunted house, but we spoiled the fun by filling it with live people. Now friends call it ‘Withering Hoyts.’ We are Catholic and belong to St. Louis parish. My father came from a strong Protestant background. My mother’s background was just as deeply Catholic. My parents resolved their religious differences in a way that may not have been totally satisfactory to themselves, but which my brother and I, as children, accepted without question. We went to public schools during the week and to Mass on Sunday with my mother. It was not until I was older, away from my family at school, that being a religious hybrid troubled me. There I finally became a Catholic by conviction as well as habit. I feel that I have one advantage over most of my Catholic friends. Being inside the Church, yet living outside, has helped me to understand better the convictions of the differing faiths. My husband and I feel that one of the problems of *all* religious-minded people today is that of keeping their faith and the faith of their children *alive* without keeping it under glass. When I was a junior in high school my family moved to a small college town which was predominately Danish-Lutheran. There were few of my religion in the town, and for the first time I felt the discomfort of being an outsider. The feeling came home to me suddenly and vividly at a New Year’s Eve party. It was a well-chaperoned party with fine people. But, of course, as midnight struck, the boys got gay. They capered around the girls, kissing each one in turn. As one young fellow planted a hearty kiss on me, he whirled dizzily and said, ‘Wow! I just kissed a Catholic!’ I was suddenly aware of a distinction I had felt only vaguely before. My reaction was instinctive. I gave him a good hard slap and answered, ‘And I just slapped the son of a Lutheran minister.’ I hope my own daughters will have more poise. Another experience as a religious minority had a stronger effect on my life. I thought I would like to be a teacher, so I attended a teachers’ college for two years. In Iowa most teaching jobs were in small communities. There are few large cities in the state. But reports were coming back from Catholic graduates that they were having difficulty getting teaching positions in these small towns because of their religion. To avoid this hazard and embarrassment, I changed my course and my school and consequently the direction of my life. This problem still exists for Catholics and Jews throughout the rural Midwest. Recently my husband went to a small town to investigate the story of a rural schoolteacher who was dismissed because of her religion. When he knocked on the door of one of the school-board members, and explained he was from the Catholic diocesan paper, he was ordered off the premises with the assistance of a large dog with an excellent set of teeth. I don’t think it likely that my children will meet these same kinds of situations. Today there are *fewer* communities like those of my experience—of like my father’s solidly Protestant environment or my mother’s Catholic town. I find my own children are a new breed and typical of their generation. They are different because the world is different. You might call them children of the post-Kennedy era. As such, they are not likely to experience doubt about their *own* acceptance as citizens, much less the deep and degrading rejection which some of their forefathers knew and which some minority groups still suffer. That doesn’t mean that their world will be free of religious tension and conflict, but I think my children will know better than my generation how to live in a mixed society. Our ten-year-old had the right idea recently when he wanted to build a grotto. A grotto, I had better explain, is a little outdoor sanctuary in which to pray. James wanted to build one near the children’s clubhouse, but he decided against it. ‘I can’t do that,’ he said, ‘because the other fellows in the neighborhood helped with the clubhouse and they aren’t Catholic.’ He is learning how to make democracy and pluralism work. At the same time, he will not be less Catholic for loving the generosity and integrity and purity of heart that flourish among people of other religious traditions. I want him to know, however, that what happened to the Jews in Germany happened in the center of Christian culture. And that in our own country we still permit a whole segment of humanity to be humiliated, deprived and degraded because God pigmented their skins differently. We do well to pray for unity, but we don’t need a *new* theological structure to unite on behalf of justice and the works of mercy. I want to practice my Catholic faith, and teach my children that through this faith we want to work *with* and *for* others.”

“My name is Susan Peterson. I am the wife of a physician and mother of two children—Walter, ten, and Suzanne, seven. We are churchgoing believers in the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. We are truly patriotic Americans. But because there is a gap between democratic principles and practices, we are, as Negroes, classified as inferior and undesirable. Because of these unjustified generalizations, I have found it necessary to strengthen my understanding in my fellow man. When a bullet, a bomb, or a lifeless body threatens to extinguish the flame of promise, I am forced to rekindle my spirit and that of my children with faith, however blind. My grandfather fought in the Civil War. My father served in France during World War One. Still, today, I am often faced with the suggestion that I should prove my eligibility for ordinary day-to-day rights. My father finished business college, but there were no business opportunities open to Negroes, so he became a fireman—one of the first Negro fire captains in Kansas City. My mother was part-time secretary, part time seamstress, full time friend and parent. Together, my parents were intelligent, devout Christians, eager to enrich my sister and me culturally. We were given art, piano and ballet lessons. They were also intent on shielding us from racial prejudice, and although this is impossible, we were held close to our middle-class Negro community. I entered Kansas University at the age of sixteen, where I learned what it meant to be nonwhite. In my first class, the instructor asked me to move to the rear of the room. Because I was anxious to see and hear, I didn't move. I later learned that my refusal was interpreted as defiance; my raised hand was ignored and my written work returned unread. At a conference with the freshman dean, my teacher discounted the possibility of her attitude having racial connotations. She contended she had no recollection of my presence in the room. This commanded great imagination since mine was the only brown face in the room. After college, I entered nursing school and became head nurse at a sanitarium. It was during this time that I met my husband, who was an intern. He entered the Army Medical Corps by special invitation and became a first lieutenant at Camp Rucker near Dothan, Alabama. We were married there and had many experiences. There was the lady 'down town' who told my husband he must remain a 'good nigger' if he wanted to keep his captain's bars; and the private's wife who asked him once a week to wash and iron her clothes. White soldiers backed down the street to avoid saluting my husband. In Jacksonville, a sergeant embraced my husband because, 'It's good to see somebody from Missouri—even if it's only a nigger—sir,' and then he saluted. But there was also a hopeful side to life. We made many wonderful friends. We enjoyed many priceless hours in a musical appreciation group and a discussion club. My husband became one of the camp's favorite doctors; soldiers from other companies sought his guidance, and his C.O. admired and respected him. After thirty-six months in the service, twenty-four of them overseas, he returned to Kansas City to complete his residency in surgery and today is a member of the surgical board and a fellow of the American College of Surgeons. A few years ago I returned to nursing, this time at a veterans' hospital. One night I answered a patient's cry and found him dazed but apparently in good condition. He extended his hand and I gladly took it. 'Mrs. Peterson,' he said, 'I'm so glad you came quickly. I must have had a nightmare. I thought there was a big black nigger standing at the side of my bed.' When my voice finally came I assured him he was safe and agreed to stay with him until he fell asleep again. The following night he rang for me as soon as my tour began and apologized many times over. Today, the tone of my patient's words is completely forgiven and almost forgotten; there are more positive experiences. In Kansas City, a Public Accommodations Ordinance has been approved by a majority of voters. A Federal civil-rights law has been enacted, lifting the morale of millions of Americans. I envision an America in which my children can be seated in any classroom in Kansas, Alabama, or in life, and be graded according to proficiency and not the pigmentation of their skin. I envision a day when our children can go with us into the South with dignity and without fear. I envision a time when all men will dine at the table of brotherhood. And, finally, I believe the day will surely come when all men will awaken from this nightmare of hatred and, like my patient, take their brothers' hands with remorse and say, 'I'm sorry.'”

“My name is Pat Gunn. I am the wife of Gunn, a Kansas City businessman, and mother to Stephen, ten, and Louanne, six. I was born in a small East Texas community, one of those sleepy, quietly decaying communities so typical of the 'Thirties and the depression. My family was part of the minority group of the town. The majority of the people were Negro, but no Negro was allowed to vote. My father was on the school board, and I had heard him speak with respect of the Negro superintendent and his teachers. Why, I asked, couldn't they vote? 'Why, honey, if we let them vote, we'd have to let all Negroes vote,' my father replied. 'So what,' I answered, 'we let all kinds of white folks vote.' This earned me a swat and a warning not to get smart. One fall the town was aroused by the murder of a sheriff. A group of men lynched a Negro and burned his body. Of course, none of my family or the 'nice' people of the town were involved. But we didn't do anything to stop it either, that I know of. A fine Negro man worked a farm owned by my grandfather—then bought it from him, paying for it over the years. We would go to the farm deep in the piny woods—play hide and seek with his children, swim with them, and finish up with a picnic under the trees. We enjoyed each other—out there. But they did not visit us in town, unless they came to the back door. I was led to believe that it would not be tactful to treat them in town as we did on the farm. *They* would be embarrassed. I know *I* was embarrassed when I turned thirteen or fourteen and discovered that the farmer's children had been told to call me Miss Patty. My trips to the farm became fewer and fewer—and then we were all in high school and separated by too many things to remember that we had once shared the secret hopes of the future. The small Negro girl and the smaller white one wanted much the same things of life. But I would be limited only by my ability and my income. I was white. My Negro friend could do better in school than I, attain a higher degree in college, be kind and good, do all those things a child is told he must do to be an acceptable member of society—and *still* find most doors closed in her face—because she was a Negro; her skin was dark. She would be barred from hotels, restaurants and theaters, and even from schools and jobs, because of her color. What a heartache a Negro mother must have as she tries to explain to her child why he isn't wanted in so many places, no matter how fine he is! Faced with the same situation, I might have said, 'To the *devil* with your world—you've kicked me in the face before I've even started. I quit.' I knew that Jews were discriminated against and even persecuted. I had not seen much of it in school. My friends were Americans, Texans, and I did not relate them to the suffering Jews of Europe and history. Then, in my freshman year at the university, I heard a lecture on the History of Western Civilization. We listened with indifference. The instructor was saying things we all knew about Jesus of Nazareth. 'So the Jews agitated for His execution, and the Romans bowed to their will to prevent local trouble.' Suddenly, a dark-eyed, intense boy leaped up and shouted, 'Stop it—stop it! Dear God, how my people have suffered because you blame us for that! My parents died in Germany, and no one cared because you say we killed *Him*. Do you ever read *what He taught?* What *He* said on the cross?' We all sat there stunned. Later we found out that the boy had survived a concentration camp. His words bothered me for days. Did I hold Jews responsible for the death of Jesus Christ? Did my Church foster this idea? If so, we shared the guilt for the murder of six million Jews. Was this behind the fact that Jews could not live in certain neighborhoods, belong to some country clubs, even go to some medical schools or practice in some hospitals? Did my Jewish friends think *I* felt this way? What is it that makes us prejudiced against the Negro, the Jew, the Catholic? Are we afraid of those who are different? Are we so insecure? I don't want my children to achieve security that way. I want them to respect their dignity as human beings and the dignity of every other human being. If I treat anyone as less than human, I degrade myself to that extent. I don't want my children to lie every time they say the pledge of allegiance—'with liberty and justice for all,' not just the white Anglo-Saxon Christians. We teach our children in school that our diversity is one of our great strengths as a nation, the great melting pot—but we seal them off from a whole world of experience with other kinds of people. How ridiculous in a world where time and distance mean so little—where all are neighbors with the whole world! I want for all children what I want for my own. When the rights of one are denied, the rights of all are threatened. I firmly believe that we have a responsibility for every child. In effect, each child says, 'Here I am—born with certain inalienable rights.' God help us to see that each child enjoys these rights.”

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PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRANCESCO SCAVULLO

A BRIGHT WINTER LIFE

By **TRUDY OWETT**, Fashion Editor

Winter is the great color challenge, for as nature's colors fade, you must mix your own palette and wear colors that will make life bright where it might have been bleak. Color can make the everyday so gay that you'll somehow be inspired to do the little extra things that make life extra special: Try a new recipe, a new restaurant, a new way of entertaining the children. On these pages, colorful fashions that will brighten your winter life.

Basking in the warmth of sunny yellow, opposite, the children and friends listen attentively for the next turn of the plot. Lace-trimmed overblouse and separate straight skirt of wool double-knit, by Junior Accent, 5–15, $45. Striped children's clothes by Marimekko.

Why wait for summer or a winter vacation to get in the swim (opposite top left)? An indoor pool and a great new bathing suit (fresh from resort collections) will keep your spirits and your figure in top form. Stretch cotton-knit top; stretch nylon-knit briefs, by Cole of California, 5–13, $18. Shown at the City Squire Motor Inn. All fashions photographed around New York City.

When winter winds keep the women of the family indoors (center), it's the perfect time to pop into a pinafore and try a marvelous new recipe. Wrap-around pinafore of Arnel-and-cotton seersucker, by Ann Campion, 8–14, $24. Wear it now with a turtleneck; later on, it's a cover-up for a matching two-piece bathing suit. Girl's smock. Oxford Girlswear.

Soon they'll be singing in the rain (right), for two reasons: a joyous movie they've just seen at Radio City Music Hall, and their gay rain clothes. Mother's is a red vinyl raindress with side slits, $55, over a white wool-knit dress, $70. Both 4–14, by Deebs. Children's slickers by Esskee, 3–6, 7–14, $6. Mother's boots by Golo; children's by U.S. Rubber.

From left, bottom: An irresistible idea for a crisp, clear winter afternoon—ice skating with the children. Mother's bright skating clothes: a bulky V-neck wool sweater (filled in with a turtleneck dickey), $30, and red double-knit wool knickers that have below-the-knee buckles. 4–16, $20. Both, Geist & Geist.

If your house is thirsty for color, this is the time of year to flood it with brilliant new fabrics and accessories. To inspire bright decorating ideas: a white wool sweater with scalloped horizontal stripes of color, $15, and stretch pants of nylon-and-wool twill, 8–18, $13. Both, Jack Winter.

So that they can enjoy the treasures of the past, take the children to a museum collection—here, the toy collection of the Museum of the City of New York. Mother's suit of nubby wool tweed, by Sportswear Couture, 6–16, $145. Bag and shoes, I. Miller. Little girl's dress, Shepardess, 3–6X, $11. Boy's wool jacket and pants, Elegant Heir, 3–7, $13.

Ask your husband to buy you a winter-vacation dress whether or not you have vacation plans. (And you'll have a nice head start on summer.) Polka-dot dress that descends in ruffle-trimmed tiers, of Irish linen by Eloise Curtis for David Styne Jrs., 3–13, $60. Photographed at Henri Bendel.

One indoor sport you'll savor this winter: discovering new restaurants with your husband. At the Sign of the Dove, left, a double-buttoned coat dress of wool worsted, by Junior Sophisticates, 3–17, $70. Leopard coat by Georges Kaplan. Bag by Josef. Gloves by Wear-Right.

There's nothing quite like curling up luxuriously with a good book, right. This to-the-ankle shift has a future this summer too—over a bathing suit or when you're an at-home hostess. Of stretch cotton-and-nylon terry cloth, lined with stretch-nylon matte jersey. By Ann Campion, 8–14, $70.

For shopping information, turn to page 73.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY AL PARKER

By PATRICK DENNIS

Santy Claus brought." Maybe I should have told you before. Missy is my sister. Her real name is Melissa, for cripes sake, and she's only six years old. She looks like a little angel and she bats her eyelashes and curtsies to grown-ups the way they teach them to do at Miss Farthingale's School for Idiots when all the time she'd just as soon jump you from behind as look at you. On the other hand, she gets off some pretty funny cracks once in a while and, as baby sisters go, she's not too bad. *My* name is Kerry, which is short for Kerrington, for cripes sake, and is a very big name somewhere back in Gran's family. I'm ten years old, practically eleven, and I go to St. Barnaby's School because I have to be kept off the streets until I'm sixteen. Before I get too far with the story, there's something I should tell you, and that is that you've got to excuse me if I keep running off at the mouth. The St. Barnaby's psychiatrist wrote in his report: "Kerrington has a marked tendency toward oververbalization with a vocabulary incompatible with one of his years." It didn't make *(continued on page 68)*

PARIS CLOSE-UP

By NORA O'LEARY, Pattern Editor

Faithfully following design lines from Paris couturiers—suit translations here, dresses on the next pages, in colors snipped from a spring garden, fabrics crisp as spring air. Wear them now, under a coat, for a color-bright winter. When it's warmer, slip the coat off and take spring by surprise.

From left to right, suit close-ups from four Paris designers: **DIOR:** Double-breasted suit, skirt with side pockets and soft fullness that falls from a hip yoke. Of Scotney wool tweed, a mixed bouquet of lilacs, sweet peas and delphiniums. Hat, Sally Victor. Vogue Paris Original 1429. **LAROCHE:** Soft simple fly-front jacket, belted low at the waist. Take the jacket off and it's a sleeveless dress, slit in front to a lowered waist, showing a matching underskirt. Of Lesur violet satin gabardine. Vogue Paris Original 1431. **CARDIN:** Jacket buttons swing to the side; skirt buttons follow the leader. Cuffs and stand-up collar are quilted. Of Forstmann nubby wool tweed. Straw hat by Mr. John. Vogue Paris Original 1434. **HEIM:** A strong ending for the blues—collar and cuffs of silk douppioni stitched in white. The suit of Einiger wool and fur tweed. Vogue Paris Original 1436. Kislav gloves.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NEAL BARR

Four dress close-ups on Paris from left to right: **DIOR:** Superb simplicity in a sleeveless dress. Its soft belt ties in a bow in front. Of Anglo's delphinium-blue wool doeskin. Vogue Paris Original 1439. **PATOU:** Blouson dress with a cord belt that ties in a bow above a deep, soft front pleat. Of Anglo grass-green wool crinkle crepe. Vogue Paris Original 1444. **CARDIN:** The pretty side effects here—a bow at the slightly lowered waist, a side-wrap skirt. Dress buttons at the back. Of Anglo lavender wool petit point. Vogue Paris Original 1443. **RICCI:** Along softly tailored lines, a long-sleeved dress with a hidden closing that zips in front. We added the self-bow. Of Lesur spongy wool crepe. Vogue Paris Original 1426. Jewelry by Seaman Schepps.

For pattern information, see page 97.

THE THOUSAND DOORS

By ABRAHAM ROTHBERG

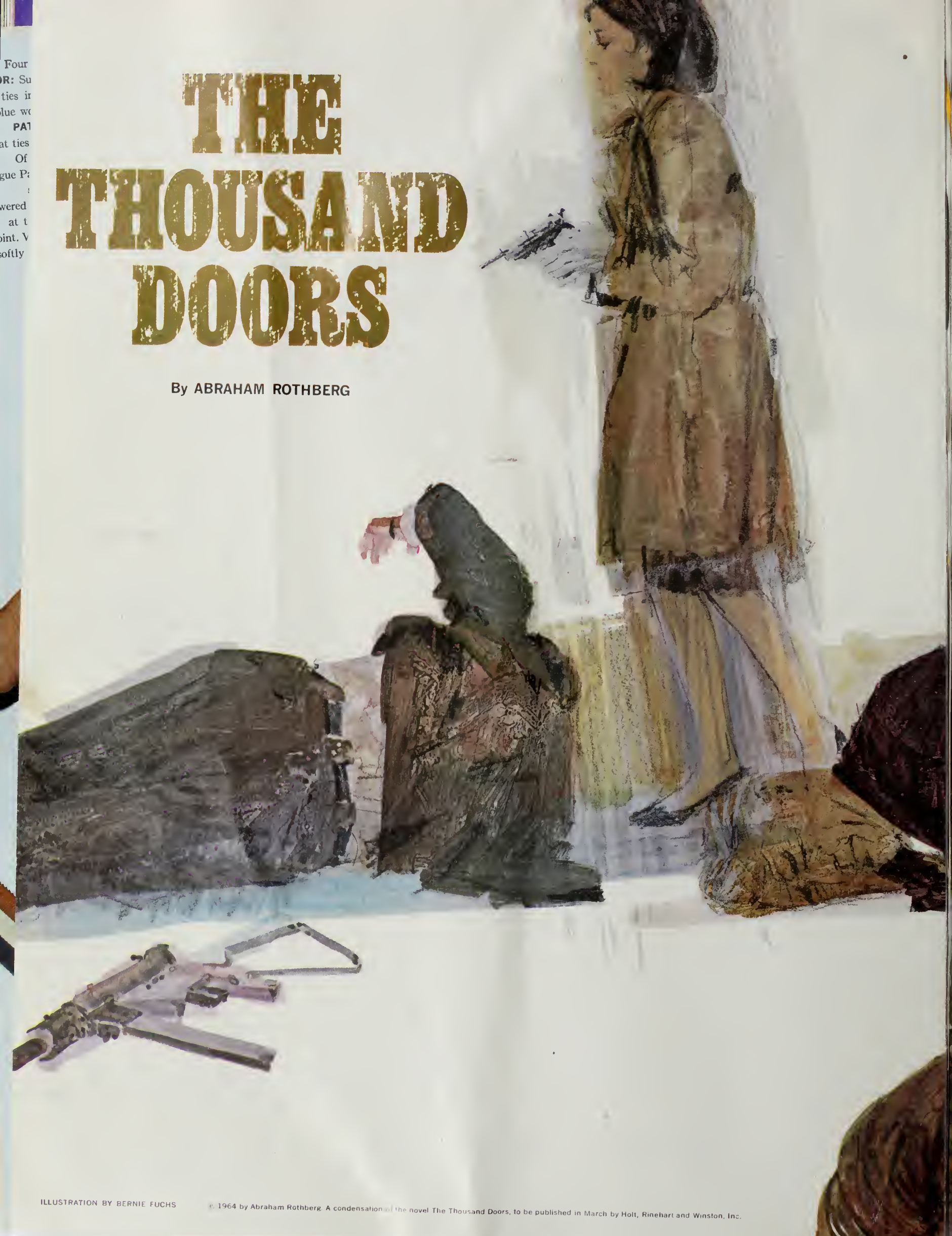


ILLUSTRATION BY BERNIE FUCHS

© 1964 by Abraham Rothberg. A condensation of the novel The Thousand Doors, to be published in March by Holt, Rinehart and Winston, Inc.

THE LAST OF THREE PARTS—What has gone before: Warren Stone, an American literary agent visiting Yugoslavia to find new writers, assumes the dangerous job of smuggling out of the country four manuscripts written by Konstantin Karst, a deposed official who has turned away from rigid Communism. Karst has told Stone to go to Dubrovnik, where a man will take him to the hidden manuscripts, and help him escape to Italy. Stone must cope with several adversaries sworn to prevent publication of the books abroad: Decani, head of the secret police; Townsend and Grout of the American embassy; and Kucic, a Soviet agent who has already tried to kill Stone. Stone must also decide what to do about beautiful Eleanor Hvar, a translator assigned to him by Decani. The widow of a war hero, Mirko Sutnjak, who fought alongside Karst and Grout during the Partisan struggle in World War II, Eleanor believes that Karst murdered her husband. Stone realizes he must add her name to the list of those who will do anything to get Karst's regime-shaking manuscripts. As the story resumes, Stone and Grout are on their way to visit Eleanor—with Stone wondering how he's going to get to Dubrovnik . . .

A long, painful day. What he wanted was to be left alone with Eleanor Hvar, watch her face and listen to her talk, even if, as he was certain, she too, like Decani and Townsend, would be after Karst's manuscripts. But he ought to invite Maxim Grout in to meet her and perhaps to have dinner with them; yet he did not want to share her. For their sakes, Stone knew he should introduce them now, for there might not be another opportunity. But would he be endangering them, and was he thinking that only in order to be left alone with her? He remembered Grout's *(continued on page 80)*

THE JOURNAL OF A SOUL

The Spiritual Diary of Pope John XXIII

Conclusion

In the last months of his life, when pain warned of death's approach, Pope John XXIII remarked to a confidant, "Now I understand what contribution to the Council the Lord requires of me: my suffering."

Pope John's most private thoughts about the Papacy, and about the Ecumenical Council, an inspired creation of his genius and piety, are set forth in these final selections from his spiritual diary. Here, too, is the draft of a tender letter to a brother, discussing their poverty ("A Pope does not honor himself by enriching his relations"). Finally, there are excerpts from his last will and testament, disposing of the furniture and garments and small savings accumulated during a lifetime of service (". . . the poor should not be forgotten, especially those who are really poor and most shy about coming forward").

The first entry is dated three months after Archbishop Roncalli presented his credentials in Paris as Papal Nuncio on December 31, 1944. His primary mission was to heal the wounds of French Catholicism, riven by political strife during the Nazi Occupation.

I must not disguise the truth from myself: I am definitely approaching old age. My mind resents this, for I still feel young, eager, agile and alert. But one look in my mirror disillusions me. This is the season of maturity; I must do more and better, reflecting that perhaps the time still granted to me for living is brief, and that I am drawing near to the gates of eternity.

Now that I have found a study for myself near the chapel I shall always say my Hours [prescribed prayer] in the chapel, . . . following the monastic rules about rising and remaining seated, especially at Matins. Even this external discipline of the body is an aid to spiritual recollection.

I shall also make a more intense study of the Book of Psalms. There is so much to learn and so much poetry in the Psalms!

The first cardinal virtue is prudence. This is what popes, bishops, kings and commanders have found difficult, and it is in this that they frequently fail. It is the characteristic quality of the diplomat, so I must cultivate it with particular care. Every evening I must examine myself strictly on this point. My ready tongue often leads me into saying far too much. Beware, beware! Know how to stay silent, how to speak with moderation, how to refrain from judging people and their attitudes, except when this is an obligation.—*Retreat at Solesmes, Holy Week, March 26–April 2, 1945.*

This is the end of my third year as Nuncio in France. . . . As regards my life, the central thought of these days is that of my death, which is perhaps near, and of my preparation for it. . . . I am in my sixty-seventh year. This morning, 12 December, I celebrated Mass for the grace of a good death. . . .

I have revised my will, which was drawn up in 1938, and needs to be adapted to the new circumstances of my family at Sotto il Monte. The Lord sees my detachment from the things of this world, in a spirit of absolute poverty. If there is anything left, it will be given to the parish home and for the poor.

No temptation of honors in the world or in the Church can now affect me. I am still covered with confusion when I think of what the Holy Father has done for me, sending me to Paris. Whether I shall receive further promotion in the hierarchy or not is a matter of complete indifference to me. This gives me great peace of mind and makes it easier for me to do what I must do here, at all costs and at any risk. It will be wise for me to prepare myself for some great mortification or humiliation which will be the sign of my predestination. May Heaven grant it may mark the beginning of real holiness in me, as was the case with those elect souls who, in the last years of their lives, received the touch of grace which made them truly holy. The thought of martyrdom frightens me. I distrust my resistance to physical pain. And yet, if I could bear *(continued on page 90)*

English translation © 1964 by Geoffrey Chapman Ltd. The American edition of The Journal of a Soul will be published in April by McGraw-Hill Book Co.

Count silver an asset

By DOROTHY ANNE ROBINSON, BEAUTY EDITOR

Once women simply resigned themselves to gray hair. Then taste changed, and they felt compelled to recolor it. Now, fashion acknowledges the tremendous dramatic asset of silver. Here—silver threads among the young—Mrs. Marshall Jacobs, a New York beauty who inherited her silver early, decided to keep it. On the next two pages, how and when to make your decision.

"Most people think that I planned my hair coloring. But I got it the easy way—I inherited it."

—Alice Doherty, left, advertising copywriter.

"My hair color just happened. But if it hadn't, I enjoy it so I think I would have made it happen."

—Jo Ahearn Zill, bottom left, a fashion editor.

Every woman has a personal stake in the fashion the six beauties on these pages are wearing—silver hair. Owning it comes naturally to all women at some point in their lives, although assuming the responsibility for wearing it becomes quite another thing. The moment of truth came early to the ladies on our pages (for one of them the first silver beamed in at age 12), and each has made a distinct beauty asset of it. None of these decisions to keep the silver change was based on a lack of alternatives. Today's marvelous hair-coloring products (new marvels appear constantly) gave them their choice of any color they wanted—including a perfect match to their natural color. Silver was the complement they valued the highest for their own good looks and beauty well-being. What were the deciding factors for them? What should they be for you?

First, perhaps, "Will my husband like it?" More men than anyone would imagine are drawn to silver. Mrs. Marshall Jacob's husband (she's the young beauty on the preceding page) thinks her hair marvelous, insists he wouldn't let her change it if she wanted to. (She wouldn't—considers it a young woman's special privilege to be silver). And what about your children? Their frank opinions won't mislead you. Sybil Burton, the entrancing British actress whose shock of silver is a major beauty attraction, declares her children all in favor of hers. And last, but certainly not least, there's you. How do you feel about living under silver's spell? Does it make you feel old before your time, instead of specially privileged? Does your mirror say your complexion lacks the color so complimentary to silver? Then by all means take up with hair-coloring products that banish silver from your life. But, if you decide in silver's favor, here are some suggestions on how to make it the real asset it should be.

Taking pride in silver calls for care in polishing it so that it shines like the moon and becomes the best-quality sterling. There are many fine products created specifically to help you with its upkeep. Heat and sun oxidize scalp oils rapidly and it shows on silver as yellowed

"I think of my hair as a hat—an all-season go-with-everything, never-out-of-style hat."
—Margaret Hodge, left, fashion consultant.

"The most terrific advantage of turning prematurely is that you never have to face that dreadful moment of The First White Hair."
—Sybil Burton, opposite right, British actress.

"My hair has a look of tweed that is right for the tweedy, casual life we live."
—Mrs. Richard Dorso, right, former model and fashion editor.

tarnish. So be sure to wear a hat to protect your silver from the sun, and wash often with special shampoos designed to keep your hair shining. Helena Rubinstein's Silver-Tone washes-in silver accents as it cleans. Nestle-Le Mur's Silver Gray Colorhue takes away yellow, adds gleaming highlights. And there are short-term rinses to see that your silver never goes yellow, such as: Clairol's Come Alive Gray; Helene Curtis's Bright Idea; and Roux's Fanci-full Rinse. Longer-term semipermanent rinses will keep your silver polished for as long as two months.

In any case, a coloring treatment helps to perfect the texture of your hair. You can use one of these for its managing qualities as well as its color: DuBarry's Color Foam, Shulton's Tecnique or Revlon's Color Up. As the silver threads multiply they should have great vitality and spring. If they're limp, however, you can add bounce with a special setting lotion such as Max Factor's Coiffure Italienne or Ogilvie's Special Formula for Gray Hair. If they're wiry, use a pomade product like Alberto-Culver's Blue VO 5 Hair Dressing and Conditioner.

HAIR STYLES BY WILLIAM OF THE KENNETH SALON

And to underline the fact that silver hair is now a high adventure, there is a fascinating cosmetic, a metallic silver to paint on—on top of your own natural silver—and wear to a party like a marvelous headdress: Helena Rubinstein's Silver Touch is applied with a brush; Nestle-Le Mur's Colorstreak is a spray-on powder.

As your hair turns silver your skin fades naturally. And to give silver the contrast it needs, you will need to tone up your complexion with a tan foundation and highlight your bone structure with a terra-cotta rouge. To brighten your eyes, use gray or light-blue eye shadow, with a streak of white under the brow, and navy-blue mascara to make your eyes seem especially bright-white and clear. Any clear-toned lipstick will do the same for your teeth and smile. And in clothes, there isn't a color you can't wear, because silver hair offers no interference. No need to cling to meek pastels; try the primaries. The truth is, there's only one wrong way to wear silver hair—apologetically. The perfect way to wear it is to count silver a great stroke of luck.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GREENE/EULA STUDIO

ON VIEW: COLLECTIONS

By MARGARET WHITE, Decorating Editor

Almost everyone, at heart, is a collector. Some collections are rare and costly; some cost little or nothing. But the true value of any collection is best measured by the continuing pleasure it brings to the collector. And one of the greatest pleasures of owning a collection is seeing it out in the open, as a tangible, decorative part of a room. On these three pages, various ways collectors keep their collections on view.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GUERRERO

In Helena Rubinstein's New York apartment, opposite, top, four shelves of American blue glass bring bright decorative design to a long hallway leading to the living room. Madame Rubinstein became interested in blue glass and collected most of these pieces during her travels through the United States.

Interior designer David Whitcomb has been collecting mercury glass for about eight years. As a decorative solution to housing his collection, plus an overflow of books, he lined one entire wall of his bedroom with shelves that can be adjusted to the size of the pieces.

Eight years ago, interior designer Renny Saltzman started a lion collection, above, inspired by Leo, his sign of the zodiac. Lions intermingle with books on red-felt-backed shelves between two windows, turning an area that ordinarily would be lost into a decorative asset. The lions on the table are from son David's collection.

Renny Saltzman's wife, Ellin, started a collection of snuffboxes, top left, several years ago when she received one as an engagement present. She keeps her collection on the round marble insert of an antique French gallery table. Although the collection invites touching, young children can be taught to handle with care.

For 25 years designer Sara Little has collected the natural marvels, top right, heaped in a coral bowl: quartz, rocks, fossils, seashells, nuts, stones. She keeps her collection directly under a lamp on a living-room table, "so that the bright light will heighten the marvelous interplay between all these natural objects."

All the paperweights, bottom left, in Mrs. Bertram Smith's collection are old Baccarat glass. She collected them over the years in her travels—bringing one home from each trip. One came from the Flea Market in Paris, another was found in South America. Some are signed and dated. The paperweights are grouped on the dressing table in her bedroom.

A collection of miniature animals in bronze and silver, bottom right, from France, England, Russia and Spain, on a two-tiered Regency table on wheels, creates a lively as well as a mobile area of interest in a hallway. Focal point of the collection is a bronze elephant bearing a Bristol blue glass vase.

pin it down,

See! Almost-instant appetizers when you pin the bright, sunny flavor of Del Monte Pineapple Chunks to even such simple foods as salami, carrot or cucumber rounds, ripe or stuffed olives, shrimp, cheeses or tiny tomatoes. You name it—Del Monte Chunks can do it!

pair it up,

No carving this party roast! Alternate slices of Del Monte Pineapple and Canadian bacon (or ham). Tie together or skewer; bake 1 hour at 350° F. Glaze several times with mixture of 3 Tbsps. brown sugar, 1 tsp. cornstarch, ¼ tsp. ground cloves, 1 Tbsp. pineapple syrup.

pack it in–

Luscious filling for 8 meringue shells. Mix 4 egg yolks, ½ cup sugar, juice and grated rind of 1 lemon; stir over hot water till thick. Cool. Fold in 1 cup heavy cream whipped and 1 cup of Del Monte Pineapple Tidbits from No. 2 can. Fill shells; top with rest of tidbits. Chill.

nothing fazes the field-fresh flavor of Del Monte® Pineapple

New Data on Diets

As you may have observed from dismal first-hand experience, it's virtually impossible to diet while cooking regularly for your family. Willpower is easily undermined in the midst of plenty. And even those stoic souls who do miraculously withstand temptation for a while quickly bounce back to tip the scales at their previous plumpness—sometimes even register a gain. How do you solve the problem of keeping yourself or someone else in your family on a diet and at the same time giving the others all they want and need to eat? We turned the whole matter over to the calculating electronic brain of an RCA-301 computer, and it came up with this common-sense solution: You can lose weight eating the same delicious morsels you cook for your family—you simply eat fewer of them. When you've reached your new weight goal (over a sensible period of time), there is no radical change of diet. You simply increase your intake to maintain your new weight level. On the next three pages is a 14-day diet computed for a family of four—Mom, Dad and two teen-age children. Each day's menu is divided into two columns for each member of the family. The first, or left-hand, column indicates maximum portions for losing 1½ to 2 pounds in 14 days. The right-hand (blue) column gives portions required to maintain weight. For a discussion of the psychology of dieting, turn to page 66.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY TOMI UNGERER

How to lose weight while you eat more often

Lose weight while you eat six times a day under this new Mazola 1500 calorie diet plan. Best of all, it's a diet you can live with after you get down to the weight you want.

The Mazola diet plan is based on a new concept of weight control which was described recently in one of the leading women's service magazines.

Overweight men and women who tested the concept were remarkably successful in trimming down. None of them complained of hunger pangs associated with low calorie diets. They were also pleased with the appetizing foods which the plan allows.

The plan *does not* force you to give up appetizing foods you need just for the sake of weight control, a fault doctors find with all too many crash reducing diets.

Lose weight on 1500 calories a day.

Like most reducing diets, the Mazola diet plan cuts down on your daily caloric intake. Unlike most diets, however, there is no need to go to extremes. The 1500 calories a day you are allowed makes this diet quite liberal compared to typical crash diets.

The unique feature of this plan is that your daily food intake is distributed more evenly throughout the day. You eat *six* times a day instead of the customary three meals.

The eat six-times-a-day Mazola diet plan offers weight-watchers a two-fold benefit. First, it helps to ward off the empty-between-meals feeling which forces even strong-willed people to reach for the refrigerator door. Second, the plan apparently helps to cut down weight more effectively than when the 1500 calories are unevenly divided among three regular meals.

Three meals a day may be obsolete.

There is mounting medical evidence that the grand old custom of "three squares" a day may be one of the big reasons for overweight problems.

Equally bad is the self-deceiving eating pattern of black coffee and dry toast for breakfast, a dab of cottage cheese for lunch and then a whopping big dinner. The one big meal stuffs you like a force-fed goose. Your body does not need all of this food for energy while you sleep at night. The excess is thriftily stored as *fat*.

No formulas, no fads.
Eat delicious everyday foods.

The Mazola plan centers around food groups that are rich in proteins, essential fats, vitamins and minerals. Emphasis is placed on appetite-satisfying, nourishing foods, such as lean meats, fish, poultry, eggs, skim milk, special margarine, liquid corn oil, vegetables and fruits.

Here is a typical 1500 calorie menu:

BREAKFAST
Grapefruit Juice (½ cup)
Soft Cooked Egg (1)
Broiled Canadian Bacon (1 slice)
Toast (1 slice)
Mazola Margarine (1 tsp.)

MIDMORNING PICKUP
Cottage Cheese (¼ cup)
Skim Milk (½ cup)

LUNCH
Broiled Chopped Lean Round Steak (3 oz.)
Mazola Margarine (1 tsp.)
Hamburger Roll (½)
Sour Pickles
Tossed Green Salad
French Dressing made with 2 tsp. Mazola Corn Oil
Hot Tea Lemon

MIDAFTERNOON PICKUP
Lean Ham (1 oz.)
Skim Milk (1 cup)

DINNER
Hot Bouillon
*Broiled Parslied Halibut (3 oz.)
Lettuce and Tomato Salad (small)
Carrots cooked with 1 tsp. Mazola Corn Oil
Fresh Pear (1 small)
Coffee

MIDEVENING PICKUP
Lean Ham (1 oz.)
Skim Milk (½ cup)

*Brushed with 2 teaspoons Mazola Corn Oil and sprinkled with lemon juice.

Corn oil helps curb hunger pangs.

Mazola Corn Oil and Mazola Margarine have excellent satiety values. Like all fats, Mazola Corn Oil and Mazola Margarine are digested more slowly than carbohydrate-rich foods. It naturally follows that the longer the digestive system has to work, the less time it has to annoy you about being hungry.

There are many delicious ways to use easy-to-digest Mazola Corn Oil. It makes all kinds of tasty salad dressings and you can use it to sauté the lean cuts of meat provided in the diet.

Mazola Margarine tastes extra good melted over hot vegetables or as a spread for breads and toast.

This is a diet plan you, and those around you, can live with.

The trouble with most diet plans is that, after the initial enthusiasm is over, most people slide back to their former eating habits. Hunger is often a stronger persuader than vanity or good sense.

Another big trouble with most crash diets is that they can make you irritable. You become as cross as a hungry bear and nobody likes to live with a cross bear.

Fortunately, you don't have to be a pillar of strength to live with this diet plan. It is not a spartan diet. You eat roughly 1500 calories a day. With few exceptions, you eat the foods your family eats. The foods are delicious and satisfying, so a minimum of self-control is needed.

To repeat, you should continue to have little or no difficulty staying with this Mazola diet plan after you get down to the weight you want.

Balances saturated fats with polyunsaturates.

This diet is especially suitable for people who are concerned about the kind of fats they eat.

Specified daily amounts of Mazola Corn Oil and Mazola Margarine, which are rich in corn oil polyunsaturates, are used to balance the limited amount of animal fats in this diet. You get all the other benefits of 100% corn oil, too.

How to start the Mazola Diet Plan?

Simply fill out the coupon below and mail it to the address shown. No purchase of any product is required.

You will receive your free copy of "The Mazola Diet Plan." It includes a variety of tasty daily menu suggestions and recipes. It also lists the foods you can eat and those you should avoid.

Most important, when starting any diet plan, you should check with your doctor. We suggest that when you receive your copy of our free book that you show it to your doctor. If he wishes any further information the Corn Products Company, 717 Fifth Avenue, New York 22, N. Y., will be glad to supply it.

Mazola Corn Oil and Mazola Margarine
Corn Products Company
Box No. 505W, Brooklyn, N. Y. 11202

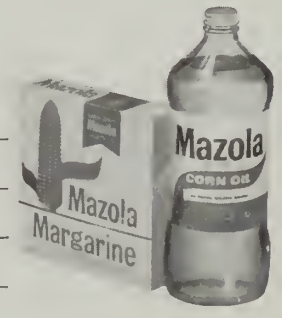
Gentlemen: Please send me a free copy of "The Mazola Diet Plan."

NAME _____

STREET _____

CITY _____ ZONE NO. _____

STATE _____



THE JOYOUS SEASON

continued from page 45

any sense at all until Daddy said, "He means you talk too much, kid." I also suffer from something known as "total recall." Daddy had what seemed to me a very good suggestion when he said, "Couldn't Kerry just shut up?" But the school psychiatrist said that would cause a lot of repressions and like that and that my "garrulity should be harnessed and channeled into verbal productivity." Anyway, I'm supposed to talk until I run out of things to say. Now back to last Christmas.

I was so doggone bushed that I almost told her there wasn't any Santa Claus and to go back to bed until morning. But like Gran, who is Mom's mother, says, we all try to "keep her simple faith alive." Besides, Maxl, our dog, was licking my ear, and by the time I got them both off me I was wide awake.

So I got up and we went into the living room, which was also dark except for the Christmas tree, flickering away in front of the middle window. Our Christmas trees are different each year—usually to match whatever color the room happens to be. This year it had nothing but green ornaments and millions of little white lights going off and on at different times like a sign in Times Square. I mean it would drive you crazy to look at it for more than a couple of minutes, but like Ga-ga, who is Daddy's mother, said, it was very chic.

There were about a million packages under the tree that hadn't been there the night before, but they were all wrapped up, and in our house a wrapped-up package or a sealed envelope always meant "Hands off!"

Our stockings were hanging over the fireplace where Daddy had taped them (it's very difficult to drive a nail into a marble mantel) before he and Mom went off to their Christmas Eve bash, only now the stockings were full instead of empty. So, to keep Missy's simple faith alive, I put on a big act about how wonderful it was that Jolly Old Saint Nick had parked his sleigh up on top of the Cushings' penthouse, carefully avoiding the television aerials, and made his jolly old way through all the vents and the elevator works with a sack full of junk and right down the chimney to dear old Sixteen East, going "Ho ho ho" every inch of the way. Some kids will swallow *anything*.

Well, the stockings weren't filled with much except some candy and little things from the five-and-ten. Besides, Missy has a very small foot, so it didn't take her long to go through all that stuff and break most of it. It wasn't even six A.M., and Missy was itching to get at the real swag under the tree.

"Well, what time is it *now?*" Missy said.

"Five minutes till six."

"Shouldn't they be getting *up*?"

"No, they shouldn't, for cripes sake."

Missy was getting so het up that I finally took pity on her. "You can open this one and that will have to hold you till everybody else gets up."

"From Santy Claus?"

"It's from me! I bought it with my own money. I wrapped it myself too."

"It looks it," Missy said.

Well, maybe it wasn't the prettiest package under the tree, but when Missy opened it, she sang a different tune. It was a genuine Martian Outer Space Squirt Gun. It holds a pint of water and, depending on which knob you turn, shoots either a hundred Instant Locomotor-Paralysis Rays or one full-pint Gamma Death Ray, which means curtains for Earth Mortals.

"Gee, Kerry, it's *beautiful!*" I could tell that even Missy was impressed. "Can I work it now?"

"Not in the apartment. Remember that time with the glass clock and the Johnny Reb Cannon?"

That shook her, but not enough.

"Well, at least show me how to fill it."

The Martian Outer Space Squirt Gun comes with a full set of instructions, but they're kind of complicated and Missy can only read beer signs and cigarette packages and "Run, Jack! Jump, Jane!" and the kind of stuff they teach in the first grade at Miss Farthingale's.

"OK," I said, "we'll fill it, but don't shoot it at anything except Daddy's shower and *don't* make any noise."

We went to Daddy's bathroom, which is all tile and positively leakproof (except the time Daddy let his tub run over) and has a great big shower stall with lots of water spouts that get you in terrible places if you don't watch out. I filled the squirt gun in the washbasin, aimed and fired half a dozen Instant Locomotor-Paralysis Rays into the shower stall right at heart level. Pow, pow, pow, pow, *pow!* Let me tell you, that Martian Outer Space gun was everything they claimed it was on TV. It sent out a fine spray that hit the wall so hard it splashed halfway back into the bathroom.

"Now let me try, Kerry," Missy said.

"Be my guest, kid, it's your gun."

Well Missy's aim wasn't all it should have been, like with the Johnny Reb Cannon two Christmases ago, but it made five or six beautiful splashes right into the shower stall.

"Now let's fill it all the way up again and try the full-pint Gamma Death Ray," I said. Hell, I was just trying to keep Missy quiet until Mom and Daddy woke up.

Missy ran the cold water full tilt and reloaded. But when she tried to turn the faucet off she knocked over Daddy's shaving bowl. It's some kind of plastic and unbreakable, but it made a terrible racket when it hit the tile floor. There was a groan from the bedroom.

"Wh-who's there?" Daddy moaned.

"Shhhhhhh," I said to Missy and switched off the lights. The sun was beginning to come up over the East River and a little bit of gray dawn filtered in through the bathroom window—just about enough so that you could see your hand in front of your face.

There've been a lot of robberies in our neighborhood over the past year. (Only last week some fool dame left half a million bucks' worth of diamonds on top of her dressing table, like a cook's-night-out supper, and a burglar came in, helped himself and walked right out.) Anyhow, Daddy keeps this great big revolver left over from the Army in the drawer by his side of the bed, and the next thing we knew, the door opened and there he was standing stark naked pointing the gun right over our heads at his reflection in the bathroom mirror.

"Daddy . . ." I started to say. A shot rang out and the mirror busted into a million pieces. Then Missy did *something* with her squirt gun, and Daddy got it up and down his whole front with a full pint of ice-cold Gamma Death Ray. There was a bellow like he'd grabbed a live wire and then a stream of language

like even *I* had never heard. Then he made a lunge for us, and *then* there was even a worse yell and worse language because he'd cut both bare feet on all that broken mirror.

By that time Mom was up struggling into her robe and saying, "Darling, what's the matter?" Missy went into hysterics, and I was so confused I didn't know whether to laugh or to cry. I laughed. It was the wrong choice.

Well, what happened right after all that is still too painful even to think about. The lights went on. Daddy took one look to see that we were OK. We were. I got a good one across the side of the head, and Missy got such a crack on the rear end that she forgot to have hysterics and just plain cried. Then Daddy turned all gray and went staggering back toward the bed, leaving a trail of bloody footprints on the white rug and clutching his head like he was dying. By then Mom was awake enough to start putting the whole picture together.

From what the other guys at school tell me about *their* parents, Mom and Dad got along like two peas in a pod most of the time. But this wasn't one of the times.

"My God, there's blood all over the place. What are you doing with that *gun?*"

"Only trying to protect my family."

"*Protect* them? You nearly killed the children! Kerry, Melissa! Tell Mother! Are you all right?"

"If those two don't get out of here I'm just as likely to kill them as not."

"You great, drunken oaf! Look what you've done. The whole room a shambles and company coming. Just *look* at the place!"

In addition to the blood and the water and the broken glass, the bedroom looked the way it does when Daddy has a Difficult Night and is about to have a worse day. Usually he's very neat and tidy, like an architect ought to be, with his clothes all hung up and trees in his shoes and his dirty linen put in the laundry hamper.

But today was One of Those Mornings. His evening clothes were partly on the chaise longue, partly on the floor. His shirt was draped over a chair with the studs still in it. One shoe had been kicked off near the door and the other one was almost under the bed with the socks scattered in between. His tie was over a lampshade and his underwear crumpled up on the desk. And, what with Mom's new evening dress rolled up like a sleeping bag on her dressing table instead of out of sight in her dressing room, it didn't take me long to get the general idea.

Then Mom said in that kindly cold tone of voice, "De-ar, don't you think you might try to get a little help with your drinking problem? There was a Doctor Gumbiner who helped Liz's first husband before he killed himself. . . ."

"Liz's *first* husband? Well, if that poor guy drank, it was because Liz drove him to it. And if your great chum Liz would serve something decent instead of her hot Swedish *Glögg* that nobody ——"

"*I* thought it was delicious."

"So I noticed."

"And it didn't seem to me that *you* were being force-fed. I mean social drinking is one thing, but when it gets to the point of having hallucinations and shooting at the children ——"

"I *didn't* fire at the children. I thought it was a prowler. What were they doing in my bathroom anyway?"

"What anyone would be doing in a bathroom."

"They've got their own bathroom to use. Why don't they?"

"And look at you! You're soaking wet. Liz told me what Doctor Gumbiner said about those terrible sweats ——"

"Sweat, hell. I'm freezing to death."

"*And* chills. One of the first signs of acute alcoholism ——"

"Alcoholism! One of those brats sprayed me with a damned hose."

"A *hose?* Now where would they get a hose? I really think you're on the verge of delirium tremens, darling, honestly I do. And would you look at what you've done to my brand-new rug!"

"*Your* rug? Who paid for it?"

"Nobody, as yet. And that reminds me, a man from the credit department at ——"

"Oh, shut up about it!"

Since she hadn't attracted much of an audience, Missy had stopped crying and wiped her tears on the sleeve of her robe. Now she took advantage of the silence to do things up brown. "Merry Christmas, Mommy! Merry Christmas, Daddy!" Missy yelled. "Look what Kerry gave me. It's a genuine Martian Outer Space Gun." I had thought that the squirt gun had fired its full charge at Daddy in the bathroom doorway, but I was wrong. There was just enough water left in it to do a little more damage. Missy raised the gun proudly and Mom got it full in the face.

An hour or so later, with the Martian Outer Space Gun under lock and key, we were all in the living room to see what Santa Claus had brought. In other years Mom and Daddy used to sit on the floor beside the tree in their robes and slippers drinking coffee while Daddy read out the names and passed the presents around. This year Daddy couldn't get his slippers on for all the Band-Aids on the soles of his feet, and he was drinking a brandy-and-soda. "Do you think that's entirely wise?" Mom asked.

"You're damned right I do, and if you had any sense you'd join me. You must feel fierce."

"Perhaps. But *someone* has to think about the children's Christmas. Besides, your mother is coming to lunch."

"Isn't yours? *And* your idiot brother?"

Mom suddenly got very interested in a stuffed giraffe her friend Liz had sent to Missy. It was big, I'll say that for it, but not all that fascinating.

The Christmas presents were much fancier than usual—especially the ones Daddy gave Mom and vice versa. I guess it must have had something to do with the big new building he designed. Daddy gave Mom a green ring and a brown fur jacket and a gallon of some kind of French perfume and quite a lot of other stuff. She gave him a whole new set of drafting instruments in a cool leather case and a kind of machine to make copies of plans right at home and some spiffy books on architecture and a couple of special golf clubs and a new squash racket. They said thank you very politely, but they didn't seem to like the stuff very much, fancy as it all was.

My haul was the usual run of stuff—a few things I'd asked for and a lot of things I hadn't. Gran gave me a big old book on the blood lines in her family and she'd written, "Kerrington—This is so you'll know who your ancestors were—at least on your mother's side," on the flyleaf so I couldn't take it back and turn it in on

(*continued*)

"Thanks -- I'll take it here, honey..."

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something I might want to read. H.A., generous to a fault as always, did the big thing and gave me a chemistry set. It didn't look like any of the sets you see in toy departments nowadays. It was large and kind of fly-specked and dented at the corners and the boy wonder on the box top was wearing knickers, for cripes sake, but like I said, it was the *biggest* chemistry set I ever saw.

"Do you think that chemistry thing is safe?" Daddy asked.

"Do you think that my brother is in the habit of endangering the lives of children?" Mom said, driving home the point.

"Aw, come off it," Daddy said. He got up like his feet were killing him, and his head, too, and mixed another brandy-and-soda—very dark.

"Do you think you should, *dear?*"

"Yes, I do."

Gran's present to Missy was a dusty velvet box from Tiffany's. "Valuable things come in small packages," Mom said hopefully.

"Yeah?" Missy said, pulling out clouds of old tissue paper. After all the unpacking, it turned out to be a gold locket that looked like Maxl had cut his puppy teeth on it.

"Read it to me," Missy said, handing me one of Gran's cards.

"What's the magic word?"

"Please."

"'Dear Melissa,'" I read, "'this locket was given to me when I was just your age, and I hope that you will love it as I did.'" H.A. gave Missy ten shares of stock in an oil well in Turkey which, as he said on the card, might be very valuable someday. Daddy said that the stock was selling for fifty cents a share and Mom said, "It's the thought that counts," but not with much feeling. Whatever the idea was, I could understand Missy's not appreciating it.

On the other hand, Ga-ga, Daddy's mother, is very extravagant. Sometimes I feel that she's more of a child than Missy is. That doesn't mean that she always has the best ideas in children's presents, but at least they're very expensive and come from cool places instead of some attic. Ga-ga's present to me was a Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire Battle of the Visigoths (A.D. 410) set. It was really keen and also educational, which was unusual for anything Ga-ga gives you. The only drawback was that it came in millions of little pieces and had to be put together. Ga-ga's gift to Missy was more typical. It was an Antoine-ette Junior Miss Beauty Salon, which contained everything needed to fix your hair and face if you happen to be a girl.

I said, "Daddy, will you help me put my Fall of the Roman Empire set together?"

He didn't look very happy about it, but he said, "Yes, as soon as your mother and I open the rest of our things." Then he handed Mom a very fancy box and said, "This is for you from Ga-ga." Well, even Mom brightened up a little bit because Ga-ga never thinks about anything except clothes and bridge, and whenever she buys anything it's bound to be expensive and unusual. So was this, but I guess it was a little too unusual.

"Oh," Mom said, after she got the package open. Just "Oh" and no more. Then she said, "Maybe I *will* have a tiny bit of brandy in my coffee."

"What is it?" Daddy asked as a whole lot of bright beads and feathers tumbled out of the box.

"That's a good question. You name it and you can have it."

"Well, I don't know," Daddy said kind of hotly, "Mother always has pretty good taste."

"When she's buying something for herself. *This* looks like something that comes from one of those Men Only Christmas shops."

Daddy pulled it out of the box. It was something to wear, all right, but I don't know what you'd call it.

"I guess it's some sort of negligee," Daddy said, as though he didn't quite believe it. "It comes from that expensive place on ——"

"That's just what I mean," Mom said. "All spangles and marabou. It must have cost the old id . . . I mean it must have cost your mother a fortune, but a call girl would think twice before she ——"

"I don't think it's so bad," Daddy said, but not with much feeling.

"Then why don't *you* wear it? I realize that she's blind as a bat and too vain to wear glasses, but when there are so many lovely, simple things that I'd adore to ——"

"If you don't like it, take it back."

"Oh, of course! What better way to another woman's heart than to tell her she has the taste of a ——"

"Tell her it was the wrong size and ——'

"Your mother and I wear exactly the same size, and she's been dining out on the fact for the past ——"

"Well, it's your present. You decide what to do with it."

"I already have. Now please open whatever that great hulking thing in the corner is and then we can clear all this stuff out of the living room."

Muttering something about ingratitude, Daddy got the great big box from Gran out into the middle of the room. It took some doing, and once the old Christmas paper was stripped off there was still a long way to go. It wasn't a box, it was a crate, for cripes sake, three feet square and nearly as high as Daddy, who is very tall. It was daubed with "Manhattan Storage & Warehouse Co., Inc." and "Fragile" and "This Side Up" and built to last. Daddy broke the handle off a hammer trying to open it and said a terrible word. "No wonder the children talk like guttersnipes with this sort of influence," Mom said. Daddy said the word again and phoned down to the handyman for a crowbar. Before the crowbar arrived he got a long, jagged splinter in his hand and said an even worse word. "Splendid Christmas spirit," Mom said, real sarcastic like.

Something in the air told me that we kids would do well to make ourselves scarce, so without even being told, we piled up our presents and took them to our rooms.

I put H.A.'s chemistry set down on my workbench and started to look at all the stuff inside. The set had been used. It was kind of dusty and there wasn't any instruction book. But just to be doing something, I poured three or four different chemicals into a bowl and watched the stuff bubbling away.

Just then there was a terrible uproar in the living room. It sounded like the end of the world or something and when I got there, there was Daddy standing in a pile of some kind of straw looking at the biggest, ugliest model of a building I've ever seen.

"Now what in the hell kind of practical joke is this?" Daddy said.

"My mother does *not* play practical jokes," Mom said.

"Well, im-practical joke, then."

"It happens to be a scale model of the Applegate Arcade."

The Applegate Arcade is a terrible-looking old building that Gran's grandfather put up just after the Civil War in what is now practically the Bowery. It makes the Flatiron Building look like Lever House, but it was famous for something like being a skyscraper (six stories) and having the first elevators or flush toilets or like that a hundred years ago. Like everything Gran's family owns, it's big and brown and grim.

"It's a perfect model," Mom said. "One inch to the foot. Mummy thought it would be of interest to an architect."

"So the card says," Daddy said between his teeth. "Well, as an example of what a building should *not* be ——"

"Mummy was only trying to ——"

"Only trying to get rid of it, and that's just what I'm going to do with it."

"You are going to do no such thing! It's of great sentimental value to Mummy."

"And that's why it's been in storage for the last fifty years?"

"Nonsense. I remember it from the time I was a little girl. It stood in my father's study, and I always wanted to turn it into a birdhouse."

"You could turn it into a doghouse for all of me."

"Of all the ingrates! Well, if you want to break my poor mother's heart ——"

"I'd like to break her neck. Just what are we supposed to *do* with this thing? It's bigger than *you* are and, architectually speaking, it's a complete bastardization of ——"

"Will you *please* watch your language in front of Kerry. No wonder he ——"

"In that case, Kerry, you'd better leave the room, because the more I look at this eyesore, the more I feel like ——"

"I think Daddy's got a point," I said. Most times in our family everybody gets a chance at least to give an opinion. Daddy calls it Democracy. But this wasn't one of the times.

"Kerry!" Mom shouted. "Did you hear your father? Leave the room!"

"Thanks, kid," Daddy said.

For such a very long morning, I don't know where it all went. Before anyone realized it, the doorbell was ringing and there was Ga-ga and her newest beau.

Ga-ga isn't really her name. It's just something I called her when I was very young and couldn't manage to say "grandma." But it fits her like a glove, Ga-ga is just as old as Gran—even a couple of months older—but she looks like Gran's daughter and acts like Gran's granddaughter. I mean next to Ga-ga, even Missy seems very mature.

Gran and Ga-ga have known each other all their lives. They were born on the same street and were in the same class at Miss Farthingale's and they like each other a little less every day. When we're not supposed to be listening, Gran tells Mom that Ga-ga is a frivolous old fool and that her family was in Trade, wherever that is. Whether anyone's listening or not, Ga-ga tells everybody that Gran is a stuffy old bore and has no *joie de vivre* (French).

I mean, they're as opposite as day and night. For example, Gran has been wearing the same old dresses ever since I can remember, while Ga-ga hardly ever wears the same thing twice. Gran lives in great big houses both in New York and in the country, with everything dark and gloomy, while Ga-ga moves into a smaller apartment every couple of years with everything in it pink—even her telephone and the toilet paper. They're both widows. Gran only seems to know other old widows who all sit around and talk about taxes and how they have to watch their pennies. But Ga-ga has a lot of what she calls beaux—some of them younger than Daddy—and when she isn't out dancing with them, she's got them all in her apartment playing bridge. Sometimes, when they're speaking to each other, Gran tries to tell Ga-ga how to run her life (like she does with everyone else). "Evelyn," Gran will say, "the way you're spending money you'll end up in a pauper's grave."

Then Ga-ga will blow out a big cloud of smoke and rattle her bracelets and fluff her wig and say, "But by then I'll be dead, darling, and it won't make any difference where I am. They're having the most marvelous fur sale at ——"

"Evelyn, haven't you anything more in your empty head than furs and fashions and ——"

"Well, darling, at least *I* don't go pussyfooting around town in an old orange mink so rump-sprung that I look like someone's cook!"

"*Evelyn!*"

Then they stop speaking again.

Ga-ga is usually late, never on time. On Christmas Day she was early. She came busting into the apartment all fluffy gray furs and long gloves with her newest beau—an old Englishman named Sir Rupert Something, who looked like a basset hound. "*Joyeux Noël*, darlings! Here we are—hours early I know, and perishing for a drinkie. Rupert and I thought we might just be able to get up a table of bridge at the Regency Club, but not a chance. I mean people still seem to take Christmas so hard. Now, where are my babies? Really, Rupert, isn't it ridiculous—a grandmother at my age!"

I had meant to clean up my room a little and throw out the chemical experiment, which was steaming away, but Mom says our First Duty is to our guests, so I kicked my slippers under the bed, got into my shoes and jacket and went out to do my loving-grandchild act. I also had to do it for two, as Missy's door was still closed.

After Ga-ga got lipstick all over me, she turned her forces on Daddy. About the only times they ever see each other are days like Christmas or when Ga-ga wants some free remodeling service for "The Chicken Coop," which is her little house in Southampton. Daddy seems just as happy to leave it that way. He looked kind of grim, and Mom was white around the mouth. But, like Mom says, the First Duty exetera, exetera, so Mom and Daddy spoke to one another, whenever it was absolutely necessary, like they were total strangers and both a little hard of hearing.

Ga-ga took off her furs, set her hat at a wilder angle, squirted herself with some more perfume (she always smells very good, but it's awfully strong), squinted at the mirror to mop her nose with a powder puff and dragged Sir Rupert Whoever into the living room, talking a mile a minute, as always.

She was saying what a darling little doll's house of an apartment we had (it's three times as big as hers) until she

was stopped dead by the monster in the middle of the living-room floor. "My God," Ga-ga said, "what's *that?*" Ga-ga has millions of pairs of glasses, all in different colors to match whatever she's wearing, but she only puts them on in a dark theater or to read a menu.

"I wish you'd tell me," Daddy said.

"It's a model of the Applegate Arcade," Mom said dangerously.

"My dear, don't tell me that miserable old pile is still standing. I used to go to a dentist there when I was a mere baby. Isn't it hideous, Rupert?" Then Ga-ga trained her guns on Mom. "Darling, didn't it fit?"

"Didn't what fit?" Mom asked.

"My little *cadeau*. You did get it? The negligee, I mean. Your good little wools are divine, of course, but I do feel that once in a while a woman should look utterly, utterly feminine. Now put it on this instant, *chérie*."

"But ——"

"Not another word, ducky. I want to feast my eyes on my *new* daughter-in-law."

So Mom went off, sore as a crab, to put on the Christmas present she already hated, and Daddy went limping away to mix drinks while Sir Rupert talked about something called the Portland Club and somebody opening with a two in spades. Still no sign of Missy.

By the time Daddy hobbled back, fished the ice out of Sir Rupert's whiskey and added lots of odds and ends to Ga-ga's drink, the doorbell rang and Gran and H. A. arrived, looking more like they were going to a funeral than a Christmas party. Gran was wearing the old fur coat down to her ankles and a hat that looked like a crow had died on her head. H. A., Gran's son and my uncle, was got up in a morning coat and striped pants to show everyone that he'd been ushering at church. H. A. practically saluted when he heard the "Sir" in Ga-ga's beau's name, and I could see Gran making a note of it to look him up in some book she has. Gran does this with all the titles Ga-ga digs up, if there's something fishy about them, Mom hears about it the very next day. If they're the real McCoy, they're never mentioned again.

Gran and Ga-ga greeted each other the way Maxl and the schnauzer in Eight West meet in the elevator—not exactly scrapping, but on their guard. Since it was such a festive occasion, Gran broke down and accepted a glass of sherry, and after saying a lot of corny things about the sun being over the yardarm, H. A. decided on a long, strong scotch. For all of his godliness, H. A. drinks plenty, and Daddy says it's a lot more than most people realize. Then Gran kind of smiled and said, "I notice you've opened the model of the Applegate Arcade."

Ga-ga said, "My God, did *you* give it to them?" And Daddy was about to say something tactful when he stopped with his jaw hanging. There stood Mom wearing Ga-ga's Christmas costume. I say costume because it almost looked like Mom was kidding. The thing was all pink feathers around the top and the bottom and, in between, a whole lot of shiny pink beads sown onto something that looked like Mom was naked. Now, my mother is very nice-looking—pretty, even—but she has very definite ideas about the kind of clothes she likes to wear, and her choice runs to plain things that show off her figure and no nonsense. This getup reminded me of an old lady called Mae West that Lulu, our maid, won't let us watch on television. Anyhow, it wasn't the real Mom.

Gran was the first to speak. "Good heavens, child, you didn't go to *church* wearing that?"

"Of course I did," Mom said. "Didn't you see me passing the collection plate?"

"Unfortunately I wasn't able to go, dear. At the last moment I had a twinge of . . . Where *did* you get it?"

"I gave it to her," Ga-ga said. "Isn't it divine?"

"I might have known," Gran said, rolling her eyes.

Then, not to be outdone, Missy appeared. What she'd been doing behind that closed bedroom door I'd hate to tell you, but the results were terrific. Her hair, which is naturally straight and usually hangs halfway down her back, was all of a sudden short and kinky and the color of Mercurochrome. Her face was painted like a clown's, and she was wearing long, spidery artificial lashes put on with so much glue she could hardly open her eyes. I got the feeling that Missy wasn't absolutely sure about how great she looked, but, as always, she was going to brave it out.

"Missy!" Mom gasped. "What on earth ——"

"Oh, my God," Daddy moaned, "two hookers under the same roof!"

"Darling," Mom said, "what have you done to yourself?"

"I was just playing with Ga-ga's present. It's really keen. It's got scissors and hair dye and ——"

"She looks *sweet*," Ga-ga said, but not with much feeling.

"*You?*" Mom said. "You gave a six-year-old child a toy that ——"

"Disgraceful," Gran said. "Really, Evelyn, this time you've gone too far."

"My hairdresser says it's absolutely harmless. Her little girl ——"

"Mother," Daddy said, "I don't care if your hairdresser's little girl soaks her head in kerosene and lights it. What are we going to do with Missy? . . . Lulu!" he shouted. "Lulu!"

"She's not here," Mom said. "I gave her the day off."

"You gave her the day *off?*"

"It *is* Christmas, dear."

"Well, of all the ——"

"All little girls like to dress up," Ga-ga whimpered.

"That dreadful stuff in her lovely eyes," Gran said. "She could blind herself."

"Well, if you'd take a little more interest in your *own* appearance ——"

"Might as well put a loaded gun in her hand," Daddy said.

"Speaking of loaded guns ——" Mom began.

Missy started to cry and so did Ga-ga, streaks of blue and black running down their cheeks. I got the feeling that I wanted to laugh, but something told me that it would be a very bad idea. So I decided to play it cool and make myself scarce for a while. "I think I'd better take Maxl out," I said to nobody in particular.

Cold and miserable as it was, I kept poor Maxl out until my new watch (which is waterproof and antimagnetic and a lot of other things) told me it was almost time for lunch. When we got back inside the apartment, most of the gook was off Missy's face. Her hair was wet and hanging in strings, like it had just been washed (which it had—several times), but that crazy red color was still there. Ga-ga was looking *continued*

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through an old fashion magazine and sniffling every time she turned a page. Gran was sitting as far away from Ga-ga as possible, without being in another room. Mom, still in her beads and feathers, was looking like a thundercloud. Sir Rupert had dozed off, which showed more sense than I would have suspected. Daddy was sitting on the floor with H. A. trying to put the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire Battle of the Visigoths together. He had a full drink at his side and he seemed to shudder with every blink of the Christmas-tree lights. "No, no, no, H. A.," he kept saying, "read the instructions. 'In assembling the ballista, hold the frame (Part A) in the left hand and the trough (Part B) in the right hand. With the other hand, thread retractable arms (Parts C and D) through flexible eyes (H,I,J and K) through . . .' No, H. A., Part A in the *left* hand and ——"

"H. A. is trying," Gran said coldly.

"That's not all he is."

Mom said, "You'd think that a man who calls himself an architect could at least assemble a toy that any child could ——"

"Well, if *you* think you can do it so damned well, why don't ——"

"There was such a nice young man at the store," Ga-ga said. "He assured me that an idiot could put it together in ——"

"Does anybody else want another drink?" Daddy asked, finishing off his own in a single gulp. He was kind of unsteady.

"Well, now that you mention it . . ." H. A. said.

"I think lunch is almost ready," Mom said darkly.

"Luncheon is served," the cateress said.

In his rush to get off the floor and offer his arm to a lady, like he was going to help her over the Alps instead of across the living room, H. A. kicked over the whole Decline and Fall set. It scattered across the floor in pieces, and Daddy just held his head and moaned.

"Oh, I say, old man, I'm awfully ——" H. A. spluttered.

"Oh, H. A., why don't you go and ——"

"Dear!" Mom said. "*Lunch!*"

Sir Rupert, more or less awake, got to his feet and started huffing and puffing in the general direction of the dining room. He was getting there just fine until he came alongside the Applegate Arcade, then his elbow struck a corner of it. A big cloud of dust came out of the chimney, there was a rattle and a whirring and then a music box started playing *The Battle Hymn of the Republic.*

"Oh, I forgot to tell you," Gran said, "the old Swiss cabinetmaker who made the model of the Applegate Arcade also built in a music box. I used to love to turn it on when I was a girl."

"Do you think you know how to turn it off?" Daddy asked.

"Well . . . I *think* . . . I mean it's been such a long time . . . but it seems to me that you simply take this lever and . . ." Gran gave it a tug. Whatever it was that she did, the invisible music box must have loved it, because *The Battle Hymn* started playing about ten times as fast—"Ohmineeyeshaveseentheglooryofthe comingofthelord!" And I will say for this music box that it was no slouch like the modern ones that play Brahms's *Lullaby* inside a stuffed lamb. This one had real pizazz. Daddy grabbed the lever and yanked. There was a sound of splintering wood and the lever came off in his hand. The music kept on louder and faster than ever.

"Please, madam," the cateress said, "the *blinchiki* are getting cold."

"De-ar," Mom said to Daddy, "the cateress says the *blinchiki* ——"

"You can tell the cateress to take her *blinchiki*, one by one, and ——"

"*Luncheon everybody!*" Mom shouted.

Lunch was one of those great big heavy meals that nobody likes but everyone pretends to because it's a holiday tradition—roast goose, chestnuts, Brussels sprouts (echhh!) and all the rest of it. There was champagne, and when Missy and I were offered half a glass each, Gran carried on like the A.A. ambulance was waiting downstairs. Then, as though she hadn't caused trouble enough that day, Missy started in on a long spiel (mostly made up) about how she always shared Lulu's beer and how she and her sappy friend Mary Courtney Rogers poured gin into their Cokes, while Ga-ga giggled, and said wasn't it adorable, and Gran moaned and suggested an early appointment with Bishop Demorest and Mom trailed one of her feathery sleeves through the goose gravy and said the same word she'd been so sore at Daddy for saying.

Over the endive salad, which I happen to hate, things were peaceful and very quiet except for Sir Rupert's wheezing and the rattle of Ga-ga's bracelets. Both Mom and Daddy looked like they'd sell their souls to get finished with all of this and hit the sack. Daddy winced every time the music box started in again, but otherwise he was under control. It was then that the doorbell rang and in trooped the building staff twenty-one strong, singing *Oh Little Town of Bethlehem.*

"Oh, my God," Daddy said, "their Christmas tips!"

"I've taken care of it. All their envelopes are in a big Manila folder on your desk," Mom said.

"Thanks," Daddy said. "Stop singing, please, fellows. I'll be right back." The building men didn't stop singing any more than the music box in the Applegate Arcade stopped playing. Daddy made his way unsteadily across the living room, stepping on quite a lot of pieces of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire with a terrible crackling sound. In less than a minute he was back.

"There's a strange smell in the hall," Daddy was saying. But he said no more. He stepped on a piece of the battering ram from the Roman Empire toy. His feet shot out from under him and the folder he was carrying flew into the air. Poor Daddy landed flat on his back surrounded by two hundred Christmas cards, neatly addressed in Mom's best Miss Farthingale's handwriting.

"The Christmas cards!" Mom screamed. "I gave them to you to mail more than a week ago and now ——"

Whatever it was that Mom wanted to say about Christmas cards, she never got a chance. There was an explosion from my bedroom that shook the whole building. It was the result of my first experiment with H. A.'s old chemistry set, and that is all I care to tell about Christmas Day.

So on the day after Christmas our parents split up. Mom didn't pack her things and go home to mother, the way they do in cartoons. She wasn't crazy

enough to do anything like that. Besides, there was the apartment and us kids and Maxl to think of. It was Daddy who did the moving out, and you can be pretty darned sure that he wasn't fool enough to go home to *his* mother, either.

By the time Daddy came home from wherever he'd spent Christmas night, he and Mom had got down to a kind of frosty dancing-school manners like they hated each other's guts but would only get into trouble if they let on. I know because I was tuned in on the whole conversation.

Like I said, Daddy's an architect and he designed one room in our apartment to be what he calls "childproof." Everything in it is older and tougher than we are. It's got books and magazines and records and television and Coke and liquor and a big desk to put bills on and Daddy's drafting table for when he has to do homework and a big, comfortable leather sofa and Maxl's bed (except he usually sleeps with Missy or me) and you can't hurt anything no matter how hard you try. The Room—it's got no other name—also has a thick cork floor to spare the people downstairs and a special kind of ceiling so we won't bother the people upstairs, who are deaf anyhow. But from my bedroom you can hear perfectly if you hold a drinking glass up to the wall like I saw this detective do in a movie. Try it sometime. It works just like a telephone receiver.

Anyhow, it's there in The Room where all the most interesting conversations are held, and I had the right glass the day Mom and Daddy decided to say good-bye forever. After the men replaced the windows in my bedroom, I was confined to quarters. First, to clean up the mess the explosion had made, and second, to think about my crime. The cleaning up didn't take very long, and from the very beginning it seemed to me that H.A. was much more to blame for blowing up the place than I was. That's what Daddy said, too, just before he hauled off and socked H.A. at the lunch table. So there really wasn't anything to do but put my glass up to the wall and listen.

Daddy went into The Room and closed the door. "Good morning," he said.

"Good morning," Mom said coldly. "Feeling better?"

"I feel like a pile of ——"

"That hardly surprises me. You must be very proud of yourself—striking my brother, insulting my mother and marching out of here like a madman."

"Oh, stop it! If we could only be left alone once in a while ——"

"Any more conduct like yesterday's and I can promise you that we will be."

"I suppose your mother's been on the phone all morning haranguing you about ——"

"Certainly not. Mummy would never intrude her opinions into affairs she feels are no concern of hers."

"Just what affairs would those be—Far Eastern?" It was a good question and a nifty way to get Mom started on a real tantrum. However, she let it pass and changed the subject. "If you've been trying to reach H. A. at his office, don't bother. He's at Lenox Hill Hospital having his eye treated."

"Why would I want to reach your brother at his office—or anywhere else?"

"Why, to apologize, naturally."

"*Apologize?* Apologize to that fathead after he nearly killed Kerry and blew up the whole house! I wish I'd broken his ——"

"My brother was only trying to impart to Kerry his own interest in science."

"Your brother's so stupid he can hardly mix a Bromo-Seltzer, and such a tightwad that he wouldn't even buy the poor kid a ——"

"At least my brother has some feeling for the family."

"Especially if it doesn't cost him anything."

"Whereas *you*—an only child—spoiled rotten by a frivolous, gadabout mother who was so busy buying clothes and going to parties that she never saw you ——"

"If she didn't see me, how could she spoil me? I suppose *your* mother sat by the cradle every night and ——"

"At least she saw to it that I was put in competent hands."

"You mean that old limey crone who locked you in the bathroom until you ——"

"What I *mean*," Mom roared, "is that I have had enough. Either you apologize to poor H. A. for your beastly behavior or else ——"

"Or else what?"

Mom didn't answer right away. When she did, I could hardly hear. "Or else get out."

"Get *out?*"

"Well, I suppose you *could* put the children and me on the street. The lease is in your name. You pay the rent—that is, I *suppose* it's paid."

"Are you out of your mind?"

"I was never more serious in my life."

"You mean just because I lost my head and took a poke at your half-wit brother ——"

"*And* insulted my mother. *And* nearly shot the children. As for the Christmas cards you promised faithfully to mail ——"

"I'm sorry. I *said* I was sorry."

"Your being sorry—if true—doesn't get the cards delivered in time for Christmas."

"Are a couple of hundred lousy Christmas cards really so important? Couldn't we send them out next year?"

"No, *we* couldn't because next year there's going to be only one name on them—*mine*."

"Do you mean to sit there and tell me that after twelve years and two kids you want ——"

"The choice is up to you. Either you can move out or I can take the children and leave. I can always find a cheap little apartment somewhere and ——"

"Stop talking like a soap opera," Daddy said. "Naturally I'll go on supporting you and the kids. But can't we discuss this like rational adults?"

"When you happen to be neither? I expected you to hit me or get that gun of yours and shoot it out."

Then Daddy blew up. "Oh, for God's sake! There's no point in trying to talk to you at all, is there?"

"None!" Mom snapped. "I'll be back in a couple of hours. By then I hope you'll be packed up and gone." I heard her heels clicking on the floor out in the hall. Then I heard the front door slam.

Soon after that Daddy came into my room, sniffling like, and told me he was moving out for a while, and that I was to be the man of the house. He picked up his two suitcases, and I walked out into the hall with him.

Then he got down on his knees and put his arms around me. It was kind of babyish for two men of our age, but nobody was looking, and I wouldn't have cared anyway.

Daddy got up and wiped his eyes. "Will you be all right alone here in the apartment until your mother or Lulu gets back?"

"Sure I will. Like you said, I'm the man of the house now."

"That's right, Kerry. Be a good boy. Help your mother all you can and kiss Missy for me." Then he was gone.

That night I knew our life had really changed because we ate dinner with Mom in the dining room, with Lulu serving and candles and finger bowls and all the rest of that jazz. After dinner Mom and Missy and I went into the living room and sat on the long white sofa and Mom told us that she and Daddy were not going to live together anymore. Missy, the dope, couldn't understand why, if everybody still loved everybody, Mom and Daddy were going to get a divorce. And Mom said that when she was older Missy would understand more.

For some reason I couldn't get to sleep that night, and it was almost eleven by my watch when I began to feel drowsy, and then who should come barging into my room? You guessed it. Missy!

"Kerry?" she whispered. "Kerry! Are you asleep?"

"Yes," I said.

"You are not! Can I get in bed with you?"

"For cripes sake you've got your own bed and it's newer than mine."

"Aw, please, Kerry. Just this once. I wanted to get in bed with Mom, but she's in her room crying. I could hear her all the way through the door."

"Yeah?" I said, moving over. Missy crawled in and I could feel that her face was all wet. "What's the matter? What are *you* crying about?"

"Nothing."

"Nobody cries about nothing. Come on. You can tell me."

We didn't say anything for a while, then Missy said, "Kerry, are Mom and Daddy *really* going to get a divorce like she said?"

"Sure I guess so. Why would she say so if she didn't mean it?"

"Kerry! I don't *want* them to!"

"Well, for cripes sake, who does? But you know what grownups are like—crazy."

"Crazy," Missy said.

"And everybody gets divorced nowadays. Just look at the people we know—Aunt Liz, twice; Mary Courtney's mother two times and another one coming up; Mr. Ingersoll before he got married this time and had Tracy . . ." It made up quite a list, but it didn't seem to give Missy much comfort. Finally I said, "Aw, Missy, be a good kid and please stop crying like a baby."

"But, Kerry," she said, "you're crying too."

"Oh, shut up," I said. Then we both cried ourselves to sleep.

Well, Mom and Daddy did get a divorce, but they took their time about it. We saw Daddy once a week and sometimes more, and while he never came up to the apartment, he and Mom did talk on the telephone quite a bit, and she was always saying things to him about being civilized, and not creating added problems, and the importance of love to a child. I mean why couldn't they just have loved each other, the way they were supposed to in the first place?

But they couldn't. So we kids were kind of caught in the middle, and nothing that Mom or Daddy did ever seemed right to the other one. It got worse when Sam Reynolds and Dorian Glen sort of joined the family. It seemed to me that every time Missy and I saw Daddy, Miss Glen was somewhere around, and every time we looked, Mr. Reynolds was with Mom. Of course, it was strictly business. I realized that. Miss Glen was the editor of a fancy fashion magazine and Daddy was remodeling her offices, and Mom was all tied up with Mr. Reynolds because he was the lawyer who was seeing about her divorce. But it sure ate up a lot of time.

The thing that made it tough to be around Miss Glen and Mr. Reynolds was that without knowing anything about us—or about any other children—they had crazy ideas about what sort of kids Missy and I should be. And let me tell you that kids like the kinds they had in mind just don't exist.

The Dorian Glen child was just like a professional child model in her fashion magazine. Miss Glen kept talking about "good" schools (which we happen to go to—only they aren't) and the "best" dancing class (which we also happen to go to, and if that one's the best, I'd hate to see the worst) and telling us how important it was to get in with the "right set"—whatever that is. And you know what? I couldn't help feeling that maybe Miss Glen wasn't exactly certain about the line she was slinging out to us.

The Samuel de Koven (*continued*)

Journal Shopping Center

A BRIGHT WINTER LIFE pages 36–41

JUNIOR ACCENT skirt and top: Bonwit Teller, New York; Scruggs, Vandervoort, Barney, St. Louis; I. Magnin, West Coast. MARIMEKKO dresses and jumpsuit: Design Research, New York and Cambridge. COLE OF CALIFORNIA swimsuit: Bloomingdale's, New York; The May Co., Los Angeles. ANN CAMPION pinafore and matching two-piece swimsuit, $18 (not shown): Bonwit Teller New York; Giddings-Jenny, Cincinnati; Frank Murphy Women's Apparel, St. Paul. DEEBS rain outfit: Bonwit Teller, New York; Claire Pearone, Detroit and Grosse Pointe; Country Club Fashions, Los Angeles. ESSKEE slickers: Macy's, all stores. GEIST & GEIST sweater and knickers: Bergdorf Goodman, New York, Bullock's-Westwood, Los Angeles. JACK WINTER sweater and pants: Famous-Barr, St. Louis; Carson Pirie Scott, Chicago. SPORTSWEAR COUTURE suit: Lord & Taylor, New York. ELEGANT HEIR Eton suit: Best & Co., New York; John Wanamaker, Philadelphia; Harzfeld's, Kansas City. SHEPARDESS dress: Bonwit Teller, New York; Donaldson's-Golden Rule, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Southdale; I. Magnin & Co., West Coast. DAVID STYNE JRS. dress: Henri Bendel, New York; Montaldo's, all stores; I. Magnin, West Coast. JUNIOR SOPHISTICATES dress: Bloomingdale's, New York; Stix, Baer & Fuller, St. Louis; I. Magnin, West Coast. ANN CAMPION robe: Bonwit Teller, New York; Giddings-Jenny, Cincinnati; Frank Murphy Women's Apparel, St. Paul.

COUNT SILVER AN ASSET pages 55–57

Mrs. Marshall A. Jacobs' empress chinchilla top is by Ritter Bros. Alice Doherty's wallaby fur coat is from Georges Kaplan. Sybil Burton's natural Russian lynx coat is by Ritter Bros. Margaret Hodge is wearing Samuel Robert's long evening coat of beaded suede. Mrs. Richard Dorso's coat of blue Norwegian fox is by Ben Kahn.

VEGETABLES WITH FLAIR pages 94–95

Seven-inch soufflé dish, $8.25; white 9-inch tart mold, $6.95; both from Hammacher Schlemmer, 145 East 57th St., New York, N.Y.

Reynolds child was exactly the opposite, but every bit as phony. Sam was always talking about Normal, Wholesome, Healthy, Real American Kids (what did he think *we* were, Chinese?) and the Wonderful World of Childhood and Overnight Hikes with the Scouts. I didn't know where he grew up (I do now—Jackson Heights, which isn't Huck Finn country), but he sure had a picture of childhood that was about as up-to-date as *The Young King Arthur*.

Still, I have to admit he was pleasant and polite and always trying to do nice things for us kids, even if they almost never worked out that way. I mean like the time he took Mom and Missy and me out to his farm for the weekend.

We left about four one Friday afternoon, and by the time we hit Sam's farm it was dark and the snow was higher than Maxl's back and coming down faster. Just as we got out of the car a door burst open and a voice shrieked "Sam?" and a little woman hardly bigger than Missy shot out and leaped up into Sam's arms.

"How's my sweetheart?" Sam asked. She seemed pretty darned spry, however else she was.

"How do you do?" she said to Mom. "I'm Sam's mother. And this is my daughter Rosemary. And these must be Missy and Kerry. I thought you were never coming. Wait. I'll get your bags." Before anybody could say a word she was around the car and then went scooting back toward the house with all of our suitcases—some of them carried kind of up under her armpits the way bellboys do it.

We followed her into this sort of colonial hall with a narrow twisting old staircase to the floor above. Mrs. Reynolds, suitcases and all, was halfway up it by the time we made the hall. Maxl looked nervous. "Rosemary, take their coats. . . . Sam, make drinks for everybody. I'll stow these things in the bedrooms and be right down to start dinner. Unless you want to wash up first?"

"Wh-whatever you say, Mrs. Reynolds," Mom said.

The dinner was darned good. Mrs. Reynolds cooked well. She did everything well. She'd be the first to tell you that. That was only one of the things she did so well. It wasn't late, but at eight o'clock I was so doggone bushed just from watching Mrs. Reynolds race around that I said good night and went up to bed. The first day of our visit had been short but tiring.

The next two days didn't exactly get any better. On Sunday Mrs. Reynolds dragged us to church, finished off the rug she was weaving, cooked a delicious lunch of venison and explained about Rosemary's marriage that Mrs. Reynolds had had to step in and break up. About three in the afternoon Mom was looking a little tense, and she said that she thought we'd better start back to town before it snowed.

Miss Glen's ideas about entertaining us weren't much better, but at least they were shorter. Tea at "my little hole in the wall" was about as far as she was willing to go, and that was far enough.

The first time Daddy took Missy and me to Miss Glen's apartment was after we'd been to a matinee where we saw a real funny guy named Bert Lahr climb right up a wall. As Daddy rang the bell, the door opened and this friend of Dorian's, a great big cross-looking woman, barged out. She had short curly hair and wore boots, a big canvas kind of spy coat and, like I said, a mean expression.

"Hello, Jane," Daddy said.

"Don't worry," she growled. "I'm on my way out." Then she blew a big cloud of smoke at us and yelled, "Hold it!" at the elevator. The door slid closed and she started poking the elevator bell like it was a punching bag, and we went into the apartment.

Just the way Miss Glen had said, the place *was* a hole in the wall. It was all white and kind of empty. Miss Glen was floating around in big, floppy pants and a dainty shirt. "*Mes enfants!*" she said. "Kiss *Tante* Dorian." Then she was on—louder and longer than even Missy when she goes to her own room and starts talking to herself. ". . . so glad you could finally come up to my little place . . . blah, blah, blah . . . instead of tea we're going to have *chocolat Jamaïque* . . . blah, blah, blah. . . ."

Boy, she really had a stack of L.P.'s for a tongue. "I suppose it's foolish and wicked of me, but I love lovely things. A true perfectionist. That is why I'd a thousand times rather live in an empty room with just one good piece than . . . blah, blah, blah." Well, she practically did. "Do you *love* the chocolate, darlings?"

"Very nice," I said. Missy didn't say anything. Actually Lulu makes better cocoa with hardly any conversation at all, except telling us to get out from under her feet. I kind of had the feeling that Miss Glen would like us out from under *her* feet too.

This went on all winter and into spring, until the part I want to tell you about next—the day of the weddings, sort of. Because Daddy and Dorian decided to get married, and so did Sambo and Mom. Sambo is what I call Mr. Reynolds.

Mom was all divorced from Daddy, but otherwise the same; and Sam and Miss Glen were both trying to get in lots of practice at being parents. I tried to go along with it. Not Missy, though. She's so stubborn that she wouldn't budge an inch.

Like I said before, Miss Glen was a big planner, and she was really swarming with plans for Daddy and us and especially for herself. Whether Daddy liked it or not—and he didn't—Miss Glen was going to go right on working at her magazine. She pointed out how Monica, the big boss, had had three very successful marriages while she was being an editor and how all the really top women in her office were wives too. However, she was willing to take the whole summer off and let Daddy take her to Europe for a honeymoon.

Since Daddy was such a hotsy-totsy architect, Miss Glen was also full of plans about how he could buy a town house and do it over into "something really striking, so that we can do our important entertaining there—and also make a gracious home for the children, darling." Until then Miss Glen thought it would be nice just to live out of suitcases at the Plaza.

"I hope you don't think it's trite of me, darling, but I'd like to be a June bride. Now, I'll be putting the fall-furs issue to bed at the end of May, but there's Decoration Day weekend, so let's say the first week in June just to be on the safe side. The *United States* is sailing on Friday the fifth. (The French Line's smarter, but their schedule doesn't fit in with mine.) We'll be married Thursday, June fourth, then I can really unwind on the ship. Now I do have to be in Paris for the openings so . . ." blah, blah, blah.

What really surprised me about Daddy was that he just let her go on and on leading him around by the nose. When Daddy puts his foot down, he does it hard enough to go all the way through the floor, but somehow he seemed to have lost all his old pizazz.

And at home old Sambo was pretty big in the planning department too. I kept hearing Mom say, "But, Sam, dear, I've already had one of those white satin, Saint James' and Colony Club weddings. It didn't work the first time, and I'm not going to go through it all again. Let's get married right here in the living room with Judge Spencer doing the honors, if he's still alive by then. Just our families. Then we can go off by ourselves somewhere." Somewhere turned out to be Newport. Sam said that even if it was a miserable place, quite a lot of fine old families still spent the summer there. *Their* wedding was set for four o'clock on Thursday, the fourth of June, the same day as Daddy's wedding to Miss Glen.

I'd expected Miss Glen's plans to be on the fancy side, but they turned out to be even simpler than Mom's.

"Darling," she said to Daddy one afternoon while she was treating us to something she called Chocolate Coffee à la Russe, "about our wedding?"

"Anything you say, Dorian," Daddy said.

"Well, it seems to me that a big, elaborate, ostentatious wedding coming so soon after your divorce would be in very questionable taste. So I thought we might have it right out on the terrace. It's a lovely terrace." Actually it was OK, and about twice as big as Miss Glen's apartment. "And not a lot of people around, either. I suppose you'll want your mother and the children."

"I certainly will. I plan to have Kerry as best man."

"Gee, Dad!" I'd never been to a wedding before, let alone *in* one.

"How nice," Miss Glen said. "Of course I'll have to ask a few of the girls from the magazine. No sense in hurting any feelings."

"And your own family too."

"Darling, I have no family."

"Really, Dorian? I thought you said ——"

"You're mistaken, darling. I'm all alone in the world."

"Are you going to come to Mom's wedding afterward?" Missy asked.

"Darling, I hardly think ——"

"We haven't been invited," Daddy said.

"Mom said we could each bring one friend. I asked Mary Courtney Rogers, but I can un-invite her. She may be in Nantucket by then and ——"

"That's sweet of you, dear," Miss Glen said, "but I think not. Now about the wedding breakfast. How do you feel about lobster mousse?"

In all the movies I've ever seen, people who are getting married are all starry-eyed and sappy like they didn't have much sense. Not Mom and not Daddy. From the way they acted you'd think that their weddings were something they had to go through with like a checkup with the dentist. But Ga-ga was thrilled enough for everybody. She even called up Mom and asked if she could come to that wedding, too, and Mom was so surprised that she said yes. "Oh, what fun! Two weddings in one day! Now I've got to dash out and find something decent to wear. You're a darling to ask me, and I accept with pleasure. There's *nothing* I love like a wedding!"

Daddy had met old Sam and said, like he didn't mean it, that Sam was very nice. But Mom had never before clapped eyes on Miss Glen. However, her chance to be civilized was just around the corner. The Lippizzaner Horses from Vienna, Austria, came to Madison Square Garden for a week in May, and Daddy booked Missy and I—and *me*, sorry—for the opening night. Well, right after Mom said yes to that, old Sambo turned up with a couple of million-dollar tickets from some charity for the same night. Ever since Mom and Sam got engaged, it seemed like he got more and more social every day, with his name in the newspapers for being on this committee and that committee for all kinds of good causes. One week he took Mom to a different charity ball every night for five nights in a row, although when it comes to charity balls Mom has always said she'd rather give twice the amount of money and stay home. But Sam kept getting bigger and bigger and bigger on the good work done by the Sheltering Arms and the Spence-Chapin Adoption Service and the Yorkville Association and some of those really spiffy old New York charities, while he didn't have much to say for like the Red Cross. Well, what do you know if Daddy and Miss Glen and Missy and I didn't end up in the box right next to Mom and Sambo!

The horses were just great, but I'll bet if you'd ask Mom or Miss Glen even what color they were, neither one of them could tell you, Mom was so busy taking in Miss Glen and vice versa. Miss Glen was giving Mom plenty to look at, too, being got up in a rig that was so far out I'd have sworn she was kidding if I hadn't known her better. So, of course, at the intermission Mom leaned over the rail and said, "Do join us for a drink," and everybody was so civilized I could have puked.

When we got back home Mom was already there and full of how beautiful and charming and stylish Miss Glen was and how lucky Daddy was to be marrying her. She did such a good job of it I halfway believed she believed it herself. But not Missy. Old Missy got that mulish look and when Mom said, "Don't *you* think Miss Glen's lovely, Missy, dear?" Missy just glowered and said, "I think she's a square!" So Missy got sent to bed and got her television time cut by five hours and had her allowance docked for that week.

In New York the more you pay to go to school the less you have to do it. I mean the public schools keep open all through June and the parochial ones nearly as long, but the private ones give up the ghost around the first week in June, and Miss Farthingale's calls it quits with Memorial Day. So we were both at ease in time for the wedding day.

I will say that they couldn't have picked better weather even though Missy had been praying for a cloudburst to louse up Miss Glen's terrace. It came a day too soon. Missy is very shaky on dates. I was looking as much like a best man as I knew how in my best blue suit when Daddy showed up in *his* best blue suit to take me off to the barber—not just the kids' barbershop on Madison Avenue, but the one where Daddy goes. Missy's hair had grown long enough

since Christmas at least to curl, and Lulu was nattering at her to hurry up and get dressed so that Lulu could take her to Best & Company for a quick frizz job. Mom, who was also going out to get *her* hair done, was being supercivilized. "Since we're all together for what is going to be absolutely the last time, come in and sit for a while. Coffee? Drink?"

"No thanks," Daddy said. "But I will take one last look at the old place."

"Well, don't look in the living room. The florist is turning it into a veritable fairy bower. Sam is so corny about things like weddings. I try to convince him that my debutante days are done and ——"

"You look younger today than you did when we were married."

"Why, thank you," Mom said. "Are you sure I can't drink to your health? I know it's early in the morning, but there's lots of champagne on ice."

"All right," Daddy said, "but just one." He opened the bottle with a mighty pop and poured out champagne into the two glasses.

"Here's to health, wealth and happiness all the rest of your life," Mom said.

"Same to you."

"Missy!" Lulu called, "if you don't come along with me this very minute you're going to look like a scarecrow at both those lovely weddings."

"So what?" Missy said.

"Aren't you excited about going to two weddings and then spending the whole summer in East Haddock?" Mom asked Missy. She looked a little worried.

"Not especially," Missy said.

"Good luck again. And if you and . . . you and Dorian would like to stop by at *my wedding* ——"

"Thanks, but no thanks. I have other plans for four o'clock."

"Yes. I suppose you have. I do hope you'll be happy, darling, honestly I do. Dorian's perfectly beautiful. I mean, she really is."

"And I hope you will too. Sam's a brick."

"He's a what?" I said.

"A *brick*."

"Oh."

Daddy and I got to Miss Glen's apartment about seven o'clock. Her best friend, Jane Waldo, was pounding around the place in her stocking feet, wearing a dress that was made kind of like a man's bathrobe.

"Well, the bridegroom cometh!" Jane said. It sounded kind of nasty to me, but at least she was smiling. I never got the feeling that Jane was very fond of any of us. "Dorie's out at the hairburner's, but come in and make yourself comfortable. Or else try the terrace. It's a beautiful day."

"Did the flowers come?" Daddy asked.

"What do you think all this is, stinkweed?" There were big vases of white tulips, white lilacs and white carnations around Miss Glen's frosty little living room. Very classy and expensive, but they looked more like they were on display in a flower shop than like trimmings for a simple home wedding. Out on the terrace there were even more flowers, except there everything was white and yellow to match the furniture.

"I didn't mean *those* flowers," Daddy said. "I meant the ones I ordered for Dorian to carry and for you to wear."

"Do you expect me to wear a lot of damn flowers at this thing?"

"I don't care if you eat them. Have they arrived?"

"No."

"In that case I'd better go out and pick them up myself. You wait here, Kerry. I'll be right back."

As Daddy was going out of the apartment a colored couple was coming in loaded down with crates of plates and glasses and like that.

"Oh," Jane said, "the damn caterers! Here, I'll show you the kitchen and where to put all that

continued

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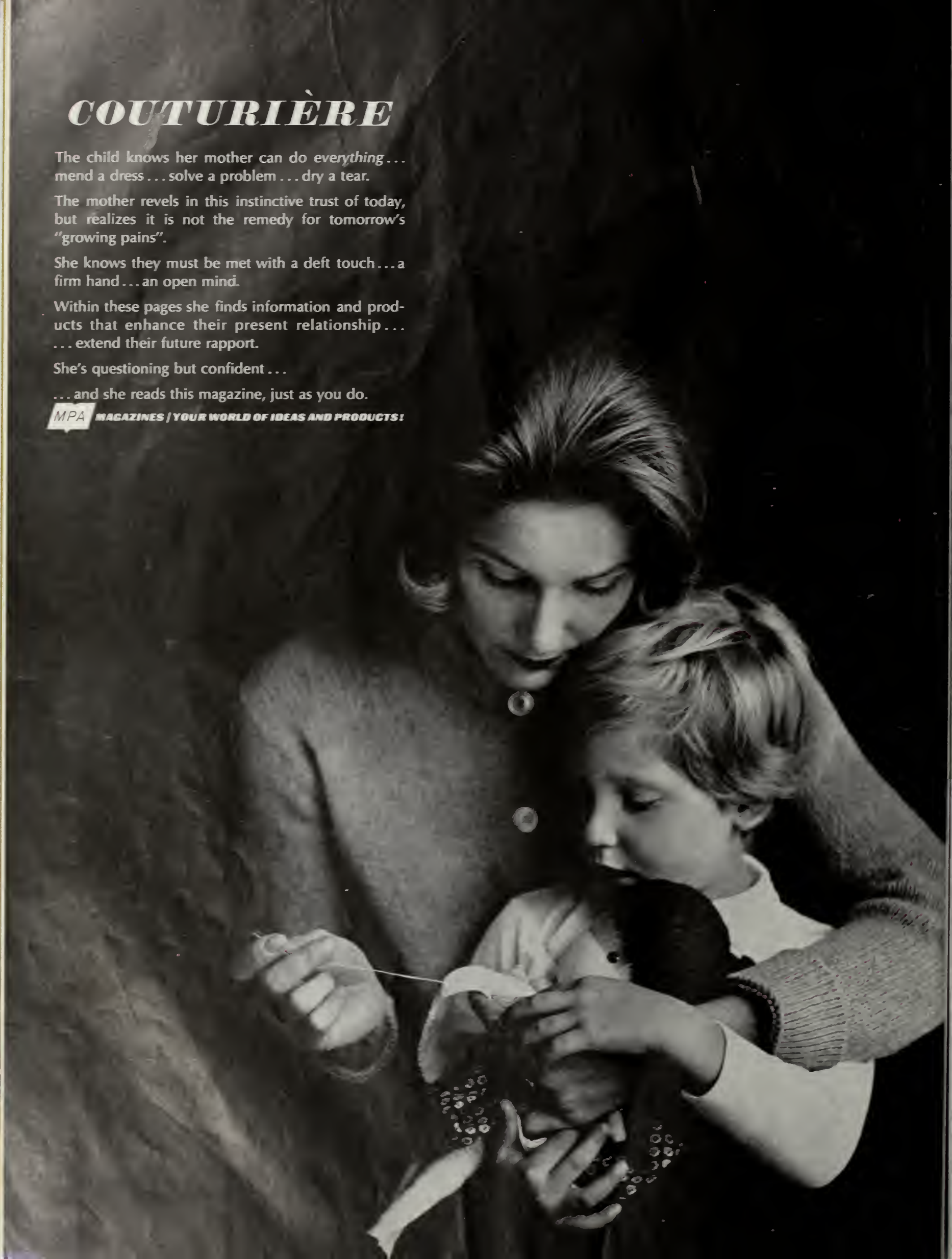

stuff." Then she slammed off behind the screen.

The doorbell rang.

"Get that, will you, kid?" Jane barked.

I opened the door and there stood this great big beefy guy, *also* in a blue suit. But when I say blue I mean blue like the neon sign on the Americana Hotel. "Is this Miss Krausmeyer's place?" he said.

"Miss who?"

"Miss Krausmeyer, sonny. Miss Glendora Krausmeyer."

"I'm afraid you've got the wrong apartment. It's a big building."

"Or maybe a Miss Jane . . . Jane . . ." He reached into a pocket with at least half a dozen pens clipped into it and pulled out a letter. "Miss Jane Waldo. Does Miss Waldo live here?"

"Oh, sure," I said.

"Well, then everything's gingerpeachy." He turned and yelled down the hallway. "This here's the place, Delma."

I went to the kitchen and said, "Somebody to see you, Jane."

"Who?"

"I didn't get his name. He was asking for a Miss Krausmeyer."

"Oh, baby!" Jane said. I never noticed before, but she sure had a mean pair of eyes—just like a lizard's. "Tell him I'll be right out."

When I got back to the living room, old blue suit had been joined by a real dowdy-looking woman wearing a flowered dress and a hat all rose petals with her glasses caught in the veil. There was also a kind of snively girl about my age.

When old Jane got a load of them her eyes really popped. "You're Mr. Krausmeyer? Mr. *Henry* Krausmeyer?"

"The same. But folks just call me Heinie. Is Glendora here? I sure hope we ain't too late for the wedding. We left the mo-tel at six this morning and I been driving ever ——"

"You haven't missed a thing," Jane said with a mean smirk. "Do come in."

"Nice place Dorie's got here," the woman said. "Kinda plain, but cute. Blow your nose, Darlene."

"Oh, *do* forgive me," Jane said real sarcastic. "Kerry, this is Mr. and Mrs. Krausmeyer—Dorian's brother and sister-in-law."

"Her *what?*"

"Isn't this going to be a wonderful surprise for Dorian *and* for your father?"

"You know, Miss Waldo ——"

"Just call me Jane, Heinie."

"Surest thing, Jane. You know we haven't heard from Dorie—not even at Crissmuss—for more'n ten years. Isn' that right, Delma?"

"Not since she left Talcum and took that trip to Paris, France. Why, she don't even know little Darlene here is even born. . . . Blow your nose, Darlene, I said."

"Well, Jane, when I got your letter asking Delma and I to come to Dorie's wedding and just surprise her, you could of knocked me over with a ——"

Jane said, "You're really more than I'd even dared to hope for—*all three of you.*" The words were just fine, but she said it in such a doggone funny way—like she was making fun of them right to their faces.

"Well, we was planning to drive on for the Fair anyway, but when I got your letter I just said to Delma, here, I said ——"

"You know that we din't even realize Dorie was living in New York City. . . . Darlene . . ."

"Heinie and Delma and Darlene Krausmeyer," Jane kept saying over and over, like she couldn't believe it. "It's too perfect. And I gather from your letter that you're in the meat business?"

"Krausmeyer's Quality Meat Market," Heinie said proudly. "It's the best butcher shop in Talcum, Illinois. . . . Here, sonny, maybe you'd like a souvenir pen. Writes in four colors."

He unclipped one of the ballpoint pens from his pocket and handed it to me. There it was in big gold letters: KRAUSMEYER'S QUALITY MEAT MARKET. HENRY ('HEINIE') KRAUSMEYER, PROP. PRIME CUTS OUR SPECIALTY. TALCUM, ILLINOIS. It's a great pen!

"Th-thank you," I said, "Mr. Krau——"

"Just you call me Heinie, sonny. *Uncle* Heinie. And this here's your new little cousin, Darlene." Missy and I never had a cousin before, and if we had to settle for this one I decided to get off on the right foot. "Would you like to borrow my hankie, Darlene?" I said.

"No."

"No *thank you*, Darlene."

"Now where's my little sister, Glendora?" Heinie bawled. The room was real small, but everything Heinie said it was like he was calling trains.

"Dorian's at the hairdresser, but she'll be back at any minute. I can't wait to see her face—especially when she sees *yours.*" I just don't dig that Jane. I mean if you're not going to be *really* nice and polite to people, why invite them in the first place?

"Gee, I'd like to go to a real New York beauty parlor—like Ullizabuth Arden," Delma Krausmeyer said.

"You ought to," Jane said. There it was again: All the right words said all the wrong way. And Jane was sure no oil painting herself.

The doorbell rang again, and I hoped it was Daddy. When Jane was being bitchy—like now—or just plain ornery, he could always shut her up fast. But it wasn't. Instead it was Ga-ga and Missy. As Jane was busy insulting the people she'd invited a little more, I answered. "Kerry! Kiss Ga-ga! Careful dear, my *maquillage.* I ran into Missy and Lulu downstairs and as our dresses looked so sweet together . . ." Ga-ga was in baby blue with a great big hat and gloves up to her armpits. "Do I look all right, darling? Dorian is *so* chic. *Elle a beaucoup de chien!*"

"You look very nice, Ga-ga. You, too, Missy."

"I bought a different outfit for each wedding, but when it came to deciding wh——" Ga-ga caught sight of the Krausmeyers and for just one second she was silent, her red mouth ajar. Then she put on her social face and said, "Oh, how do you *do?* I'm the groom's mother, Mrs. ——" Then Jane took over.

When Ga-ga finally got the connection between Miss Glen and the Krausmeyers, she looked like she'd just heard that bridge had been outlawed. But once a social star always a social star. "How *lovely* that you could be here for the wedding! And you must promise to dine while you're in town. We'll go to . . . well, we'll go to *some* nice restaurant, or perhaps just have something sent in." She stretched her glove out to Heinie, expecting it to be kissed, and he darned near yanked her arm out of the socket. When Heinie shook hands with you, you knew it.

"That'd sure be a pleasure, ma'am," Heinie shouted. "An' maybe while Dorie and the new hubby are off in Europe you an' the kiddies here will have supper with Darlene an' Delma and I. There's this place in Flatbush, Brooklyn, that only us butchers know about that's got these terrific steaks." Maybe Heinie looked kind of out of place in this crowd, but he sure was nice.

"B-Brooklyn?" Ga-ga said. "Why, I'd *adore* it!"

You can say a lot of things about Ga-ga and they'd probably all be true, but one thing *I'll* say for the old clown is that she's got manners and a good heart and no matter how silly she looks, when Ga-ga shows up people know that *somebody* has just come into the room.

The doorbell rang again.

"Here comes the bride!" Ga-ga cried, clapping her gloves together.

"Allow me," Jane said, stamping to the door. But it wasn't Miss Glen, it was Daddy. "Well, it's the next best thing. Come right in. I've got a little surprise for you and Dorian. It's the Krausmeyers. This is Heinie and Delma and little Darlene, chum. Heinie is Dorian's brother."

Daddy looked kind of stunned too. Well, who wouldn't to see a big friendly ox like Heinie and then find out that he was blood brother to a scrawny clothes-horse like Miss Glen?

"Her brother?" Daddy said. "But I thought Dorian said ——"

"A long-lost brother," Jane said.

"Put 'er there, brothernlaw," Heinie said, pumping Daddy's hand. "Welcome to the Krausmeyer fammly. An' let Delma and I tell yuh, yer getting one smart little girl fer a missus. Isn' that right, Delma?"

"Oh my yes. Doris—Glendora always liked to be called Doris back home—was the prettiest and the smartest girl in Talcum, Illinois. We haven't seen nor heard of her since ——"

"And that's why I planned this big surprise today," Jane said. "Shhhh! I hear the elevator door. Now why don't we all run out on the terrace and just leave Heinie and Delma and Darlene here to surprise Dorian?"

"Hey, Janie, that's a swell idea. Outcha go, sonny." Heinie gave me a gentle shove that sent me through the door and almost over the railing.

"Isn't this fun!" Ga-ga giggled.

"Fun doesn't *begin* to describe it," Jane said.

"Jane," Daddy said. "What *is* this?"

"It's just a little wedding gift from . . . Shhh. Here she comes."

We could hear a key being jabbed into the door, then Miss Glen's fluty voice. "Really, that tiresome hairdresser! He kept me waiting for . . ." There was a silence for just about a second, and then Miss Glen screamed. No other word for it. She screamed.

"Surprise!" Heinie boomed.

"Doris! I'd hardly of reckanized you," Delma cried.

"What in hell are you two doing here?" Miss Glen asked. She sure didn't seem very happy to see her brother after all these years. "How did you know where I was?"

"We never would of, Doris," Delma shouted, "but ——"

"Except that Miss Waldo wrote this letter to General Delivery in Talcum and it come straight to the store."

"*Everybody* knows Heinie's Market," Delma said proudly.

"Poor Papa, he wanted to come, too, Dorie, but he's awful bad off. They say at the home poor Papa can't last much longer. I know you're busy, Dorie, but if you'd just write to Papa once in a while he'd be so ——"

"Jane!" Miss Glen said, like she was spitting poison out of her mouth.

"Doris!"

"Now listen to me, Heinie—and you, too, Delma—I don't know what kind of a joke this is, but whatever you and Jane have cooked up between you, I'm not having any."

"Doris."

"Why, Dorie, I would of thought you'd want yer own family at yer ——"

"Well, I don't!"

"Why, Glendora Krausmeyer!"

"Shut up! There isn't any Glendora Krausmeyer. I had it changed years ago. And there isn't going to be any butcher from Talcum, Illinois, and his frumpy wife at my wedding."

"Doris!"

"Now listen to me and listen fast, because when I finish you're getting out of here—all three of you. This is the chance I've been waiting for. This is my chance to marry a gentleman. . . ."

"He seemed like a swell ——"

"Shut up! This is what I've always wanted—money, a place in New York society, and I'm not going to have it loused up at the last minute by you."

"Is that my Aunt Dorie?" Darlene asked. Nobody answered.

I felt so awful I thought I'd be sick right there on the terrace. Poor old Heinie! And poor Daddy! What a dame to be getting married to! I looked at Jane's face, and it was enough to stop a clock. All of a sudden Ga-ga let out something between a sneeze and a sob and said, "Oh, my poor little boy!"

"Who's there?" Miss Glen snapped.

Then Daddy stood in the doorway. "*Everybody's* here, Dorian," he said.

"D-darling, I ——"

"Come on kids . . . Mother. Let's get the hell out."

Miss Glen closed her mouth. Her eyes looked kind of wild, but she managed to keep cool. "Darling, these people ——"

"These people are the only decent people you'll ever know, Dorian. You'd better hang onto them now. Good-bye, Dorian. . . . Let's go, kids. . . . Coming, Mother?"

"*Au revoir*, Mr. Krausmeyer," Ga-ga said, working up some sort of a smile. "Do call me about dinner. I'm—I'm in the book." But all of a sudden Ga-ga kind of drooped, and she walked like her feet were hurting something awful. As we were getting into the elevator a lot of ladies who looked just like Miss Glen were getting out of another one.

I love a lot of people, but I've never been *in* love with anybody so I can't quite tell you what Daddy must have felt like. Ga-ga said that she was just too *hors de combat* to go on before the next wedding, and so Daddy said, "OK, kids, let's go to Oscar's—a good, honest fish restaurant with nothing fishy about it." Poor Missy hates fish and it wasn't even Friday, but even she got the message. So we went to Oscar's.

It was just about three o'clock when Daddy dropped us off at the apartment. He'd had a lot to drink, but it had cheered him up. "When I think what a narrow escape I've had, it gives me the shakes," he kept saying. When the cab pulled up to the door he kissed us good-bye. "Now that I have the whole summer ahead of me without Dorian—or Glendora—you kids won't have to go to East Haddock unless you want to." (*continued*)

"Yea!" Missy yelled enthusiastically.

"We can go to the Fair and Coney Island and maybe take a trip out West."

"You know what, Daddy," Missy said, "I'm glad you didn't marry Miss Glen."

"So am I. I hate to cheat you out of an extra wedding, but maybe your mother's will be good enough for two."

"Why don't you come to it, Daddy?" Missy said. "Mom asked you, and Mary Courtney Rogers can't come and Kerry didn't ask anybody and there's chicken salad and since you didn't have a wedding of your own ——"

"Sure, Dad," I said. "Come on up. Mom really did ask you, and as long as everyone's so civilized and you haven't got anything better to do ——"

"Well, maybe I'll come up for just a minute and kiss the bride."

"Do you and Mom kiss each other?" Missy asked.

"We used to."

Even when Missy and I are in it our apartment is a calm place. I mean it kind of takes care of itself and it's usually pretty quiet. But not on the day of Mom's wedding. The cateress Mom usually hires was standing out in the front hall jamming a hat down on her head and giving Lulu what-for.

"In all the years I've been doing parties in this house nobody has ever had one word of anything but praise, and now that old busybody is telling *me* how to stuff eggs!"

"Now just you calm down, honey. How do you think *I* like it—having my whole kitchen changed around to suit *her?* And all the time telling me my civil rights. I said, 'White gal . . .'"

Mom came out of her bedroom wearing the dress she'd bought for the wedding and kind of a grim expression. Then she saw us and Daddy. "Good heavens, what are *you* doing here?"

"You asked me to dance at your wedding. Remember?" Daddy said.

"Well, of course. You're more than welcome. Where's . . . where's Dorian?"

"I don't know," Daddy said, "and what's more I don't care."

"Daddy didn't marry Miss Glen after all. And her name isn't even Miss Glen, it's ——"

"Shut up, Missy," I said.

"You're joking," Mom said.

"I was never more serious in my life," Daddy said. "In case you and Sam would like two tickets on the *United States* for tomorrow ——"

"Really, the waste that goes on in this miserable little apartment is a scandal!" I looked out toward the living room and saw what I thought was a walking mushroom, but it turned out to be Mrs. Reynolds. She was wearing a dark blue-and-white dress printed like a road map and a blue straw hat so big that you couldn't see her face. But you sure could hear her. "This room would look much bigger if the sofa was back against this wall and these two chairs ——"

"I . . . like . . . the . . . sofa . . . where . . . it . . . is," Mom said. I could see that she'd been pushed pretty far.

"Well, it'll be a happy day when the lease runs out here and you and Sam and the little folks can move out to New Jersey. The rent you must pay for all this waste space!"

"If you don't mind, madam," Daddy said, "*I'm* still paying the rent, and I happen to like it this way."

"Who are you?"

"Oh, excuse me," Mom said. "Mrs. Reynolds, this is my husband."

"Your *what?*"

"My former husband."

"How do you do?" Daddy said.

"I don't know how you have the nerve to show your face here today."

"I was invited," Daddy said.

"After the way you've acted!"

"After the way who's acted?"

"If Sam were any kind of man he'd horsewhip you."

"I'd like to see him try!"

, "Mrs. Reynolds," Mom said, kind of desperately, "my husband—that is, my *former* husband—and I are still very friendly. We always were. We've had our little differences, but that's all water over the bridge or under the dam or whatever you call it. . . . Now, Lulu, if you'll please take the cateress back to the kitchen the rest of us can all sit down and have a drink or something until everyone gets here."

The doorbell rang and in marched Gran, all purple lace. "Good afternoon, my dear. H.A. has gone to the club to collect your bridegroom and . . . What are *you* doing here?" Gran said to Daddy.

"I've come to the wedding."

"Oh, now really, my dear," Gran said to Mom. "This is too much. It's quite bad enough to indulge that fool Evelyn by inviting her. But to have your last husband ——"

"That's just what *I* tell her," Mrs. Reynolds said from under her hat. Beside Gran she was a little like a sparrow with an eagle.

"I beg your pardon?"

"Mother," Mom said, "I don't believe you've ever met Sam's mother, Mrs. Reynolds, and this is his sister ——"

"No," Gran said. "We have not met. It's customary for the man's people to call on the bride's family."

"I'm a busy woman. I haven't time for all that fancy la-di-da."

"I see," Gran said in that tone that meant that she didn't see at all. "But my dear child, inviting your recent husband here this afternoon ——"

"Well, Mummy, he happened to find himself rather at loose ends. It is *my* wedding and *my* ex-husband and unless you blab it all over town I don't see who's to know—or care."

"It's just a matter of ordinary, decent taste," Mrs. Reynolds said. It was the wrong thing to say.

"Are you suggesting that my daughter lacks taste?"

"Darling," Mom said to Daddy, "would you mix drinks or do *something?* Now let's all go into the living room and ——"

"*Darling?*" Mrs. Reynolds said. "Well, I must say . . ."

"Force of habit, Mrs. Reynolds. Now let's all sit down and relax."

The doorbell rang—and just in the nick of time, if you want my opinion. It was Sam and H.A. They were both wearing cutaways and striped pants—only Sam's clothes were so new they were shining and H.A.'s so old they were green.

"Oh, Sam, thank God you've come!" Mom said.

"Honey! I'm not supposed to see you before the ceremony."

"Sam, stop being silly. I've been so busy acting as referee ——"

"But it's a tradition."

"Well, it's a tradition we'll have to do without. Now as soon as Judge Spencer gets here ——"

"Don't forget Ga-ga," Missy said.

"*And* Ga-ga, we can get on with the ceremony. If anybody's speaking to anybody by then."

Daddy came in with a trayload of drinks.

"My God, what are *you* doing here?" H.A. said.

"Tending bar, sir," Daddy said. "Good afternoon, Sam."

"Now see here, dear," Sam said. "You can be as unconventional as you want, but I think having your ex-husband around at a time like this ——"

"You know, I think I'd better put on my hat and cut out of here," Daddy said. "If I'd known that I was going to louse up your wedding ——"

"And it *is* my wedding," Mom said.

"But, dear," Sam said, "what will people say?"

"They're saying plenty already," Daddy said.

"And the press?"

"What press?" Mom asked.

"Well, I had my secretary call the *Times* and the *Trib* to send their photographers around. Thursdays are slow, socially speaking, and after all, dear, your family is ——"

"Sam, if I thought that you were just using me—and my family—to further your own ambitions ——"

"Oh Lord," Daddy said. "Not again today! Now, if you don't mind, I really will go. I've done enough to wreck your life already."

"Really?" Mom said. "You know, try as I will, I can't honestly name one single thing you've ever done to make me unhappy."

"Well, there was Christmas and the Applegate Arcade," Daddy said.

"And striking your poor brother," Gran said.

"And running around with another woman," Sam said.

"Well, haven't I been running around with another man? You?"

"That's different, dear."

"I don't see how."

"I'm respectable."

"That's the trouble with you, Sam. Sometimes I think you're not in love with me. You're in love with respectability. You're in love with this apartment and the childrens' schools and your club and H.A. and Mummy's house—all of those unimportant things."

"Maybe they're unimportant to you. You were born with them. Other people have to struggle to get them."

"And I've told you before, Sam, they're not worth the struggle."

"Struggle?" Mrs. Reynolds said. "Don't talk to *me* about struggle ——"

"I am not aware that anyone was talking to you about anything," Gran said.

I guess she's not used to being interrupted, or maybe she just doesn't listen, because Mrs. Reynolds charged right ahead. "When that shiftless Reynolds left me ——"

"Now why would any man do a thing like that?" Daddy said. "Champagne anyone?"

"Just bring the bottle—several bottles," Mom said.

"I went right out and found the first job I ——"

"I know, Mrs. Reynolds. In the billing department of Harper's for twenty dollars a week," Mom said.

"It wasn't Harper's. It was Harcourt, Brace, and they only paid ——"

"Now calm down, Mother," Sam said.

"Maybe *you* can be calm, Sam Reynolds, and be pushed around by these high mucky-mucks. But while there's a breath left in my body ——"

"I'm afraid there's quite a lot of breath left in it," Mom sighed.

"Do you realize that you're insulting my mother?" Sam said.

"Does your mother realize that she's been insulting me ever since she came charging in to take over my apartment and my food and my servants and me?"

"Why Sam wants to marry some spoiled society girl who never did a lick of work in her life!"

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"Mother!" Sam said in alarm.

"Now I've heard just about enough, Mrs. Reynolds," Gran said. "My family ——"

"I know all about your high and mighty family," Mrs. Reynolds said. "Sam's always telling me how grand they are. Sit around living on money you didn't earn. Now in *my* family ——"

"A little more champagne, anyone?" Daddy said, coming in with four open bottles.

"You know, darling," Mom shouted across all the noise of everybody talking at once, "that's the key word in this whole mess."

"What is? Champagne?" Daddy said.

"No. *Family.* If two people could ever be allowed to get together and just go off by themselves instead of having to kowtow to the whims and crotchets of a lot of other people who are only thinking of themselves, why then ——"

"I can't quite hear you," Daddy said, "but I'm with you."

"Why is it," Gran said, "that every time you come near my daughter she . . ."

Well, there was so much racket that you couldn't hear yourself think until Ga-ga shot through the kitchen door. She was wearing a dress exactly like Mom's.

"Am I *hours* late?" Ga-ga asked.

The shock of seeing a sort of Number Two Bride shut everybody up if only for just a minute.

"I had to come up in the service elevator, my dears," Ga-ga said. "It stopped on *every* floor. But the most frightful thing poor old Judge Spencer is stretched out cold down in the lobby and all the building staff is swarming around him like ——"

"Judge *Spencer?*" Sam said. "He's the head of my firm! Why, if anything happened to him, I'd be in line for ——"

"You'd be what?" Mom said.

"Well, I mean he's nearly ninety and he's put my name in for ——"

"Nipped in the bud," Daddy said.

"I've got to get down there," Sam said. "This is very important."

"Isn't marrying me important?" Mom asked.

"You're upset, dear," Sam said.

"You bet your boots I am," Mom said.

"But what you don't understand, dear, is that Hewlett, French and Spencer is one of the oldest law firms in the country. The chief reason I asked Judge Spencer to marry us was ——"

"Was what?" Mom said.

"Can't you realize that my whole future could change if ——"

"I realize that it's changing pretty radically right now, Sam. I'm sorry the poor old man is dead, but ——"

"He's not dead, darling," Ga-ga said. "He's drunk."

"Impossible!" Gran said.

"It happens in the best of families," Daddy said. "Eh what, H.A.?"

"Now you listen to me . . ." H.A. growled.

"Sam, you must rush to Judge Spencer's side," Mom said. "Don't let anyone or anything stand in your way."

"What's the quickest way downstairs?"

"The window," Mom said. But old Sambo wasn't even listening. He was out the front door and ringing for the elevator.

"Sam!" H.A. yelled. "Wait!" But it was too late. "Now see what you've done," H.A. said to Daddy.

"What *I've* done?"

"The photographers from the society pages are down there. What are they going to do now?"

"Well, I think they'll get one hell of a picture of Sam and Judge Spencer."

"That's the trouble with you—with *both* of you," H.A. shouted, turning on Mom and Daddy. "You have no reverence, no respect for anything."

"It becomes increasingly hard to have," Mom said. "And now I hate to let everyone down, but there isn't going to be any wedding."

"I, for one, think that's a blessing," Mrs. Reynolds said.

"And for the first time, I agree with you," Mom said.

"Oh, dear," Ga-ga pouted, "two heavenly new outfits and not one single wedding so far."

"Well, what about me?" Mom said. "All dressed up and no place to go."

"It's a little early for dinner," Daddy said, "but if you've got nothing better to do this evening ——"

"The scandal!" Gran moaned.

"You know, that sounds like the best idea I've heard since Christmas," Mom said. "And if you don't mind a simple suggestion, we might get into a cab this very minute and go down to the license bureau before it closes. Of course I was there only yesterday with Sam . . ."

"Me too," Daddy said. "They must get sick of the same old faces."

"Have you gone insane?" H.A. asked.

"Yes," Mom said. "But it was only temporary. I'm much better now. And the *next* time around ——"

"You little fool," H.A. roared. "You can't make a laughing-stock of our family, I won't ——"

"There goes that word again," Mom said. "*Family.* Did you hear it?"

"I wasn't listening," Daddy said.

"And I never will again," Mom said. "If it weren't for families—mine, yours, the whole lot of them interfering ——"

"Aren't Kerry and I your family?" Missy said.

"Yes, Missy. But that's different. And *we're* going to be different from now on. That is, if I get another chance ——"

"If you don't shut up and get down to that license bureau, you may not," Daddy said.

"Have you ever *seen* anything so romantic?" Ga-ga said.

"Help yourselves to all the food and liquor you want, everyone," Mom said. "I hate to be running out on you this way, but ——"

"Stop them, H.A.!" Gran cried.

"Come back here, damn you!" H.A. bellowed. He made a lunge toward Mom. But Daddy was there first, and H.A. got the same fist in the same eye as he had on Christmas Day. And then Daddy and Mom were gone.

Well, we weren't cheated out of a wedding after all. Mom married Daddy all over again in their stateroom on the *United States* just before it sailed the next day. I was best man, just like I was supposed to have been for Daddy and Miss Glen. Missy was maid of honor, and Lulu and the cabin steward were witnesses. It was all over in about two minutes.

"I guess I know what this means," Missy sighed.

"What, darling?" Mom asked.

"A summer in East Haddock."

But we didn't go to Gran's at East Haddock. We moved in with Ga-ga until Daddy and Mom came back from their second honeymoon. Before they did, though, Ga-ga got a card. It was a Christmas card, and the handwriting was Mom's.

"Hey, Missy, look at this. Daddy finally mailed the Christmas cards." Now maybe Mom wasn't mad at Daddy about anything. I looked at the envelope again. "Do you know where he mailed this from? Paris."

"Paris, France?" Missy asked.

"Yup."

Missy giggled and said, "*Joyeux Noël,* Kerry!"

And then she kissed me on the cheek, for cripes sake.

"That was a dopey . . ." I started to say and then stopped. "Merry Christmas, Missy," I said. ■

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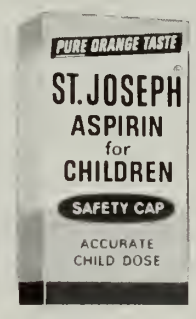

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continued from page 51

marveling face when he said, "Eleanor Sutnjak tonight and Konstantin Karst tomorrow." Well, it made more sense now.

"OK," Grout said, "you're here."

"Why," Stone finally asked, "don't you join us for a drink?"

"Us?"

"Yes, Eleanor Hvar and me."

"Lili Sutnjak," Grout whispered hoarsely.

"You'll come?"

"I've wanted to meet her for a long time." Grout smiled shyly, his face working.

Eleanor Hvar was already seated at a table in the restaurant. The halo of darkness around her was almost tangible. She wore a black dress of stiff material whose modest décolletage and short sleeves showed her dark skin. Her black hair, now high on her head and held in place by a shimmering pearl barrette, left her neck exposed and made her seem terribly young and vulnerable.

"Maxim," Stone said, when they reached her, "this is Eleanor Hvar .... Eleanor, this is Maxim Grout, First Secretary of the American Embassy."

Eleanor Hvar's face flushed, paled, and she began to stammer. In a faint voice, as if she were going to cry, she finally murmured, "Oh, Max, Max."

"Lili," Grout said, bending over her right hand and kissing it, while she patted his cheek awkwardly with her left, still murmuring, "Max, Max." Grout sat down, holding her hand, her palm on his face. "I didn't know you were here," she said haltingly.

"I came back again only last year."

"I got your messages," she said tremulously, "but I never seemed to be in the same part of the country you were. When I did manage to come to you, you'd been wounded and evacuated to Italy."

"But I wrote you from there, and from the States," Grout said.

"I never got the letters," she said simply.

"Didn't Konstanty tell *you?*"

"I never spoke to him," she replied.

"You never saw him?" Grout was astonished.

"Yes, once. I slapped his face at a Writers' Association dinner."

"Oh my God! Because of Mirko?"

She nodded. "I was a fool, but I'm not sorry."

"I thought you were dead," Grout said softly. "I made some inquiries, not too many because I thought it might not be . . . good for you, but there was no Lili Sutnjak."

"Didn't Konstanty tell *you?*"

"No." Grout's face was sad. "We didn't talk much even during the war, and almost never personally after."

"Because of Mirko?"

"Because of that . . . and politics." Grout looked ashamed.

"I saw the name Eleanor Hvar on books from time to time, but I never connected it with Lili Sutnjak, until yesterday, Warren . . ." Grout stopped, and suddenly, simultaneously, they were aware of his presence.

"Warren," Eleanor Hvar—or was it Lili Sutnjak?—said, "you couldn't have pleased me more." She squeezed his arm, but brought her other hand into Grout's.

"Not even if I gave you Karst's manuscript?" Stone joked lamely. His sense of being superfluous had made him even more awkward.

"Not even that," she replied without an instant's hesitation. And then, with something different in her emphasis, "Perhaps, not that particularly."

"Besides, he hasn't got it, Lili," Grout said gruffly.

They laughed as if that was really funny. Grout and Eleanor Hvar made a ceremony of ordering the dinner, assuring him that it would be the very best he'd tasted since arriving in the country, and it was. Only over the tart cherry strudel and hot black coffee, and then over the still hotter *slivovitz* afterward, did they begin to talk of the war, and once more Stone felt his exclusion. Even his war had not been so bitter; at least, in the main, it had not included women, children and old people.

In recounting the years since the war, Eleanor Hvar gave them a pall of grayness, almost of despair. She told how she had worked and studied, been sent to England for two years on fellowships, and now was and had for a long time been a translator, an "expert"—she used the term ironically—on American and British literature.

"*Only* worked and studied?" Grout looked askance.

"Mostly worked and studied," she replied shyly, not looking at him.

"That's not enough. Was that enough? Is it enough?" Grout persisted heatedly. "Why didn't you marry? Have children? Mirko would have wanted you to."

"I don't know," she answered, with a quick, almost furtive glance at Stone, as if to see how he was taking what was said. "It was not that simple."

"It never is," Stone said, attempting to reassure her, "but Maxim is right. And you are still a young woman."

It was late and they were all glassy-eyed with fatigue. Stone suggested they leave, and Grout offered to drive them both home.

In parting, she kissed them both on the cheek and said good night, yet Stone sensed she had expected something more of him, though what he couldn't tell.

On the way to the hotel, Grout finally grumbled aloud, "That complicates matters still further."

"What does?"

"Lili Sutnjak."

"Why?"

"Why, Warren? Because she was Mirko's wife and, therefore, must hate Karst. Because she and Peter Decani are old friends—she is deeply in his debt—and she must be working for or with him. Because you are obviously very fond of her."

"I thought *you* liked her too," Stone replied.

"Some pieces still don't fit the pattern," Grout said doggedly, as much thinking aloud as talking to him. "You say this totem-pole character tried to kill Lili too at Kalemegdan."

"Yes," Stone replied.

"Then they know she's working for Decani, and Decani knows too. Why isn't he protecting her?"

"Don't you ever stop?" Stone asked.

"Stop? No, I guess not. If I did, I'd either be dead, or my usefulness would be over—or both." He laughed. "It's my job and by now my second nature. If someone does something spontaneous and unforced, it knocks things out of kilter. With Karst it was always straightforward. He was that kind of man, and I could tell what he wanted ——"

"Even when he wanted you to spy for them?"

"Especially then," Grout said, betraying no surprise. "So, he told you?"

"Yes, about you, and him, and Mirko Sutnjak."

"Oh," Grout grunted, then lapsed into silence.

At the hotel, Grout stopped the car, but kept the motor running. "Thanks for dinner," he said, "I owe you a debt for introducing me to Mirko's wife. You see, I promised him I'd look after her and the child if anything happened to him, and I felt guilty, not even knowing if she was alive."

"Why didn't you ask Decani?" Stone finally said.

"But I did," Grout replied. "He told me she was dead."

Decani was as good as his word. Stone's schedule of appointments with other writers was delivered at breakfast in the hotel the next morning. Its arrangements covered an entire fortnight, more than two dozen writers, five cities—none of them Dubrovnik—state and regional publishing houses, local and national writers' associations, and critics, reviewers and professors.

When Stone got back from breakfast, Eleanor Hvar was on the telephone to say that she, too, had received a copy of his schedule from Petar Decani and would be at his disposal for the next fortnight. She would pick him up in half an hour to take him for his first appointment, which was at the university. She arrived exactly on time in a small blue Fiat, all business, dressed in a prim blue-gray tweed suit of obviously British cut, and with English walking shoes which accentuated her slender ankles.

And she remained all business all through that fortnight. Though she called him Warren when they were alone, it carried no trace of personal feeling, and when she interpreted for him, or when they were with others, it was always Mister Stone.

From the first, without ever speaking a word, Eleanor Hvar made it clear how she wanted things done, and their days quickly settled into a routine that she had defined and he accepted. They had breakfast, separately, in their rooms, then met in the hotel lobby to go to their first appointment. Usually, they had lunch with writers or editors or critics, when she interpreted, and then more appointments in the afternoons.

Slowly, piece by piece, a picture of the state of the country's letters emerged from their talks and travels. The older writers were mired in the past. The younger writers seemed not yet to have found their voices, or their roots. Virtually no one wrote books about the present; the few they found were so politically orthodox as to be inhuman and absurd, and even in these there was the ever-present gingerliness that spelled fear.

When the trip was over and they were flying back to Belgrade, Stone became aware of how really tired he was. They had worked hard, it was true, but the strain of the relationship with Eleanor Hvar, the tension of watching to see if they were followed, and the anxiety of waiting for another attempt on their lives had told even more. In reality, it was the totem pole he looked and waited for; Stone knew that when the real showdown came, it would be with him. Logically that made little sense, for Decani had the men and the apparatus, and probably even Townsend had more forces at his disposal than did Kucic, or Jazak, or whatever he called himself, though he no doubt had what he needed too. Nevertheless, there was something demented about Kucic's concentration on the task, a fanaticism which he shared with Townsend and Decani, though not in the same degree. And the degree counted: here increase in quantity did indeed become change in quality. Kucic was somehow larger than life. Or was he embroidering the fact that Decani and Townsend only wanted the manuscript, and Kucic wanted to kill him?

While he waited for their baggage, Eleanor disappeared, and Stone wondered if she had gone to check in with Decani. She was a long time in returning, and Stone carried the bags to a couch in one of the lounges and settled back for a smoke. When she did appear, she was white and staggering. Quickly, he sat her next to him, lit another cigarette and gave it to her. She drew on it deeply, two or three quick nervous breaths, then stubbed out the cigarette.

"They have put Konstanty Karst into a lunatic asylum," she said, her voice quavering. "The paper says he had a nervous collapse."

"Karst is no more insane than I am," Stone raged.

"Perhaps you're both insane," she said. "In this part of the world, mental hospitals are for dissident intellectuals."

In the cab she suddenly seized his coat lapels as if pleading for something, then turned her face into his chest and began to sob. He held her until she was cried out and her sobbing over, and by then they were at her house. Silently she insisted he come with her, and he dismissed the cab and carried the luggage inside. She slumped into the chair behind her desk while Stone searched the house. In her bedroom he heard the phone ring, and then her muted "Warren" called him. When he returned to the living room, she was standing with her back to him looking out into the garden. "Petar wants to talk to you," she said, not turning around.

The phone receiver on the desk squawked, and Stone put it to his ear and said, "Stone speaking."

"Ah, good evening, Mister Stone," Decani said silkily. "Lili tells me that you already know about poor Karst."

"I do, but I don't understand it," Stone said. "Karst is no more insane than you are. Why have you got him locked up there?"

"You'd like to see him released?"

"Of course. Who wants to see a sane man locked up in a madhouse?"

"Aren't we all sane men shut up in this madhouse world?" Decani inquired philosophically.

Stone was scarcely in the mood for that kind of tone. "Is there something you wanted, Doctor Decani? I'm exhausted. It's been a long trip and I'd like to get back to the hotel to bed."

"Back to the hotel?" There was something so snide, yet jealous, in the phrasing that Stone was brought up short. "Let me be frank with you," Decani continued, "if you want Karst released, you can help. Turn over that manuscript to us, and we'll let him out. If not, he's due for a long stay."

"But I have no manuscript," Stone protested.

"Perhaps not. Then Karst must have told you where it was, and you can tell us, no?"

"If Karst told you that," Stone replied, "why didn't he tell *you* where the manuscript was?"

"You know what a bullheaded Montenegrin he is. He refused absolutely to discuss it," Decani said, his tone considerably less silken now.

"I don't know where any manuscript is," Stone said dully. "But I have a trunkful, of new ones, I brought back from the trip you so kindly arranged. You're welcome to any of those if you'll release him."

"I'm afraid none of those will do, Mister Stone. However, sleep on my offer—and sleep well." His laughter had a snarl in it, and then the line went dead.

"Why don't you give it to him?" Eleanor Hvar spoke from the window.

"Because I don't have it," Stone said, "and it wouldn't be mine to give even if I did."

Again they had outwitted him, and even outfoxed Karst. By putting Karst into an insane asylum, they not only minimized the possibilities of his becoming a domestic political threat, but they clouded the possible influence of his book. They were prepared to declare him a lunatic if the book did get out of the country and was published.

Eleanor Hvar was before him, drawing his face down to hers. She kissed him, her lips dry and harsh, her teeth clashing against his, and the room's horizons shifted and fell, remolded in a geometry of planes at whose center was a trapezoidal black mass. As their mouths separated, the words came, scalding his mouth, "Decani is your lover, isn't he?"

She nodded mutely.

"Touch me," she pleaded.

"No, not now," he said indistinctly, "not yet." And as he spoke the words, and moved away, he knew he loved her.

A cab took him back to the same hotel. He had a different room now, a floor lower, but still overlooking the hotel's formal garden. Stone didn't bother to unpack, except to lay out his pajamas on the bed and put his toilet articles in the bathroom.

The phone rang. It was Decani. "You haven't changed your mind, have you?" Decani asked. "About Karst, I mean."

"In a way, yes." Decani was startled. "I've decided to go home," Stone said, making his voice as surly as he could. "My presence here has only led to danger for myself and for others ——"

"For Karst?"

"Not only for him. For Eleanor Hvar. I've talked to your writers and critics, your editors and your professors, and I've got a valise full of books and manuscripts to take back ——"

"But not Karst's?" Decani said.

"No. Not Karst's."

"Well, I hope we meet again, Mister Stone."

"I'm sure we will, Doctor Decani. Somehow, I'm sure we will."

By the time he showered and got into bed, Stone was already half-asleep, feeling he could sleep a whole night and day through without a break, but the telephone soon was ringing again.

"Warren?" Eleanor Hvar asked hesitatingly.

"Yes."

"Did I wake you?"

"No," he mumbled, "not at all."

The phone was silent except for the hum of the wires. Then, "I want you to come to Dubrovnik with me, Warren. Will you?"

She *was* asking him! He tried to be alert. "Didn't Decani tell you I was going home?" he asked slowly, carefully.

"Oh, no," she exclaimed, "not yet. No, Petar didn't say that. He just told me you were tired. Say you'll come, Warren, for me, for a vacation."

"Look, Lili, I couldn't take another ten days like the last ——"

"It won't be like that," she interrupted. "I promise you it will be different."

You had to give them credit, Stone thought fuzzily. He'd only just told Decani he was going, and they had a plan to keep him here working—and a good one. There it was, all laid out like a welcome mat, a tryst in Dubrovnik with the beautiful Eleanor Hvar, the marvelous Lili Sutnjak. She sounded so sincere and straightforward, but he was too tired to believe her.

He had his own appointment in Dubrovnik, with those manuscripts, for Karst, for himself. Something wily inside him warned him to feign reluctance. This was his chance, and Decani and Eleanor had handed it to him on a platter. "I don't know," he said.

"But this will be a vacation. Oh, Warren, Dubrovnik is so beautiful, and I'd love to show it to you."

"Let me sleep on it," he said.

"All right," she said, after a very long pause. She sounded disappointed, rebuffed, very tired. "Sleep well, Warren."

"Good night, Eleanor," he said. He hung up the phone and turned his face into the pillow. But it was a long time before he fell asleep.

They left for Dubrovnik on a gloomy morning two days later, so early Stone had to be up well before dawn to be on time for the flight. He was cheered when Eleanor Hvar arrived in a black suit with a small leopard-skin collar, the suit tailored so severely, no doubt by design, that it made her body seem lush beneath. They greeted each other formally, shyly shaking hands.

Stone's first glimpse of Dubrovnik was from a high hill in Ploce, just outside of the city. From the airport they had a hair-raising ten-mile bus drive over a winding road that hugged the precipitous mountain edge and looked two or three thousand feet down to great black rocks and choppy green rain-driven sea.

"This is where you get off," Eleanor Hvar said.

The bus had parked at the side of the road, and across from it was his hotel. Stone asked if she didn't want him to go with her, but she shook her head and confidently patted her handbag to remind him that she still carried the little black Walther automatic. She pressed a slim card into his hand on which was engraved, ELEANOR HVAR, 7 ULICA OD MARGARITE, DUBROVNIK, DALMATIA. She held his hand tightly, then released it with a whispered, "Give me an hour, but don't be too long."

In his room, Stone threw himself on the bed to nap, but he couldn't avoid thinking about the danger, or of Eleanor Hvar. Restlessly, he got up, went for a cigarette and stood at the window looking out at Dubrovnik's stone walls, ramparts and citadels.

When he had watched for a long time and grown calm, he looked at his watch, and decided he still could shave and wash before he left for Eleanor Hvar's. In the bathroom propped on the glass shelf over the washbasin that held two cellophane-wrapped *(continued*

CUT OUT TO SAVE

Winter warmer-uppers you make with Red Kettle Onion Soup Mix

1. Shrimp Creole

In saucepan, cook ¼ cup green pepper strips in 2 tbsp. butter or margarine until tender. Stir in 1 can Red Kettle Onion Soup Mix, 2 tbsp. flour; add 1¼ cups water, 1 lb. shrimp (cooked and cleaned), and ½ cup chopped canned tomatoes. Cook over low heat 10 min.; stir now and then. Serve over rice. 4 servings.

2. Onion-Cheese Fondue

In saucepan, melt ¼ cup butter or margarine; stir in 1 can Red Kettle Onion Soup Mix and ¼ cup flour; gradually blend in 2 cups milk. Cook until thickened; stir often. Add 2 cups (8 oz.) shredded Cheddar cheese, 1½ cups (6 oz.) shredded Gruyere cheese, and 1 tsp. Worcestershire. Heat until cheese melts; stir now and then. Thin to desired consistency. To serve, spear cubes of French bread and dip into cheese.

3. Many-Way Dip

Combine 1 can Red Kettle Onion Soup Mix and 1 pint sour cream with any *one* of the following: 1 can (7½ ounces) minced clams, drained; 4 slices crumbled cooked bacon; ¼ cup toasted chopped almonds; 3 tablespoons blue cheese, crumbled; 2 tablespoons pickle relish; or 1 teaspoon prepared horseradish. Chill; surround with chips or crackers.

4. Après-Ski Steak

Combine ¼ cup flour, dash pepper; pound into 1½ lb. round steak (¾-in. thick) with meat hammer or edge of heavy saucer. Brown in skillet in 2 tbsp. shortening; pour off fat. Add 1 can Red Kettle Onion Soup Mix and 1½ cups water. Cover; simmer 30 min.; stir now and then. Add 1 cup each carrots and celery (cut in 1-inch strips). Cover; cook 45 min. longer or until tender. Stir now and then. 6 servings.

5. Meatballs Alpine

Combine 1 lb. ground beef, ¼ cup Red Kettle Onion Soup Mix,* ¼ cup dry bread crumbs, and 1 egg (slightly beaten). Shape into 12 meatballs; brown in skillet in 1 tbsp. shortening; pour off fat. Blend in remaining soup mix and 2 tbsp. flour; gradually stir in 1½ cups water and 1 tbsp. chopped parsley. Cover; cook over low heat 10 min.; stir now and then. Slowly blend in ½ cup sour cream. Serve with noodles. 4 servings.
*Mix contents well before using.

After an outdoorsy afternoon, bring the party inside. Settle down to something warming. Any of these delicious dishes will do fine. The essence is onion. The ease is Red Kettle Onion Soup Mix in the bright air-tight can. If you use less than a full can, reseal the flavor with the handy plastic cap.

CUT OUT TO SAVE

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water glasses was a neat square white envelope. Impatiently Stone tore it open. Inside, in a curious rigid up-and-down cuneiform kind of handwriting was written in French:

Mister Stone:

You had your appointment with Karst just the same. Now I have mine with you. I promised to kill you the next time we met, but I did not succeed. We shall meet again and here I will not fail. No man slaps my face.

It was unsigned, but apparently Kucic had followed him to Dubrovnik, to that very room, easily and without wasted time. He was in Dubrovnik, waiting.

Outside, a violet dusk had settled on the city, darkening Dubrovnik's tawny escarpments with winy shadows and staining the sea purple. Eleanor Hvar's house was like the others, three stories high and squeezed between the adjacent buildings, but on her street the salt smell of the sea was stronger and the night breeze blew fresh. He went up to the top floor where, thumbtacked to the door was a duplicate of the card she had given him. There was no answer to his knock, so he knocked again. The door gave and, alarmed, the Luger in hand once more, Stone stepped softly into the apartment, cautiously closing the door behind him. To the right it was dark, but on the left a faint light glimmered, and Stone moved warily through a narrow corridor into a large front room decked with the faint light of a sliver of waning moon. In the shadows a crouching black panther and leopard moved together that Stone, with abrupt relief, recognized as Eleanor Hvar's black suit and leopard collar draped over a chair, and stirring in the night breeze. Beyond, on the large studio bed, turned on her side and swathed in a blue tartan robe, Eleanor Hvar slept. . . .

While they were eating dinner in the small old-fashioned kitchen, the telephone rang. It was Decani, and the moment Stone heard the metallic voice crackling from the earphone, his elation vanished. He and Eleanor Hvar were no longer an oasis: they were a beachhead, or an outpost surrounded. Her answers to Decani were brief, almost curt, and when she hung up, her jaw was set. Stone asked nothing and waited until she had put the Turkish coffee and *slivovitz* on the table and lighted her cigarette. "That was Petar Decani," she said without prompting. "He's here in the city. He called to warn me that his people had tracked Mister Jazak to Dubrovnik."

"Yes, I know. Jazak left me his calling card," Stone said calmly, handing her Kucic's letter. She read it quickly and returned it without comment.

She stared into her coffee cup as if trying to read the thick black grounds, and said, "He asked about you, Warren, and I told him you were here."

"In Dubrovnik? I'm sure he already knew that."

"No, *here*."

"You mean he wanted to visit you tonight?"

She nodded.

"It's like that, is it?"

"No. It *was* like that."

She poured more coffee and *slivovitz*, then continued, "I don't expect you to understand what happened between Petar and me, Warren. I don't understand it all myself. But this I do know: Petar saved me from the Gestapo, and he nursed me back to life. And over the years, when I had few friends, he was my friend, my good friend."

"So you were grateful?" An uncontrollable shudder shook him, and she leaned across the table, over the coffee cups and *slivovitz* glasses, and kissed him.

Sitting back, she said, "Our worlds are so very different, Warren. We have been too poor, too oppressed, too often tortured and put to the sword to have your Anglo-Saxon notions of chivalry."

"Decani had them?"

"He loved me," she said simply.

"But not enough to tell you that *Karst did not kill your husband.*"

"Then who did?"

"Karst doesn't know. Maybe this totem-pole man, Jazak, or Kucic."

"But why?"

"He doesn't know that either. He thinks Kucic is a Russian agent, and he knows Kucic hated Mirko. And Kucic was with them in the mountains. He could have done it."

"You believe that? You believe him?" Her face turned blindly toward him, eyes brimming with tears.

"I believe him. Karst is no liar. Did you know that he named his son after Mirko? A murderer would have to be pretty coldblooded to name his own son after someone he'd shot down, especially when that someone was his best friend."

"His son, his son. Mirko, Mirko Karst," she repeated, as if tasting blood on her tongue where she had bitten it. Desolately, she began to cry.

Stone took her in his arms, knowing he couldn't comfort her, that her losses were inconsolable, but he offered the best he had. "I love you, Lili," he said. "Don't cry. I love you."

She began to laugh and cry together, parodying his words, her voice so hoarse with tears it sounded like a raven croaking. "I love you, Lili. Don't cry. What's easier to cry about than I love you? What's more painful or promises more unhappiness? I love you too, Warren. Don't cry. I love you too. I love you too. I love you enough so that after our trip I told Petar I wouldn't work for him to get that manuscript of Karst's, though it's the first favor he ever asked of me in return for all he's done for me. And I did work for him to get Karst's book more for myself, for Mirko, because I hated Karst, rather than for Petar. Now you tell me it wasn't Konstanty who killed Mirko at all, so I dirtied myself working for the UDBA for nothing, worse than nothing, for something against Karst that was unjust, and against you, whom I already loved then. I didn't even help Petar by getting the manuscript."

"Come home with me," he said thickly.

"Come home to America with me," she mocked him again. "The home of the brave and the free. Do you think we just go and tell them we're in love and they'll let me out? Or that your new Senator McCarthys and Congressman Walters, whatever their names are now, will let me in? I love you, Warren. Don't cry. But don't expect passports and visas and the rest to love us or cry for us. They won't."

"We'll manage something, somehow," he promised lamely.

"I love you, Warren," she replied bitterly. "Don't cry."

Although Stone wanted to stay the night, to comfort her, he left, because she wanted to be alone, and because he wanted to give Decani no evidence so blatant as staying the night. Before pushing him out of the door, she kissed him so grievingly, so desperately, it was more as if she were kissing him good-bye than kissing him good night.

The streets were empty, the shadows hung on the buildings like animal carcasses, and in the distance Stone heard the hooting of owls. As he hurried, his heels were stark on the cobblestones and he heard an echo plainly behind him, but could discern no one following. Relieved, he made his way out of the city walls, slowing his pace and walking easily. Just beyond the walls, as he went past the huddle of squalid shacks where bundled bodies lay sleeping on the ground and a few old mules were tethered, someone clapped a hand over his mouth, pinioned his arms and lifted him bodily off the ground. So swiftly and expertly was it done that he couldn't move. As he was drawn into the shadows a drum-roll bass voice cautioned in quiet German, "Don't be afraid." Furiously, Stone tried to tear himself loose until the bass voice said calmly, "Mirko Sutnjak is my brother."

It was Karst's man with the password. The man held him for a few moments more until he stopped struggling, then let him free. "Mirko Sutnjak is my brother," he repeated for good measure. In the shadows before him Stone saw a man easily over seven feet tall and wide as a door. "You are Mirko Sutnjak's brother?" Stone reiterated, impressed by the sheer size of the man. The great head nodded.

"I'm Warren Stone," he said, putting out his hand.

"I know," the cavernous voice whispered. "I am Branko Georgevic. I am glad you have arrived. I read in the newspaper that they took Konstanty to a mental hospital."

"Yes. They want him to give them . . . what you are to lead me to."

"Do they think you have the material?"

Stone shook his head. "They think I will lead them to it."

Georgevic tugged a black, thick, drooping moustache, then replaced the gray cap he was wearing, tugging it further over his forehead. "You have not been easy to approach," he said. "Many are following you. Among them our own people. And there is not much time."

"I didn't think you would come to me so quickly," Stone said.

"I did not intend to. But tonight the Doctor Petar Decani and his UDBA scum arrived from Belgrade. And he is talking to the soldiers, the militia, the sailors in the port. They sit up there," he pointed to the mountain looming behind the city, where lights like yellow eyes seemed to look down on everything below, "on Mount Srd and watch everything. But they, too, will not expect us to move so quickly, therefore it is better that we should."

"When?"

"Tomorrow night."

"So soon?" Stone was dismayed.

"There is no time for delay. The more swiftly we move, the greater safety and chance for success. I will not come to the hotel for you. Better that few or none should see us together. As soon as it is dark, take the road up toward the mountains, away from the town. I shall meet you along the road."

"All right."

"You will *not* come back to the hotel. ut you must look as if you intended to eturn after a short while. Leave everyning behind."

"And if I am followed?"

"Avoid that, if you can, but not too penly. If you are followed, do not waste o much time with evasion. I will look fter those who follow you."

"Anything else?"

"No. Tomorrow is your day to enjoy ubrovnik, this little walled enclave nat was once the great empire of agusa. Good night, Mister Stone."

"Good night, Mister Georgevic."

Though he had been a long time fallg asleep, Stone awoke early. It was too arly to go to Eleanor's apartment, and tone wanted to think through what he ould do before he did see her: if he was aving that night, there wasn't much me.

After breakfast he walked into town nd through the marketplace. If he left nat night without telling Eleanor anyhing, it was straightforward, if not simle. But if he asked her to come with im, it was no longer either. Even if he idn't tell her that they would leave that ight but got only her general agreement o going, he couldn't be sure she would o that evening when the time came so uddenly on her. And would Branko eorgevic take both of them?

If I take her with me, he thought, nd we don't make it, she is doomed. ut isn't she doomed anyway if I leave er here? And there was always the ossibility that she might betray him to ecani's men, for whatever reason— atred of Karst, continued gratitude to ecani, love of country—if he told her bout Karst's manuscripts, Georgevic nd the boat.

Eleanor Hvar was waiting when he rrived. They had lunch in the study, n the large desk, and while they ate she pologized for crying every time she was ith him. He soothed her by saying that he had been working too hard.

"No," she said shyly, "it's not fatigue. nly that you've peeled a layer off my eelings."

"And you several off mine," he replied.

"You know," she said, suddenly gay, it's true."

"What is?"

"Man is made for happiness as a bird s made for flight."

He looked at her, puzzled.

"A Russian poet, Korolenko, I once ranslated," she explained. Then, toether, they began to laugh.

Then Stone told her of Karst's manucripts, and asked her to come with him. Except for mentioning Branko Georgeic's name, he was now committed on ll counts, and in her hands; if she wished o betray him, in either sense, it took nly a phone call to Decani. I love you, ili, he thought. Don't cry. But he idn't speak the words.

"Tonight?" she asked finally.

"Tonight," he said, "in a few hours."

And afterward she did not have to tell im she would go: he knew.

They had dinner at his hotel and were inished just as the sun began to edge he horizon. Stone excused himself and vent up to his room. Carefully, he mptied the loden coat's briefcase and ransferred the guns, the ammunition nd grenades to his various coat and acket pockets. With the coat over his rm, nothing bulged too conspicuously, and he went down to the lobby, where Eleanor Hvar was waiting for him.

In the thickening dusk they walked up the road toward the mountains. A quick glance over his shoulder confirmed that they were being followed. On opposite sides of the road and some distance apart, two men dawdled along; in the distance behind them a gray Mercedes was parked at the edge of the roadway. It was growing chilly, and Stone put his coat on, and helped Eleanor Hvar into hers. As he did so, he was amused to see that the men trailing them didn't know quite what to do, and one stopped and began to pick blades of grass. An old black prewar Mercedes-Benz shot past them, braked screechingly to a halt, then backed up to Stone. Branko Georgevic was inside.

"Look like you are giving me directions," he ordered, his eyes glued to the rear window mirror. Eleanor Hvar began to gesticulate, making turning motions with her hand, while Georgevic spoke. "About a thousand meters ahead, the road bends very sharply. As soon as you go around, those behind will not be able to see you for a while. Run ahead as far and as quickly as you can." He waved his hand and roared off. The men behind, Stone noticed, were almost running to catch up to them, and the gray Mercedes had started into the road behind them, rapidly closing the distance between them, but now they slackened their pace, and the car pulled to the side once more and parked.

The road began to climb and grew narrower, its sea side shearing off so sharply that they had to cross to the mountain side to walk safely. But the men following were now on that side, too, and their gray Mercedes inching along a good way behind. Abruptly, the road rounded a huge rock boulder, turning back on itself by close to ninety degrees, and the men trailing them were blocked from view. Hand in hand, Stone and Eleanor Hvar began to run. Ahead, a heavy truck, its headlights dim, careened past, skidded, turned sidewise and blocked the road at the narrow sharp bend so neatly that the only way past was either to climb through, over, or under it. The old black Mercedes-Benz was waiting just beyond, motor running, and Georgevic had the car moving before they had slammed the doors. He drove very fast, not talking while Stone peered back to see if they were being followed. Seven or eight miles later, Georgevic pulled off onto a dirt side road, then later into a bumpy field, and finally into a small clearing in a thick grove of stalwart pines. They all got out, and Georgevic skillfully removed the car's license plates and then laid pine branches around the car until, in a few moments, it was so well-camouflaged that only if someone was looking for the car specifically would it likely be noticed. Then he turned and said in German, "I did not know there would be two of you, Mister Stone."

"Nor did I," Stone replied. "Mister Georgevic, this is Eleanor Hvar. . . . Eleanor, this is Branko Georgevic."

They stood there glaring at each other until Eleanor Hvar said something in Serbo-Croat. There were a few brief sentences exchanged, then Georgevic embraced her and kissed both her cheeks. To Stone, he said, "Very well, then, we must go quickly." He took a spade from the seat of the car and set off up the mountain, his long legs carrying him a good distance out in front of them. *(continued)*

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THE THOUSAND DOORS *continued*

They hurried after him, and Stone asked in English, "What Serbo-Croat charm did you use on him?"

"I told him I was Lili Sutnjak," she said. "Georgevic knew Mirko. They were together with Konstanty in the mountains."

The path wound irregularly along the contours of the hill as if originally made by animals grazing along the slope. Behind them, below, was the road, and beyond it the sea. In a few minutes they came to a small meadow where humps of gray, lichen-covered stone bulked out of the ground. When they were all quite close, Georgevic's bass boomed, "Bogomil tombstones." On them were crude carvings, like the drawings of disturbed children, schematic, poorly proportioned and awkwardly unnatural, without detail or perspective, but with the stark simplicity and power of elemental things passionately felt and primitively shaped.

In the still-remaining light, Stone had to run his fingers over the surfaces to corroborate what he thought he saw in the stone, but he had no time to linger because Georgevic was leading them toward a small rise, where a rounded head and rounded arms became a man-shaped stone cross tombstone stitched with broken Cyrillic letters. He stopped before it; next to it, another, more recent gravestone with Latin letters read: MIRKO SUTNJAK, and his dates.

Eleanor Hvar began to tremble, and Stone put his arm around her shoulders. "Is it . . . ?" Stone began, and Georgevic nodded. "Why didn't you tell her?" Stone asked angrily.

"I thought she knew," Georgevic apologized, "or I would not have brought her here. I thought that was why you had taken her with you, to see his grave."

"No," Eleanor Hvar gasped. "I never knew where Mirko was buried. I thought they left him in the mountains, unmarked."

"They did," Georgevic said softly, to her directly. "After the war, Konstanty and I went into the mountains together and brought him back here."

"But why here?" she asked.

"So he could look down on his beloved Dalmatia and the sea."

When Eleanor Hvar turned away, Georgevic picked up the spade and began to dig at the foot of Sutnjak's grave. He dug rapidly and was three feet down before Stone heard the sound of metal strike metal. Quickly, Georgevic brought up a rusty, corroded box, broke the lock on it with a swift stroke of the spade, and threw it open. Inside were four neat packages wrapped in Pliofilm: Karst's manuscripts. Georgevic handed them to Stone, dropped the license plates he had taken from the car into the box, then carefully replaced the box and filled in the hole. When he had covered the fresh earth with leaves, twigs and vines, everything looked as it had before.

They followed Georgevic still further up the slope along a sheep trail through meadows and thinner stands of cypress and pine until they came to a shepherd's hut under a canopy of old oaks. Inside, Georgevic lit a candle and motioned them to a crude wooden table and the equally crude wooden chairs around it. Eleanor Hvar seemed stunned. She put her arms on the table, then her head on them, and closed her eyes. Stone set Karst's manuscripts on the table next to her dark head, and Georgevic, with a pitying look at her, nodded toward the door. "Better to leave her for a time," he advised softly.

Outside, they sat on the cold ground, the irregular jutting of the cabin wall sharp in Stone's back. "We must wait for nightfall," Georgevic said. "Darkness is our ally." Stone did not feel pursued or harried, only sad and remote from his own predicament. Darkness is our ally, he thought. Yes, and what an equivocal ally. Georgevic brought him back with a sentence. "There is another who follows you besides Decani."

The thin totem-pole figure of Kucic loomed in his mind and Stone described him to Georgevic. When he was finished, slowly, contemplatively, Georgevic spat.

"You knew him?" Stone asked, astonished.

"I knew him," Georgevic said. "He's from Sarajevo, just over the mountains." His head indicated the direction behind them. "When I saw that scar Konstanty had carved on his forehead, I thought it was a proper mark of Cain."

Georgevic took an old gold pocket watch from under his jacket. "I will need two, perhaps two and a half hours, to bring the boat back. It will depend on whether they have alerted their sea patrols or not."

He pointed down the hillside to where the earth plunged into the sea. In the dying light a small cove and narrow beach were visible. Georgevic indicated a footpath that led down from the back of the hut, in the opposite direction from which they'd come. "That path will take you straight to the beach. Twenty minutes or half hour to the bay from here. There is only one place to be careful, where you cross the road."

Stone looked at his wristwatch. "Two hours then?"

"Yes. Better earlier for you, so I do not wait for you."

"Of course."

As he was about to leave, Georgevic hesitated, and looked at the hut. "She will come?"

"I don't know," Stone said.

"You must be firm," Georgevic said. They shook hands, and then he glided away and in seconds was lost from sight among the trees.

When Stone came back inside the hut, Eleanor Hvar's face was in her hands, and he pried her clutching fingers loose and kissed them, but she did not acknowledge his presence. "Read me some of what Karst wrote," he asked, trying to distract her from her melancholy.

The manuscripts had been well packed in three layers: heavy brown paper, oilcloth, and Pliofilm. Stone unwrapped each manuscript and placed it in front of her. Unseeing, she stared at the four neat piles of paper, then picked one up. "This is called *Earthbound*," she said in a flat, expressionless voice, as if reciting by rote. "It is dedicated, 'To my wife, Alexandra, who was always skeptical.'" She leafed through the pages for a time, then remarked. "A novel about our collectivization in the Voivodina. A very powerful beginning." The second was a book of poems, titled *My Brother's Keeper*, its dedication, "For Mirko, brother, comrade and keeper, who lived and died a hero." The third was called *The Unwithering State*. The last was Karst's autobiography, *The Black Mountain*, with the epigraph: "For Mirko's widow and unborn son, casualties of the war; for my wife and living son, casualties of the revolution."

She went on reading, apparently unmoved by the dedications, translating a chapter from the novel, a section from the autobiography and a few poems. Last, she translated a part of *The Unwithering State*, a fiery critique of the Communism Karst had known and helped to impose on his country.

"No party, class, group or individual," Karst had written, "has drunk from that Pierian spring which provides solutions for all earthly ills, panaceas for all human difficulties. The state capitalism which calls itself Communism, that unwithering state which continues to grow like the green bay tree in power and privilege, instead of keeping its prophecy and promise to wither away has already been forced to concede more and more freedom, privacy and initiative.

"Nor is it merely economics which is at stake. Human freedom is at stake, and therefore human personality and human life. We who have loved the people, must learn to love men; we who have enshrined the masses, in order to cater to their baseness or exploit it, must now enshrine the individual to develop and fructify him.

"And it must be accomplished in freedom, for in the longer run, no system can be imposed on a people against the grain of its character and its history ——"

A voice interrupted. "In the long run we're all dead." It was Townsend, standing in the doorway, a small submachine gun cradled in his arms. Behind him was the grimmer, broader bulk of Grout, silent, a black Colt .45 in his fist, and over his right shoulder a worn leather knapsack that looked like a diplomatic dispatch pouch.

Deliberately Stone reached into his pocket for a cigarette and heard the safety on Townsend's submachine gun click off. He brought the cigarettes out and lighted one for himself, another for Eleanor Hvar, surprised to see his hands steady, the flame unwavering. Slowly, he laid the pack on the table.

"I'm sorry, Stone," Townsend said, "that this has to be the way. You've stumbled into an undeclared war, and in it sometimes civilians get roughed up. We have to use every means they use to fight them, or we're lost, so it's not according to Hoyle or the Marquis of Queensbury. We must have Karst's book. I mean," he amended, gesturing at the manuscripts with the submachine gun, "those books."

"You're going to have to kill me to take those manuscripts," Stone said. "They were entrusted to me in confidence, and they are my responsibility."

"Don't be a fool, Warren," Grout advised quietly. "This isn't the time for grandstand plays. And weren't you the one who poked fun at words like duty?"

"Besides," Townsend added, "why kill yourself for that kind of high-flown rhetoric anyway?" He nodded at the manuscript Eleanor Hvar had been reading from, and still held in her hands.

"Is that your opinion, too, Maxim?" Stone asked.

"No. Not exactly. Karst is an optimist, he always was. What Karst writes is true and inevitable, though many"—with a sidelong glance at Townsend—"will think what he says is Bolshevik."

Townsend grinned crookedly. "Maybe not. The manuscripts, Max."

Stone stood up, and Townsend aimed the submachine gun at his midriff. "Move away from the table, please, Mister Stone," Townsend requested politely and ominously. Stone didn't move.

Like a croupier raking in the chips, Grout pulled three of the manuscripts to his side of the table, careful not to block Townsend's line of fire. Still holding the .45 in one hand, he nimbly rewrapped them and dropped them into his leather sack.

All that could be heard in the hut was the crackling of brown paper and oilcloth, then the squeal of Pliofilm, until a heavily accented voice said in English, "Thank you, I will have that bag now."

It was the totem pole. Saturnine, in black coat and homburg, he looked like a diplomat dressed for a formal dinner, except that in his hand he had a machine pistol. Townsend whirled, and Grout, depositing the last manuscript in his leather bag, made a slow about-face from the table. "I've been expecting you," Stone said.

"And I have been looking for you," Kucic replied suavely, "as my note informed you. Put your Luger on the ground Mister Stone." To Townsend he said, "You will place yours next to it." And to Grout, "The bag and the pistol next to it." Grout stepped forward and dropped the gun and bag together. Seeing Townsend tense, Stone, to distract Kucic, made a large hopeless gesture of throwing his gun next to the leather bag and said loudly, "I didn't know you could speak English too." It didn't work. Before Townsend could bring the submachine gun to bear and press the trigger, Kucic shot him in the head. The next instant Stone and Grout tried to rush Kucic, but the totem pole backed off, kept the machine pistol trained on Eleanor Hvar, and said, "I can probably kill all three of you with one burst, but I shall surely kill her." They halted, Townsend's body between them and Kucic. With his shoe Kucic shuffled the submachine gun to the door, then Grout's .45 and Stone's Luger, and last the leather sack of manuscripts, but he did not take his eyes or the machine pistol off them.

"How did you find us?" Stone asked, hoping delay would give him an idea, an opportunity.

"I followed Mister Townsend and Mister Grout. I had confidence that they would find you," Kucic replied courteously.

Stone looked quizzically at Grout. "Konstanty told me about Mirko's grave a long time ago," Grout explained. "I went there twice after the war, and knowing Konstanty's macabre romanticism and political cunning, it wasn't hard to imagine he'd bury his books at Mirko's feet. It would be his idea of poetic political justice. From there, it was easy to track you here."

"Well, gentlemen," Kucic said politely, "you will please lie on the floor." Slowly, they kneeled and then stretched out like Moslems doing obeisance to Mecca. This is a nightmare, Stone thought. "Now, Madame Sutnjak, your turn." Kucic took a coil of rope from his pocket and tossed it across the table. "Tie them up, and tightly, please." Still holding the machine pistol on them, Kucic demonstrated. He wanted their hands and legs behind them, ankles and wrists tied together, so they would be completely trussed. A brace of pigeons, not a pride of lions.

But why was Kucic tying them up, why bother to rope corpses, Stone wondered. Why didn't he simply shoot us and take off? And Kucic was talking, slowly but compulsively, to Grout, as if he couldn't stop tasting the savor of his own words, and Grout's short grunted sentences egged him on. Always the words, prelude to, accompaniment with, explanation after the act, even or *especially* the act of murder. They had to have the last word.

"But Karst *did* matter," Grout was saying to Kucic, "because even abandoned, in a no-man's land between all our battle lines—yours and ours and his own people's—Konstantin Karst mattered. No one else could tell what he had to tell. And your people knew his temper well. You knew he would tell it, and to the world."

"Yes," Kucic said quietly, "and that's why I am here. For those." He nudged the bag of manuscripts with his shoe. "I would have preferred to kill Karst, for this," he touched his fingers again to the scar on his forehead, "as I shall kill your friend, Mister Stone, for having slapped my face, but the Center would not permit it. And perhaps it is better, for one so proud of his reason, to remain in a mental hospital. He will suffer far more. The Center did not want to make Karst a martyr, a *cause célèbre*, a source of friction between our two states and parties. They wanted only to see that those manuscripts were not printed, and I have them now."

"And Mirko Sutnjak?" Grout demanded.

Kucic nodded, his fingers still exploring the white scar across the bridge of his nose. "Hurry!" he barked impatiently at Eleanor Hvar. "Decani has patrols everywhere, looking for you. We do not have the whole night." Then he turned to Grout and calmly continued, "Sutnjak was a born deviationist, a bourgeois, a romantic, a Dalmatian with the soft Italian love of the flesh. A sensualist. A bad influence on Karst, as in another way you and your father had been. But you Grouts were far away, in America, and Sutnjak was here, at Karst's elbow. He fought against the Molotov-Ribbentrop Pact, against the policy of treating the socialists as social fascists, and he talked such nonsense as socialist humanism and artistic freedom."

"So you killed him?"

Kucic made a small formal bow. "It was necessary. At first, the orders were to turn him over to the Germans. We had our connections with them, and it was very easy. But Sutnjak escaped from Belgrade. Again we gave him to the Gestapo through the Italians, in Dubrovnik, but as usual the Italians were too late. Sutnjak escaped again, to the mountains, to join Karst. Finally, there, the orders came to liquidate him, and to make it seem that Karst had done it. Why, I do not know. Maybe the Center wanted to have a hold on Karst, or on me. But those were the orders, and I carried them out."

Stone had been watching Eleanor Hvar's face as he told the story, but her expression did not change.

"But why then? Sutnjak agreed with Moscow's line at the time, a nationalist resistance," Grout persisted.

"Those were the orders. The Party makes men and breaks them in its own way and in its own time."

"And *you* were the instrument of the Party," Stone said sardonically.

"I *am* the instrument of the Party, its unrelenting hand," Kucic replied seriously. "I stood in my place. I learned to kill as one learns a science, with a gun, a garrote, a knife. I learned to speak languages, to cross borders.

(continued)

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forge passports, live underground. I became a professional revolutionary. Killing is necessary. With some people there is no other way."

Eleanor Hvar finished knotting the cords around his wrists and stood up. Kucic motioned to her, and she walked around the table toward him, hands in her coat pockets, her face still starched and ironed. With his free hand, Kucic tcuched her cheek and said, "Is this what makes a man?" Awkwardly, he pulled her head to him by the hair, and, with his body pressed against hers, glued his mouth over hers until the booming blast of the gun, once, twice, slowly separated their bodies. The pistol dropped from Kucic's fingers, and he clutched his side. Blood poured over his hands and a wisp of blue smoke floated up from Eleanor Hvar's coat pocket.

Kucic began to shriek, single words, exclamations, as if they were being torn out of his mouth like teeth. He staggered toward her, his bloody hands groping, and she took out the Walther automatic and with a steady hand shot him twice more, in the chest. He stared at her as if she had committed some completely gross and improbable impertinence, then his knees buckled and he fell at her feet.

In the long silence that followed, Eleanor Hvar stood staring down at his body, dazed, the gun still aimed, until finally she fainted.

While they fumbled untying each other, Stone asked, "Why did he wait to kill us? It would have been so easy for him to give us a burst and run."

"He had to tell us. He wanted us to know who he was, what he had done."

"The last word?"

"The last word." Grout's head dipped. "You see, Warren, you made one mistake. Kucic was not a weapon. He was only a man."

As soon as they were untied, Stone reached for the diplomatic pouch, and announced, "Max, I'm taking those manuscripts."

Grout, still squatting on the floor, rubbing his wrists and ankles, looked up and said, "Sometimes you surprise me, Warren, you really do." He looked stunned and suddenly older, and there was a fatigue in him so profound and apparent that his bulk seemed to have shrunk and withered.

Together, they revived Eleanor, sat her in a chair, and poured some of the *rakija* into her. When she could talk, the first thing she sputtered was, "Is he dead?" They nodded in unison. Then she said, "I thought he was. I killed him, didn't I?"

"If he owed anyone a death, he owed it to you," Stone tried to comfort her.

She sat in the chair, vacant-eyed, watching as Stone gathered up the bag of manuscripts, the submachine gun and machine pistol, and her little Walther automatic, while Grout searched Kucic's body. Kucic carried no papers other than three passports in three different names, none of them Kucic, one Yugoslav, the others Bulgarian and Romanian, and large quantities of cash in all three currencies. Besides the machine pistol, he had a revolver in a shoulder holster, and a knife in a sheath. Grout separated each of the cigarettes Kucic had, sliced open the heels of his shoes and the lining of his clothes, and even the cuffs of his trousers, with Kucic's own knife, but he found nothing. "A real pro," Grout said, admiring and grudging at the same time. "They train theirs well."

Stone looked at his wristwatch. There wasn't much time left; he should be starting for the beach: Georgevic would soon be there. Grout caught him looking at the watch. "Georgevic taking you over to Bari tonight?" he inquired.

"You never quit," Stone replied angrily, "do you? Even when Kucic was going to kill us, you kept on at it, finding out what you could, adding one piece of information to another, so you could make a mosaic and see the big picture."

Grout looked shamefaced. "I guess I'm made that way, or have been made that way."

Stone was forced to grin. "Just like a little jigsaw puzzle, huh? All right, then, I guess we have to take him along with us, Eleanor, don't we, so he can't explain it all to Decani?"

Eleanor Hvar's expression changed. Life and sadness seemed to flow back like blood into her face and her features became mobile. "I am not going, Warren," she said slowly and very distinctly.

Though he had never entirely believed she would go, never hoped that anything so good could happen to him, her refusal came like a blow that sent something inside him reeling from its impact. "This afternoon ——" he faltered.

"This afternoon," she said, "was a long time ago."

"But why, why?"

"How can I explain to you why?"

"Try, I'm not so stupid."

She got up and put her arms around his neck. "Warren, I love you," she said. "It does not seem like it now, but that's not the whole story. They are part of the story too." She shuddered at the two corpses on the floor. "And Mirko's grave out there."

"Come with me, Lili, please come."

"I can't. *All my dead are here, buried here!*" She shrugged helplessly. "My father and mother, Mirko . . . oh, how can you understand that?" she cried.

Even as he protested, "But that's the best reason you could have to leave, to go somewhere else where you can make a new life, create a new life," Stone understood it all right.

"You Americans," Eleanor Hvar said, trying hard to joke, "you believe in happy endings."

"No, Eleanor, only in new beginnings," Stone replied.

No one spoke for a while. Grout, still kneeling over Kucic's corpse, was staring out into the night, trying hard to look as if he had heard nothing, but Stone knew every word had sunk into his brain.

"You're sure?" Stone asked her once, a last time, straight and not pleading.

"For now, I am sure," she answered.

"All right then," he said, after a pause, "there are things to be done."

Grout stood up. "Yes," he said, "a great many."

Stone handed him his .45. "Here, Maxim, you might need this yet."

"Thank you, Warren, I shall remember that."

"We can't leave the bodies here to involve . . . our friend. I imagine you'll want to take Townsend's body back to Belgrade and send it home for burial. Townsend was a good man."

"I will take care of both of them."

"Can you let Eleanor off somewhere safe, so she can get back to Dubrovnik? The quicker the better. As long as she is staying in this country, she shouldn't be caught with you."

it, and, with his bishops, comments on it; and all, without trying to further any worldly interests, must inhabit that city of peace, undisturbed and blessed, whence descends the divine law which can rule in wisdom over the earthly city and the whole world.

In fact, this is what wise men expect from the Church, this and nothing else. . . . The bishops are more exposed to the temptation of meddling immoderately in matters that are not their concern . . . for this reason the Pope must admonish them not to take part in any political or controversial question. . . . They are to preach to all alike . . . justice, charity, humility, meekness, gentleness and the other evangelical virtues, courteously defending the rights of the Church when these are violated or compromised. The bishop must be aware of making any rash judgment, or uttering any abusive words about anyone, or letting himself be betrayed into flattery by threats, or in any way compromising with evil in the hope that by doing so he may be useful to someone . . . above all, he must encourage religious instruction, because this also will help to solve problems of the merely temporal order, and do so much better than ordinary human perceptions can do.

It is commonly believed and considered fitting that even the everyday language of the Pope should be full of mystery and awe. But the example of Jesus is more closely followed in the most appealing simplicity.

The worldly-wise may show disrespect, if not scorn, for the simple man. But these sophisticates are of no account; even if their opinions and conduct inflict some humiliations, no notice should be taken of them at all: in the end everything results in their defeat and confusion. The "simple, God-fearing man" is always the worthiest and the strongest. Naturally he must always be sustained by a wise and gracious prudence. He is a simple man who is not ashamed to profess the Gospel even in the face of men who consider it to be nothing but weakness and childish nonsense, and to profess it entirely, and on all occasions, and in the presence of all; he does not let himself be deceived or prejudiced by his fellows, nor does he lose his peace of mind however they may treat him.—*August 13, 1961.*

My first contacts with high and low, a few errands of mercy here and there, mildness and a humble approachability, showing clear ideas and warm-hearted faith, modesty and confident enthusiasm the good inspirations which come to us from Jesus, who rules the world and guides it.—*August 14, 1961.*

"Vicar of Christ?" . . . I, the humble child of Battista and Marianna Roncalli, two good Christians to be sure, but so modest and humble! Yet that is what I must be; the Vicar of Christ. "Priest and victim": the priesthood fills me with joy, but the sacrifice implied in the priesthood makes me tremble.

By God's grace I have not yet entered upon helpless old age; but having now almost completed my eighty years, I am on the threshold. So I must hold myself ready for this last phase of my life, in which restrictions and sacrifices wait me, until the sacrifice of my bodily existence, and the opening of eternal life.—*August 15, 1961.*

I notice in my body the beginning of some trouble that must be natural for an old man. I bear it with resignation, even if it is sometimes rather tiresome, and also makes me afraid it will get worse. It is not pleasant to think too much about this; but I feel prepared.

A great deal of my daily work is in preparation for the Second Ecumenical Vatican Council.

There begins to take shape in my mind the desire and idea of gathering around me in my daily prayer the prayers of all the secular and regular Catholic clergy, and of the women's religious congregations, in some official and worldwide form.—*Vatican, November 26–December 2, 1961.*

Government and municipal authorities are now busily cooperating with the two-fold intent that the Council shall be worthy of Rome as the spiritual center of the world, and that Rome, in its arrangements for accommodation, civic hospitality and the honorable treatment of her guests gathered from all over the world, may excel all the finest achievements of her past.

This is far better than might have been feared, considering the unwillingness of certain spirits who are to be found everywhere, but most of all in Rome, in the service of the "Prince of this world" [that is, Satan.]—*Castel Gandolfo, July and August, 1962.*

Preparations for my Retreat:

The only persons to be admitted are the Cardinal Secretary of State (if necessary) and every day at eleven o'clock, Father Ciappi, Master of the Sacred Apostolic Palace, so that I may practice speaking correct Latin with him, in case it may be necessary for me to do so during the general meetings presided over by me in the Council.—*September 9, 1962.*

A summary of great graces bestowed on a man who thinks poorly of himself but receives good inspirations and humbly and trustfully proceeds to put them into practice:

FIRST GRACE: To have accepted with simplicity the honor and the burden of the Pontificate, with the joy of being able to say that I did nothing to obtain it, absolutely nothing; indeed I was most careful and conscientious to avoid anything that might direct attention to myself. As the voting in conclave wavered to and fro, I rejoiced when I saw the chances of my being elected diminishing and the likelihood of others, in my opinion truly most worthy and venerable persons, being chosen.

SECOND GRACE: To have been able to accept as simple and capable of being immediately put into effect ideas which were not in the least complex in themselves, indeed perfectly simple, but far-reaching in their effects and full of responsibilities for the future. I was immediately successful in this. Which goes to show that one must seize the good inspirations that come from the Lord, "simply and confidently."

THIRD GRACE: To have put forward as a sudden inspiration, in one of my first talks with my Secretary of State on January 20, 1959, the idea of an Ecumenical Council, a Diocesan Synod and the revision of the Code of Canon Law, all this being quite contrary to any previous supposition or idea of my own on this subject. I was the first to be surprised at my own proposal, which was entirely my own idea. (*continued*)

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THE JOURNAL OF A SOUL *continued*

And indeed, after this everything seemed to turn out so naturally in its immediate and continued development.

After three years of preparation, certainly laborious but also happy and serene, we are now on the slopes of the sacred mountain.

May the Lord give us strength to bring everything to a successful conclusion!—*San Nicomede, September 15, 1962.*

[*Pope John's tender love for his family shines forth in the following letter to one of his brothers.*]

December 3, 1961
Vatican

Dearest Severo:

Today is the Feast of your great patron saint, who bore your own real Christian name, which is Francesco Zaverio. . . .

. . . Busied as I am, as you all know, in such an important office, with the eyes of the whole world upon me, I cannot forget the members of my dear family, to whom my thoughts turn day by day. It is pleasant for me to know that, as you cannot keep in personal correspondence with me, as you did before, you may confide everything to Msgr. Capovilla, who is very fond of you all, and speak to him just as you would to me.

Please bear in mind that this is one of the very few private letters that I have written to any of my family during these first three years of my Pontificate, and do your best to understand why it is that I cannot do any more, even for people of my own blood. But this self-denial, too, that I impose upon myself, with regard to my contacts with you all, does you and me more honor, and gains more respect and sympathy, than you can believe or imagine.

Now the great manifestations of reverence and affection for the Pope, on the occasion of his eightieth birthday, are at an end, and I am glad because, rather than receive the praises and good wishes of men, I prefer to enjoy the mercy of God, who has chosen me for so great a task and who, I trust, will uphold me until the end of my life.

My own personal serenity, which makes such an impression on people, derives from this: the obedience in which I have always lived, so that I do not desire or beg to live longer, even a day beyond that hour in which the angel of death will come to call me and take me, as I trust, to Paradise.

This does not prevent me from thanking the Lord for having designed to choose from Brusico and the Colombera the man who was to be called the direct successor of the Popes of twenty centuries, and to assume the title of Vicar of Jesus Christ on earth.

Because of this choice the name Roncalli has become known, loved and respected all over the world. You are very wise to keep yourselves very humble, as I, too, try to do, and not let yourselves be influenced by the insinuations and tittle-tattle of the world. All the world wants is to make money, enjoy life and impose its own will at all costs, even with violence if this should, unhappily, seem necessary.

My eighty years of life completed tell me, as they will tell you, and all the members of our family, that what matters most of all is always to keep well prepared for a sudden departure, because the most precious thing of all is the assurance of eternal life, trusting in the goodness of the Lord, who sees all and makes provision for all.

I wish to express these sentiments to you, my beloved, Severo, so that you may pass them on to our closest relatives at the Colombera, the Cerole, Bonate and Medolago, and wherever else they may be—I do not know the exact whereabouts of them all. I leave it to your discretion to do this. I think Enrica could help you, and Don Battista too. Go on loving one another, all you Roncallis, with the new families growing up among you, and try to understand that I cannot write to all separately. Our Giuseppino was right when he said to his brother the Pope: "Here you are a prisoner *de luxe:* you cannot do all you would like to do."

I like to remember the names of those among you who have most to bear: dear Maria, your good wife, bless her, and the good Rita, who with her sufferings has earned Paradise for herself and for you two who have cared for her so lovingly. And all our Roncalli relations and nearest connections, like those who have emigrated to Milan.

. . . I am well aware that you have had to bear certain mortifications from people who like to talk nonsense. To have a Pope in the family, a Pope regarded with respect by the whole world, who yet permits his relations to go on living so modestly, in the same social condition as before! But many know that the Pope, the son of humble but respected parents, never forgets anyone; he has, and shows, a great affection for all his nearest kin; moreover, his own condition is the same as that of most of his recent predecessors; and a Pope does not honor himself by enriching his relations but only by affectionately coming to their aid, according to their needs and the conditions of each one.

That is, and will be, one of the finest and most admired merits of Pope John and his Roncallis. At my death I shall not lack the praise which did so much honor to the saintly Pius X: "He was born poor and died poor."

As I have now completed my eighty years, naturally all the others will be coming along after me. Be of good heart! We are in good company. I always keep by my bedside the photograph that gathers all our dead together with their names inscribed on the marble: grandfather Angelo; *barba* Zaverio, our revered parents, our brother Giovanni, our sisters Teresa, Ancilla, Maria and Enrica. Oh what a fine chorus of souls to await us and pray for us! I think of them constantly. To remember them in prayer gives me courage and joy, in confident hope of joining them all again in the everlasting glory of heaven.

I bless you all, remembering with you all the brides who have come to rejoice the Roncalli family and those who have left us to increase the happiness of new families, of different names but similar way of thinking. Oh the children, the children, what a wealth of children, and what a blessing!

JOANNES XXIII PP.

[*Pope John XXIII intended to write his last will and testament in two parts. One, a spiritual testament summing up the ideals that governed his life, was never put down as planned. In its stead we have his spiritual diaries*—The Journal of a Soul. *The second part, disposing of material belongings, and set forth in several entries, is given below in condensed form.*]

MY WILL

Venice, June 29, 1954

I await the arrival of Sister Death and will welcome her simply and joyfully in whatever circumstances it will please the Lord to send her. . . .

I ask forgiveness from those whom I have unknowingly offended, and those whom I have not influenced for good. I feel that for my own part I have nothing to forgive anyone, because in all those who knew me and had dealings with me—even if they have offended or despised me, or, no doubt justly, had a poor esteem for me, or given me cause to suffer—I recognize only brothers and benefactors, to whom I am grateful and for whom I pray and shall pray always.

Born poor, but of humble and respected folk, I am particularly happy to die poor, having distributed according to the various needs and circumstances of my simple and modest life, in the service of the poor and of the Holy Church which has nurtured me, whatever came into my hands—and it was very little—during the years of my priesthood and episcopacy. Appearances of wealth frequently disguised thorns of restricting poverty and prevented me from giving to others as generously as I would have wished. I thank God for this grace of poverty of spirit . . . and material poverty, which has strengthened me in my resolve never to ask for anything, positions, money or favors, never, for myself nor relations.

To my beloved family, from whom I have never received any material wealth I can only leave a great and special blessing, begging them to preserve that fear of God which made them always so dear and beloved to me, and to be simple and modest without ever being ashamed of this: it is their true title of nobility.

Castel Gandolfo, September 12, 1961

I direct that those things which I brought with me to Venice from my property at Bergamo: the suite of furniture consisting of large sideboard, table and chairs from the dining room, with the articles of silver and tableware acquired by me or given me by the people of Bergamo on the occasion of my being made Cardinal and making my solemn entry into the town, shall remain after my death in the Patriarchal Palace, as table furnishings for the use of my successors. It will be well to affix a little plate engraved with my name.

My sister Maria and my niece Enrica may keep as a legacy or give away, as they think best, my personal garments, underwear, cassocks and cloaks of whatever color, red, purple and black. The Morlani rochet is to go, as indicated below, to the venerable Cathedral of Bergamo. Let the other rochets be sold in the most profitable way and the proceeds in cash given to the poor of Venice, as I have nothing else to give to these people who are Christ's poor and therefore the dearest to the heart of their Bishop, and I beg them to accompany me to eternity with their prayers. My crosses and rings likewise are to be sold so as to fetch the highest price, and the proceeds from these also given to the poor in whatever seems the most suitable form.

My share of the property, fields, rough land or woods, which came to me when everything was divided amongst us all, sisters and brothers, and which are now in the hands of my brother Giuseppino, who has always worked them and is still doing so, paying the relative taxes, without my drawing any profit from them, shall remain for him and his family as a gift from me and his inalienable possession. . . .

I desire also that at my death there shall be given, out of the money that belongs to me, a small token of ten thousand Italian lire [$16] to each of my beloved brothers, Zaverio, Alfredo, Giovanni and Giuseppino, as well as to the families of my sisters Teresa, now dead, and Assunta. I have always loved them all, my brothers and sisters, with equal affection. And let each of them be given also some household object in remembrance of me. . . .

. . . let my three brothers Zaverio, Giovanni, and Giuseppino choose, one for each, out of the three largest paintings of the Madonna at Gamaitino, painted on canvas, or the panel painting which is now at Istanbul. . . I want these pictures to stay with members of the family in remembrance of their late uncle the Archbishop. . . .

I beg my sisters to leave to my brother Alfredo, as a sign of special affection my gold watch and chain.

As for the money that might still remain to my credit after all expenditure has been deducted, I desire that a part of it should go to my sister Maria, and my niece Enrica, for any eventual necessities of theirs, with the request that the poor should not be forgotten, especially those who are really poor and most shy about coming forward.

To the Holy Father for the Vatican Library my whole collection of books and prints of Bergamesque interest, not only as an act of homage but so that my example may serve as an encouragement to others of other dioceses, in Italy and abroad, to do the same for the increase and adornment of that great library.

For the poor I intend to reserve—within the limits of what is possible—a sum that it will be well to fix as soon as my humble possessions are liquidated, and hand over to the orphanage of Sotto il Monte, which together with the worthy priest, Don Giovanni Birolini, I always tried to help as much as my slender resources would permit. The blessing of a parish begins in the orphanage.

On the stone which will cover me forever, and over which will pass the feet of all, I want my humble name inscribed with the dates and details of the offices I have held in the service of Holy Church, and also the words which I would wish to sum up my life and death: *Obedientia et pax*, Obedience and Peace. . . . ■

RED PETALS

By Conrad Aiken

Red petals in the dust under a tree:
even in so small a thing beauty may be,

even in so slight a thing beauty may
cry,
cry to be manifest once ere it die.

Petals may turn to dust, dust will be
blown,
tall trees come tumbling down,
harden to stone

but we'll remember still, we who once
see
red petals in the dust under a tree.

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Shades of Youth– gentler than a dye– more lasting than a rinse– foams in to enrich your natural color

Retouching is no problem with Shades of Youth, the naturally beautiful color you foam in—to cover the first hint of gray, to bring back the glowing look of youth.

Shades of Youth isn't a permanent change, like a dye—yet it isn't a wash-away rinse. It lasts through many shampoos, fades so gently there's never a "give-away" line—retouch when you will.

Choose from thirteen naturally beautiful shades and watch Shades of Youth add new beauty to your hair—new light to your life.

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Ogilvie does something lovely for your hair.

Illustration by Robert Shore

DON'T MAKE A SOUND

She was safe until the incident robbed her of her certainty.

By HELEN HUDSON

In the end Miss Early never told anybody about what happened that night on Prescott Street. She never even told Bartley Hobbs, whom she married one month later.

It was incredible that it should have happened on Prescott Street, where the cars moved up and down constantly and the buildings, mostly institutions now, kept a firm eye on the road. Students walked in and out of the science labs and the library at all hours, and a pious atmosphere brushed the sidewalk. For there were two divinity schools (one Episcopal and one Congregational) as well as the university on Prescott Street, and a Catholic college for girls. Nuns in long white habits and black veils waited at the corners, and gentlemen in clerical collars put big, black shoes down over the cracks in the sidewalk. Miss Early lived on Prescott Street in a dignified apartment house that took several turns around a grassy court. Every morning she walked down Prescott to where it slid quietly into the arms of the library where she worked. And every evening she walked back again, admiring the flowers and the shrubs and the tall, upright hedges, high as a raised eyebrow. It was a long, graceful street that carried her up to the top of a slight hill and left her there to go on into the suburban stretches of Corby and Carlisle and the crowded, colored windows of the supermarket.

Miss Early was small and slender, with straight, pale hair pinned back to free her face and define her head. She had neatly arranged features and gave the impression of knowing exactly where everything was, though she herself remained slightly aloof. She found other people boring and preferred the arms of her leather chair to those of Bartley Hobbs. "Of course most people are dull," Bartley said. "But that's no crime. There are worse things."

But, secretly, Miss Early thought it *was* a crime, downright criminal, she decided one night in the middle of Mrs. Dow's account of her latest adventure in redecorating, to go on wrapping pieces of their deadly lives around her, smothering her in wallpaper and two coats of paint until she felt stiff and inanimate as the chair she sat in, merely another *thing* in Mrs. Dow's living room. At the other end of the flowered carpet the men sat in a selfish little circle, showing her their backs or the soles of their outstretched feet. Even Bartley, who showed her nothing but affection, often put his arm across her shoulders as though he were laying it over the back of a couch and kissed her for his own pleasure.

He was a medium-sized man in his middle thirties who wore thick-rubber-soled shoes and thin ties and, when in doubt, carried a raincoat. He took two lumps of sugar in his coffee and was satisfied with his job as assistant manager of the University Maintenance Department. "Guess who's the most important man on campus when the plumbing breaks down?" he asked her with a grin. He did not mind eating at Rudy's Cafeteria with the small shopkeepers and dentists from Market Street instead of in a college dining hall. "The conversation's better," he said. "They argue about politics and euthanasia and intermarriage in the Old Testament. The professors talk about their lawns and academic salaries."

But Miss Early did not want to marry Bartley Hobbs. He would want to sleep in a double bed and eat a hot dinner every night at six. "Don't tell me your life's complete," he said. "A woman alone."

But perhaps she did not want it to be complete, round and whole as a ball with all the seams closed. She preferred not to know what she would have for dinner or how she would spend her vacation. There was, for instance, that sudden trip to Greece last summer and the accommodating Italian on the ship between Brindisi and Piraeus. He took her to the top deck every night where the moon waited like a *señora*, her pale face draped in black. Miss Early still carried his parting gift, a blue-and-white Greek bag that swung on a long rope from her shoulder. It was very deep, could have served for a weekend, and open at the top, ready for whatever she cared to drop in. She carried it with her always, containing her basic requirements: wallet and keys and glasses and makeup and half a box of tissues. Bartley Hobbs said it looked like a laundry bag and gave her a small black purse for Christmas. But she went on using the Greek bag, which was still only half full.

When she went home at night her apartment welcomed her like an old setter, friendly and submissive. The chairs stood patiently in their worn slipcovers. The refrigerator made no demands. The evening lay heaped on the table ready to be stretched and shaped or folded away beneath her pillow. She could turn on the phonograph and play the same records over and over until the walls dripped Puccini. She could read Chekhov aloud, taking all the parts herself. Sometimes, getting ready for a party, brushing her hair at the window, she saw the full moon hanging round and gold as a locket above her head. And she would smile and wonder if tonight, perhaps, she might not find the secret spring, might not open it quite suddenly and see, at last, the strange, exciting face inside. She was twenty-eight and completely free—except that she needed glasses for reading.

She liked exercise and often went for long walks alone—moving easily inside her short, loose clothes—through the park on Sundays where heavy women sat shaking baby carriages and old men stared into the bowls of dead pipes; up and down the side streets in the evenings, past the sounds of TV and the smell of fried potatoes and the head in the window behind the newspaper; past the stout man edging his lawn, and the woman on the steps fanning herself with a short, fat arm. They stared at her, the people she passed, from behind their fences or their porch rails, as though they were already enclosed inside the inevitable black borders. Only *she* moved freely, cutting across the pattern of their lives as she might have cut across their lawns, the Greek bag swinging like a half-filled promise from her shoulder.

Her friends, of course, were critical. "You oughtn't to walk around like that, alone at night," Mrs. Dow told her, patting the carved beads at her throat, as if to say that a girl without a husband must accept certain restrictions. "It's dangerous."

And Bartley Hobbs was downright angry. "If you're so crazy to walk around alone at night, at least get a dog.

(*continued*)

From 1 ja

NEW
CREAMY DRESSINGS
WITH YOUR
PERSONAL TOUCH

Wait 'til you taste what a jar of Best Foods and a dash of imagination can do! Dreamy new dressings better than anything off a shelf.

Best Foods is *Real* Mayonnaise, with unique delicate flavor that highlights but never hides the goodness of other foods and seasonings. Even when thinned, its full-bodied creaminess gives dressings an ideal texture. Yes, it takes Best Foods, America's favorite mayonnaise, to bring out the best in these new creamy dressings

1. POLKA DOT

1 cup BEST FOODS® Real Mayonnaise
1/4 cup chili sauce
2 tablespoons chopped green pepper
1 tablespoon finely chopped pimiento
1 tablespoon chopped onion

Combine ingredients. Chill. Makes 1-1/2 cups. Serve over vegetable or gelatin salad, seafood or tomatoes.

2. CRANBERRY BLUSH

1/3 cup cranberry juice cocktail OR 1/4 cup cranberry sauce
1 cup BEST FOODS Real Mayonnaise
2 to 3 tablespoons chopped pecans or walnuts

Fold cranberry juice OR sauce into Real Mayonnaise. Chill. Add nuts just before serving. Makes 1-1/4 cups. Serve over fruit salad.

3. GINGER CRUNCH

3 tablespoons milk
1 cup BEST FOODS Real Mayonnaise
1/4 cup slivered candied ginger
1/4 cup slivered toasted almonds

Blend milk into Real Mayonnaise; fold in slivered ginger. Chill. Add almonds just before serving. Makes 1-1/2 cups. Serve over fruit salad.

4. CHEESY FRENCH

1/2 cup BEST FOODS French Dressing
1/2 cup BEST FOODS Real Mayonnaise
1/4 cup cottage cheese

Fold French Dressing into Real Mayonnaise. Lightly fold in cottage cheese. Chill. Makes 1-1/4 cups. Serve over tomatoes, hearts of Western iceberg lettuce or vegetable salad.

QUICKIES:

Blend 1 cup BEST FOODS Real Mayonnaise and 1/4 cup of any of the following: fruit juice (canned, fresh or frozen), maraschino cherry juice, tomato juice, milk, light cream, pickle juice, French Dressing or prepared mustard.

# of Best Foods... a new world of tastes for salads

1. POLKA DOT

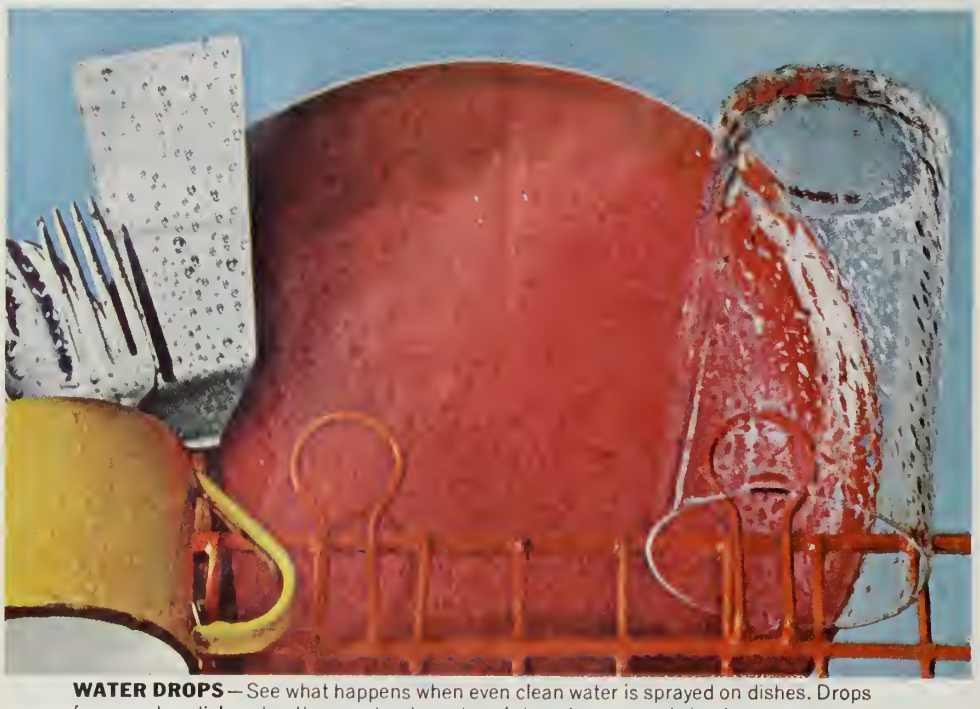
2. CRANBERRY BLUSH

3. GINGER CRUNCH

4. CHEESY FRENCH

this is no place
for "second best"...
bring out the best
with <u>real</u> mayonnaise
...BEST FOODS

Dishwasher spots? Change your detergent!



WATER DROPS—See what happens when even clean water is sprayed on dishes. Drops form, and as dishes dry, these water drops turn into ugly spots and streaks.

CASCADE—Because of Cascade's "sheeting action," water slides off, drops don't form. Cascade with Chlorosheen does it—and only Cascade has Chlorosheen!

Cascade's amazing "sheeting action" eliminates drops that spot!

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Nothing's safer! Endorsed for safety to patterns by the American Fine China Guild . . . recommended by every leading dishwasher manufacturer . . . Cascade is America's best-selling dishwasher detergent.

New! Only Cascade comes in a convenient giant size.

SOUND *continued*

Don't you ever read the papers, woman?"

They were jealous, of course, like people left at home receiving picture postcards from traveling friends.

But sometimes, when the night stirred restlessly about her and the moon hung like an old copper pan in a sooty sky, Miss Early knew that her rooms were too small and the streets of her walks too narrow. On such nights she went to the movies, the University Arts Theatre usually, which showed foreign films and did not sell popcorn. She went to the first show, on foot, a pleasant walk down Prescott and across Mill, to the leafy street where the theater had settled down between two rows of old, silent mews. She enjoyed watching films alone, when she could keep her hands to herself and her thoughts on the screen. Walking home in the dark, she was more conscious than ever of the scene around her, as though she were still looking through the lens of a camera: the long shadows of the trees, the leaves spattered with gold from the streetlights, the dark lip of the curb, and the sky with the moon caught in its hair. On such nights, it seemed, she might have reached up and straightened the rooftops and combed the tangled clouds.

One summer night, walking home from the University Arts Theatre, she felt the lens turned on her. It had been an Italian movie, slow and heavy, as though the camera were reluctant to move. The characters stared at each other for so long she thought the director must have gone out to lunch. And, indeed, he did not seem interested in them at all, except as bits of scenery, to balance a chair or fill a space. A sloppy, sullen blonde wandered morosely around the screen, staring down streets or leaning against walls while the camera picked up the objects and angles behind her. She was heavy, with a mass of uncombed hair that stood up like cotton candy and shapeless dresses that kept falling off one shoulder. Even the long, passionate love scenes were constantly interrupted by doors and walls and windows that opened and rooms turning slowly, so that the lovers, writhing on the bed, seemed coarse and trivial among placid and permanent shapes. Miss Early walked home aware of the scene around her as the camera might have seen it, with herself in the place of the gross blonde, small and slim, slipping gracefully between the black bars of the trees and dappled with light and loneliness, the Greek bag hanging, open-mouthed, from her shoulder.

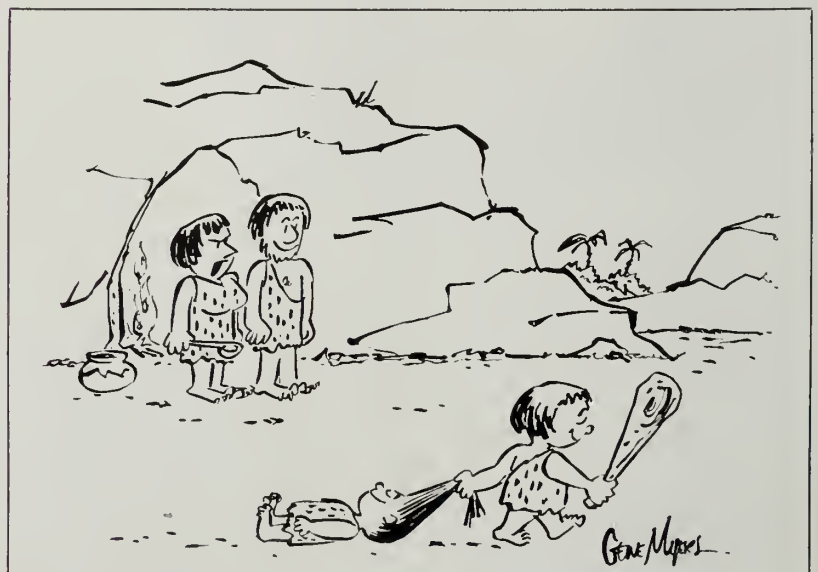
She was almost home when it happened, almost to the top of the slow rise to the traffic light on the corner when it happened—the sudden step, the voice in the dark, the sordid sneaking up behind her, putting a thin arm around her neck.

"Don't make a sound," he said, a complete stranger telling her what to do in the middle of Prescott Street, a stranger with his arm around her neck and his hand on the Greek bag. And then he was gone, taking the bag with him.

She stood looking after him, staring into the dark, empty driveway. "But it's got my glasses, my new glasses," she shouted. She was shaking with anger. She was not afraid, only outraged. She went on peering into the driveway for a long time while the traffic moved up and down behind her. For she could not believe he would not come back, would not return the bag which contained everything she needed and nothing he could use except, perhaps, two dollars and a wad of tissues. She began to cry with anger and frustration.

She went on staring into the empty driveway, realizing item by item, how much he had taken—all her keys, every last one, office and apartment and car and strong box, all her credit cards and charge plates and driving license and even her brand-new glasses. And the bag itself which held so much and felt so light and left her hands completely free. Without it she was lost. Without it she could not open doors nor even see properly. She stood staring into the dark, empty driveway that ended in blackness. He had taken everything, everything she needed to live her life, the life of Miss Alice Early, free and independent, who walked alone and carried a Greek bag, open at the top. How dare he, a faceless, nameless stranger, step into her life like that for one split second, unknown, unseen, and leave her so bereft?

And how easily he had done it, right there on Prescott Street just below the traffic light, at nine o'clock on a summer night with the lights blinking and the cars moving up and down. He had stepped out of a driveway so quietly—the divinity-school driveway (Congregational), she realized— *(continued)*



"I don't care what you say. I think he's too young to go steady."

pretty penny 21
LIGHT AUBURN

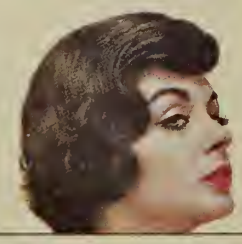
autumn fire 22
MEOIUM AUBURN

golden haze 30
LIGHT GOLOEN BROWN

sierra 31
GOLOEN BROWN

dawn 32
LIGHT BROWN

bronze sable 33
MEDIUM WARM BROWN



satin copper 17
HONEY BLONOE

moonkist 15
ASH BLONOE

chiffon pastel 14
LIGHT ASH BLONDE

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as though he had been waiting for her, as though he knew all about her: the dame who walked all over town by herself. As though she were someone apart, different, fair game. A crazy dame who walks alone, even at night. He had not even needed to hurt her, though she discovered later that her left wrist ached under a slight welt. He had merely hung his thin arm around her neck and lifted the bag from her shoulder. Like taking it down off a hook. She felt humiliated, degraded, ashamed.

She walked home slowly, remembering the things that had lain for so long in the bottom of the bag: that picture taken on shipboard, an old letter from Bartley, a mascara brush, a love poem copied from Sir Philip Sidney. She could imagine *him* picking over them all, all the intimate details of her life, with his long, skinny fingers, laughing at them with his "gang," and finally destroying them in a rage when he discovered that she had only two dollars. For two dollars he had violated the divinity school and robbed Miss Early forever. She walked home with the weight gone from her shoulder and a slight welt on her wrist.

But she was a stranger now, walking unburdened up Prescott Street. Her feet made sharp, metallic sounds on the pavement like pebbles tossed against the night. And the street itself had become hostile, the empty sidewalk ahead retreating into darkness, the houses drawn up stiff and silent behind their hedges, the driveways stopping abruptly as if to avoid her feet. The trees shook above her as though she stirred the air too violently and the traffic light opened a huge red eye. She felt like an enemy advancing, unwanted, up Prescott Street.

After that she took a new route to the library, and whenever Bartley drove her home at night, she turned her head from the sight of the divinity school with its narrow driveway gliding out between the tall, upright pillars.

But one day, walking along Mill Street, she saw the Greek bag again. It was stuck down between some bushes, a dirty piece of cloth with its long rope torn and stretched across the walk. She stopped and stared at it. The embroidery was almost completely unraveled and the bottom had been ripped apart so that it was no longer a pouch at all but merely a length of rag, covered with mud and good for nothing. Staring at it, she felt ashamed to think she had carried it so long, ashamed and guilty, as though she had hung something evil on her shoulder, something sinister and permanently attached. For she had worn it everywhere, all over town, had even carried it up Prescott Street, past the shrubs and the two divinity schools and the Catholic college for girls. All the time she thought she was walking alone, it had been there, knocking against her hip. But now she was really alone, with not even herself for company. Miss Early kicked the rope carefully into the bushes and squared her empty shoulders.

A month later she became Mrs. Bartley Hobbs. She sleeps in a double bed now, and Bartley drives her back and forth to work and takes her for walks on Sundays. She carries the small black purse with a short handle and the clasp at the top. It is big enough for her needs now and leaves her shoulders straight. Sitting in the car beside Bartley, she notes that Prescott Street is quite itself again, a long, graceful street that rises so subtly to a hill or an occasion.

But Mrs. Bartley Hobbs does not like to remember Miss Early, that headstrong, arrogant girl who defied her friends and wore her illusions on a long strap. For it seems to her that, walking alone one summer night on Prescott Street, Miss Early committed a strange and shameful act. ■

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Can Fashion Be Immoral?

By JESSICA DAVES

Or, put it another way: Does she choose this fashion because she is no better than she should be? Or does she become immoral because she wears this fashion?

To speak of immorality in fashion immediately connotes sexual misbehavior. Lying, murder, arson, treason, theft may spring indirectly from the way a woman is dressed. But those are not the trespasses that put the label "immoral" on fashion. Those other sins are immediately definable: A man who steals is a thief; a man who kills in cold blood is a murderer; if he controverts proven truth, he is a liar. But trespass against the sexual mores has varied in definition from the taboo against a man's marrying his niece or his sister-in-law, to the simple fact of carnal encounter outside the married state. And always, in the vernacular, immoral fashions are those that "induce to sexual stimulation."

Somewhere in the collective psyche there must be a deeply based connection between morality and fashion, for the proposal of a new fashion almost always puts a certain element of the population into a frenzy—usually a frenzy of accusations about immorality. In his famous *Folkways*, William Graham Sumner, Yale's great pioneer in sociology, gave serious consideration to fashion, its meaning and its effect. "Fashion is a form of the dominance of the group over the individual. We all have to obey it," he says, speaking, of course, of an *accepted* fashion; the people who are in a frenzy over a *proposed* fashion are usually in a frenzy because they don't want to see it accepted. A recent example of a fashion proposal's stirring up a storm was the suggestion that it might be nice for women to wear bathing suits without any tops.

Following this American suggestion, an unbosomed evening dress was displayed—in England, of all places! These bare-chested proposals are indeed examples of the kind of fashion open to the charge of immorality. They are evidence that the starting point of any radically new fashion is an effort for "conspicuous outrage," indicating the wearer's wish to be, or seem to be, in an echelon beyond the bourgeois state of mind.

The last really "conspicuous outrage" preceding the 1964 summer excitement about the bared bosom was the bikini, a bathing suit that exposed the body from just beneath the bosom to well below the navel. This wispy fashion, introduced from European beaches about 10 years ago, has made little headway in the United States.

But exposure per se has not always been the basis for moral criticism of fashion. There have been throughout history moral rages against fashions which seem to us entirely innocent. For instance, in the month of October, 1963, a Supreme Court justice in New York City declared that the hats worn by a woman attorney in his courtroom were "tending to perversion." One hat, the judge thought, was too big in the brim; another was "a grotesque . . . flamboyant turban with the many colors of Joseph's coat."

About 700 B.C., Isaiah, the gloomy prophet, spoke even more sharply to the women of Zion. Isaiah's complaint was that the ladies wore tinkling gold ornaments that rattled as they walked; that they perfumed themselves—had a sweet smell—and stuck out their necks and walked mincingly. The prophet called down the wrath of God on these women of Zion, but Biblical history does not say whether he persuaded them to change.

Isaiah and the New York judge are joined in history by such diverse protesters of diverse fashions as Pliny, the Emperor Valerian, Louis XIV of France, Queen Victoria and the Apostle Paul, among others.

In the mid-19th century, very tight corsets were railed against, preached against; but earlier in the same century the unwaisted, uncorseted fashions of the *Directoire* had been called depraved. High heels were also considered depraved, but low heels were "too masculine." Queen Victoria's plea from the throne against the crinoline, that unmaneuverable monstrosity, did not reduce its size or shorten its 20-year life. The great Queen Elizabeth's pleasure in the new invention, silk stockings, did not prevent the religious men of the day from calling them immoral. When a pair of the new silk stockings was offered to Philip's Spanish queen, the court chamberlain greeted the messenger with a Spanish stare, and replied, "The Queen of Spain has no legs."

Philip Stubbes, an Elizabethan writer, said that the wide ruffs of the day were an invention of the devil in the fullness of his malice; so, also, was the starch that made them stand out. (Perhaps an ancestor of an early 20th-century song, "You Can't Get to Heaven With Rats in Your Hair"?) Samuel Pepys and others of his time found a woman's riding coat "shocking," and in the same century the men's fashion of "petticoat breeches," full and frilled and beribboned, infuriated clergymen. Sermons were preached against them and laws forbade them. Did the men stop wearing them? The answer is no—not for several years.

We have come to realize that fashion is an expression of the mores *of the time*—a tacit consensus about what is acceptable, right and proper—that is, of course, an established fashion. A new fashion is to be considered as a proposal, an idea; it only becomes *the* fashion—the mass fashion—when it meets that mysterious demand of "the people."

From the ethnologists we have offbeat examples of fashions and their changes in unexpected regions. In Bechuanaland, for instance, the women one year demanded blue beads from the traders; the next year they refused to wear anything but yellow. In Papua, to smoke pure-white clay pipes was all the go at one point; four weeks later these were discarded in favor of brown; four weeks later still everyone stopped smoking and became enamored of red umbrellas—a completely disconnected Papuan rage with (*continued*)

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much the same compulsion as the inflated coiffure which hypnotized American women in the '60's.

As another example that "fashion is stronger than autocracy," Sumner cites the efforts of Czar Nicholas of Russia to change the fashionable hour for court balls. The Czar commanded them to begin early; everyone else wanted them to begin at 11; despite the Czar, that is when the balls began.

Louis XIV, *Le Roi Soleil* himself, could not stop the wearing of an innocent little headdress called a "Fontange" named for the Mlle. de Fontanges who introduced it to the French court. It was a pleated, fanlike decoration of linen which, for reasons of his own, Louis condemned. But it remained on fashionable heads for 10 years or more.

The wet, plastered-on muslin dresses of the *Merveilleuses* in 1800, which made the wearer look nuder than nude, were perhaps ancestors to the bikini. Although they were limited to a special group, they brought protests, naturally, and for political as well as moral reasons. But they ran their course, finally giving way to the excessive coverage (all but the bosom) of the Victorians.

The enormous crinoline which billowed through 20 years of the mid-19th century was a "conspicuous outrage" against comfort and convenience. This crinoline, which Queen Victoria herself couldn't banish, evolved into the bustle, a monstrous appendage at the back, which accented, in a way that seems vulgarity itself, the posteriors of the ladies of the '70's and '80's.

The floor-sweeping skirts of the 1890's, which collected filth whenever the wearer went out into the streets, were the subject of many moral and hygienic essays of protest. And the almost complete bosom exposure in the mid-19th century, the famous "Victorian valley," brought protests, in vain, from both clergymen and doctors.

But Queen Victoria's influence does seem to have triumphed in one fashionable context. In England and in Ireland, in the early part of the 19th century, among what might today be called the "avant-garde," there was a fashion for husband-and-wife portraits, in some of which the wife wore evening dress completely exposing the bosom—presumably with the husband's consent. (In at least one instance he stands calmly by in his full-dress naval officer's uniform.) A few of these portraits are still to be seen in country houses, but it is said that when Victoria was crowned, the fear of her disapproval caused a hasty revision of many of the portraits in the form of drapery freshly painted over part of the bosoms.

These examples of past fashions that disturbed their times still make a good deal of conversation. But the wearing of "fashion," as distinct from "dress," was actually limited to a small group of women until the 20th century. Not until this century, when the great American ready-to-wear industry put fashion within the reach of everyone, was there such a thing, really, as "mass acceptance" of fashion. The prime example of this mass availability of fashion, and consequently mass acceptance, is seen in the United States.

There is a group of United States citizens who travel often and widely in Europe and all over the world, and who view with a continental eye many matters, including fashion. But this is not the America we speak of here—the America of inland cities and towns; millions upon millions of people who may have visited Europe, but who remain American in their views; who are informed about the fashion proposals of Paris, New York, Los Angeles, Italy, but who do not necessarily accept these proposals. It is these people who really decide about American mass acceptance of a fashion.

So far this mass has not decided for the "conspicuous outrage" of the bikini. An estimate that bikinis comprise only 5 percent of all bathing suits sold is given by one of the big department stores. One manufacturing company, which credits bikinis with about one sixth of its bathing-suit business, believes that this acceptance—mainly on the West Coast—is primarily for wear in private swimming pools. Some observers think that the half million swimming pools in this country are responsible in large part for whatever acceptance the bikini has in America.

Although there is still protest and some moral indignation at the idea of the exposed navel, and what can only be described as shocked disbelief at the proposal of topless bathing suits, there are

---

DO NOT TOUCH

By Barbara A. Jones

Though mother's bath salts, emery boards
All vanish to the children's use;
Though daddy's pens and daddy's tools
Are borrowable, being loose,
All parents know this funny law
Can't work both ways. When mother sweeps
She does so cautiously around
The sacrosanct and guarded heaps.

---

two other areas of exposure or emphasis once proscribed but now so accepted that they stir no comment at all.

If the millions of American women have not decided for bikini exposure, this silent fashion majority *has* decided on leg exposure, and now wears the shortest skirts ever seen on grown-ups, often inches above the knees.

The other emphasis is the kind of cleavage which in some eras could not even have been mentioned; this is the revelation that the *gluteus maximus* has two movable parts.

These two parts are emphasized by the wearing of very tight pants, a swivel effect made visible because of a stretch fabric that came into use in ski pants and is now almost commonplace for women's daily trousers.

The swivel is not an accidental effect. One advertiser of stretch pants makes a definite point that in the pants he makes and the fabrics he uses this aspect of the physique is particularly noticeable.

This is a decided departure for this country; a visiting European fashion observer was quoted recently as remarking on the unnatural solidity of the American woman's posterior. She considered it strange and regrettable that in most costumes the hips seemed to be so plastered down or bound from side to side that someone walking behind a girl with a handsome figure was usually unaware that a natural division exists

The current accent on these two features—the legs and the callipygian area—both unmistakably more visible than they have ever been on the American scene, seems to have escaped the viewers-with-alarm.

In the area of questionable fashions, there now enters an element not present in any of the pulpit-stirring dress of other eras; that is the misconstruable tone of some of the mannish fashions in both Paris and New York design collections. More than direct masculine imitation, they seem often, and purposely, travesties of men's clothes. They do not look boyish, but have an unpleasant suggestion of perversion. Indeed, one or two fashion photographers last year went so far as to equip the mannequins with whips to complete the hip-booted, jockey-capped costumes. Although women have for years worn pants at certain times and for practical reasons (and although Chanel now shows, contrary to her precedent, elegant loose trousers for wear at home), there are still murmurs about the unattractive implication of some of the new tailored trouser designs proposed for city streets.

It is interesting to recall that two early exemplars of masculine costume (George Sand and, in a modified way, Amelia Bloomer) were criticized roundly on the unsuitability of their costume; but the darker echoes of unnatural tendencies were not heard.

This wave of antifeminine fashions has been attributed to various causes. One of the obvious and most usual is that many influential designers are unmarried men, with something short of the usual interest in women.

In fact, one fairly recent advertisement by a highly successful woman designer-manufacturer says right out that a lot of the new clothes are proposed by women haters. (Of course, there are women who are women haters too; but that was not her point.)

But custom or acceptance into the mores can transmute *almost* any fashion to innocence, or at least to a neutrality which the observer may interpret as he likes. Consider, for instance, what effect today's short skirts would have had in the crinoline era. And consider, too, what effect a street-sweeping dress with a really enormous bustle would have if seen out shopping or at luncheon today. Miss Carol Channing, being fitted for one of these bustle dresses, a period costume for the musical *Hello, Dolly!*, is quoted as saying, when she saw the muslin, "The line is obscene—it belongs in the boudoir, not on the street." What would those excessively conventional ladies of the '80's make of that?

And what will we make of the topless fashion? A fashion that now seems outrageous to the country which, after 10 years, has not really adopted the bikini, appears only remotely possible for eventual general wear. The American mores of today—the taboo beyond fashion—are against it. But the unseen forces which project the acceptance of any fashion are mysterious forces. If this taboo is to be broken, it will not come suddenly but in devious ways, perhaps as a milestone on the wide pathway of permissiveness in behavior, of court agreements to the distribution of obscenity.

If it should finally come, if some of the same courts decide that it is perfectly legal for bare-breasted women to stroll the streets, perhaps by then it will not be immoral at all—will not "induce to sexual stimulation." For, as one experienced gentleman said rather plaintively: "I don't mind about the exposure—but won't it deaden the senses?" ■

PANEL OF AMERICAN WOMEN

continued from page 33

another region, but local women talking with fellow citizens on their own level. When they speak of prejudice, they cannot be accused of ignorance about special local problems. "We live here," they tell audiences.

In Little Rock, Ark., for example, six local women appear in a church, or a Rotary Club meeting—a Catholic, a Jew, a Negro, a Chinese, an Anglo-Saxon Protestant, and the moderator. Each one tells of her personal experiences in meeting bias; then they ask for questions from the audience.

If you want to know what a Jew thinks about being barred from an all-Gentile housing development, you ask the Jewish panelist. How does a Negro feel about intermarriage with whites? Ask the young Negro mother facing you. Why is a Catholic mother unwilling to send her children to public school? Ask her right out in the open. The answers come from the heart, not as manufactured propaganda.

The movement has already spread from Kansas City to Des Moines, St. Louis, Omaha, Philadelphia, Topeka and Los Angeles. Women in other cities have asked for help in starting local panels of their own.

The Little Rock request came from Mrs. Patrick C. Murphy, who has three children, in a phone call to Mrs. Paul Brown, youthful mother of four and leader of the movement.

Mrs. Brown says that Mrs. Murphy didn't find it easy recruiting enough women to speak out. Jewish women who were approached in Little Rock were afraid of inciting anti-Semitic reactions. Negroes feared trouble if they participated. Catholic women thought their children might be taunted by their contemporaries. Even white Protestants required special courage, for they would be sharing a platform with a Negro, right in the deep South where their husbands earned a living.

The first time the panel of six women faced a Little Rock audience, last fall, they were obviously nervous. Mrs. Joseph Kaufman, slim, blond, began in a quavering voice, "My nationality is American, my religion is Judaism. Perhaps you're thinking, 'My, she certainly doesn't look Jewish.' And just having the thought makes you realize your prejudice. Well, I was shocked in turn on learning that one of my favorite 'Jewish comedians,' Danny Thomas, was actually Catholic, and realizing that I felt disappointment. So I plead guilty too."

She told how she and her eight-year-old daughter have been shaken by evidence of prejudice. "Normally kind people don't know that they inflict deep, lasting hurts through their biased actions against Jews right here in Little Rock, not in remote Nazi Germany."

Mrs. Kaufman spoke for five minutes, with drawn face. The applause came on like thunder.

Now a Negro arose; Gwen Riley. There was a tremor in her voice as she began, "Being a minister's wife puts me in a special sort of category because everyone expects so much of you. Far more rigid and less pleasant restrictions are placed on me in another special category, for I am an American Negro. As a child I could not go to the public library, the art museum, the concerts at the city auditorium, the city park or to a first-rate school. My three-year-old Beryl doesn't know yet that to be colored is to be looked down upon in spite of *individual* worth. When she looks at me with that pixie smile and those bright eyes shining, I can't bring myself to tell her. Maybe things will be different by the time she is old enough to know the difference, I keep telling myself. . . ."

Mrs. Riley paused and asked the audience quietly, "Do you think she should be told?"

Nobody knew what the reaction would be in Little Rock to such frank, challenging talk. The response was uplifting, there was weeping in the audiences, and overwhelming applause. Invitations to speak came in an avalanche; to meet the demand, 20 panelists were recruited.

After the first program, Gwen Riley's phone rang. A woman's voice said, "I'm a grandmother. I'm white. I heard you last night. Anytime you need a sitter so you can talk on a panel, just phone me and I'll sit with your child."

Mrs. Allen Soo, granddaughter of a Chinese, born in Hawaii, tells audiences of difficulties she met in trying to get a teaching job after moving to Little Rock in 1960.

Finally the principal of Hardin Bale School spoke with parents about employing Mrs. Soo as a teacher. Some agreed that this close contact with a person of another race might be a broadening experience for their children.

After meeting hostility, Mrs. Soo has been accepted as a fine teacher, and socially as well, she says. "Now I feel that I'm a real and useful part of the community. I look Chinese, but think of myself as a double American. I'm Hawaiian American and Mainland American, and I like very much being both, here in Little Rock."

After the tales of women hurt by prejudice, it's startling to hear warm, lovely Helen Menn, mother of five, speak out bluntly. "I am the most privileged of citizens. I've never been turned away by any restaurant, theater, or dancing class. I've been accorded these benefits for just one reason: I'm a white Protestant American. How can we live in good conscience with this terrible injustice until everyone is treated with full dignity and equal freedom whether he's Catholic, Negro, Jew or any other minority?"

It hasn't been easy going for the determined women panelists, at least not in Little Rock. Says local leader Sara Murphy, "One night some teen-agers with special equipment in their car turned on police calls outside the church where we were appearing. They came through loud and clear on our P.A. system. Church members, including some born-and-bred segregationists, ran out and chased the hoodlums away. Then the church people apologized to us. A countryish-looking man came forward, took the hand of our Negro panelist and said, 'Forgive us our trespasses.'"

Are the gains really substantial?

"Definitely so," says Mrs. Murphy, "and we're just beginning. Many school and community leaders have changed their attitudes after hearing audiences applaud statements against bias where they had expected jeers, boos and worse. People who had never done anything like it before are inviting Negroes to their churches. Many who have been firmly opposed to integration come up after a panel discussion and say, 'My eyes were sure opened today.' Ministers with white-only congregations have asked us to appear, thus allowing a Negro in their churches for the first time. And without a fuss."

The West Little Rock Rotary Club in a recent weekly bulletin reported: "Members who missed last week's Panel of Americans program missed a very fine one. It is the type of program that we as a nation as well as we as a Rotary Club should find very timely. President Bud Hewitt said that he considers his term in office a success now after presiding for this program."

An editorial in the Arkansas *Gazette*, one of America's oldest, most highly respected newspapers, remarked, "Problems (of prejudice) cry for attention and, in handing out credits to people who are working on remedies, Little Rock's 'Panel of Americans' must be high on anybody's list."

"Prejudice is not on one side only," Sara Murphy said. "We received a letter from the president of a Negro college, who wrote, 'I'd like the panel to appear here to let our students know that there are persons who think like this, and work for better human relations in our very own community.'

"Many just can't realize," Mrs. Murphy added, "how the Negro in the South must feel about *all* white people. Our panels can help show them that many Southern whites do care, and are doing something to help people of all races and religions to communicate, to understand each other. Nor is bias limited to one class. A state labor official has asked us to talk to labor groups to help open the minds of union members who fight to keep out Negro workers."

After one panel appearance at a Little Rock P.T.A. meeting, one woman approached the platform and complained, "You have no business stirring things up!" From the same audience a retired schoolteacher said, "I'd decided to walk out if I had to sit next to a Negro woman. But the program helped me, it really did. I'm still full of prejudice, but I'm trying to overcome it. Next chance I have, I'll make myself sit next to a Negro at a lunch counter or anywhere else. It won't be easy, but I'll do it. You've opened my eyes."

"Sometimes," says Mrs. Calvin R. Ledbetter Jr , a young moderator, "when angry reactions show how far we have to go, we're very depressed. But then we're uplifted by seeing changes beginning in lots of people."

A white Protestant panelist said, "I see a tremendous difference in my once-dubious husband, who has become an ardent admirer of the whole panel idea. He was violently against my participation until he heard our program in a little Presbyterian church. The audience reaction was something to see—tears all over the place. He said he'd never seen anything like it short of an old-time revival. Looking around at the audience he said proudly, 'Hey, this is my hometown, with people opening up, listening, thinking!'"

Another husband said, "I didn't realize it but this is a natural for the South, our people are so darned sentimental anyway. For many like me it's our first chance to learn the deep feelings of Jews, Negroes and Catholics."

In the opinion of Mrs. Paul Brown, national coordinator of the Panel of American Women, panels are effective where many other organizations fail. "For several reasons," she says. "First, people identify easily with us when they hear mothers speak to them as parents. Second, we reach those who are in the best position to reduce prejudice by the examples they set for their children. Third, we're not experts who talk down to them. We make controversial matters seem noncontroversial by discussing the problems in simple, neighborly terms.

"It's important that the audience sees three or more white mothers from their community sitting on the platform shoulder to shoulder with a Negro and a Chinese. They see Protestants, Jews and Catholics working together in a common cause."

Mrs. Ledbetter, the Little Rock moderator, says, "I tell them as we begin, 'We haven't come here to do any converting or preaching or to form any action groups. We're not Joan of Arc types. We're just housewives who represent different racial and religious groups in our community. As such, each of us speaking only for herself, we hope to satisfy some of your curiosity and perhaps clear up some misunderstandings. Ask any questions you wish, we'll answer them honestly and frankly, the best we know how.'"

When the questions erupt, the atmosphere sometimes heats up; but tempers seldom get out of hand. "People don't explode," Mrs. Brown says, "because Americans are basically so decent, they want to understand, they want to do right, to be liked, not to hurt the other fellow. Talking together with these pleasant hometown women brings out the best in them, not the worst. And we pray that the effect will be lasting."

Mrs. Brown's original Kansas City panel group has made hundreds of appearances.

Right now she has requests for organizing help from Memphis, Atlanta, Fort Dodge, Pueblo, Denver, and other cities in Tennessee, Wisconsin, Michigan, New Jersey and other states.

The swift spread of the movement is hampered by lack of funds to provide a headquarters office, clerical help, instructive printed matter and distribution, and other inevitable expenses. At the moment they have nothing much beyond a mailing address—(Mrs. Paul Brown, Panel of American Women, 812 West 61st St., Kansas City, Mo. 64113). Mrs. Brown is seeking help from foundations; she and her colleagues refuse to accept the backing of any racial or religious organizations. Only by being independent volunteers, they believe, can they preserve the essence of their intimate, nonprofessional appeal.

How to start a local Panel of American Women? Mrs. Brown says it's all-important to have one outstanding woman as local leader, coordinator and administrator. She, in turn, must find willing and concerned women of each major faith and race for the panels, teach them panel techniques, help them work up their talks, discuss probable audience questions and answers. After arranging the first appearance before 50 or more persons, word-of-mouth publicity brings further invitations from religious and civic organizations.

The possibilities for gains are unlimited as ordinary women, mothers, housewives, join and speak out like Mrs. Gloria Fleischl, moderator of the Omaha Panel of American Women. At the end of the question period she tells hushed audiences, "If each of us will try to befriend his neighbor and light one small ray of understanding, all our efforts together can help illuminate the dark corners of our communities, our nation and the whole troubled world." ■

VEGETABLES

PHOTOGRAPH BY ELBERT BUDIN

It's easy to bring out the best in vegetables: fresh, canned or frozen, they're simple and speedy to cook and prepare. But, why oversimplify and understate the case when you can make an even better dish by elaborating further? Here, clockwise from bottom, are six imaginative and decorative ways to bring vegetables to your table this winter: Green Pea Timbales, with celery sauce; Filled Beets, with rice and chopped almonds; Parsnip Soufflé; Stuffed Cabbage, with mixed vegetables; Carrots Flambé and Creole Cauliflower and sauce. Recipes for these and other vegetable dishes are on page 96.

BY WILLETTA BAR-ILLAN, FOOD EDITOR

WITH FLAIR

BE ORIGINAL WITH STEW

and Lea & Perrins . . . the original Worcestershire

Give Festive Flavor to Company Stew. Cut 2½ lbs. beef chuck into 1" cubes. Place in a heavy saucepan and add 4 cups beef broth, 1 Tbsp. Lea & Perrins, 2 tsp. salt and 1 large onion, sliced. Cover. Simmer over a low flame for 2 hours or until meat is tender. Add 1 large bag frozen stew vegetables and 16 whole fresh mushrooms. Cook an additional 20-30 minutes, or until vegetables are tender. Thicken with 1 Tbsp. cornstarch blended with ¼ cup cold water. Serves 8.

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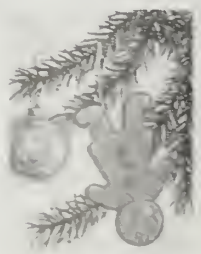

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Rich in iron, always sweet, never bitter . . . it's unsulphured

VEGETABLES WITH FLAIR

continued from page 95

GREEN PEA TIMBALES: Preheat oven 325° F. Cook 1 pkg. (10 oz.) frozen green peas, following package directions; drain. Combine with cooked peas, 1 cup each cooked rice and chicken broth, ½ cup cream, 4 beaten eggs, 1 tbsp. chopped parsley, ¼ tsp. each celery salt and onion salt. Grease 6 timbale molds or custard cups; fill each ⅔ full with pea mixture. Place on rack in shallow roasting pan filled with 1 inch hot water. Bake 45 min. or until inserted knife comes out clean. Unmold onto warm platter; pour Celery Sauce over timbales. Garnish with chopped parsley. *For Celery Sauce:* Melt ¼ cup butter or margarine in saucepan; add and lightly sauté ¾ cup finely chopped celery tops. Blend in ¼ cup flour, ¼ tsp. salt, ⅛ tsp. each celery salt and white pepper, 2 cups milk; simmer 6–8 min., stirring often until thickened. This dish is ideal with lamb chops. Serves 6.

FILLED BEETS: Preheat oven 400° F. Cook 12 medium-sized beets in boiling water 40–50 min. or until tender; drain. Run cold water over beets; slip skins off; cool. Scoop out center of each beet with melonballer, leaving ¼-inch-thick shells. Finely chop scooped-out part of beets. Slice small pieces off the bottoms so they will stand firmly. Cook ½ cup rice, following package directions; combine with 2 tbsp. chopped blanched almonds, 1 tbsp. each brown sugar and melted butter or margarine, ½ tsp. salt, pinch of cayenne. Fill beet shells; garnish with almonds. Place in shallow casserole. Cover with foil; bake 10 min. Pour Pink Sauce around beets and serve. *For Pink Sauce:* Melt 2 tbsp. butter or margarine in saucepan. Blend in 2 tbsp. flour, ½ cup each milk and canned beef bouillon. Simmer 5 min., stirring often. Blend in 4 tsp. each brown sugar and white vinegar, ¼ tsp. salt, pinch cayenne, ½ cup chopped beets. This dish is ideal with roast pork loin. Serves 6.

PARSNIP SOUFFLÉ: Preheat oven 350° F. Cook 1 lb. (4 medium) parsnips in salted water 20 min., or until tender; drain; reserve ⅓ cup drained water. Run cold water over parsnips; slip skins off. Puree by pushing through sieve or with blender. Melt 3 tbsp. butter or margarine in saucepan; blend in 3 tbsp. instant-type flour, ½ tsp. salt, ⅔ cup light cream, ⅓ cup parsnip water; simmer 3–5 min., stirring until thickened; cool. Combine white sauce with 1 cup parsnip pulp, ¼ tsp. sugar, ⅛ tsp. nutmeg, pinch white pepper. Blend in 4 well-beaten egg yolks. Beat 5 egg whites until soft peaks are formed; fold by two stages into parsnip mixture. Gently pour into 1½-qt. greased soufflé dish; place dish in shallow pan filled with ½ inch hot water. Bake 45 min. or until it is golden on top. Ideal with roast beef. Serves 6.

STUFFED CABBAGE: Carefully remove a few outer leaves from a large head of cabbage; set aside. Scoop out center of cabbage to form a 1-inch-thick bowl. Finely chop scooped-out part of cabbage. Combine in saucepan 1 cup chopped cabbage, 1 pkg. (10 oz.) frozen mixed vegetables, ¼ cup water, ¼ tsp. salt. Cover; simmer 8 min. Blend in ½ cup shredded Cheddar cheese, ¼ tsp. onion salt. Pour into cabbage bowl. Place 1 extra cabbage leaf over vegetables. Carefully place filled cabbage into plastic bag; squeeze out air and close top. Gently lower cabbage bag into deep kettle of boiling water; steam 20–30 min. Remove from kettle; cut away bag; place cabbage in large bowl. Steam reserved outer leaves 2–3 min.; arrange around cabbage as garnish. Pour 2 tbsp. melted butter or margarine over all. Ideal with meat loaf. Serves 6.

CARROTS FLAMBÉ: Pare 2 bunches carrots. Steam in small amount salted water until just tender; drain. (Do not overcook.) Melt 2 tbsp. butter or margarine in a skillet or chafing dish. Stir in ¼ cup sugar, 3 tbsp. orange juice, 1 tsp. grated orange rind, ½ tsp. lemon juice, ¼ tsp. ginger. Add carrots; simmer until carrots are glazed. If desired, heat 2 tbsp. orange-flavored brandy in large ladle; ignite; spread over carrots and serve immediately. Ideal with Cornish game hens. Serves 6.

CAULIFLOWER CREOLE: Trim and wash 1 large head of cauliflower. Place in plastic bag; squeeze out air and close the top. Gently lower into deep kettle of boiling water; steam 30 min. Remove from kettle; cut away bag; place in serving dish. Warm ½ cup bottled herb-seasoned salad dressing and pour over cauliflower. Serve with Creole Sauce. *For Creole Sauce:* Combine in saucepan 2 cans (1 lb. ea.) ready-seasoned stewed tomatoes with 1 can (6 oz.) tomato paste, 1 tbsp. finely chopped parsley, pinch each sage and oregano. Simmer 15 min., stirring occasionally. Ideal with fried chicken. Serves 6.

SWEET-AND-SOUR BRUSSELS SPROUTS: Place 1 lb. cleaned Brussels sprouts in plastic bag, squeeze out air and close top; cook in boiling water 25 min. or until just tender. Remove from bag. May use 3 pkg. (10 oz. ea.) frozen Brussels sprouts, prepared following package directions. Plump ¼ cup raisins in hot water; drain; chop. Melt 1 tbsp. butter or margarine; blend in ¼ cup each brown sugar and white vinegar, 1 tsp. each cornstarch and instant minced onion, ⅛ tsp. dry mustard. Simmer 6–8 min. or until thickened. Blend in raisins; pour over Brussels sprouts. Ideal with pan-fried pork chops. Serves 6.

CELERY ORIENTAL: Wash 1 bunch topped celery thoroughly and cut into 1-inch pieces. Cook celery in 2 tbsp. peanut oil 5–8 min. or until transparent; stir frequently. Add 1 can (1 lb.) drained bean sprouts, ½ tsp. salt, ¼ tsp. soy sauce; then cook for 3 min. more. Just before serving garnish with ½ cup finely chopped peanuts. Ideal with barbecued spareribs. Serves 6.

SESAME GREEN BEANS: Prepare 2 pkg. (9 oz. ea.) frozen French-style green beans, following package directions; drain. Melt 2 tbsp. butter or margarine in skillet, add 1½ tbsp. wine vinegar, 2 tsp. soy sauce; simmer 3 min. Pour over green beans; add 2 tbsp. toasted sesame seeds and toss lightly. Ideal with baked ham. Serves 6.

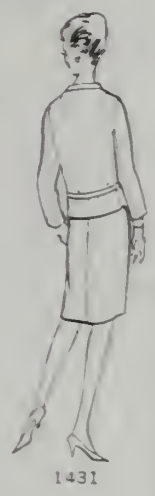
LITTLE PEAS AND CORN: Combine in saucepan 1 can (12 oz.) small early peas and 1 can (17 oz.) white shoe peg corn. Cook 3–4 min. or until heated; drain. Blend in 2 tbsp. butter or margarine, 2 tsp. Worcestershire sauce, ½ tsp. onion salt, dash of white pepper. Ideal with grilled chicken. Serves 6. ∎

Vogue Pattern Backviews
Paris Close-up

see pages 46–49

1429

VOGUE PARIS ORIGINAL NO. 1429
Misses Suit and Blouse designed by Dior. In sizes 10–18, $3; in Canada, $3.30. The suit shown (without blouse) requires 2½ yd. of 60-in. fabric without nap, size 14.


1431

VOGUE PARIS ORIGINAL NO. 1431
Misses Dress and Jacket designed by Guy Laroche. In sizes 10–18, $3; in Canada, $3.30. Dress and jacket require 4⅝ yd. of 57-in. fabric without nap in size 14.

1434

VOGUE PARIS ORIGINAL NO. 1434
Misses Suit designed by Pierre Cardin. Available in sizes 10–18, $3; in Canada, $3.30. The suit shown requires 3⅜ yd. of 51- or 52-in. fabric without nap, size 14.

1436

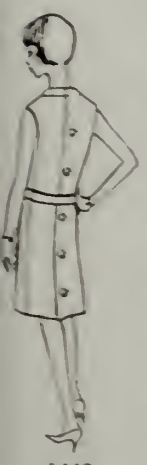
VOGUE PARIS ORIGINAL NO. 1436
Misses Suit designed by Jacques Heim. Available in sizes 10–18, $3; in Canada, $3.30. The suit shown requires 3⅛ yd. of 56- or 57-in. fabric without nap, size 14.

1439

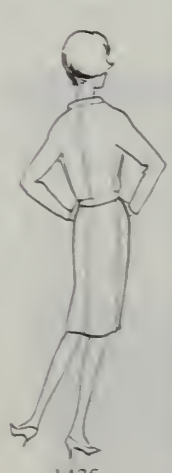
VOGUE PARIS ORIGINAL NO. 1439
Misses Coat and Dress designed by Dior. Available in sizes 10–18, $3.50; in Canada, $3.85. The dress only requires 2⅛ yd. of 45-in. fabric without nap in size 14.

1444

VOGUE PARIS ORIGINAL NO. 1444
Misses One-Piece Dress designed by Jean Patou. In sizes 10–18, $2; in Canada, $2.20. The dress shown requires 3⅛ yd. of 45-in. fabric without nap in size 14.


1443

VOGUE PARIS ORIGINAL NO. 1443
Misses Dress and Coat designed by Pierre Cardin. Sizes 10–18, $3.50; in Canada, $3.85. Dress (without coat) requires 2⅝ yd. of 45-in. fabric without nap, size 14.


1426

VOGUE PARIS ORIGINAL NO. 1426
Misses One-Piece Dress designed by Nina Ricci. Available in sizes 10–18, $3; in Canada, $3.30. The dress shown requires 3⅛ yd. of 45-in. fabric without nap in size 14.

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A window overlooking the Whitehall courtyard reflects a portrait of Henry Flagler.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARK KAUFFMAN

THE GREAT AMERICAN PALACES

WHITEHALL

It brought grandeur to Palm Beach, but in his old age the owner said, "I'd swap it all for a little shack."

They were truly magnificent. In the city, they rose like triumphal Roman arches, certifying power, defining new empires, addressing passersby in the public rhetoric of rulers. In the country, hidden on guarded estates, their message was filled with the icy nuance of social position and delivered to a class that understood the ordering of privilege. They were the American palaces, reliquaries of ducal treasure, monuments to the historic power struggles of Victorianism. Their enormous rooms glowed with four centuries of Renaissance art. They were so different from other American dwellings that their larger rooms were rightly called state chambers. Massive, opulent, capricious, astonishing, elegant and vulgar, they spoke of riches and power; but all were dwellings for just a generation. The children either rejected or could not afford them. The age of gold has passed; its time-payment reflection, the age of affluence, is upon us, and the palaces are museums. The great princes have died, and the public gazes in awe where luxuries breathe upon democratic silence. But they are part of us, and in a series of six articles, of which this is the first, *Ladies' Home Journal* tours the most magnificent of all the American palaces: Flagler's Whitehall, Hearst's San Simeon, Ringling's Ca' d'Zan, Deering's Vizcaya, and the Vanderbilts' Biltmore and The Breakers.

By JAMES T. MAHER

Built in 1902, Whitehall cost Flagler $4,000,000.

At twilight he was pushed in his wheelchair across the $35,000 Persian rug in the great marble entrance hall, and into the elevator. Upstairs, he sat and listened as his valet-companion read to him.

The palace no longer pulsed with gaiety. There were no voices, no music—the grand salon and the ballroom were empty. The waltzers had gone on to other evenings in other mansions, and his wife often joined them, searching elsewhere for pleasure.

Henry Morrison Flagler, the man who dreamed up the old Standard Oil Company and then developed Florida, was past 80. His eyes had begun to fail; old friends greeted him loudly, so that he could recognize them by the sound of their voices.

One evening, sitting with a close friend, Flagler peered into the gray silence and murmured impatiently: "I wish I could swap all this for a little shack."

All this was Whitehall, a $4,000,000 white marble palace—"indescribably sumptuous," *The New York Times* reported—that he had built at Palm Beach in 1902 for his third wife, Mary Lily Kenan, who was pretty, charming and 37 years his junior.

But it was too late for him to swap Whitehall for that primitive peace of mind the very rich are so uneasily certain the poor enjoy. Although he had spent more than $50,000,000 out of his own pocket to create in Florida an American Riviera, he was still worth more than $100,000,000. Poverty was clearly beyond his reach. Wherever he looked at Whitehall, Flagler could see some dimming warrant of his increasing riches:

The vast classic portico; the majestic entrance hall with its seven varieties of marble and imposing double staircase; the satinwood dining room, each of its several dozen chairs covered with an individually loomed Aubusson tapestry; the French salon, its richly carved woodwork overlaid with gold and silver leaf; the Italian Renaissance library with mirage images of lions roaming the lustrous grain of its paneling (He asked guests, "Have you seen the lions in the library?"); the Louis XV ballroom, an antique marvel with Boucher panels and a midstory musicians' gallery; the Louis XIV music room with a large pipe organ, which Flagler always enjoyed, built into the wall at one end; the heavy, claret-dark portieres . . . Carrara marble settees . . . antique Florentine chest . . . jeweled mirrors.

Flagler was born on a farm near Hopewell, N.Y., in 1830. He got his middle name, Morrison, from his mother's first husband; his start in life from the family of her second husband, Dr. David Harkness; and from her third husband—his father, Isaac Flagler, an impoverished preacher-farmer—he took those puritanical views that led to a profitable friendship with John D. Rockefeller.

At the age of 14, Flagler left home for Republic, Ohio, where he got a job at five dollars a month in a general store owned by Lamon G. Harkness, a brother of the late Doctor Harkness. After eight years of clerking, Flagler married the boss's daughter, Mary Harkness, avoiding triteness by waiting until he had become the boss's partner. His father-in-law's interests included a distillery that provided Flagler with a whopping increase in income, until his religious scruples led him to sell his share to Stephen V. Harkness, Lamon's nephew and a born money-maker.

During those years Flagler met Rockefeller, then a commission agent in Cleveland who handled grain sales for the Harknesses. Neither drank nor smoked, and each admired the other's sober ambition. Flagler wanted really big money, and when he was 32 he followed the "salt boom" to Saginaw, Mich., where he lost $50,000, a small fortune in the post-Civil War years. Borrowing from his Harkness in-laws, he went to Cleveland in 1865 for a fresh start. Rockefeller left the commission business that year to concentrate on petroleum refining. His business grew, and he invited Flagler to join him.

Flagler had no money to invest, so he suggested that Rockefeller talk to Stephen Harkness, who had just made $300,000 by speculating on a price rise in whiskey.

Harkness invested in a new firm that was formed in 1867: Rockefeller, Andrews (Samuel Andrews, an imaginative refining man) and Flagler. In short order Flagler suggested to Rockefeller the revolutionary idea that took form as the Standard Oil Company. After a few years Flagler ended his day-to-day career in the oil business and moved to New York, arriving there in 1877 by private railroad car. By then he was worth $20,000,000.

On the domed ceilings and panels of Whitehall, there was an array of allegorical paintings. One pair of these conceits personified "Prosperity" and "Happiness," those inseparable twins of the Age of Confidence. But in Flagler's life prosperity often seemed to reign alone. He once made a dry distinction between his business conquests and the sorrows of his private life, which by then included the death of his beloved daughter and the estrangement of his son. "Satisfaction and contentment are not synonymous," he told a clergyman.

Each of Flagler's three marriages was clouded by misfortune; the first by chronic illness, the second by insanity, and the third by his own failing powers.

Mary Harkness Flagler, his first wife and mother of his children, suffered from a lifelong bronchial ailment that grew worse as the years passed. One winter her doctor persuaded Flagler to take her to Florida for relief. He took her to Jacksonville, but hurried her back to New York in a few weeks so that he could attend to his financial affairs. He never got around to taking her south again. In four years Mary Flagler was dead.

Two years later Flagler married his first wife's practical nurse, Ida Alice Shourds. They had a winter mansion—Kirkside—in St. Augustine, and a $500,000 summer home—Lawn Beach—in Mamaroneck, N.Y. After 11 years of marriage Ida Alice began to tell visitors to Lawn Beach that Flagler was unfaithful and that he was going to die. She gave her manicurist a $1,000 check as a tip and sent a $2,000 cat's-eye diamond ring to the Czar of Russia. Her Ouija board told her that the Czar was passionately in love with her. Taken to a sanitarium, Ida Alice was ruled insane by the Supreme Court of the State of New York.

The career of Flagler the empire builder, the man who looked at Florida's sand, swamps and jungle and envisioned a paradise of resort cities and beautiful hotels, began on his first trip to Florida with Mary Flagler, in 1877. He had been annoyed by the poor transportation and bad hotels. When he returned six years later, on a honeymoon with Ida Alice, he got farther south, to St. Augustine, and began to see the possibilities of the state.

Flagler backed his dream of a Florida gold coast in the grand style, spending $20,000,000 on hotels, $1,000,000 on coastal steamships, $18,000,000 on development of railroads, $1,000,000 or more on hospitals, roads, churches and schools, and $20,000,000 on extending his railway to Key West.

He made Palm Beach into a great luxury resort, and created the communities of West Palm Beach and Miami. His Florida East Coast Railway, linking the new cities to Jacksonville and St. Augustine, gave rise to a string of towns along the right-of-way: Delray, Deerfield and Fort Lauderdale were among them.

The superb Flagler hotels were the benchmarks of Florida's growth and progress. In St. Augustine he built the Ponce de Leon (completed in 1887) and the Alcazar (1889). He then bought the Cordova in St. Augustine (1889) and the Ormond Beach Hotel (1890); and built the Royal Poinciana (1894) and The Breakers (1894) at Palm Beach; the Royal Palm (1897) in Miami; and the Atlantic Beach (1902). When he died, the *Literary Digest* headed his obituary with three words: HE MADE FLORIDA.

He also enraged Florida. In the summer of 1901 the No. 1 topic of conversation in the state was the "Flagler Divorce Law." After trying to divorce Ida Alice in the State of New York, and failing, Flagler moved his legal residence to St. Augustine. But he couldn't get a divorce under Florida law either, until 1901, when the Florida House and Senate passed, and the governor hastily signed into law, a bill that permitted the divorce of a spouse who had been insane for at least four years. Not

A portrait of Henry Morrison Flagler hangs in the library, which is done in Italian Renaissance style.

long afterward, Flagler donated a $10,000 gymnasium to the Florida Agricultural College. (Florida newspapers attacked Flagler for what was considered a bald show of power, and four years later the law was rescinded.)

The old man, used to having his way, got his divorce in Miami and promptly married Mary Lily Kenan, a talented and "much-sought-after belle." The bride's birthplace, Liberty Hall at Kenansville, N.C., was refurbished for the event. The bridegroom wore a Prince Albert coat and, according to a courtly flourish in the local paper, his "advancing years were hidden behind a beaming countenance." Mary Lily was 34; Flagler was 71. They boarded his private railway car, the *Rambler*, and went north to Mamaroneck for their honeymoon.

Flagler told close friends that he wanted to give his third wife "everything that money can buy." Her first desire was a great marble palace surpassing those she had seen at Newport—the mansion-cottages of the Vanderbilts, the Goelets and the Belmonts. Flagler immediately called in his hotel architects, John M. Carrère and Thomas Hastings, whose work on the Ponce de Leon, one of America's classic tourist hotels, had brought them important commissions. Their most distinguished surviving work includes the Frick residence, Metropolitan Opera House, and main Public Library building in New York City; the Arlington Memorial Amphitheatre and the Senate and House office buildings in Washington.

Flagler told them: "Build as fine a residence as you can think of." And he wanted it in a hurry. Interior decorator William P. Stymus Jr. marshaled his European agents for a swift reconnaissance of the workshops, looms, kilns

On display is a painting of Flagler's third wife, for whom he built Whitehall.

A tall doorway in Whitehall's ballroom is surmounted by a Boucher panel.

Mary Flagler's ornate marble bath was the epitome of luxury in its day.

Built into the wall of the Louis XIV music room is an enormous pipe organ.

and castles of Europe. Armed with plenty of money, he cut the weaving time of Oriental rugs from years to months, and forced the bobbins of the Auvergne to prodigies of overnight lacemaking.

Mary Lily's palace was completed and furnished in a record eight months, thanks to the swift labor of Flagler's veteran construction crews. It was she who selected the name Whitehall; but no one knows whether she had in mind the original Whitehall, palace of English kings beginning with Henry VIII.

In its first few years, Whitehall was the scene of brilliant dinners and balls, bridges and teas. Palm Beach's gold-coast society whispered that Mary Lily could serve 50 dinner guests every night for a week without repeating her table settings. The mansion required a staff of 17 servants. Many famous people came to Whitehall, but Flagler most enjoyed the visits of Joseph Jefferson, the durable and widely admired actor who had introduced *Rip Van Winkle* to Broadway in 1866—he was still playing it in a touring company in 1902.

One person never came to visit the palace—Flagler's son. Music was Harry Harkness Flagler's primary interest; he later became the president of the New York Philharmonic Symphony Society. Flagler could not understand his son's indifference to business. He never invited him to Whitehall; apparently the last time they ever spoke was at Flagler's third wedding in Kenansville.

Mary Lily brought to Whitehall her talents as a singer, pianist and hostess, and an unflagging pride in her palace. According to contemporary accounts in the *Architectural Record* and the *International Studio*, Whitehall measured handsomely against her touchstone for a bravura residence, the Newport cottages.

The splendid portico, a subtly modified example of Greco-Roman symmetry, led into a magisterial formal entrance hall, through a pair of bronze grille doors that were covered on the inside with Arabian lace. Sixteen polished Tuscan columns capped with Ionic volutes, heavy baronial tables at either end, and huge marble urns all emphasized the tremendous scale of the 110-foot hall.

Each of the large chambers on the first floor at Whitehall held treasures of period furnishing. The library glowed darkly with richly carved Italian Renaissance tables, and the great crystal chandeliers of the music room cast a gentle, prism-refracted light on the Louis XIV decor and the paintings hung along the tapestry-covered walls.

The gold-and-white Louis XV ballroom—91 by 37 feet—was considered one of the most exquisite *salles des fêtes* outside the royal originals in France. The windows of the ballroom were draped with two shades of rose de Berry silk damask. Wall treatment included panels of *The Seasons*, painted by François Boucher, a favorite decorative artist of Madame de Pompadour.

Possibly the most notable of the first-floor chambers—all of which gave onto a Moresque inner court—was the dining salon, an epitome of François premier design. It represented the period (1515–1547) during which the humanist monarch led France across the threshold of Renaissance innovation. The 44-by-33-foot room had a deeply coffered ceiling, its recessed panels ornamented with green-hued papier-mâché relieved by gold.

The walls of the dining salon were hung with two shades of green tapestry, and the windows were draped with plain green silk velour accented with Aubusson panels. The curtains were of Colbert lace. On the table lay a green velour cloth with the Flagler monogram; it was edged with appliqué panels. Four bronze-and-crystal chandeliers lighted the room.

On the second floor of Whitehall there were 16 guest suites, each furnished in a different national decor of a past era. Perhaps the outstanding decorative elements in the large bedrooms were the wall coverings. One suite had cream *moiré* wall panels, another had cream-and-white stripes, and a third had a lattice covered with pink roses. The window draperies were mostly silk tapestry. Floor coverings ranged from scatter rugs, in the Late Colonial American suite, to gold Angora. It is said that the twin beds in the Modern American suite were the first to be seen in a Florida home.

Mary Lily Flagler's bedroom was furnished with Louis XV furniture. The delicately carved chairs were covered in two tones of pearl gray. Gold silk damask was draped from the deep valance canopy above her bed, and a section of Cluny lace, considered one of the finest pieces in the world, was set on the wall in a panel enclosed by the canopy drapes. Her bathroom had a sunken tub, supposedly the first one in America.

The glories of Whitehall were brief. In a few years the great parties were over, and Mary Lily went to the mansions of friends for the evenings of dancing, music and talk that she craved. Flagler simply could not keep up with his gracious young wife's social schedule. However, despite his infirmities, he kept an eye on his last great project: extension of his railroad to Key West. Feeble and nearly blind, he presided over the formal opening of the overwater railway. His last Florida project was finished—and, so by a quirk of fate, was Flagler. On March 6, 1913, at the age of 83, he suffered fatal injuries in falling down *four marble steps* leading to a lavatory in Whitehall. It was the sort of accident that could never happen to a man living in "a little shack."

Mary Lily married again in 1916. She continued living at Whitehall, but died suddenly a year later. In accordance with her will, the palace went to a niece, Louise Clisby Wise; she later sold it to an investment group.

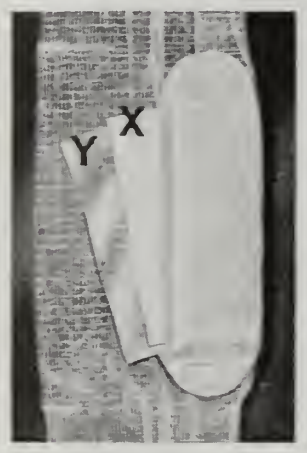
Whitehall became a 300-room hotel, with a 10-story structure added at the rear. The building has been reclaimed by Flagler's granddaughter, Mrs. Jean Flagler Mook, and a group of enthusiasts. Refurbished, the palace was opened to the public in 1960 as the Henry Morrison Flagler Museum. The trustees have already razed the 10-story outcropping, and have restored to Whitehall much of its original splendor, as a monument to Flagler. ■

In Whitehall's courtyard, a statuary fountain recalls the story of Susanna and the Elders.

Here's why Kotex napkins protect when others fail

Only Kotex has 2 safety shields

Kotex napkins not only have a polyethylene shield and moisture-proof side strips but also contain an extra measure of security. It's the exclusive *safeguard shield* that results in greater protection—total napkin absorbency. *It's the reason why Kotex protects when other napkins fail.*



This dissection shows the Kotex exclusive safeguard shield (X) that provides even absorbency—total napkin absorbency. And (Y) the polyethylene shield that prevents embarrassing accidents. This Kotex patented design gives you comfortable, fail-proof protection you can never get with other napkins.

Choose the Kotex proportioned napkin that meets your absorbency needs without fail

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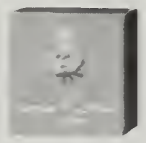

SUPER

Regular length—16% more absorbent because it's deeper and wider. Like all Kotex napkins, it has 2 moisture-proof shields for extra protection.

SLENDERLINE

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WHO NEEDS VITAMINS?

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Good Housekeeping GUARANTEES

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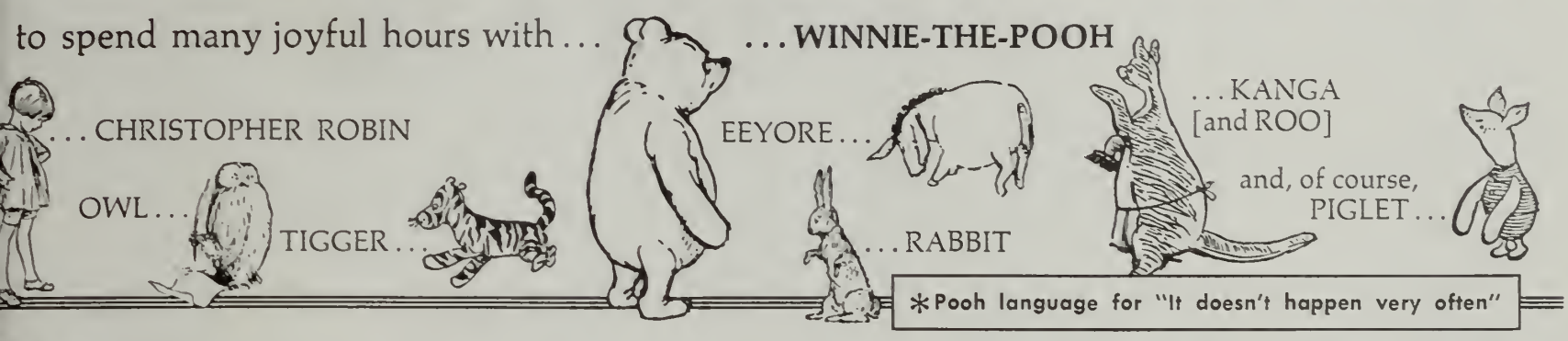

*Pooh language for "It doesn't happen very often"

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THE MAGAZINE WOMEN BELIEVE

ARTICLES

26 Common Sense about Vitamins *M.J. Babcock*
34 For Better, for Worse, but Not for Lunch *Phyllis McGinle*
39 Why I Bought my Children a Woods *Robert W. Wel*
43 Mothers and Sons: An Intimate Discussion *Vincent T. Lathbury, M.I*
47 Spain: Impressions and Influences
60 A Connecticut Yankee Finds her Destiny in Spain *Maureen Da*
68 Love Letter to Spain *Frances Parkinson Keyes*
121 Spain: Casa Dali

FICTION

80 The Proof of Love *Nadine Gordimer*
82 Little *Muriel Rukeyser*
102b Collection *Alan P. Levenstein* (Journal Fiction Extra)

POETRY

79 I'm no Saint, but I Have my Doubts about Valentine, Too *Ogden Nash*

REGULAR FEATURES

8 Our Readers Write Us
16 Contributors and Editors
20 Under Cover *Caskie Stinnett*
93 Journal Shopping Center

FASHIONS AND PATTERNS

32 Journal Original: 20
54 Spain: New Influence in Fashion *Susan Harney*
62 Spain: Children's Clothes: Crisp as Meringue *Nora O'Lea*
64 Spain: Return Trip
66 Spain: With All the Trimmings
103 Backviews

FOOD

24 Table for Two
70 Spain: Great Taste, Versatility in Food *Diane Durha*
114 Kids in the Kitchen

DECORATING

72 Spain: Sunny Influence on Decorating *Margaret Wh*
113 Flowering Spain

HOME MANAGEMENT

74 Spain: New Warmth for the Kitchen *Margaret Davids*

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COVER: The proud young señorita on our cover has stolen her hat straight from the head of an indignant señor! But who can blame her, when it is just the thing she needs to go with her warm, orange-colored coat? See page 66 for more about this costume. Photograph by David Zingg. The eye makeup is by Pablo for Elizabeth Arden.

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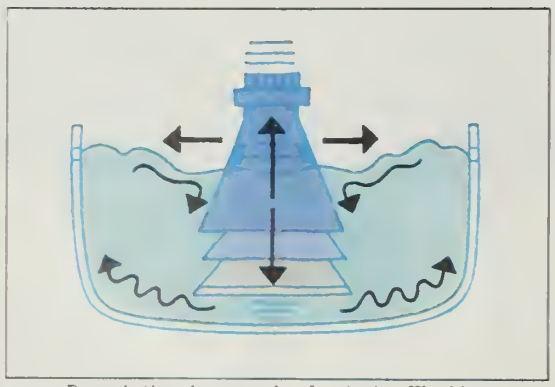
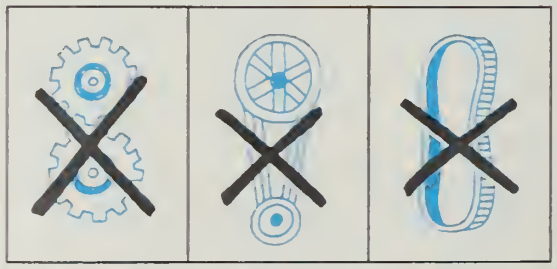


Deep Action Agitator for Jet Action Washing

See in the picture above how Frigidaire's new jet [illegible] shaped Deep Action Agitator brings a whole [illegible] way to wash. Those arrows show you how jet currents give all your wash Deep Action cleaning.



No Gears. *No Pulleys.* *No Belts.*

Just a glance at the illustration above tells you the big news about the patented mechanism that runs the new Frigidaire Jet Action Washer. No drive gears to wear out, no pulleys to jam, not even a belt to break or adjust. It has many less parts—fewer moving parts. Here's new washer dependability for years to come.

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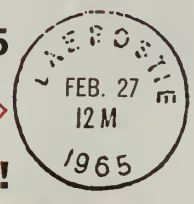

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ks Seldom Have Enough Protection. Do You?

ight now, you probably have some hospital cover- You may think you're "safe" from all the finan- burdens of sickness and accident. But hospital erage usually only takes care of *part* of your ex- ses. Are you protected against the soaring costs of gery bills, or doctors' visits and nursing bills *after* pitalization?

he chances are one in seven that *even you* will nd some time in the hospital this year. A fall on stairs, in the bathtub, or on the sidewalk – a sud- illness or operation – could lay you up for weeks, nths, perhaps even years. Many people lose their ngs, their cars, even their homes. Would *you?*

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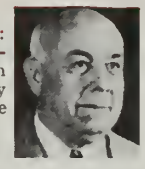

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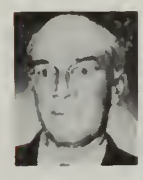
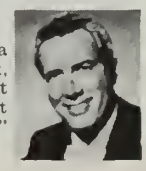


Upton Sinclair, Pulitzer Prize author: "I think your idea of giving people the insurance discount which they earn by not shortening their lives with alcohol is a brilliant one, and I am glad to be counted in on it."



Jerome Hines, leading bass, Metropolitan Opera Company: "The non-drinker is a better risk, should be entitled to a better rate. I am most happy to recommend this low-cost Policy. It should prove a blessing to all who can qualify."

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Mr. Guy Campagnari, Madison Heights, Mich. "I had a little doubt about this insurance. I guess because it was such a cheap policy for such a large family, but I found out it is a wonderful insurance. It sure paid us off quick and right when we needed it most."

Reverend C. Weston Sanders, Garden Grove, Cal. "It has been necessary for both my wife and myself to use our Gold Star Policy this past year and I wish to express my appreciation of the manner and speed in which our claims were handled. The checks were here when we needed them and I say again "Thanks and blessings upon you."

Mrs. Luiz Gurtel, Yonkers, N. Y. "Thank you for your check which I received this morning. I was embarrassed to present a claim after signing for the policy a short time ago. I can certainly recommend this company without reservation. I truly appreciate your prompt service."

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ONLY REQUIREMENTS. You must not drink alcoholic beverages; you must have no previous rejections of any application for health, hospital or life insurance; you must not have been advised to have an operation which has not yet been performed.

ONLY CONDITIONS NOT COVERED. Every kind of sickness and accident is covered, except, of course, hospitalization caused by the use of Alcoholic beverages or narcotics; mental or nervous disorders; any act of war or pregnancy. Everything else IS covered. These proper exceptions help to keep Gold Star rates lower for YOU! And, you are even covered for *pre-existing conditions* (which are not usually covered at all) after your policy has been in effect for just two years! What a boon to those with chronic recurring health problems!

WHO MAY APPLY: Those eligible for coverage as a family member are your husband or wife, dependent single children under age 19 and any adult dependent(s).

The Gold Star Plan

olicies, available and paying claims in all 50 states in many foreign countries, are underwritten by the

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NAME (Please Print)..... (First / Middle Initial / Last)

ADDRESS..... (Street / City / Zone / State)

AGE.....DATE OF BIRTH..... (Month / Day / Year) SEX Male ☐ Female ☐

I also hereby apply for coverage for the members of my family listed below:
(DO NOT include name that appears above)

NAME	RELATIONSHIP	AGE	DATE OF BIRTH

Neither I, nor any person(s) listed above use alcoholic beverages; have had no previous rejection of any application for health, hospital, or life insurance; and have not been advised to have an operation which has not yet been performed. I hereby apply for the Gold Star Medical-Surgical-Nurse Plan, Form # NLLE-4-10-64. I have enclosed $1.00 for each person listed above for the first month's coverage. I understand the policy is not in force until actually issued.
If, for any reason, I am not completely satisfied with this new protection – I may return my policy within ten (10) days for cancelling and my payment will be promptly refunded. If I decide to continue, I may do so at special Gold Star rates for attained age(s) at renewal date.

YOU MUST SIGN HERE NLLE-4A-10-64 X..... Date.....

YOU MUST MAIL APPLICATION BEFORE MIDNIGHT SATURDAY, FEB. 27

Look who's chipped in on two new Betty Crocker brownie mixes

Hershey, that's who! Bake up a batch of these luscious new brownies today. They look new. Taste new. Rich with real Hershey's chocolate. Take your choice of New Chocolate Chip Fudge Brownie Mix, or New Chocolate Chip Butterscotch Brownie Mix. Both with separate packets of Hershey's Chocolate Dainties. And both from Betty Crocker.

GENERAL MILLS

OUR READERS WRITE US

ORIGIN OF THE SPECIES

Dear Editors: I don't know if you will still be interested in Hobbly-Barnek (OUR READERS WRITE US, November, 1964, and January, 1965) after all this time, but I've been inquiring among my relatives and have found out that actually they were "johnnycakes." The batter was so thick that it stood up in ridges in the pan, and that was why Great-Grandma called it Hobbly.

A letter to author John Gould brought the following reply, and after reading it I realized why my mother had called it Barnek:

> "Dear Miss Doolittle: Look up 'bannock' in any Scottish cookbook. Once in a while you'll run into somebody with Scots-Irish background who calls a 'johnnycake' a bannock. . . ."

Great-Grandma and Grandpa never lost their Boston accent, so probably what my mother knew as "barnek" was bannock, as pronounced by Great-Grandma.

The mystery is solved.

MISS EUNICE G. DOOLITTLE
Chicago, Ill.

FOCAL POINT

Dear Editors: Thank you for showing the general public that the advantages of contact lenses overwhelm the disadvantages (THE TRUTH ABOUT CONTACT LENSES, by John C. Neill, O.D., December, 1964). I am a contact-lens wearer, and have been one for four years. Many people have commented to me that they just couldn't stand anything in their eyes, and, after a while, these remarks become annoying. After all, we are all a little vain, and if contact lenses will help our personal vanity and also improve our eyesight, then I am sure that most of us will be willing to suffer the few weeks of discomfort for the blessing of better eyesight and a more attractive appearance.

LINDA BARRIBALL
Tempe, Ariz.

Dear Editors: Doctor Neill was a most eloquent advocate for contact lenses. This makes all the more puzzling your picture of him wearing regular glasses.

MRS. JOSEPH LILIENTHAL
Pottsville, Pa.

• *Asked to comment on this seeming lack of faith, Doctor Neill replied: "The majority of people who need glasses are very comfortable with contact lenses, but I am unfortunately among the 5 percent minority—although I do wear them on occasion. I am at the age when I need bifocals, and despite the constant development of better bifocal contact lenses, I have not yet found any to suit my personal needs. Also, in my own case, the cosmetic motivation for putting up with the nuisance factors of contact lenses is quite absent—because my family* prefers *me with glasses."—ED.*

THE ELEGANCE OF AGE

Dear Editors: As a reader of the *Ladies' Home Journal* I've never thought of your sleek publication as being antique. So I was unprepared to discover it (a copy of the April, 1905, number, to be sure) on display at the recent Fall 196- Antique Show and Sale at the Santa Monica Civic Auditorium.

I was there in my guise of Beverly Hillbilly Granny (see below) to help promote attendance for the Exceptional Children's Foundation, which sponsored the event.

As might be expected, among antique dealers and collectors, the value of that copy as a specimen of early 20th-century Americana far exceeds its 1905 newsstand price of 15 cents.

IRENE RYAN
Hollywood, Calif.

• *Hillbilly "Granny", Ryan and the antique* Journal *both look remarkably well preserved for their years.—ED.*

DOUBLE-EDGED PHRASES

Dear Editors: Caskie Stinnett (UNDER COVER, December, 1964) said that the most elaborate palindrome [word, phrase or sentence reading the same backward or forward] he'd ever encountered was

MADAM I'M ADAM

How about:

A MAN, A PLAN, A CANAL, PANAMA.

MRS. HERBERT D. STEIN
New Rochelle, N.Y.

Dear Editors: Palindromes are fun. Do you know this one, apocryphally attributed to Napoleon:

ABLE WAS I ERE I SAW ELBA

Another one, familiar to northern Californians, is:

YREKA BAKERY

NELLO PACE
Berkeley, Calif.

(continued on page 10)

What a wonderful one-dish meal for winter! You'll love its hearty goodness and piquant taste. What gives that extra special flavor? Karo Syrup! For Karo adds delicious new flavor and appetizing new texture to foods. What a difference Karo makes! Karo Winter Carnival Casserole: Heat 2 tbsp. corn oil in skillet. Add 1/4 cup each finely chopped onion and green pepper; cook until tender. Add 1 lb. ground beef; brown, stirring often. Pour out and save 1/4 cup liquid from 1 lb. 12 oz. can of tomatoes. Add remainder of tomatoes, 1/2 cup of Karo All-Purpose Syrup, 1/2 tsp. each salt and chili powder, 1/4 tsp. pepper, 1 bay leaf to meat mixture. Bring to boil, cover, simmer 15 minutes. Blend 2 tbsp. corn starch with the 1/4 cup of tomato liquid; stir into meat mixture. Bring to boil, stirring. Add 3 cups cooked macaroni or rice; pour into 2 quart casserole. Sprinkle with 1 cup shredded Cheddar cheese. Bake in 350° oven about 30 minutes. Makes 6 delicious servings!

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Dear Editors: MADAM I'M ADAM is supposed to have been Adam's self-introduction to Eve. But I wonder how many people know what her reply was. She said: "I hope the time will never be when I'll not care Adam for thee"--using his name to make a pun.

And I wonder if many readers know the only two words in which the five vowels appear in order—"abstemious" and "facetious."

RAY TURNEPSEED
Springfield, Ohio

CHRISTMAS MEDITATION

Dear Editors: With so much of our modern writing devoted to man's efforts to satisfy his natural appetites—ambition, lust, greed, pride—how exciting it is to find one of our best magazines giving precious space to the simple efforts of a good but very human man to prod himself into controlling those very appetites.

The humble, glorious CHRISTMAS MEDITATION of Pope John XXIII, obviously not originally intended for other eyes, was the expression of the deepest feelings of an "earthy" man, one who was able, with God's help, to overcome his sensual and worldly desires, pouring out his pent-up passions in his Master's praise.

MRS. HERBERT F. DIR
Bruncau, Idaho

A CHILD IS BORN

Dear Editors: My undying gratitude to you for publishing WHO MADE THE LAMB by Charlotte Painter (December, 1964).

So many times we women try to explain to our husbands the great joy and complex feelings of becoming mothers, but we do not have the ability to put something of such magnitude into words. Mrs. Painter did, and gave me so much pure happiness that the sweetness will last a long time.

MRS. DONALD COUPE
Maumee, Ohio

Dear Editors: WHO MADE THE LAMB was a beautiful story. It gave me a wonderful feeling as it brought back the memories of how thrilled I was to see our first son born. I shall never forget the smile on my tired doctor's face (it was four A.M.) and the very real interest and concern of the nurses for each baby and each mother.

MRS. MICHAEL FORTUNATO
Temple City, Calif.

Dear Editors: I read your article written by that woman who was expecting a baby, and I just want to tell you that it was obscene, vulgar and a horrid piece of writing.

An article in a recent periodical was about "Pious Pornographers," and I thought it was a lot of hooey until I read your article.

I haven't any children—I'm only 17---and cannot see how any person can see beauty in one woman's description of childbirth It made me nauseous

MISS C.D
New York, N.Y

• *We find it regrettable that Miss C.D. should feel this way about an article that we considered eloquent and inspiring. Her mention of the "Pious Pornographers" apparently refers to a series of two articles that appeared recently in* Playboy *magazine.—ED.*

THE SHEPHERD

Dear Editors: I was perfectly delighted with your December issue, which contained THE SHEPHERD by Norah Lofts. It certainly puts one in the mood for a Happy Christmas. I also came to the conclusion, after reading the story, that we must never despair, even though everything seems against us.

MRS. BERT J. HOSFELD
Dayton, Ohio

Dear Editors: A wonderful story, beautifully written. Of course, I mean THE SHEPHERD—one of the best Christmas stories I have ever read this side of the Gospels.

LOUISE S. THURMAN
Lamesa, Tex.

MIXED FEELINGS

Dear Editors: Your December issue is fascinating. To me it was the most colorful and appealing of all issues. Your ideas and gift suggestions fit nicely into the modern homemaker's budget.

MRS. M. J. ARDUSER
Boise, Idaho

Dear Editors: I was very disappointed with your December issue. The articles were not worth reading. There were supposed to be pages and pages of food, fashion, gifts and family activities for the holidays, and there weren't any that I could see.

MRS. A. R. HODGINS JR.
Detroit, Mich.

Dear Editors: This is a simply marvelous Christmas edition. I cut out the wreath on the cover and mounted it on cardboard to hang on my den door.

MRS. ROLLIN L. WILSON
San Jose, Calif.

PROFESSIONAL OPINION

Dear Editors: In a recent class on "The Teaching of English," I used the article by Professor Mary Ellen Chase (THE REWARDS OF TEACHING, November, 1964) as a subject for commentary. The resulting compositions provided tangible evidence of the impact of the article on undergraduates planning to teach.

For my own part, I greatly enjoyed this admirable salute to the teaching profession, and reading it prompted me to go on to read Miss Chase's zestful autobiography, *A Goodly Fellowship*.

CARLTON F. WELLS
Professor of English
University of Michigan
Ann Arbor, Mich.

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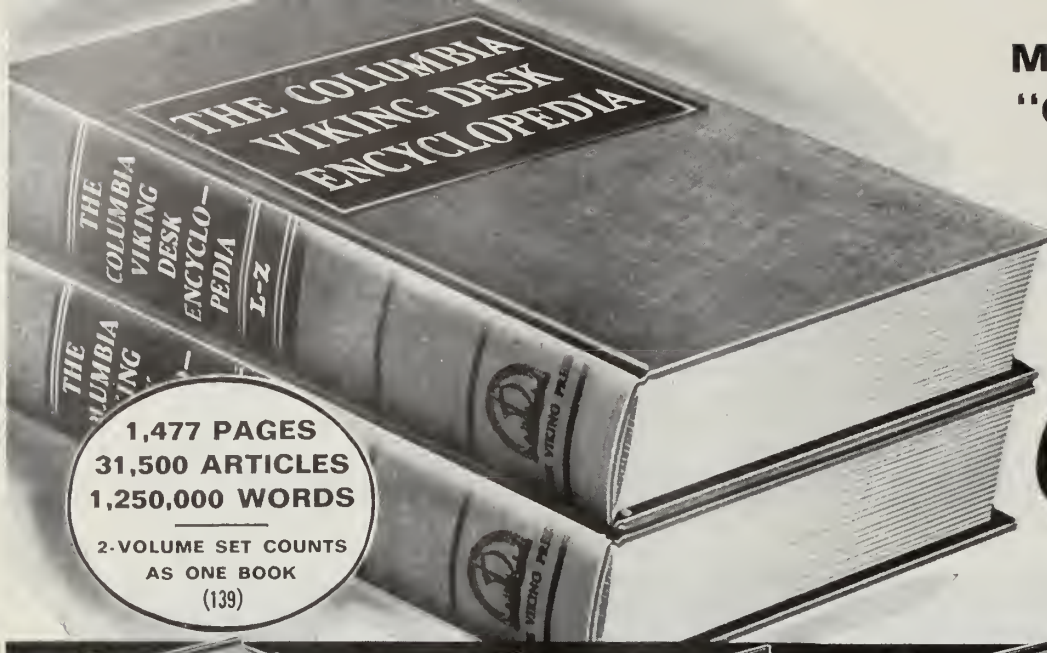
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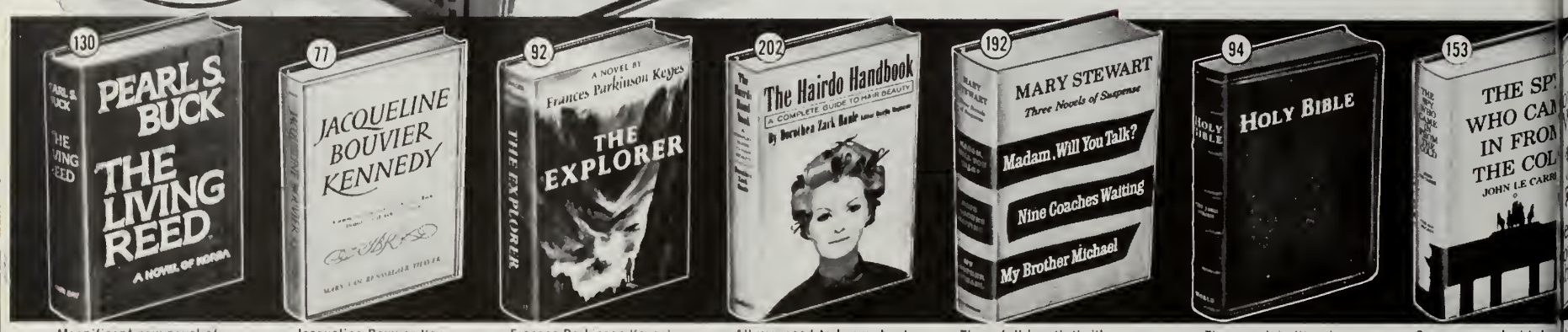

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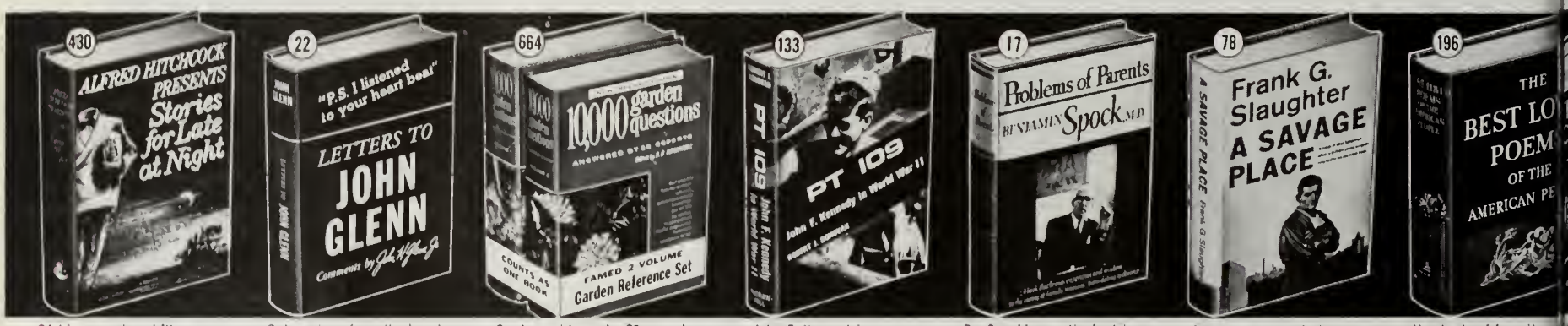

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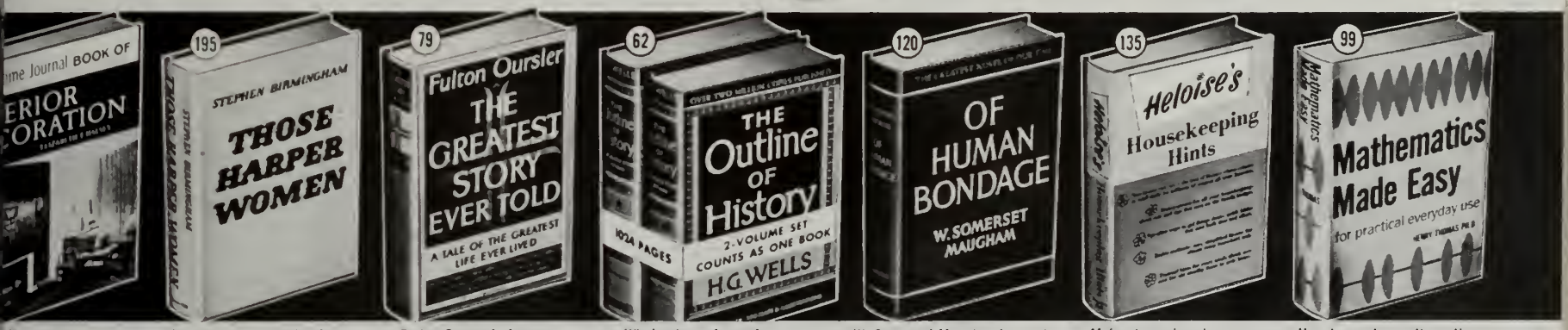

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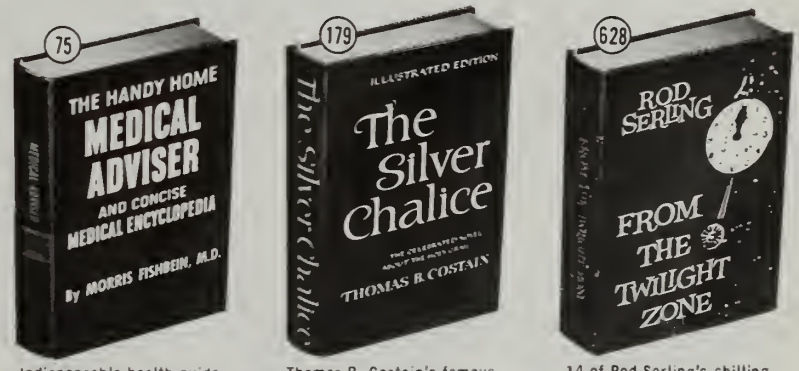

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CONTRIBUTORS AND EDITORS

*"El poder de una mujer nunca se debe menospreciar."**

During forays into the marketplace in recent months, *Journal* editors have encountered, with increasing frequency, the vitality of an emerging Spain, influencing American decorators, inspiring American clothes designers, creating excitement in such popular showcases as the New York World's Fair, where the Spanish pavilion was among the most striking exhibits. The decision to produce a special portfolio on Spain for this issue was a result of those encounters, and in October, Managing Editor **Bruce Clerke,** Associate Editor **Susan Harney,** photographer **Emerick Bronson** and two models flew to Madrid to begin gathering material for the story. There was a kind of reciprocity inherent in the trip. The *Journal*'s team took Spanish-influenced American fashions to be photographed in Spain, brought back much that has and will have an influence on America. Five little girls from Toledo, who modeled American clothes for us (page 62), fell in love with their outfits and were given them. Conversely, our editors brought back Spanish children's shoes and smocks for adaptation by American designers. Many things were bought just because editors Clerke and Harney couldn't resist them. In their 21 pieces of luggage were the bright yellow ceramic sunburst (page 47) that startled blasé customs inspectors, five hand-blown *sangría* pitchers (like the one on page 51) that disintegrated on an airliner, two brilliantly colored Melton coats that protected our editors against the cold Spanish evenings, and a red-tasseled caballero's hat that ended up on almost every editor's head. But the best trophies were the memories: of seafood snack bars in Barcelona; of a bullfighter who sent horses (for the pictures on pages 49 and 59) from his personal stable near Segovia; of the sea crashing against the cliffs at Sitges, on the Costa Brava; of the grace, style, politeness and generosity of the Spanish, and of the tremendous energy of modern Spain. Then there was one final, characteristic touch. When editors Clerke and Harney were serenaded by Madrid's *Tuna* singers (page 64), who traditionally ask a personalized ribbon in return for their song, they responded with a bunch of ribbons, each appropriately emblazoned with, "Never Underestimate the Power of a Woman." (*See above.)

Frances Parkinson Keyes, whose 47-book output includes at least five best sellers (*Dinner at Antoine's* alone has sold more than two million copies), calls Spain her "second country," and, indeed, many of her novels have been set there. LOVE LETTER TO SPAIN, on page 68, grew out of Mrs. Keyes's experiences in that country last summer, while she was at work on a forthcoming novel.

When she interviewed Beatrice Anna Cabot Lodge de Orarzabal for A CONNECTICUT YANKEE FINDS HER DESTINY IN SPAIN (page 60), former *Journal* editor **Maureen Daly** found she had much in common with the daughter of the former U.S. Ambassador to Spain. "A dozen years ago," she says, "I walked my two infants in the same parks. We lived in Spain off and on for about eight years, and I knew well why she so loved her new country." Miss Daly, who was born in Northern Ireland, has had three books published, now makes her home with her family in Avondale, Pa.

MIRACLE WHIP

Flavor from a bouquet of spices!

It takes a gentle blend of sweet-smelling spices to create America's favorite taste in salad dressing. And Miracle Whip is so rich, so creamy, so fluffy and perky, too! Try it in this . . .

Big Catch Salmon Casserole

1 can condensed cream of celery soup
½ c. Miracle Whip Salad Dressing
¼ c. milk
¼ c. Kraft Shredded Parmesan Cheese
One 1-lb. can salmon, flaked
1 10-oz. package frozen peas, cooked
1 4-oz. package noodles, cooked, drained
1 tbsp. chopped onion

Saucy new idea: simply combine soup with egg-rich Miracle Whip, milk and cheese; blend well. Then stir in salmon, peas, noodles, onion. Pour into a 1½-qt. casserole. Bake in a 350° oven for 25 minutes.

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Kraft Suspense Theatre on NBC

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liquid makeup by Revlon

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'Touch & Glow' liquid makeup and matching face powders. In the 5 'Beautiful Young Beiges' and 7 other subtle shades.

The New Look in colds.

Until recently there was not a way in the world to hide a full-fledged, old-fashioned cold in the head. Crèmes, lotions, powders—nothing can camouflage a nose that's raw from blowing. Eye shadow can't do a thing for teary eyes. And even if it could, how about that strange-sounding voice? It's a dead give-away, and not very elegant.

That's why, for centuries, fashionable women have stayed behind closed doors and shuttered windows for the week or two that a cold made an eyesore of their faces.

But Liberation Day is here. Now you can take one Contac capsule and throw open the doors and shutters. Contac is not a cosmetic. It stops the sneezing and sniffling and dripping that cause the problems. Over 600 tiny "time pills" in a Contac capsule keep you from being bothered by these cold symptoms for as long as 12 hours. One capsule in the morning and one in the evening will help you keep your powder dry round the clock.

The New Look in colds is a more comfortable look. You get it with Contac. At your pharmacy.

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UNDER COVER

The publishing of books has taken a rather odd turn, with more and more publishers offering bigger and bigger books for more and more money. These books, elegant and lovely, are more to be looked at than they are to be read, and we suspect that their real function is to add class to the coffee table. Leaning heavily to illustrations and color plates, they deal with art, travel, decorating, history and religion. They are glossy, they bristle with oracular introductions and italicized prefaces, and they are nearly always gifts. We doubt if many people ever bought copies for themselves.

Starting with the biggest and most expensive, we would like to call your attention to *The Berenson Collection* (Arti Grafiche Ricordi, Milan), which costs exactly $100. This book, which deals primarily with the famous art collection assembled by Bernard Berenson in his home, I Tatti, near Florence, contains reproductions of the Berenson paintings, and a rather idolatrous preface by Nicky Mariano. Miss Mariano had come to work in Berenson's library as a young woman and stayed on to become his inseparable companion. In his diary, *Sunset and Twilight*, published in 1963 by Harcourt, Brace and World, he wrote, shortly before his death in 1959, that any serious work led quickly to "utter exhaustion, to oversensitiveness, to bitterness, despair and dissatisfaction with everyone except Nicky. I live out of regard to her." Miss Mariano's preface to *The Berenson Collection* suggests the admiration was mutual.

In discussing the paintings, the book declares that "here we find an unusual combination of austerity and refinement, of stimulation and relaxation." These qualities, which are nothing if not contrary, are explained as having been integrated in Berenson's sense of life. "His egocentricity consisted," the book declares, "in an examination of conscience, a lust to know, a drive for critical rapport with the world, a drive toward perfection."

The paintings at I Tatti, which, along with the villa itself and its magnificent library, were bequeathed to Harvard University and are now a center of humanist studies, may be seen by visitors under proper circumstances and, judging from this volume, are worth the effort. "It was never Berenson's aim to become the proud possessor of rare works, of masterpieces of illustrious personalities," the book asserts. "Nor did he want to form an organic collection of painting, sculpture, art objects which might document the activity of certain masters or the development of a school. He acquired works, which—prized above all for their intrinsic aesthetic qualities, or for their importance in the field of culture and studies—had value with reference to his spiritual exigencies, his life."

Whatever Berenson's spiritual exigencies were we cannot say, but his diary revealed him as a scholar, an art expert and an extremely irascible old man. He certainly considered himself a brilliant host and a dazzling conversationalist, and there is also little doubt that he felt himself to be far superior to such people as John Steinbeck, Irving Stone, Yehudi Menuhin and Somerset Maugham who called at I Tatti to visit him.

The Finest Rooms, edited by Katherine Tweed, introduction by Russell Lynes (Viking), is largely a collection of photographs of some of America's most beautiful homes and apartments. The hero of the book is the decorator, who, as Mr. Lynes points out in his introduction, should be "concerned with the creation of environment," and once he has done that his function is to vanish. There is a great deal of question, in examining the richly decorated homes pictured in this volume, whether or not the decorator has actually removed himself from the premises, and in many cases we suspect not. But there are some breathtakingly beautiful photographs in the book, not the least of which is that of a dining room in California which first appeared in this magazine. *The Finest Rooms* costs $18.50, which at least will not dismay those whose homes and apartments are pictured.

The McGraw-Hill Illustrated World Geography, edited by Frank Debenham and William A. Burns, is a fat (519 pages), heavy, fact-crammed volume that contains just about all the information on this star that the heart could yearn for. Like most good geographies, it is heavily pictorial, but textual data is included on soils, trade, mining, languages, religions, history, flora and fauna, and almost anything else you may need or want to know. For example, al-Jumhouriya al-Lubaniya is the official name of Lebanon, its population is 1,430,000 people, it is 5,600 miles from New York, and very few Cedars of Lebanon remain. For other information on Lebanon, we refer you to pages 424–425. The book costs $15.

The nation's fourth largest city—Philadelphia—can hardly be said to enjoy the same sort of shimmering reputation as, say, San Francisco or New Orleans, but there are undoubtedly many who love it and who will be comforted by *Philadelphia Discovered*, published by *Greater Philadelphia Magazine*, with an introduction by Nathaniel Burt. ($15). A collection of striking photographs by Joseph Nettis, the book more or less reconstructs the daily life of the city, with emphasis on Philadelphians themselves, at work and at play.

Although the photographs are, as we said, generally superb, the book remains a kind of hodgepodge, with no central (*continued on page 23*)

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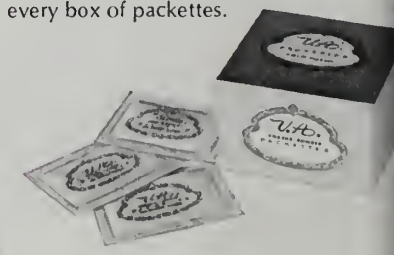

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Then there's our biography of Poe. It reads like a novel. It ought to. It was written by the celebrated author-critic, Joseph Wood Krutch.

You probably know the two writer-experts we've just talked about. We have many other contributors whose names you'd know as well. Famous scientist-writers, historian-writers, artist-writers. Yet we sometimes bypass the most famous man—the best-known man in his field—for a less publicized expert who writes more clearly and vividly.

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Never before! A 19.1 cu. ft. freezer-refrigerator . . . side by side in one beautiful cabinet . . . just 35¾″ wide, 5′4″ tall! Now, the big family with a small kitchen can shop once a week!

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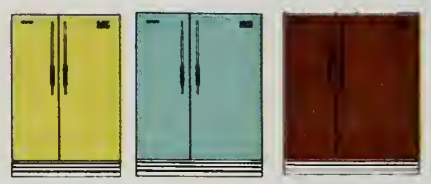

Admiral Duplex 19

Newest thin-wall freezer refrigerator

MARK OF QUALITY THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

Shown, Admiral Duplex 19, Model 1959. 35¾ inches wide, 5′4″ tall. In rich copper bronze. Specifications subject to change without notice. Admiral, Chicago. Canadian Admiral, Port Credit, Ontario

IDER COVER

tinued from page 20

me, and this lack of focus makes the der sometimes wonder if the photo- phs aren't repeating themselves. Mr. t's introductory remarks are refresh- and to the point. "Modesty in ses, in clothes, in conversation is racteristic too," he writes. "Phila- phians as a rule don't trust a woman is *too* well dressed. She might be n New York." None of the photo- phs dispute this assertion in the least.

A Big Bowl of Punch by William Cole mon & Schuster) is described by the blishers as a "heady potpourri of car- ns, prose and verse from England's ious humorous weekly," and that about says it. Ronald Searle's in- ed sketches, P. G. Wodehouse's es- s, and R. P. Lister's poems are all re, along with pieces by James Thur- , H.F. Ellis and Patrick Ryan. The or of *Punch* is difficult to describe, ause there is nothing else just like it. we'll try. In a piece entitled "Con ore," R. G. G. Price explains that sex spread to literature of all types, whenever a plot gets snarled up, formula is "to bring on the girls." ong the few fields overlooked, he tes, are textbooks, and he suggests following approach for *A New Mid- School Algebra:* "Tom, Dick and ry date Mary, Ann and Betty. If ry lets Tom go twice as far as Ann Harry. . . ." *A Big Bowl of Punch* s $8.95, and it's our opinion that worth every cent of it.

An Illustrated History of Furnishing Mario Praz (Braziller) is a 400-page onicle of home interiors covering the -century period beginning with the naissance and running to the 20th tury. The odd angle here is that Mr. z has turned his back on photo- phs, the standard medium of books this subject, and has chosen to illus- te his work with paintings, drawings prints, many of which are famous ks of art. Thus he has neatly con- ed art and decoration, and pre- nably greatly enlarged his possible ience by so doing, but the marriage far from ideal. There is the dusty r of long unread history books and ary stacks seeping through the pages, ardless of whether the period shown Renaissance, Victorian or Art Nou- u. Perhaps a better way of saying it hat the reader never gets over the ing that he is—if not in a museum— nehow institutionalized. Mr. Praz is sently Professor of English Litera- e at the University of Rome, and one only marvel at the immense research t must have preceded the assembly illustrations for this book. The price the book is $20.95, and it is a hand- ne bit of furnishing itself.

Napoleon by Octave Aubry (Crown) a profusely illustrated and generally rpowering book about one of the st written-about historical figures the rld has ever known. Encompassing entire period of his life, from his th at Ajaccio, in Corsica, to his death cancer in modest six-room quarters St. Helena, the book leaves the reader h the feeling that every word Napo- n said and every act he committed re duly recorded somewhere. More- r, the hundreds of paintings, engrav- s, statues, maps and photographs which illustrate the book cause one to wonder how he could have managed to be general of the French army at 25 and emperor at 35, with time out for all the posing he apparently did.

"It may seem too late in the day to write about Napoleon," the author declares in an introduction. "Everything seems to have been said already, for during the last hundred years historians, philosophers and poets have tried to understand and interpret him. . . ." One is inclined to agree with the author, but at the same time the book should not be dismissed abruptly. It is certainly true that few individuals in history have stirred the imagination of men so passionately, and Mr. Aubry—whom we are told is a distinguished French academician—has brought together in one handy spot what appears to be a thorough and extensive description of each stage of Napoleon's fantastic career. The book contains more than 800 illustrations, and its price is $20. For those who admire Napoleon, it's probably a bargain.

Mirror of Fashion by Margarete Braun-Ronsdorf (McGraw-Hill) is a book of great charm. Subtitled *A History of European Costume 1789-1929*, it has drawn from such sources as the world's great fashion magazines a vast amount of information on manners and customs as expressed in women's dress, and it is all strikingly presented in a massive volume filled with photographs, paintings and sketches. The book costs $26.50.

Europe, A Natural History by Kai Curry-Lindahl (Random House), the second volume in a series called "The Continents We Live On," is a handsome, informative book that almost defies description. Mr. Curry-Lindahl acknowledges that a popular book on the natural history of a continent cannot be thorough, but this volume, which tries in pictures and text to describe the nature of Europe as it is today, seems to approach thoroughness. The book takes its readers from subtropical Mediterranean lands to the frozen tundra, visiting volcanoes in Sicily, the Alps, the Danube and Volga deltas, the islands of the Aegean and Baltic seas, Scottish moors, fjords, steppes, and even the karst region of Yugoslavia and the Hungarian puszta. It's all there for $16.95.

If the revival in interest of World War I that seems to have been set off two years ago by *The Guns of August* has not yet expired, it may be worth calling attention to *Over There* by Frank Friedel (Little, Brown). This book, which contains over 300 photographs, tells the story of America's first great overseas crusade. The book ends on a note that could hardly be called prophetic. A returning soldier, seeing the Statue of Liberty looming through the mist in New York harbor, declared fervently: "Old girl, if you ever want to look me in the face again, you'll have to turn around on your pedestal." It's boisterous, sad and highly readable. $10.

World War II is covered in a Landmark Giant (Random House) book entitled *The Story of World War II* by Robert Leckie. The coverage is not overly extensive, but since the book is designed for whatever its publisher considers "young people," it is probably adequate. $3.95, which is more like it.

—CASKIE STINNETT

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GENERAL MILLS

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TABLE FOR TWO

An Indian-style dinner is ideal for two; the richness of the flavors and the ritual of the service lend a special-occasion aura to the meal. Curry and rice are, of course, the essentials. The condiments (sambals) are the fun—each should be served in its own small container and sprinkled over the curry to taste. It's a menu you'll want to repeat whenever you're in the maharani mood—or, better yet, want to make someone special feel like a maharaja.

Shrimp Curry
Rice
Green Beans with Raisins
Pooris (Fried Bread Puffs)

Major Grey's Chutney	*Chopped Hard-Cooked Eggs*
Crumbled Crisp Bacon	*Chopped Sweet Pickles*
Chopped Peanuts	*Minced Scallions*

Indian Fruit Taj
Demitasse or Tea

SHRIMP CURRY: Scald 1 cup milk and pour over 1 pkg. flaked coconut; let stand 20 min. Drain; save coconut milk. In a saucepan, bring to a boil: 2 cups water, 1 tbsp. lemon juice and 1 tsp. salt. Add 1 lb. fresh shrimp; cover and simmer about 5 min. or until shrimp turns pink. Remove shrimp from liquid; set aside 3 tbsp. of the shrimp liquor to use in preparing Pooris. Cool, shell and devein shrimp. Melt 2 tbsp. butter or margarine in skillet; sauté 1 minced clove garlic and ½ cup chopped onion until golden and soft. Add 1 peeled, chopped tomato, ½ cup chopped apple, ¼ cup chopped celery and ½ tsp. Worcestershire sauce. To the coconut milk add enough light cream to make 1½ cups; stir into skillet. Cover and bring to a boil. Blend 1 tsp. curry powder, ½ tsp. each salt, flour and powdered ginger and ¼ tsp. pepper with enough water to make a paste. Stir into skillet; cover, simmer about 20 min. over low heat until vegetables are tender, stirring occasionally. Add shrimp; cook 5 min. longer. Serve on rice.

RICE: Bring to a rapid boil 6 cups water. Add 2 tsp. salt and 1 cup rice, slowly. Boil about 25 min. or until a grain when pressed between thumb and forefinger is soft. Drain rice in sieve; rinse with hot water. Lay sieve over saucepan of hot water; cover with a cloth to fluff rice.

GREEN BEANS WITH RAISINS: Prepare 1 pkg. (9 oz.) frozen whole green beans, following pkg. directions. Plump 2 tbsp. raisins in boiling water; drain. Melt 2 tbsp. butter or margarine in small saucepan; add raisins. Pour over beans; toss lightly. Season to taste with salt and freshly ground black pepper.

POORIS: Sift 1 cup sifted flour with ½ tsp. salt. Add 2 tbsp. melted butter or margarine; mix well. Stir in 3 tbsp. shrimp liquor; mix well by hand. Knead dough about 5 to 7 min. or until dough has a satiny appearance. Roll out dough very thin on slightly floured board or pastry cloth. Cut into 3-inch circles. Fry in deep fat heated to 360° F. As soon as pastry puffs, turn to brown lightly on other side. Remove and drain on paper toweling. Makes about 12 Pooris. Serve hot.

CONDIMENT TRAY: Fill 7 little individual dishes (each holding approximately ½ cup) with chutney, chopped hard-cooked egg whites, chopped hard-cooked egg yolks, crumbled crisp bacon, chopped sweet pickles, chopped peanuts and minced scallions.

INDIAN FRUIT TAJ: Peel oranges with a sharp knife; be sure to remove outside white membrane. Section oranges; trim away any excess membrane. Arrange orange sections in dessert bowls or sherbet glasses. Drain canned whole figs; place 2 figs in each dish over orange sections. Spoon Creamy Sauce over fruit; garnish with slivered dates. *For Creamy Sauce*: stir ½ cup softened vanilla ice cream with 1 beaten egg yolk and ½ cup whipped cream. Stir in 1 tbsp. rum or rum flavoring, if you wish.

SHOPPING LIST: *lemon, 2 oranges, onion, tomato, apple, celery, scallions, garlic bud, 3½ oz. pkg. flaked coconut, 12 oz. pkg. dates, 14 oz. pkg. rice, 8 oz. can Kadota figs, 9 oz. bottle Major Grey's chutney, 8 oz. bottle sweet pickles, 7 oz. can peanuts, 1 lb. fresh shrimp, ½ lb. bacon, ½ pt. light cream, ½ pt. heavy cream, ½ pt. vanilla ice cream, curry powder, ginger, paper toweling, rum or rum flavoring.* HAVE ON HAND: *milk, butter or margarine, vegetable shortening, Worcestershire sauce, flour, eggs.*

Mrs. Ivyl Tarbell of Moravia, Iowa, winner of 1,122 cooking awards!

This prize-winning cook says:

"Chops fried in Crisco don't taste greasy!"

(Naturally, they're digestible)

Want chops that are light and crisp... golden brown... with no greasy taste? Fry right as this prize-winner does—with Crisco.

Foods fried right in Crisco don't taste greasy. You see, Crisco has an exclusive vegetable formula. It's highly unsaturated, with added special protection against greasy taste. All shortenings aren't alike. No other shortening has Crisco's formula.

So to be sure of digestible fried foods that don't taste greasy —use Crisco. The best cooks do.

COMMON SENSE ABOUT VITAMINS

By M. J. BABCOCK, Ph. D.
Associate Research Specialist, Department of Biochemistry, College of Agriculture, Rutgers University

Are vitamin pills useful dietary supplements, or are they just a waste of money? The answer is not the same for everyone. Much depends on you, on your eating habits, your understanding of what vitamin supplements can and cannot do, your knowledge of the kinds and costs of vitamin tablets, and the amount of money you can afford to spend on vitamin "insurance" that may or may not benefit you.

At the same time, one fact is clear: Much that you hear about a need for supplementing ordinary American diets with vitamin tablets is not true.

Over the past 30 years, science and technology have made fantastic progress in the work of supplying us with vitamins. You may remember taking cod-liver oil by the spoonful. The fishy stuff tasted awful, but it saved many a child from rickets and vitamin-A deficiency. Science overcame the taste problem by packaging the cod-liver-oil vitamins in capsules. Further technological advances made it possible to add vitamin D to milk, and vitamin A to margarine.

In the B-vitamin family, too, the early yeast extracts and liver powders have been replaced with synthetic vitamins. Physicians prescribe them for certain metabolic diseases, for conditions in which normal food intake is impaired, and for supplementing faulty diets, especially those that contain too much refined food, from which many vitamins have been removed.

Starting in World War II, food processors began restoring to flour and other milled cereal products the three major B vitamins—thiamine (B_1), riboflavin (B_2) and niacin—which had been lost in milling. Meanwhile, the cost of refrigeration was reduced, so that vitamin-rich fruits, vegetables, dairy products, fish and meats are now available all year round. Today, vitamins are plentiful and relatively easy to obtain. The crucial question is not one of supply, but of supplementation.

Before going further, let's define the difference between vitamin tablets and capsules that may be used to supplement ordinary diets, and those that are high-potency products, to be used only on the advice of a doctor.

High-potency tablets contain one or more vitamins in amounts greater than the body requires to carry out its normal metabolic processes. They may be prescribed in cases of incomplete vitamin absorption, altered metabolism, excessive vitamin loss from the body, or long-standing dietary deficiency. While these high-potency products may sound like bargains, they should be taken only on the advice of your physician. Some contain dangerously high levels of vitamins D and A, and quantities of other vitamins that may be undesirable.

Supplemental products should contain enough vitamins so that the total supplied by food plus tablets equals your daily vitamin requirements. Obviously, if your food supplies nearly all you need of a particular vitamin, you will need only a small fraction of your daily requirements in the supplement.

The first of the factors that determine the usefulness of vitamin supplements is you—that is, your physiological requirement. For example, large people require more of some vitamins than small people, but they usually get more simply because larger people eat more. An active person eats more than one of sedentary habits. Sedentary people, therefore, are more likely to take in an inadequate amount of vitamins. Growth, as in childhood, adolescence and pregnancy, requires a higher intake of vitamins. New tissues are being formed and metabolic processes are accelerated. The same applies to production of mother's milk. Although these processes stimulate one's appetite, a dietary deficiency is more likely to occur, and be more serious, at these times.

Old age is another time when vitamins in the diet are likely to be insufficient. Older people tend not only to be sedentary, but may suffer from impaired absorption and other problems, such as difficulty in chewing, and in preparing nutritious meals. Food alone may not meet the body's requirements if there is fever, diarrhea and loss of appetite during illness, poor choice of foods during emotional disturbances, or limited variety consumed in diets for reducing, allergies and other special conditions.

But an insufficient supply of vitamins in your food does not necessarily justify the purchase of vitamin supplements. In fact, if your diet is deficient in vitamins, it is probably deficient in proteins and unbalanced in minerals also. Vitamin supplements won't do anything for these conditions. The mineral supplements sold separately or combined with vitamins are not the answer either.

Much more research must be done in the area of interrelationships between nutrients—the effects of each nutrient on absorption and metabolism of other nutrients. In recent years experiments have shown that an imbalance of minerals can interfere with these processes. What is the effect on this delicate balance if a pill liberates a whole day's requirement of minerals at once in your stomach? Until we know much more about these matters, it is unwise for an individual to prescribe mineral supplements for himself.

A reasonable approach to the problem is based on the simple fact that plants and animals grow by incorporating the vitamins, minerals and amino acids (building blocks of proteins) into their cells. When you eat plant and animal tissues, you receive those nutrients in approximately the proportions necessary for life. Animal products (milk, eggs, fish and meat) generally contain proportions of nutrients that are better suited to the formation and maintenance of human tissues than are plant products. This is an oversimplification of the principles for a balanced diet, but it illustrates the logic that your normal requirements for vitamins, minerals and proteins can, and preferably should, be met by balancing your diet with ordinary foods, rather than synthetic dietary supplements.

Food plans designed to meet the nutritional requirements of families of any size, with any combination of age and sex, and with low, moderate or liberal incomes, are published by the Government. To obtain them, send 10 cents to the Superintendent of Documents, U.S. Government Printing Office, Washington, D.C. 20402. Ask for Home and Garden Bulletin No. 94, "Family Food Budgeting—for Good Meals and Good Nutrition."

However, it would be naïve to assume that everyone will follow the principles of a good diet. Many will, for one reason or another, continue on diets that are not ideal, but probably not severely deficient either. These people may recognize that vitamin tablets will not completely balance their diets, but may ask if supplementary vitamins won't do enough good to justify their cost. The answer is probably "yes" with a couple of qualifications. One is that the taking of vitamin supplements should not create a false sense of security that might lead to a gradual deterioration of the diet.

Another qualification is that the cost of the vitamins should be so low that it does not reduce the amount spent on protective foods. Since there are hundreds of vitamin products on the market varying widely in composition and cost, it is not feasible to rate the different brands. Prices range from about one to 10 cents a tablet or capsule. When consumed at the rate of one tablet a day as manufacturers often recommend, the cost for a family may be enough to cut appreciably into the food budget. In one case, a sick welfare patient was reported spending approximately $1.75 per week on vitamins recommended by a radio "nutrition expert." No doubt she would have been better off if she had spent the money—20 percent of her food budget—on good foods.

If you are eating an average American diet, you are probably getting all, or nearly all, necessary vitamins from your food. If you wish to take supplementary vitamins for assurance, you would want the supplements to supply only a small fraction of your daily requirements. Unfortunately, such low-potency vitamin tablets are not generally available. Until they become available, the only practical alternative is to take multi-vitamin tablets that supply approximately the daily requirements, but take them less often. If you took them only once a week, the cost could be kept to about 50 cents per person per year. For most Americans, this level of vitamin "insurance" would have a negligible effect on the food budget.

One argument against the idea of "Sunday vitamins" is that some water-soluble vitamins are excreted rapidly. If taken on Sunday, they would be (*continued on page 30*)

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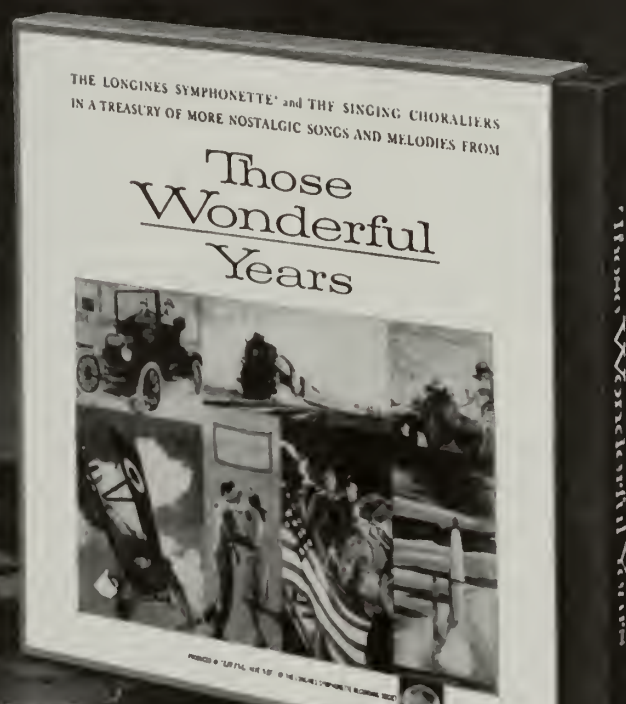
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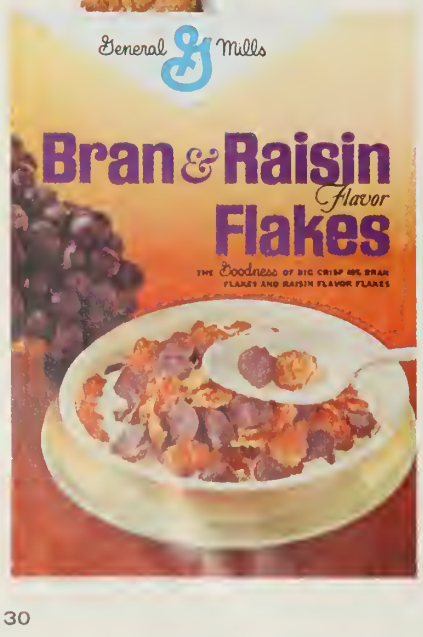

MEDICINE

continued from page 26

gone by the following Saturday. While there is scientific basis for that argument, it is also a fact that vitamin deficiencies develop only after the diet has been deficient for several weeks or longer. If nearly all of the vitamin requirements are met by daily food, it would probably make little difference whether the remainder is supplied by daily or weekly supplements.

The same reasoning should be applied when comparing the value of ordinary tablets with those designed to provide a gradual release of the vitamins. The Food and Drug Directorate of the Department of National Health and Welfare in Canada tested one such "spaced release" capsule and reported as follows:

"The results obtained do not support claims that the product provides improved nutritional benefits with less loss of vitamins, and are in agreement with similar findings obtained previously with other sustained-release preparations. . . . The data again emphasize that it is difficult to formulate vitamin preparation in true sustained release form."

In comparing brands of vitamins, one of the first questions is whether the potencies stated on the label are reliable. The U.S. Food and Drug Administration analyzes hundreds of multivitamin preparations each year and seldom finds a deficiency in the claimed potency. When such a deficiency is found it is usually related to the age of the product.

Vitamin products deteriorate in storage, but the rate of deterioration varies with the vitamin, its formulation and conditions of storage. About 10 years ago the Canadian Food and Drug Directorate reported that more than one third of the multivitamin preparations they purchased on the retail market were more than a year old. They found a significant loss of potency in several products eight to 12 months after manufacture. The greatest losses were in liquid products. The presence of liquids, even a trace of moisture, accelerates the destruction of some vitamins. Other factors that cause vitamins to lose potency on storage are heat, light, penetration by oxygen from the air, and the presence in the formulation of certain salts and other substances.

Although a poorly formulated vitamin product could lose some of its potency rapidly, the science of pharmacy has made considerable progress toward minimizing storage losses. Techniques include isolation of ingredients in separate granules, careful selection of binders, use of protective coatings, and the development of more stable chemical forms. An important result of this improved technology is the development of chewable products for children and others who have difficulty swallowing tablets. Two years ago the School of Pharmacy at Purdue University published a formula for a multivitamin chewable tablet in which 91 to 100 percent of the potency of three unstable vitamins was retained when subjected to a heat test equivalent to six to 12 months of storage at room temperature. It follows that satisfactory formulations are available to all manufacturers.

Judging from the studies mentioned, it appears reasonable to compare brands of vitamin tablets on the basis of their labeled potencies. While vitamins may lose some potency, the losses will probably not be serious during the first year if the tablets are stored in closed, brown bottles, away from heat.

What should we look for on the label? The U.S. Food and Drug Administration defines the minimum daily requirements (MDR) for labeling purposes as listed in the following table:

MINIMUM DAILY REQUIREMENTS

	Children 6 years & over	*Adults*
Vitamin A (U.S.P. units)	3,000.*	4,000.*
Vitamin D (U.S.P. units)	400.	400.*
Vitamin B_1 (milligrams)	0.75	1.0
Vitamin B_2 milligrams)	0.90	1.2
Niacin (milligrams)	7.5	10.
Vitamin C (milligrams)	20.	30.

*The author suggests using one half of the starred values as a guide in selecting vitamin supplements.

Of these vitamins, A and D are most likely to be toxic if an overdose is taken. The minimum requirement of vitamin A could be met by 1,500 U.S.P. units for children and 2,000 U.S.P. units for adults.

Vitamin D should be checked most carefully. It is essential for proper bone growth and lactation, but excesses can be toxic at all ages. We can obtain vitamin D by exposing our bodies to sunshine. We absorb it through our skins. In modern civilization, however, we spend much of our time indoors. Outdoors, we often cover most of our skin area.

Most ordinary foods do not supply appreciable quantities of vitamin D, but there is one excellent source—vitamin-D-fortified milk. Vitamin-D-irradiated and vitamin-D-fortified milks are particularly good sources because they supply the vitamin together with the calcium and phosphorus that are required to produce strong bones. Children who drink a quart of vitamin-D milk per day will receive their full vitamin-D requirement from it. For them, supplemental vitamin D would be unnecessary, and perhaps undesirable. But many children do not consume that much vitamin-D milk. It is therefore appropriate to include vitamin D in vitamin supplements for children. The same reasoning applies to the vitamin requirements (400 U.S.P. units per day) of pregnant and lactating women. Other adults need less vitamin D, but if they do not get out in the sunshine or drink vitamin-D milk, a supplement is desirable.

Except for vitamin D, the minimum daily requirements for children are listed in the table at about three fourths of those for adults. The need for vitamin D remains constant throughout the growth period, while the other requirements increase proportionately as the child grows.

From a practical point of view, therefore, it is feasible for the family to obtain "vitamin insurance" with a single kind of supplementary vitamin tablet, plus vitamin-D milk for growing children and pregnant or lactating mothers. Individuals whose vitamin requirements are lower would take the tablets less frequently. Of course, diets and dietary supplements for infants and young children should be used according to the advice of a pediatrician. The diets of pregnant women, nursing mothers and persons with eating problems should also be based on doctors' recommendations.

The point is that families who want low-cost "vitamin insurance" for all their members do not need special formulas for children, prenatal or geriatric use unless their physician says so. The idea of taking commercially available tablets occasionally instead of daily is offered only as an expedient for economical supplementation of marginal diets. If low-potency tablets become available at very low prices, the use of daily supplements would be preferable, because they would ensure a more continuous intake.

What about the other vitamins present in many multivitamin products? Several vitamins besides those listed in the table are known to be required by man, but the average diet is not likely to be deficient in them. People who eat an ordinary American diet, though it may not be ideal, will usually receive the normally required allotments of those other vitamins. Certain individuals may have abnormally high requirements for some vitamins, in which case an ordinary diet might not be sufficient. Such cases, however, should be diagnosed and treated by a physician.

Sometimes, to make it sound as if you are getting more for your money, manufacturers add other substances, such as liver extract, amino acids, polyunsaturated fats and lecithin, to their vitamin tablets. The amounts of these substances that can be put into a small tablet are so minute as to be nutritionally insignificant.

The truth is that if your family's nutrition intake is below par, you should first improve your choice of ordinary foods rather than buy supplements. Then, if some members of your family still consume marginal amounts of the required nutrients, you may consider inexpensive vitamin supplements as a partial answer.

In those circumstances it would probably be a health bargain to spend 50 cents per person per year to supply, once a week, the quantities of six vitamins listed in the table. It would be better to take smaller doses more frequently, but such low-potency tablets are not generally available. Taking supplements that supply your full requirements every day will usually be a waste of money. Since daily consumption of high-potency products could do some harm, they should be used only on advice of your physician.

In shopping for supplementary vitamin tablets, try to find some that supply the six vitamins in approximately the proportions given in the table. Avoid much higher proportions of vitamin D and vitamin A. Avoid products that contain minerals, and do not pay extra for other ingredients. Don't pay extra for special formulas or for tablets that release vitamins gradually. Keep your vitamins in the original bottle with the cap on and away from heat. Don't expect them to retain their full potency for more than a year.

Finally, continue trying to improve the nutrition of all members of your family by encouraging good eating habits. Such habits will give them the benefits of a balanced diet throughout their lives. ■

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JOURNAL ORIGINAL: 20

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FOR BETTER, FOR WORSE, BUT NOT FOR LUNCH

BY PHYLLIS McGINLEY

Whatever became of the American Dream?

There was a time once when little boys knew exactly what they wanted to be when they grew up—big-league pitchers, Presidents, spies. They still know, but the aspiration has altered. Now they just want to grow up and retire.

No young man worth his salt would currently trade in his college diploma for a niche in any corporation which refused to offer him, in addition to sick leaves and Christmas bonuses, a whacking retirement benefit for sunset years. Unions quarrel with management over the earliest age at which their members can stop going to work and start hanging around the house. Since the self-employed must make their own plans, insurance companies have elbowed into the game. It's a rare magazine nowadays which does not feature advertisements for saving schemes, all of them featuring a cheerful couple (alleged to be grandparents, but undoubtedly married since their early twelves and awfully bright-eyed and unwrinkled for sixty-odd) who boast in print how they began only 15 years ago to hoard for their present Florida beach house and perpetual vacation.

Such early leisure is an amiable enough goal and perfectly legitimate in this opulent era. Puritan ideals about the value of labor as an end in itself have given way to the belief that any man provided with enough spare time cannot only live a rich, full life but even produce a work of art. If he can't paint a picture, he can paint the house; and if he is inept with a brush, he can write his memoirs. He can become a mystic, a mayor or a philosopher. Perhaps the notion is right. It's possible this country teems with middle-aged Newtons, elderly Miltons hitherto mute and inglorious, getting ready to emerge from humdrum cocoons once they receive their pensions. Social Security may make Da Vincis of us all.

Of the men, that is. Women have a different problem, and it isn't getting the attention it deserves. For while sociologists and humanitarians have been devoting a lot of time recently to discussing the future happiness of male pensioners, nobody is offering a program for wives. Yet it is wives who have to bear the brunt of retirement.

I speak with no bitterness, but with the authority of one who has now lived for a year and a half with a man of alleged leisure. For my husband the experiment has been preposterously successful. He is busier, fitter, more in tune with the universe than ever before in his whole enthusiastic life. I, on the other hand, have gone through the cycle of symptoms usually attributed to corporation heads suddenly put out to pasture. If I no longer jump at small noises, and if the doctor has assured me that the tic in my left eye ought to clear up in a matter of months provided I take my vitamins and get plenty of bed rest, put it down either to the healing passage of time or plain female stamina. All I know is that women with spouses on the eve of retirement should be warned. It won't be roses, roses all the way.

Of course, my husband was one of the lucky breed. He retired because he wanted to, several years before the mandatory age and almost because of a whim.

The commuting train was late one night, as it had been for three nights out of five that week. His briefcase so bulged with paper work that he knew he would have no moment over the weekend to spray his delphiniums, play his piano or rebuild the terrace as he had promised himself. He sat down to dinner with small appetite and the beginning of a head cold, rancorous toward business and the local railroads.

"Why don't you retire?" I asked him idly, for want of a more soothing topic. "You're practically eligible if you're willing to take a pension cut. The girls are nearly out of college. We could manage."

He looked me straight in the eye and said, "I think I will."

Naturally, it wasn't that easy. If you have held a job of any consequence, you don't just call in to the office some morning and say, "I'm quitting as of Friday next." There had to be arrangements. His replacement had to be found, his secretary alerted, our families, friends and lawyers informed. And then we had to consider our future—where we would live and on what. But nine months from the day the subject had first been broached he shook hands with his assistants, turned in his commuting ticket, and packed up the silver tray which is as inevitable an accompaniment to formal retirement as brown bread to New England baked beans.

In the meantime we had sold our roomy suburban house and invested in several acres and a smaller domicile in Connecticut, where we planned to become country squires. I must confess right now that, of the two, I was the more exalted at our prospects. I felt romantic as a bride. At last I would have a man around the house to converse with instead of an absentee husband who lived chiefly in the city or on trains. We could travel, read, attend the theater. We could wander from antique shop to antique shop, picking up heirlooms. We could loaf and invite our souls. The Connecticut property included a swimming pond and a wooded hill, both of them (it seemed at the time) conducive to peace of mind and body. I could picture us, tanned and relaxed from glorious days in the sun, sitting by the hearthfire at evening while we quoted to each other from the World's Great Books. Or else leaning over the rail of a ship, waving farewell to job-bound cronies still tied to a commuting schedule.

Well, live and learn, I always say. And I've learned enough in the past 18 months to draw up a little list of shocks against which other wives might want to insulate themselves when the time comes.

In the first place, don't expect you yourself are going to retire just because your husband has. For the thing about having a man around the house is that you *do*—you have him and you have him and you have him. When Mrs. Stengel made her immortal comment about Casey's retirement, "I took him for better or for worse, but not for lunch," she was understating the case. Lunch? You're going to have him also for breakfast, dinner, afternoon snacks, midmorning cups of coffee, reviving glasses of ginger ale delivered in summer to the pondside, six o'clock cocktails and a little something before bedtime.

I don't mean necessarily that your man will be *in* the house, an extra pair of hands about the kitchen or a willing aide with the vacuum sweeper. Mine hardly ever comes indoors. The avocation for which he gave over solving personnel problems and drawing up corporate budgets was a career pursued chiefly in the open air. His masterpiece was to be his gardens—his perennial borders, his rose plots, his vegetables and shrubs and herbs and espaliered peaches. But before he could get to work breeding the first white marigold or constructing trellises for his Kentucky Wonder beans, he had to tame our private wilderness. He had to cut down trees, pry rocks out of the ground, sweeten soil, divert streams. No pioneer in a coonskin cap was ever more delightedly a woodsman than he became the first day he set foot on these acres.

But my personal Daniel Boone had made no plans for living off the countryside like his ancestors. He needed from the beginning plenty of nourishing food, hot showers, mended socks and clean towels, all to be provided for by me. Especially he expected what he had always before received for his Saturday feats—appreciation every hour on the hour. It has taken him until now to understand (and I'm not sure yet he has the picture) just why I have no time to applaud every spadeful of earth he turns over or every neat-as-a-beaver dam he makes in our brook, if I am also to cut those eternal sandwiches, stock the linen closet and bake a double chocolate cake for him and his helpers.

The rosy vision of strolling hand in hand through the hills admiring the leaves, or else of dawdling beside the fire discussing literature, is about as far removed from reality as a politician's campaign promises from his performance. I might as well in the summer be cooking for threshers like a farmer's wife. And since gardens have no true seasons (you can't imagine the number of winter chores he has invented, from ringing elderly birch trees to building bird-feeding stations for half the avian population of the country), the pace does not change with the changing year. Have we yet gone antique hunting? Seen the new plays? Visited Italy or Williamsburg? Of course not. We don't even get to the movies. I now consider it an exotic foreign outing when I return a book to the library or call on my friendly neighborhood grocer. Having my hair done is a high event.

As a matter of fact, there doesn't seem as much reason to have my hair done these days as formerly. I have no returning husband to impress at nightfall.

For that is one more amenity which has disappeared—the outline of time itself. Days for me used to have shape. They owned beginnings, middles, ends, a sort of climax. And that sense of form gave me comfort and diversion. Day began with the ring of the alarm clock. Unlike the bell which supposedly tolls for all, that ring was not meant for me. It rang for my spirited husband, who *enjoys* sunup and much preferred toast and coffee by himself to coping with my morning coma. Nevertheless, I derived from it the pleasure of turning over once more for a restorative half-hour's doze, of hearing his "good-bye" from downstairs and of knowing as I came to my senses that the house was solely mine for the next 10 hours. Say what you like about the blessings of marriage (and I have said plenty in my time), one of the best of them is that sense of private ownership when the male animal has gone foraging.

Houses are meant for families to live in, but not all day long. For husbands and children they ought to be havens, places of return at school's end or the end of day. There has always seemed to me something incorrigibly snug about my own four walls from which the exuberant young or the equally exuberant paterfamilias has just departed. Off they used to go, launched like missiles on their true adventures. And here I would sit for a while as placid as the launching pad, savoring a second cup of coffee, gathering strength for chores and errands. The pleasure existed because I knew it would terminate; that at evening the circle would close once more when they flocked like swallows back to the eaves. Even when daughters became no more than occasional guests, there was punctuation to the day. For by late afternoon my pulse would start to quicken. Get the pots on the stove, the lettuce crisp, the table set. Turn on the shower and let it wash away the day's fatigues. Put on a dab of perfume and a clean blouse. Then wait for the sound of the car in the driveway, which brought my hunter home from his particular hill.

Now the busy days, although happy enough, are all alike. Together the man of the house and I rise, and together get in each other's way in the kitchen. Together we stack our plates in the dishwasher and decide on the dinner menu. Then he (*continued on page 36*)

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2 No. 303 cans (1 lb. size) DEL MONTE Brand Cut Green Beans
2 Tbsp. olive oil
2 Tbsp. wine vinegar
2 tsp. crumbled dry oregano
1 tsp. garlic salt
½ cup pitted and halved ripe olives

Pour off liquid from beans. Heat beans with other ingredients, stirring occasionally. Serve hot in meat ring. Serves 6.

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LUNCH *continued from page 34*

departs to assault an evergreen or plant another hydrangea. But in reality he hasn't gone. I can hear him down the road with his ax or his basket of bulbs. He comes in during the middle of the morning for the coffee I keep forever on the stove. Brimming with conversation, he fetches the paper and then the mail. He has sighted a woodchuck and needs his trusty rifle.

It's lunchtime, it's teatime, it's evening. And since he has seen me at frequent intervals for the whole of the day, why should I bother, at 6:30, slipping into something more glamorous than my kitchen apron?

And if days are routine, so are the weeks. Holidays no longer matter. We keep permanent holiday to a certain extent, but none is as gala as it once was when even Washington's Birthday meant an excursion or anyhow the chance of sleeping late. Eternal Saturday has set in for us—and you know what Saturday is like, a brisk day and good-natured, but scarcely leisured.

There might be more leisure if it weren't for the company we have. For remember this, too, about retirement: You are going to be more occupied with hospitality than previously. Your man, who once groaned at the thought of dining out three nights in succession when he had to be at the office the next morning, will suddenly turn *bon vivant*. Let the invitations pour in; he'll be happy to accept. Even the notion of wearing a dinner jacket no longer dismays him. But what he does not quite comprehend is that those invitations have to be repaid, and by you.

Oh, he'll be on hand when the guests arrive. He'll have done his hostly best about laying the fire and getting out the wine and helping with the seating arrangements. But the festive preparations always went on behind his back before, and he believed they were magic. It's a stronger woman than I who can persuade him now that canapés actually have to be invented, potatoes peeled, lemons sliced, a sauce whipped up; and that the process takes thought and hard work. So you, who had looked forward to spending your declining years rereading *War and Peace*, will find yourself continuous caterer.

And it isn't just provender you'll be worrying about; it's sleeping space and beds and clean sheets and enough pillows for friends and relatives who have heard you had retired to the country and are probably longing by now for the sound of a familiar voice. Don't misunderstand me. I love extending hospitality. Nothing gives me more pleasure than raiding the linen closet for extra blankets or setting up cots in the living room at the descent of overnight guests. I'm merely offering an admonitory word: You aren't going to need a smaller house for retirement but a larger one, maybe one planned along the lines of Grand Central Terminal.

Something with three bedrooms seemed awfully cozy to us who had rattled around in six before our move. This charming colonial farmhouse with its vast original fireplaces but completely up-to-date plumbing and wiring appeared to be exactly what we had been dreaming of all our lives—tidy, romantic, economical. After all, we told each other, our family had shrunk. One daughter dwelt across the seas. The other, just emerging from college and soon to be engrossed in that alluring magazine jo in New York, would seldom deign t come home. Why would we need space

But you can't count on the whims progeny. The moving van had scarcel rolled out of the driveway when bot girls descended on us at once. One re turned from foreign parts and the othe rushed in from graduation to announc she was getting married in two month Try coping with a wedding and a remov in one summer and you'll know the defi nition of chaos.

"Just a plain little ceremony," carole the engaged girl. "Not more than thre bridesmaids. No fuss. Something simple.

We held her to her word and had wha she wanted. It was a perfectly simple af fair—a plain five-piece orchestra, onl one marquee, run-of-the-mill Frenc champagne, an ordinary dance floo caterer, florist, and a mere couple of hun dred guests. All it took was the entir summer and most of our life's saving

We did not begrudge it. Nor do w begrudge the curious phenomenon tha these children we thought had flown th nest spend more time with us now in ou little dwelling-planned-for-two than the have since boarding school. We continu to operate in the ancient tradition c families—the girls go their way and w go theirs. They come home with thei friends, their husbands, their confrere for a swim in the pond, for weekend Thanksgivings, Christmases, holiday or just a well-earned rest. Our closet are full of their wardrobes. I cook thei favorite dishes, pick up after them.

Presently, I expect, they'll be bringin us our grandchildren. Then where, w ask ourselves, will be room for toys an playpens, cribs and diaper service? In stead of a snug retreat, we'll be needin *Lebensraum*. Already we have plans fo an addition to the house. Really w ought not afford it. After all, retire ment means a restricted income. Bu then, we don't travel for the reasons have enumerated. We've stopped com muting, I am getting used to house dresses, and urban temptations to spen money seldom come our way. Possibl we may be able to juggle our budge cleverly enough so that we can build a least a lean-to with running water.

Indeed, as the garden learns to tak care of itself, as mulch piles develop per manent worms and we tire of supplyin the neighborhood with surplus tomatoes my farmer may decide to turn carpente After all, we both know he is handy be yond the common application of the word

In my mind's eye I already envisio him next season, wielding a hammer in stead of a hoe, building walls instead c fences. I see the ladders, the pain buckets, the lathes and shingles an screens and clapboards and intrusiv drain pipes cluttering up the lawn out side our north windows.

I can also picture myself. I'll be th builder's assistant, busy passing nails u to him on the roof, frantically mixin plaster, stepping around excavation sites and inevitably providing a workingman' lunch. Those tasks I'll be able to manage What will exhaust me will be the severa times an hour I'll be called away t applaud what's going on—the cleve placement of a shingle, the true and ad mirable manner a window fits its frame How else can an artist function?

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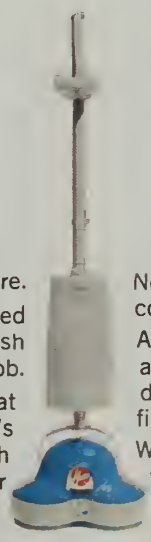

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WHY I BOUGHT MY CHILDREN A WOODS

BY ROBERT W. WELLS

Each father seeks for his children
e particular things that are im-
rtant to him. That is why I have
ught my children a woods.

When I was their age, no one
eded to buy a woods for me. A
y who lived in a small Midwest-
n town had only to walk off across
e drowsing summer fields and
ake a claim by right of explora-
on. A cabin could be built out of
llen logs, a fireplace out of rocks.
long as boys chopped down no
e timber and were careful of his
nces, the farmer who paid taxes
the land tolerated us the way he
cepted the presence of other woods
eatures. The paths we made, wind-
g through the underbrush, altered
e naturalness of the place no more
an did the passing of squirrels in
e pines overhead.

But somewhere between my boy-
od and that of my sons something
s been lost. The NO TRESPASSING
gns have multiplied. The adults'
titude toward boys has changed.
best there is an uneasy truce
here once there was mutual re-
ect. A woods must be bought and
xes must be paid on it before it
n be called your own.

The change was brought home to
e at a time when we were still pre-
nding to be content with life in a
burb. Dick and John, with their
all brother Bobby dutifully tag-
ng along, asked if they could have
e boards left from a minor re-
odeling project.

"We want to build a tree house in
e woods down the street," John
id.

"It isn't our woods, you know."

"We won't hurt anything. The
low who owns it doesn't care if
e kids play there."

Remembering how it had been
hen the natural affinity between
ys and woods was recognized, I
atched them as they carried off
e lumber. And the next day I
atched them come dragging it
ck, escorted by a uniformed police-
an in a squad car. The policeman
emed as embarrassed as they were.

"We got a complaint these boards
ere stolen," he said.

"I gave them the boards."

"Well, actually, I believed them when they told me the stuff wasn't stolen."

The policeman was a young man. The boys were standing there, holding the boards, looking at him and at me. It was obvious that the policeman wasn't enjoying this any more than we were.

"I don't know," he said. "Seems like building a tree house in a woods is a pretty good way for kids to stay out of trouble. I built one once myself. But times change. You know how it is."

"Yes," I said. I was angry, but not at him. "I know how it is."

"Actually, it wasn't the owner that complained. They weren't doing any damage, and besides he's just holding the woods as an investment. He doesn't live around here. It was some neighbor woman who didn't like to hear the pounding." He had stepped out of his squad car. He was looking down, tracing a line in the gravel of the driveway with the toe of his shoe. "I tell you what. I happen to know this woman's going out of town on vacation in a couple weeks. Why don't you just have them wait and build it then?"

The boys built instead in a tree in my backyard, but it wasn't the same. They had fun building a tree house, but when it was finished they didn't use it. There was some talk of sleeping there overnight, but nothing came of it. It would have been different if it had been constructed in a tree in the woods, even the tame kind of woods the bulldozers hadn't yet reached in the suburb.

That incident of the tree house wasn't the only reason we decided we weren't suburbanites, but it was one of them. So I bought the children and myself a woods, and built a house next to it, insisting that no tree be cut to make room. Dick and John are too old for tree forts now, but Bobby is building one. He has been building it off and on for three years when the mood strikes him, sawing the poplar logs, hoisting them into the oak with a rope and pulley, saving *(continued on page 40)*

May-Lin lives in this one-room shack in Hong Kong, sharing floor space with ten other refugees. She still cries when she thinks about her parents, who were killed crossing the border from Communist China.

Her future? Well, unless someone helps her, the loneliness you see in her eyes will harden to bitterness. She needs nourishing food, medical care, clothing, school books —in short, everything you would wish for her if she were your own child . . .

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WOODS *continued from page 39*

his money to buy spikes to fasten the logs together. No neighbors live close enough to be disturbed by the pounding.

Besides, this time we own the woods. It is a difference between my sons' boyhood and mine that now one pays taxes on a woods to own it, instead of merely walking across fields of summer to claim it as part of a youthful birthright.

There are paths through our woods, made by the children's feet and mine. There are fallen logs to sit on, and a grapevine swing. In a small, natural clearing there is a rope fastened to a high oak limb with a tire hanging from it. In the spring there is a place where the Mayapples grow. There is a cabin made of logs with spaces between them to look out of and guard against surprise attack if the Indians should turn hostile. In the winter there are trails made by rabbits and small scurrying things. Wild asparagus grows along the edges in the spring. In the summer there are black raspberries to pick. The honeysuckle grows in profusion. Seedlings—oak, hickory, box elder, chokecherry—are everywhere underfoot.

For the woods is not a static thing. The aspens grew first, shooting up toward the sunlight without which they will quickly die. In their shade come the other trees. As the oaks and shagbark hickories and cherries grow taller, the aspens give way to them.

We use the dead aspens for kindling, or saw them into slender chunks which my neighbor calls "gopher wood—you throw one on the fire, then you go-fer more." We use them for building the cabin and the tree house.

While some aspens die as taller trees cut off their sunlight, others act as advance scouts, moving each year a little farther into the surrounding fields. Soon there is a new collection of the slender trees growing toward the sun, and in their shade grow the seedlings of the other trees that are moving into the territory where the aspens have pioneered.

So we can see our woods growing. Each spring marks a new advance. Now that the land around the trees is no longer farmed, the trees are moving back to take possession. By the time my grandchildren come to walk on the paths we have made, as I hope they will, the woods will have expanded into the meadow and the aspens will be seeking still more empty fields to conquer.

In the long run, I suppose, it is a losing fight. The bulldozers push farther west from the city each year, leaving in their wake ranch houses and tri-levels and scattered saplings used to "landscape" the tamed suburban land. A few displaced urban people move out into the country, searching for sunlight and a chance to grow the way the aspens do. As they put down roots, and show that it takes no great courage to leave the landscaped suburbs, the less venturesome families follow. What was once uncluttered meadow becomes a grove of houses, each with its picture window and barbecue pit, and the trees that grow there are bought from nurseries and watered with a garden hose.

Our woods requires no such tending. The humus is springy underfoot and the ground stays moist long after a rain. The seedlings fight in prodigal numbers for the honor of replacing their parents. The small woods flowers of spring, hurrying to bloom before tree leaves appear to block the sun, give way to five-leaf ivy, wild grapes, wiry tufts of grass and the brambles where the berries grow. In the fall the haws turn crimson on the thornapple trees. Colored leaves drift down to rustle underfoot. Squirrels and boys appear from nowhere to gather the nuts, and small, secret birds fly in to harvest the bushes and spread the seeds. Even in the winter there is beauty there, the branches dark against the snow.

The children's lives will be simpler when they are grown if they can be content with a weeping birch sapling in a suburban yard or a Sunday-afternoon picnic at a park. But they have tasted the luxury of space. I suspect that someday—perhaps, like me, after trying the city and the suburbs and being discontented with both—they will feel they must in turn buy their children a woods, at heaven knows what cost in inconvenience. For it is no longer easy to own a woods, the way it was when I was young. And it will become progressively harder as the bulldozers swarm across the land, preparing places to live at the cost of much that makes living worthwhile. A generation is growing up that is in danger of losing a vital part of the American inheritance. In search of that inheritance, weekend vacationers clog the roads with their cars and camping trailers, traveling long and sweaty miles to reach a forest, only to find no place to pitch their tent apart from the tents of other seekers of solitude.

It is not enough to stand in a woods where the trees are outnumbered by the people. Are we not the inheritors of an ancient tradition that goes back to a time when each tree had its resident nymph and our cathedrals were roofed with leaves and boughs?

An affinity for woods—the natural, haphazard growth of trees that live and die undisturbed—is a part of our birthright. In Europe the forests are different. The fallen branches are removed for firewood, the underbrush is cut down. The trees march in orderly rows. You can stroll through a forest and feel you are in a park. But it is not like that here.

When the Americans walked west from the settled seaboard to conquer the land, they found the trees an obstacle. The timber had to be felled, the stumps removed. And yet the removal was never complete. There are few farms even now where there is not a woodlot left to show what the land was like before the men with axes came.

There is a time for being snug in a house. There are hours when our spirits are restless unless we are surrounded by the talk and bustle and laughter of the swarming crowd. But there is also a time when nothing will do but to stroll far enough into the woods to get away from man-made things and then to stop there, listening to the sounds, watching the light filter through the leaves, feeling the earth springy under our feet.

It helps if there is a child along to share the moment. And so I tell myself I have bought the woods for the children. A child should have room to grow—with fields to run across and trees to climb. He should be able to sit quietly on a fallen hickory, listening to the blue jays scold or watching the breathless grace of a drifting hawk.

And all these things, I tell myself, are true. But even after the children have all departed and I can no longer use them for an excuse, I will still trade the city's convenience for the privilege of looking out of my bedroom window at the aspens trembling in the dawn. ■

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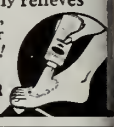

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MOTHERS AND SONS: AN INTIMATE DISCUSSION

A psychiatrist and father offers wise counsel on a once-taboo subject: male homosexuality

By VINCENT T. LATHBURY, M.D.

Ask any mother if she wants her son to become a man, and she will surely reply, "Yes, of course. What a silly question!" Yet there are mothers who actually, if unconsciously, do *not* want their sons to become men and are hardly surprised when they learn their secret wish has been granted. More than one male patient has revealingly remarked to me, "When Mother found out I was a homosexual, it was just wonderful how she took it."

In the absence of reliable statistics, we can only guess at the prevalence of male homosexuality. It is obvious, of course, that the problem is a serious one, affecting the whole structure of society. Less obvious is the crucial role that parents play in the sex development of their children; for it is only recently that taboos against discussion have given way to a massive demand for useful information.

Male homosexuality is a psychological disorder. For young men who feel homosexual desires, but have done little or nothing in practice, psychotherapy or psychoanalysis can be wholly corrective. Similar treatment for the practicing adult male homosexual is seldom effective. With help, he can learn to live a less anxious and more productive life; but any pattern of sexual perversion, once established, is nearly impossible to change.

Early prevention is by far the best "treatment" of homosexuality—and by prevention I mean permitting the child to experience normal emotional sexual development. This is a responsibility of all parents, and it applies to all children.

As a psychiatrist and a father, I have definite opinions about the attitudes parents should have, and the actions they should take, to help their children achieve normal growth. My views may seem "old-fashioned"—perhaps shockingly so in this day of pseudosophistication about sex—but I shall state them shamelessly. A psychiatrist sees the misdirection of parental influences at the root of many serious emotional disturbances, and often sees this most clearly in the male homosexual, but I have no wish to add to the *overconcern* some parents have for their children's sexual development. In my observations, too much concern appears more damaging to the child's psychological growth than no concern at all.

Every homosexual is a unique individual who differs from other homosexuals in character and personality, just as normal people differ from one another. At one extreme is the man of ordinary appearance who, except for his perversion, is honest and respectable in every way, and who may hold a responsible position in his community. At the other end of the scale is the bizarre and unproductive effeminate whose behavior is an affront to society; or the homosexual who is also a criminal, a threat to society, and who must be dealt with accordingly. Very few homosexuals commit crimes of violence, although news accounts may give a contrary impression. The male homosexual is essentially passive, obedient and easily led.

Because some homosexuals act and dress in an effeminate manner, it is often assumed that the homosexual wants to be a woman, or as much like a woman as possible. As a rule, the exact opposite is true. Many times, and in many ways, homosexual patients have revealed to me their hatred and scorn for women. Their predilection for effeminacy does not seem to be based upon admiration for women, or a desire to be like them. Rather, effeminacy seems to be a means of defense against women, adopted in childhood; a joining-up with the enemy to avoid defeat.

What causes homosexuality? Is it not organic and glandular, or perhaps hereditary, as well as psychological in its origin?

Certainly our knowledge of this illness (for such we must call it) is far from complete. There are some homosexuals whose disorder is primarily the result of organic underdevelopment or glandular malfunction; but such clearly defined cases are extremely rare. Hereditary factors are a possible contributing cause; but study of what these factors might be, and how they operate, has so far been slight and inconclusive. In the light of present knowledge, almost all homosexuals must be viewed as persons of arrested, and subsequently distorted, psychological growth.

The prefix "homo" means "like." Thus the word "homosexual" refers to persons who are sexually attracted only to others of the same sex. An innocent form of homosexuality is ordinarily a normal stage of development through which all little boys must pass. Most parents will remember, or see in their children, a period when boys ignore girls, or treat them with apparent contempt and disgust. At this time a boy is interested in girls, if at all, only to tease them. He may try to trip a girl his age as she walks by, or shove her around. He may show off in front of her by performing feats of agility and strength he believes she cannot imitate. But, in general, he ignores girls to reassure himself that they are not worth his while.

During these formative years—say from six to 10—only the boy's parents and other small boys are acceptable to him. This, then, is the so-called normal stage of homosexuality, when the sexual drive is biologically lagging. If you can imagine the small boy's attitude toward girls being preserved and intensified beyond the time of his physical maturity, you will have a basic understanding of adult male homosexuality.

The emotional climate of the home in which the male homosexual most often develops is one in which the mother is close to her son—too close—and the father is weak, cruel or absent.

The mother is close to the son in the sense that she is possessive, jealous, and demanding in her manner of loving. She "loves" her boy so much that she feels for his sake she must be careful about the boys with whom he associates. She "loves" him so much that she feels none of the girls he shows an interest in are good enough for him. This kind of rationalization makes it possible for her, in all good conscience, to break up most of his friendships with other boys and girls. She literally isolates her child from other people by the intangible barrier that she imagines to be her love. To this end, she also manipulates her son's conscience by making him feel he must repay her for her love by not disappointing her in any way.

This makes the big difference—her exploitation of a natural emotional relationship—which she may do unknowingly, or because she has convinced herself "it's all for his own good."

In the making of a homosexual, this is typically the mother's role. If successful, the mother makes the boy fearful of her, even hostile to her; but he is unable to recognize either his fear or his hostility. Her "love" is overpowering and unbeatable. He becomes passive, and unconsciously turns to homosexuality as his only possible defense. If the mother is less successful, the boy may recognize his fear and hostility and be able to deal with it in other ways. He may become a bully to prove to himself he is not a sissy, or he may grow to manhood weak and compliant, needing always to be led, and perhaps unable to make the most of himself because of his inability to assume leadership.

The weak father is the most common type in family relationships that result in a homosexual son. He is the sort of man who relegates most of the family authority to his wife. He takes little interest in assuming the role of leader of the family. Occasionally, in moments of guilt or desperation, he may try to assert his manhood by childish outbursts of temper, or by making angry, unreasonable demands, but for the most part he is content to isolate himself from the family, to read his paper or watch television, while the stream of family life flows by him. He takes little interest in what his son does, or in his son's ambitions, thoughts or feelings. When he speaks to the boy, it is most often in a tone of anger or resentment.

Violent and cruel fathers are usually thoroughly frustrated men, often heavy drinkers, who seize every opportunity to curse, cuff or browbeat their children. Often the cruel father is a weakling as well, baited into violent behavior by his wife, the boss. A small son, unable to defend himself, is the only person such a man dares to deride or punish. *(continued on page 44)*

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The father who is absent through death, divorce or desertion plays no real role in his son's life, though he often plays an active one in the boy's imagination. Consequently, a father who has deserted his family can still exert an unfavorable influence on the son who remembers him bitterly—and this is possible even if the son did not actually know him. (In contrast, a strong husband, absent through death but present in the fond recollection of his wife and friends, can still favorably influence his son.)

In every instance, the mother is the key person in the development of a male homosexual. If she chooses, she can make a not-so-noble husband appear heroic in her son's eyes, or a husband who is not so bad seem monstrous. (A husband can do the same for a wife, but these distortions have nothing like the same significance for the son.)

The woman who is unconsciously hostile to men—or, more particularly, to what is commonly thought of as the masculine quality of a man—frequently seeks safety (or revenge) by emasculating the men in her life, including her male children. She does this by becoming enraged when her wishes are frustrated, or by more subtle means.

Recently a young patient of mine, home for a short time, said to me, "I wish my mother would go out more, so I could feel free to look up some of my friends; but she says she is staying home just to be with me."

If "emasculating" seems too strong a word, let me ask what a mother is doing when she won't permit a healthy, well-developed boy to take part in school sports for fear of his being injured? Who won't let him go skating with other boys for fear he will fall through the ice? Who makes him come home embarrassingly early from a party because she says he needs his rest? Who won't let him take a summer job because she feels that after his arduous year in school he needs to relax until the fall term? If this type of domination isn't emasculation in the psychological sense, I'd like to know what is.

For that matter, a mother doesn't need to *say* much in order to emasculate a son. One of the most varied and important means of communication between people is nonverbal. Even breathing can convey anger, melancholy, eagerness and many other messages. As often as not, the person using these methods is not even aware that he is communicating. Or nonverbal communication can be more deliberate and purposeful, like the mother telling her child he should respect his father, then demonstrating by all her actions that she does not. Every child senses the meaning of a smirk, a condescending smile, a sigh of resignation, raised eyebrows, tear-filled eyes.

Conversely—and most certainly—a good mother can contribute to her son's normal development, and to his manhood, in the most important ways. Such qualities in the masculine adult as the ability to love, to sacrifice, to empathize, to appreciate the so-called finer things of life derive—or fail to derive—from his early relationships with his mother.

For a small boy, a favorable climate for psychological growth, sexual and otherwise, includes a mother he can love and trust. Furthermore, her love must not come with a price tag. He needs to know that though she is firm she will be fair, and that he can always take hi troubles to her for an understandin hearing.

She, for all her love of him, must b constantly "letting go," expecting tha he will leave her when he is ready. In deed, it is her feminine pliancy tha helps to make him ready. Tough, ag gressive or masculine mothers do not a a rule bring up especially masculine sons They are more likely to rear men wh are weak and passive, if not actually effeminate.

For promotion of a boy's psychologica growth, the ideal father should be emotionally strong, the leader of the family the kind of a man the boy can like, admire and respect. The father is the boy's masculine image, the man he imagines he would like to be when he grows up.

Children are great imitators. A great part of normal growth during years of childhood is a process of imitation of which the child is completely unaware. In my experience with patients, it appears that the wish of a boy child to be a man is deeply ingrained from earliest memory. The first man in a boy's life is his father. Therefore, he feels that to be a man is to be like his father. When he is older, he will accept his father's faults, and admire and imitate the traits of other men as well. But just as the very young boy interprets his mother as "all" women, he sees his father as the generalized "man." This masculine image is the boy's natural model, and nature has every intention that he will imitate it. Only the most powerful and sustained influence can deter him from doing so.

Masculinity is not to be equated with the rough and tough, or with mere physical strength. A genteel scholar can be as masculine as any athlete or sportsman. The admonition a man often hears to "go out and play ball with his sons" must be taken figuratively. If he doesn't like baseball, or can't catch or hit a ball, he will be of little help to the boy in that sport—and his son will be clearly aware of it. But every father can show empathy and be involved with his sons even though, and perhaps specifically because, their tastes differ. I firmly believe that boys should play competitive games with boys their own age without adult supervision, insofar as that is possible.

I could get quite steamed up over such specific examples as Little League baseball, or other highly organized sports, which purport to be for children but are taken over by adults and run more at their level of interest than a child's. Too often these activities are the wish-fulfillment fantasy of the bossy parent who never grew up.

It happens that I like hunting and shooting, but it is painfully evident that the possession of a shotgun and a red-and-black checked flannel shirt do not make me any more of a man than I am without them. Most hunters, I suspect, care less about the sport itself than the vague concept of manhood-in-action that it satisfies. I once shot on a pheasant preserve where a fee of $20 entitled you to four pheasants. The goal of most of the guests seemed to be to kill four pheasants in the quickest possible time and go home. In fact, some men would follow the truck which liberated the birds and shoot the pheasants as they were freed, in order to save themselves the trouble of hunting through the fields.

My point—before I digress further—is that a father's attitude toward his son

should be characterized by restraint, tact, good sense and good judgment, rather than any sort of forced masculinity. If this be a heresy, I have a few others:

Nowadays a great deal is made of the notion that parents should talk frankly with their children about sex (and, in the view of some, it would seem, almost constantly). I feel this aspect of "sex education" has been overemphasized, that forced and often ill-timed talks on sex are likely to be embarrassing for both parent and child. The very fact that it seems necessary to have a talk with a child devoted exclusively to this topic insures that the discussion will be unnatural, probably ineffectual, and possibly damaging. At the least, such talks tend to dispel the mystery and glamour of sexual love, which everyone ought to be allowed to discover and experience for himself. The parent-child sex talk has been promoted as a means of reducing illegitimate pregnancies, or possibly venereal disease, but it is highly unlikely that it can do either. Rather than a talk, the child should be given access to reputable books and articles he can read in privacy.

Remarks that associate sex with shame, with dirtiness, or even profanity, are to be avoided, of course, and all questions should be answered honestly, without detailed explanations. For a parent to describe the mechanics of sex in detail to his child could be as detrimental and inhibiting as demonstrating them before him.

It is common for boys passing through the so-called normal stage of homosexuality to have one or two experiences of a homosexual nature. Such episodes may be as innocent as wrestling or roughhousing with other boys, or more directed and specific, such as exhibitionism, touching another boy's genitals, or mutual masturbation.

If the parents of the boys involved learn of a specific and definite homosexual episode, they should take strong and definite steps to prevent its recurrence. But they should be absolutely certain of the character of the episode, and that it actually occurred, before making an issue of it.

Most parents are more concerned about a son being accosted by a homosexual, or other sexual pervert, than of his becoming one. Homosexuals who attempt to seduce young boys comprise a very small percentage of the total homosexual population, but they do exist. Among well-adjusted boys such matters are more or less freely discussed, and though some of their information might be inaccurate, there is a progression from vague ideas to more definite ones; matters iron themselves out, and not much needs to be done about it. Boys are soon emotionally and physically able to protect themselves, from within or without, from any kind of homosexual seduction. Of course, they should be warned against any man who wants to get them off alone, on any excuse, just as both boys and girls should be warned to refuse rides offered by strange motorists.

Around the age of six, boys (and girls as well) usually show a strong desire to keep their bodies covered. This modesty, which may seem excessive, usually is one of the child's early efforts to establish his own self-controls; it should, therefore, be respected by adults. Nudism in the home is a part of modern pseudosophistication which I deplore, especially when it involves parents and children of the opposite sex. The exposure encourages a kind of nonconformity that can't be pursued in our society, and it is sometimes sexually stimulating to the child—an occurrence that is always upsetting when his parent is present.

Parents who shame and punish a child they happen to catch in an act of masturbation are bound to produce some inhibition or distortion of the sexual function—though not necessarily homosexuality. However, I once had a homosexual patient whose mother caught him by the collar, opened the door of a furnace going full blast, and told him if he ever played with himself again he would spend all eternity burning in a fire even hotter than the one he saw flaming before him. It cured him. He never again played with himself—just with other boys.

While I am certain that inflicting punishment for masturbation is bad, I feel that "enlightened" parents who treat masturbation as a joke, or even tacitly encourage it, are doing their sons—or daughters—a great disservice. Such an attitude tends to make it more difficult for the children to develop the strong self-controls they will need in later life.

Summing up, I would advise parents who catch a child in the act, or face evidence they can't ignore, to refrain from saying or doing anything to frighten the child, to make no threats, but to express strong disapproval. It's wrong, but it's not a Federal case.

There are some aspects of a child's private life that should be allowed to remain private, and the less a parent knows about them the better off both are. Masturbation is an obvious example, but there are many others.

Personal mail sent to persons of any age should never be read by anyone else, except by permission. One mother complained to me of finding a letter to her son from another boy that contained "foul language and dirty jokes." But why did she read it?

A burly father once told me, in a low voice, that his son, whom I had under treatment, had "girlie" magazines hidden under clothes in his bureau—and under the paper that lined the drawer! Why in the world was he searching his son's room? Just to find out what the boy was up to—"for his own good." And I have heard of a mother who invaded the bathroom every time her teen-age son took a shower—"to see if I was all right," he explained to me.

There is no excuse for such parental meddling in the private affairs of any boy. Almost inevitably the busybody, probing parent finds what he is apparently seeking—an unhappy life for his child, sometimes a tragic one.

Every parent ought to have the courage to look inward, and try to appraise honestly those faults that may affect his children. This self-examination is not easily done. What mother would not be dreadfully upset to realize that she tends to be aggressive, domineering and emasculating in her attitude toward men? What father would not feel guilt and shame if he could see himself as passive, childishly violent, a man who does not like his own son?

When I say it takes courage to make such an inventory, I am probably making the understatement of the year. But it would help all parents, and some might blessedly discover better ways to help their sons grow to true manhood than any I have suggested. ■

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The ever-widening influence of Spain's sunny disposition in food, fashion, decor and the good life in general is the subject of this special portfolio. Inspired by the growing trend toward things Spanish and the resounding success of the Spanish pavilion at the New York World's

SPAIN

Fair, we flew off to Spain ourselves and have come back with a report calculated to stir your imagination. It begins on this page with a ceramic sunburst that we found in a shop in Madrid and ends with a visit to the fascinating Costa Brava hideaway of artist Salvador Dali. In between is a famous novelist's LOVE LETTER TO SPAIN, an interview with a Connecticut Yankee who lost her heart to one particular Spaniard, and pages and pages on the color and vitality of this sunny land. We hope our excursion will brighten your midwinter life. It did ours.

SPAIN: IMPRESSIONS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EMERICK BRONSON

Every photographic trip produces two distinct and separate sets of pictures—the photographs that form an integral part of the story the editors and photographer set out to cover, and a second group for which they personally feel great affection. There's a very human reason for their attachment. These pictures, already part of our editors' own warm memories of Spain, represent the influences and impressions they saw and felt on the trip. Here on these pages, we pass them on to you, personal postcards inscribed, "Had a wonderful, wonderful time. You'll love Spain."

A spanish contrast, above—the formal black iron lacework of a street lamp in the foreground; behind it a fanciful belfry, complete with bird, on a church in Sitges.

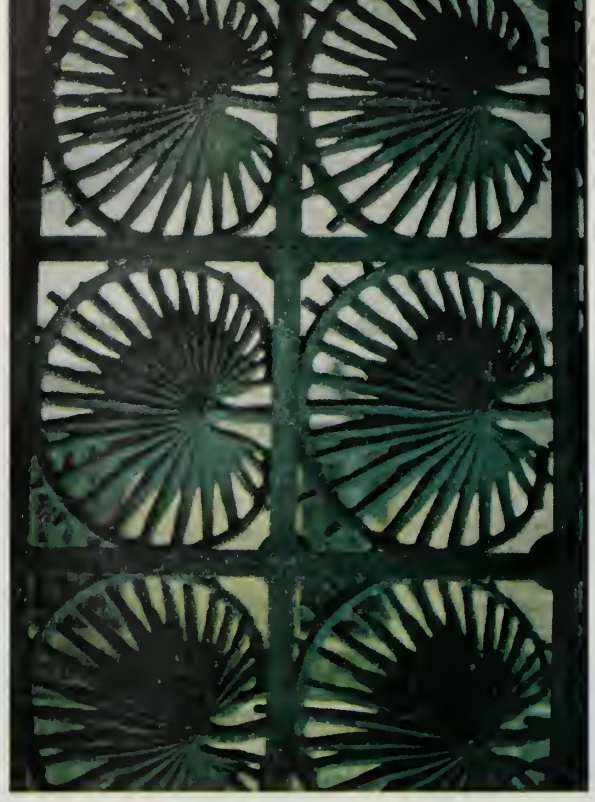
Everywhere in Spain one is aware of green—not screen-door green—but a special green always lightened with yellow. In tapestry, combined with creamy white wool, it is used to cover a paneled screen and armchair.

Small-flower prints are typical of Spanish cottons. We borrowed just such a print for a blouse and colored it in Spanish greens. The blouse is embroidered country-style with smocking on the front and on the cuffs. By Ship 'n Shore, $4, sizes 28–38. Available at stores on page 93.

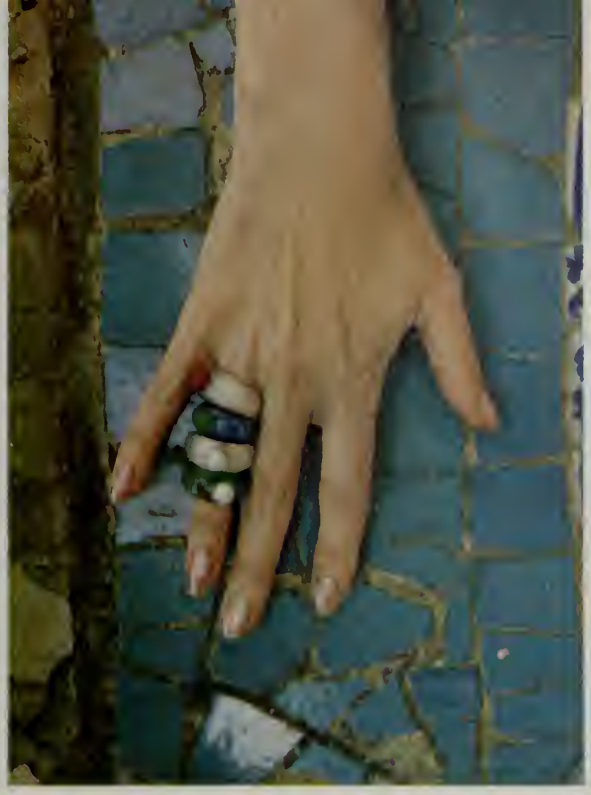
AND INFLUENCES

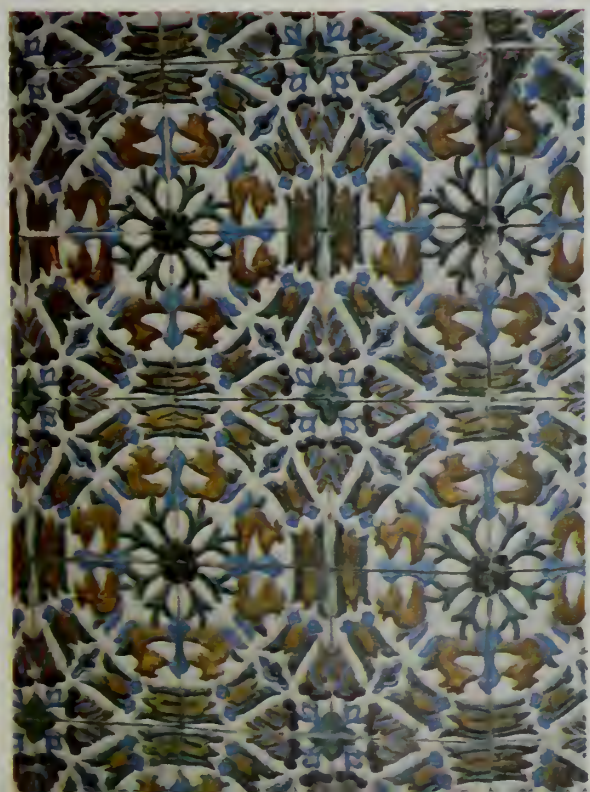
The green forests surrounding Segovia, above, are an especially pretty place to ride. The riding pants, modeled after Spanish horsemen's, are of black suede and were designed by Mitzou of Madrid, whose clothes are available in the United States at Bonwit Teller.

One is often aware that beauty and practicality go hand in hand in Spanish design. Case in point, right, an oversize radiator covered here to serve as a buffet. A project, we think, for a home handyman to take on in America with the greatest of ease. Once he finds how simple it is, he might want to make a matching cabinet for the hi-fi or TV.



Spain presents exciting plays of color and pattern everywhere.
Here, from top left: A narrow winding staircase, the risers of the steps brightly tiled. On their way down, our own Spanish-influenced velvet pumps, laced with silver kid, from I. Miller.
Right: Details from iron fence and gate surrounding a Barcelona house designed by Antonio Gaudí, reflecting the influence of natural forms on his work.
Center, left: a close-up of a Moorishly geometric tiled wall.
Right: A door angled just so to keep the birds out of the direct sun.
Below, left: Everywhere in Spain one is aware of beautiful doors. Closed, they remind you that the Spanish cherish their family life. This door in Toledo is studded with brass.
Right: Rag rugging used as heavy-duty upholstery. (An idea here for your own family room or kitchen?)
Opposite page, top left: Concave tile plaques in Güell Park in Barcelona are color playbacks for our own American rings. These from Cadoro, $3 each (plus Federal tax); the pearly polish, Cutex's Nearly Nude.
Center: Balconies in Toledo. (An idea for terrace-apartment dwellers? Why not glass- or plastic-in your own terrace for year-round living?)
Far right: *Sangría*, a Spanish specialty. For a Stateside replica, use a half bottle of red wine, the peel of an orange, juices of an orange and lemon, add sugar to taste. Fill pitcher with soda.
Center, left: A meat market in Madrid.
Center: Blue-and-white pottery pitchers.
Far right: Outside Los Gatos restaurant in Madrid, a waiter in a full-length apron that splits and ties around his legs. (An idea here for the woman who likes to cook and entertain in slacks?)
Bottom left: A tile wall, as intricate as mosaic, in yellows and greens.
Center: A wrought-iron kitchen tool rack seen everywhere in Spain and now available here too. Makes a decorative wall hanging.
Right: Three fish carved on the back of simple wooden country chairs in Mesón de Cándido restaurant in Segovia. An easy enough design to contemplate for the craftsman in your family.





More pattern. A blue-and-white tile-topped table is set with blue-and-white dishes and a checked napkin all laid upon a place mat cut from a roll of blue-and-white shelf paper. (If your household includes young children, why not consider shelf-paper place mats for them?) New papers with washable surfaces would last through many meals. And if your table top is plastic or marble, you can use an adhesive-backed paper to supply extra security for even the youngest fork-fumbler.

Puerto de Mores is an elegant restaurant in the old section of Madrid. One of their specialties is a whole chicken cooked in a sealed casserole. (We give the recipe on page 119.) This is how it looks when they serve it there: the casserole, decorated with a ribbon and a cockade, is brought to the table on a wooden board. A knife, inserted in the seal, acts as a lever; several light blows with the mallet jar the entire top loose. (Our photographer, for art's sake, stove in the side of the casserole for a closer look at the chicken.) The chicken is cut right on the board. At home, use a cutting or chopping board, and be sure to decorate your casserole with ribbons, leaves, or even flowers.

In Sitges, just an hour away from Barcelona on the seacoast, there is a small hotel whose chef volunteered to cook a Spanish meal not "just good enough to eat but photograph too." Above, just one part of that sumptuous meal. A *paella* cooked in the traditional iron pan and garnished with a ring of bright green lettuce leaves. Our photographer, carried away by the sun patterns on the tiled terrace, set the *paella* down just long enough to take this picture.

Above, the dramatic beauty travel posters lead you to expect of Spain, and, below, the more realistic Spanish beauty who uses, as do we, Helena Rubinstein's Blush Pink for her cheeks, Sunny Coral for her smile.

This dress, obviously influenced by Spanish gypsy dancers, has a cotton polka-dot blouse, a Spanish-print tiered skirt and red sash. The mid-calf length is important fashion for after-five. Top, $12; skirt $20. By Sportwhirl. For stores, see page 93.

And below, hung everywhere, is a reminder to the faithful, a poster proclaiming 1965 a Pilgrimage Year to Spain.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EMERICK BRONSON

In fresh, vital and immediate ways, Spain is influencing today's fashion– through its rich and romantic past and through the work of its fashion designers, who are among the world's most creative. On these six

SPAIN:

NEW INFLUENCE IN FASHION

pages, fashions inspired by the Spanish scene: the play of black-scroll wrought iron on white; the concise tailoring of the toreador's costume; tiles in print; lacy latticework fabrics. All photographed against Spanish backgrounds.

By Susan Harney

At an Aragon church, left, a Spanish bride her dress of white silk brocade bowed at the shoulder. Designed by Rafael Herrera, a young Madrid designer.

Framed by the great iron gates, opposite, of the Palacio Real in Madrid, a scroll embroidered after-five coat of white cotton-and-rayon faille. By Anne Fogarty, 4-14, $140. Mr. John hat.

With Enriqueta Marcén, opposite, Madrid's 83-year-old tailor to matadors, a pimento-red-suede coat lined with wool fleece by the great Spanish designer Courrèges, and tailored in America by Samuel Robert, 6–16, $325.

In a tiled doorway in Toledo, left, leading to a tile-roofed courtyard, a black caballero-inspired wool suit with a soft folded skirt, the vest trimmed with pink and purple velvet, the white linen blouse brightened with amethyst buttons. By Ellen Brooke for Sportswear Couture, 6–18, $155.

With a panoramic view of Toledo in the background, above top, a plaid suit in black and white, its skirt cut with the easy fullness of a Spanish country skirt. Of wool, rayon and mohair, it has its own V-neck black jersey blouse. By Briarbrook, sizes 6–16, $90.

Simple as latticework, directly above, a double-buttoned red raincoat, outlined like a dancer's bolero in black braid. Of rayon and combed cotton twill. By Elaine Cameron for American Bazaar, sizes 5–15, $25.

On the tile-encrusted stairway leading to Güell Park (one of the more incredible of the famous Gaudí works in Barcelona) tile design and colors reappear on a floaty, ankle-tied skirt and top of Dacron-and-cotton voile. By Tina Leser for Gabar. Small, medium; skirt, $30, top, $16.

When your home is your castle (this one, opposite, in Segovia), these white lace pajamas will be right at home on the patio. By Harold Goldstein, 4–14, $125. Interpretation of Courrèges boot by Golo.

Shopping information on page 93.

The former Beatrice Cabot Lodge and her diplomat husband live in a comfortable but unpretentious Madrid apartment.

A CONNECTICUT YANKEE FINDS HER DESTINY IN SPAIN

By Maureen Daly

She was Beatrice Lodge, daughter of an American Ambassador; now, as Señora de Oyarzabal, wife of a young Spanish diplomat, she has become a Madrid matron.

The tall, elegant blonde from Connecticut is called "La Señora Beatriz" by the doorman of her Madrid apartment building, neighborhood shopkeepers and the occasional passerby who recognizes her.

In her teen days, as the younger daughter of John Davis Lodge, United States Ambassador to Spain, the Spanish press dubbed her "Beatriz bellissima" and photographed her sunny beauty as though she were a movie star.

Today, Beatrice Anna Cabot Lodge de Oyarzabal y Marchesi is an energetic Madrid matron, as compatible with the contemporary Spanish scene as blue sky or a fine lace fan.

"I was afraid of Spain, really, the first time I saw it," Señora de Oyarzabal said. We were sitting in her small, modern 14th-floor apartment, overlooking a junior skyscraper section of "new Madrid." In just four days the young de Oyarzabal family was moving to a larger apartment near the center of the sprawling old city. Señora de Oyarzabal paused now and then to think of the right word. "I'm trying to switch my thoughts," she said. "Antonio and I never speak English around here unless we're trying to baffle the maids."

In a plaid skirt, green sweater and triple-stranded pearls, she looked more like a Vassar sophomore than the twenty-six-year-old mother of two small daughters, and the wife of young, dynamic Antonio de Oyarzabal, second secretary to Fernando Maria Castiello, Foreign Minister of Spain.

"My family landed here in April, 1955, at A ciras on the south coast—I was barely sixt We had sailed over on the *Constitution*, one of ships of the American Export Lines. Before that all the big passenger ships had docked at Gibra but my father insisted that he would arriv Ambassador by landing at a Spanish port.

"Thousands of people crowded around the d to greet us. We were serenaded and pelted flowers—people pushed and crowded just to t us. It was all emotional and very intense. Ma the Spaniards looked so poor that it scared m

"Just before, my father had been defeate Abraham Ribicoff for reelection as Governo Connecticut. Coming to Spain as Ambassador l his spirits. I think my parents spent the most ful six years of their lives right here. But for coming to Spain was like destiny. I love my cou but I have the feeling that I was meant to be he

Around the small sitting room, blandly mo with white walls, low coffee table, Japanese pr and squared couch and chairs in nubby beige, symbols of what Beatrice Lodge de Oyarzabal is her "destiny": a leather-covered album of w ding pictures, framed photographs of Beatric her white wedding gown and veil, Mr. and M Lodge dancing at the wedding, Beatrice and tonio in audience with the late Pope John XX Antonio, Beatrice and her family at a Christ gathering in New Jersey, daughters Marta Mathilde, aged one and two, in various stage infancy—family mementos, warm and import

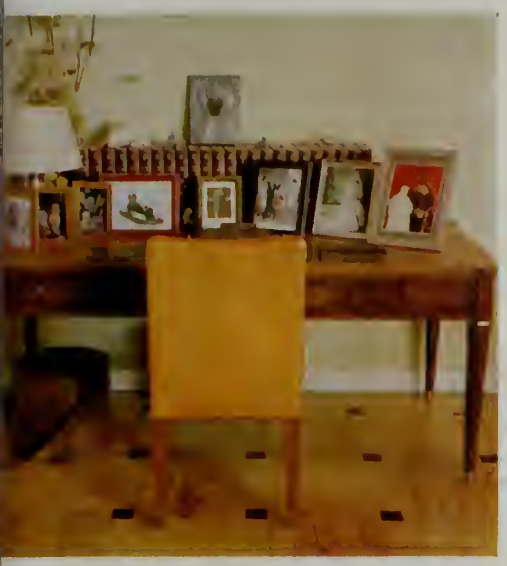
"If we hadn't come to Spain, I am convinc would have waited and met Antonio some somewhere. Sometimes I look at him and th 'When have I *not* known you?'"

Beatrice laughed, "When I say something that at home, my father says, 'Oh, you *are* cu But I believe it."

As the disarmingly attractive daughter i diplomatic family, Beatrice Lodge became fam with her adopted country and its people long be she became Señora de Oyarzabal.

"Mother and I were always being asked t head of some committee, or queens of someth We visited hospitals and schools and went *fiestas* and *ferias* all over the country. Spani like to be gay, but they have such formal g manners. And they give such importance to t activities that sometimes we were quite worn

Señora de Oyarzabal's daughters get a riding lesson their American grandparents, the John Davis Lo



ly photographs crowd Señora de Oyarzabal's desk; ht, the record of an audience with Pope John XXIII.

)nce we went to a wine festival in Asturias, in north. It's all green and mountainous, and s like Switzerland. The committee had a dule for us: at exactly ten-fifteen the mayor give you the key to the village, at exactly n o'clock you will lead the parade to the town re, and so on. On top of this, everyone danced sang half the night. I had just had my appendix and was so ill I was secretly living on baby . After that *fiesta* I stayed in bed for ten days. ometimes the violence with which Spaniards rate is startling. About seven years ago I was n of a *fiesta* in Cádiz, called 'The Battle of the ers,' I believe. I asked a friend visiting from necticut to ride on the mule-drawn float with s an attendant. People tossed petals and flowers e went by. Finally someone got so excited that rew a plant pulled right out of a window pot caught my friend in the eye, roots, mud and all. Everyone was throwing long strands of colored- r serpentines. It got all twisted around my neck. n I began to dress for the *fiesta* ball that night neck and shoulders were covered with sharp paper cuts. I mean, it was frightening."

hen she was 17 Beatrice Lodge was sent to ymount Academy in Barcelona as a boarding ent. There she became a convert to Catholicism. t was nothing about Spain that made me be- e a Catholic," she explained. "On the contrary, ish religion sometimes scared me because of contrasts between poverty in the villages and jewels heaped on the Virgins in the churches. My father is an Episcopalian and my mother is atholic convert. When I was little I sometimes to church with her. I loved the beauty and mnity of the Mass. As I grew older, I read more more about the Church, and prayed for guid- . Then, at Marymount, I took three months of nse instruction. I wanted to be really sure. For conversion was as big a step as marriage."

fter graduation from Marymount came a year he University of Madrid, where Beatrice took pecial course for foreigners, concentrating on ish history, art and philosophy, all taught in ish. "Of course, I spoke Spanish by that time. whole family was determined to learn the uage at once."

August of 1956, as one of the highlights of the lrid social year, Beatrice Anna Cabot Lodge e her debut at a gala ball at her parents' home in Madrid. Eight hundred guests swarmed through the gardens, danced to a Cuban and a Spanish orchestra, and watched flamenco dancers and acts from a local circus. Later that year, as a guest of Mrs. John Hay Whitney, wife of the then-ambassador to Great Britain, Beatrice was formally presented to Queen Elizabeth at Buckingham Palace.

Beatrice de Oyarzabal remembers the afternoon with humor and detachment. "It was too cold for the gardens, so we all went into some big salon. About two hundred and fifty girls were being presented, some wearing dresses so tight that they couldn't curtsy to the Queen. The mood got quite giddy. The Queen was perfectly charming, with great mauve eyes. We were the second to the last group of girls presented at Court, just before the practice was discontinued. I think they decided to stop because it was all too tiring for the Queen, being nice to complete strangers."

Antonio de Oyarzabal y Marchesi first came into Beatrice's life about a year and a half after the Lodges settled in Madrid. A Spanish magazine, planning a picture spread on the Ambassador's family, sent two young men to pose with Beatrice. Both were named Antonio; one was Portuguese, the other Spanish.

"Months later, one of the Antonios called to ask for a date," Beatrice said. "I was very disappointed when I came downstairs to find the *Spanish* Antonio—the Portuguese had been more appealing. So it was *not* love at first sight. But curiously—and I've always been grateful—my parents liked him very much from the beginning and thought he was right for me."

Antonio de Oyarzabal is a handsome, fair-skinned, blue-eyed Spaniard of 29, carefully educated, widely traveled and with enough wit and determination to challenge a young woman brought up in an unusual social and political milieu. As an only child, orphaned at seven when his parents were killed in a bombardment outside Berlin during World War II (his father was in the Spanish diplomatic service), Antonio is particularly receptive to a close-knit family life, and has a warm friendship with his American parents-in-law. Though the de Oyarzabal family originally came from the north of Spain, Antonio was raised by a grandmother in Madrid. He studied in Switzerland, attended a Spanish military academy, and finally entered law school at the University of Madrid.

When he and Beatrice decided to marry, after nearly five years of friendship, Antonio accelerated his study schedule and managed to finish a five-year law course in three years. Then he enrolled for a final year of study in the Diplomatic School of Madrid. "That poor boy worked so hard that sometimes we didn't see each other for more than fifteen minutes a week," Beatrice recalled.

At an engagement party at the Lodge's Madrid home, Antonio gave Beatrice *(continued on page 97)*

In Madrid's Retiro Park, Beatrice de Oyarzabal introduces her daughters Marta and Mathilde to the marvel of toy balloons.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EMERICK BRON

We made the children's dresses, partying at right, from Vogue Patterns but in the Spanish image: the appealing world-famous look of simple white dresses with ribbon trim, in fabrics that stand crisply on their own. We then took our American interpretations

SPAIN:

CHILDREN'S CLOTHES CRISP AS MERINGUE

to Spain and asked five little schoolgirls in Toledo to model them for us and to share our *limonada* and famous Toledo *tortas* at the country house of Duarte Pinto Coelho. (Our young guests thought their dresses as Spanish as the pastries.)

By Nora O'Leary,
Pattern Editor

From left: Skimmer of birds'-eye piqué, with high yoke and inverted center pleat bound in grosgrain that continues around hem, Vogue Design 6207, Version D. Dress with high yoke and pleated skirt of medium-wale piqué, ribbon-sashed, Vogue Design 6323. Dress of Swiss organdy, its yoke, waist and skirt banded with lace-edged beading, Vogue Design 6118, Version A. Damask shift, with a low sash of flowered taffeta, Vogue Design 6324, Version C. Flounce dress of batiste damask with a big pinwheel bow at the side, Vogue Design 6380, Version B. All dresses are made of white cotton Stoffel fabrics, which are available at Singer Sewing Centers. All hats are by John Frederics. *Pattern information on page 103.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY EMERICK BRONSON

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FREDERICK BRONSON

SPAIN: RETURN TRIP

Two transatlantic translations here—from Spanish to American and back again to Spanish. Vogue patterns we interpreted, then returned to their source of inspiration. At a gathering of capes, above: La Tuna, student serenaders whose 16th-century cape costumes, festooned with ribbons from admiring señoritas, inspired the fiery red cape we made of wool Melton cloth—a traditional kind of Spanish fabric. Vogue Design 6034. Opposite: From an American cotton brocade bedspread (Bates' Flamenca) derived from the Spanish, we made this flaming red-and-pink evening coat. Vogue Design 6368. It takes just one single bedspread to make a full-length coat (about $35). We photographed both these fashions in two restaurants in the old part of Madrid.

SPAIN: WITH ALL THE TRIMMINGS

Here, four Vogue patterns we made in brilliant colors and outlined and underscored in the black braid trim typical of Spain. In hot Valencia orange, above, a cardigan coat of double-woven wool gabardine. Our trimming: braid frogs. Vogue Design 6366.

In the flashing pink of a matador's cape, a coat of wool fleece with two patch pockets that opens in front as it descends. Our trimming: black braid edging at the collar and banding at the cuffs; an elaborate braid frog closing. Vogue Design 6367. Black jet earrings by Hattie Carnegie. Shoes by D'Antonio.

In bright Granada green, a cropped, close-fitting little jacket of wool fleece, the neckline swooped to a low U, the narrow sleeves stopping just short of the wrist. With it, a black bias-cut skirt of wool broadcloth and a black silk crepe blouse. Our trimming: black braid frog closings. Vogue Design 6348.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAVID ZINGG

In Barcelona tile blue, a concisely fitted to-the-waist jacket. Our trimming: black satin cording at collar, cuffs, front seams and in a scroll down the center. Black satin buttons. With the jacket, a black crepe pleated skirt. Vogue Design 3007. All frogs and braid by Franken. Jackets and coats of Anglo wool.

LOVE LETTER TO SPAIN

By Frances Parkinson Keyes

A famous American novelist writes with warmth about the "second country" that everyone, according to romantic legend, is entitled to claim.

Cádiz, in my opinion, is the ideal place at which to begin a sojourn in Spain. It is a charming city, with an excellent hotel, an outstanding museum, a sumptuous cathedral, paintings by Murillo, Goya and Zurbarán, and a silver monstrance 10 feet high, in the form of a tower, which is used in Corpus Christi processions. All these are worth lingering for, after a painless arrival.

But, for some reason not clear to this landlubber, Cádiz is seldom a port of call in coming from the United States; transatlantic voyagers are usually obliged to disembark at Gibraltar or Algeciras if they are going first to Andalucía.

Neither is a comfortable place for a large, lame lady to come ashore. Ocean liners do not go up to the pier, and transfer on a tender is something of an ordeal, especially in rough weather. Still, Andalucía is the ideal vantage point from which to approach the rest of the country. The old Moorish watchtowers standing high on the tawny hills, the whitewashed houses glistening in the sun, the vine-clad arbors of the little inns, the spires rising triumphantly above the red-roofed clustering houses in the small villages, the glimpses of Africa's shimmering shoreline—all these give an immediate feeling of being back Spain, which the austere landscape and organi pattern of the North cannot impart.

For many years now, most of my traveling Spain has been done by station wagon. My compa ion on these occasions usually has been Deanie B lock, who is not only a good secretary but a gc driver. She needs to be both; as always, there i book in the making, and there are only a few stretc of Spanish road that could be called good by Itali French or American standards. However, there compensations, not only by such sights as I have ready mentioned but by the amusing incidents wh happen along the way and which, somehow, you could occur only in Spain.

Where the highways are being marked to indic safety or danger in passing, a steel measuring tap used to determine the exact center, with grave, pendable-looking men standing on either side of road, the steel tape undulating between them.

Another local touch distinguishes most railr crossings, where the gates are not automatically erated, but are painstakingly lowered and rais whenever a train is due to pass, by the occupant tiny houses, which stand near the crossings, s rounded by flowers. They take this responsibility seriously that very often the bars go down at le five minutes before there is even a distant whistle announce that, sooner or later, the *rápido* will be proaching in its usual leisurely way. The result that a long line of cars, manned by impatient dr ers, is usually drawn up on either side of the trac The last time I saw this happen, the engineer, tak in the situation at a glance, obligingly backed train, whose arrival we had long awaited, so tha would no longer block the crossing. The gates w lifted, the automobiles went over and then the tr proceeded on its way.

Generally speaking, my first two objectives in dalucía are Sanlúcar de Barrameda and Sevi Sanlúcar is the export center of a fine vintage manzanilla (white sherry wine); its two splen

ches have converted it into a popular summer
rt; it was the port from which Columbus started
on his third voyage, and Magellan set out on
extraordinary venture which made him the
to go around the world. In addition to several
utiful churches, with carved choir stalls and blue
s, Sanlúcar has a pair of famous palaces: the
d" palace of the Dukes of Medina Sidonia, whose
nted arches are adorned with an extraordinary
gn of winged serpents; and the "new" palace
he Dukes of Montpensier.

The present owners of the "new" palace, Don Al-
so and Doña Beatriz de Orleans, who are my
ts when I go to Sanlúcar, are not in residence there
more, though it is kept open and properly staffed.
fabulous library, its family portraits by Winter-
ter and its garden overlooking the town and the
bor are a source of fresh delight to me every time
e them. The actual *palacio* was once the manager's
se, and has been amplified and embellished to
t present-day requirements. It is located at the
of a shady winding avenue, where signs caution
visitor to drive carefully and watch out for cats
dogs; and it is set in the midst of one of the most
rming gardens imaginable—a garden which owes
being to the skill of Doña Beatriz; for when the
antes decided to make this house their headquar-
, no flowers grew there. In addition to her talents
designer and a painter, she is a botanist of note.

f your visit is to be for overnight or longer, you
led across an open terrace to a long, low building,
ch Doña Beatriz has christened the "wagon-lits"—
propriately, as the layout of small, comfortable
rooms resembles that of a continental sleeping
. You may spend as much time as you need for rest
he wagons-lits; but the chances are you will stay
re very little; the group in the living room is so
genial that you will not wish to exchange any
ts pleasures for greater seclusion.

Here Doña Beatriz, a knitting basket and a ciga-
te box within easy reach, presides over a constantly
nging milieu. Her heritage is one of greatness:
her grandmother was Queen Victoria, her mother a Russian grand duchess, her father the Duke of Edinburgh and Saxe-Coburg; at an early age she married Alfonso of Orleans, whose grandmother was Queen Isabel II of Spain, whose mother was the Infanta Eulalie and whose father was the Duke of Montpensier. For a large part of her life Doña Beatriz moved in the most brilliant court circles. Now she stays quietly at home, and all the world comes to her and finds refreshment in so doing.

Don Alfonso is as dynamic as his wife is tranquil. At 78, his color is ruddy, his bearing brisk, his manner affable, his conversation—in any one of the four languages which seems to be most appropriate at the moment—urbane and witty. Every day, when the weather permits, he flies his private plane and takes a dip in the ocean. On the bathing expeditions he is accompanied by his seven dogs, which he takes with him in a trailer attached to his car.

As the own cousin of the late King of Spain, Don Alfonso was one of the four men who accompanied Alfonso XIII when the King went into exile, hoping thereby to prevent a revolution. In the Spanish Civil War, Don Alfonso de Orleans was a brigadier general in the Royalist Air Force; and at various other periods he has been an executive of the Ford Motor Company, with headquarters first in France, later in England and still later in the United States.

I always leave Sanlúcar with gratitude for having had the privilege of another visit there. But if my next stop is Seville, parting is indeed sweet sorrow, for I know of no more enchanting city. I first made its acquaintance in 1929, at the opening of the Ibero-American Exposition; since then I have been back, over and over again, in and out of season, so I can say that I enjoy it at any time of year.

Its main tourist attractions—the Holy Week celebrations and the *feria*—are not overrated, but its less famous *Seises* are not as well known as they should be. The *Seises* are ritual dances and songs performed to the accompaniment of castanets by a group of boys—not six, as their name *(continued on page 99)*

PHOTOGRAPH BY RICHARD JEFFERY

If you haven't yet discovered Spanish food, you're missing a great taste treat and a marvelous idea for family meals and entertaining. Often served as a casserole, like the Paella shown below, Spanish food is simple and adaptable: you can vary ingredients through whim or availability. Here, dishes from

SPAIN:

GREAT TASTE, VERSATILITY IN FOOD

the cookbook of the Marquesa de Ivanrey, which can be prepared the old-world way as we picture them here or by following our alternate, quicker way. Our menu also includes, at left, Gazpacho soup, with four garnishes, and Windpuff pastries. Other menus and all recipes on page 116.

By Diane Durham

Living with Spanish design is a little bit like living in Spain itself, in a new, closer relationship with the sun: the warmth, brightness, brilliant color it beams into your life. Here, an American living room, decorated in the typically Spanish way. Sun-drenched colors and outdoor textures are brought indoors (the sherry suede and white wool upholstery, the hand-woven rug, vases of flowers and warm oak furniture), then cooled

SPAIN:

SUNNY INFLUENCE ON DECORATING

and softened with chalk-white walls and tile floors. Living with Spanish design also means being surrounded with interesting pattern (the fretwork look of the beveled glass windows, the brass-studded leather box, the rug). And since it is classically simple, Spanish design adapts easily to other simple styles–including the simplest of all, contemporary (the steel-and-glass coffee table). On page 104, more ideas on how you can open your house to the sunny influence of Spain.

By Margaret White, *Decorating Editor*

SHOPPING INFORMATION ON PAGE 93
PHOTOGRAPHED BY GUERRERO
IN THE HOUSE OF HOWARD PERRY ROTHBERG

Inspired by Spain and designed by the *Journal*– a new kind of living-dining kitchen, in which deep-toned woods, lustrous dark-tiled floors, vivid areas of color and various Spanish decorative details bring warmth and

SPAIN:

NEW WARMTH FOR THE KITCHEN

elegance to modern equipment and planned work areas. Here and on the next page, details of our kitchen, and ways to add these or similar decorative touches to your present kitchen, easily and reasonably, whatever its shape or size.

By Margaret Davidson,
Home Management Editor

Our kitchen plan is oriented around a cooking island with four gas burners and a barbecue unit, set into a slate top. Directly behind it is a gas wall oven surrounded by storage cabinets. To keep a feeling of openness, we concentrated storage cabinets in areas where they're handiest instead of filling up every wall in the room. Example: multiple stacked standard units at far left. To right of oven, above dishwasher and sink, a sliding-door china cabinet. At far right, next to refrigerator, a chef's center. Warm oak tones, spindles, bright colors and Spanish accessories are repeated in dining area in foreground and relaxing area in left background.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ERNST BEADLE

At far right of the relaxing area (behind oven wall on preceding page) is a secluded little desk and chair (top left), a cozy corner for totaling bills, phoning groceries and making up menus.

Behind the spindles and grill of the cooking island (center left) is a new type of storage section for filing pots and pans on the diagonal. It's open at the bottom so that dirt can't collect.

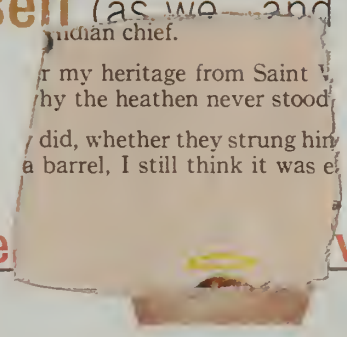
Relaxing area with a glimpse of a terrace beyond (bottom left) follows the Spanish theme with a fringed blue-and-green rug, spindle chairs, cork bead curtains and brilliant throw pillows.

The four-foot chef center, above right, is so well planned it could be the starting point for your own remodeling or the main unit in an apartment kitchen. Its features: a hardwood counter installed a comfortable working height of 33 inches from the floor; between the upper and lower storage cabinets, an area designed especially for most-used tools, staples and spices; an outlet for mixer or blender, and a concealed light strip.

CABINETS BY WOOD-MODE; GAS OVEN AND COOK TOP, MAGIC CHEF; GAS BARBECUE, BAKERS PRIDE; DISHWASHER, WASTE KING; REFRIGERATOR, NORGE.

For shopping information, see page 93

you admire flawless, tender, pale-gold mushrooms (as we do)
d if you find that hot, velvety cream of mushroom soup loaded
th delectable mushroom pieces is irresistible (as we do) **— then**
en a can of Campbell's Cream of Mushroom Soup. Heat four
nutes. And enjoy yourself (as we—and millions who love mushrooms—do).



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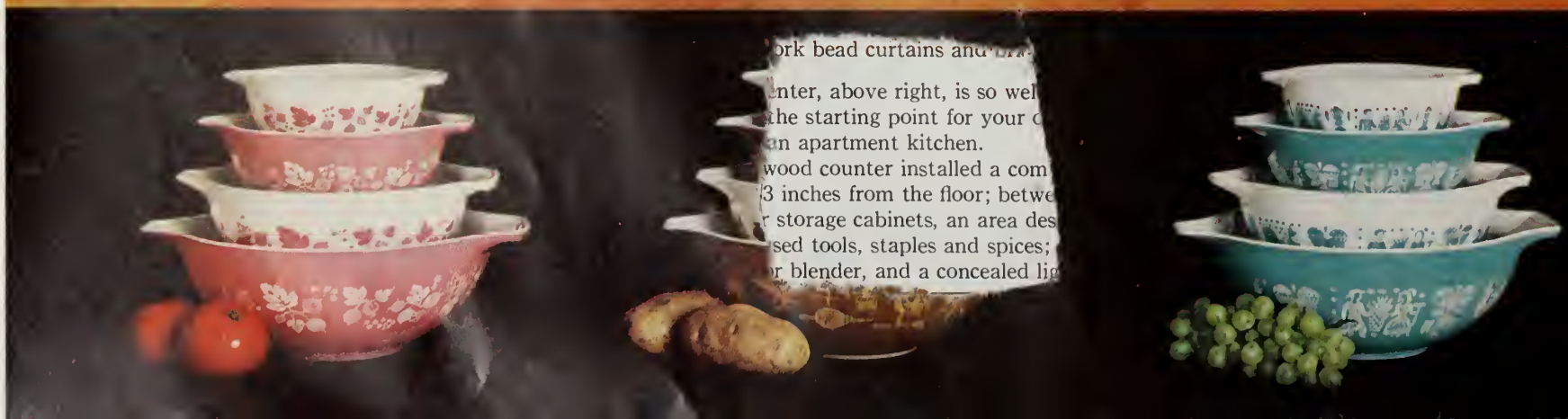

ork bead curtains and
nter, above right, is so wel
he starting point for your
n apartment kitchen.
wood counter installed a com
3 inches from the floor; betwe
storage cabinets, an area des
sed tools, staples and spices;
blender, and a concealed lig

I'M NO SAINT, BUT I HAVE MY DOUBTS ABOUT VALENTINE, TOO

By Ogden Nash

Saint Valentine, as is known to everyone who has consulted an encyclopedia,
was martyred in the year 270, probably 270 A.D.,

Because there weren't any saints, only prophets, in B.C.

I don't know how he earned his livelihood, whether he fished and hunted,
or booked bets on chariot races, or just bargained and bartered,

I don't know how or why he was martyred,

His career is shrouded in mists which I have been unable to dissipate,

But his martyrdom is an ordeal in which I am now annually compelled to participate.

Valentine's Day presented few problems when the Gish sisters were young
and the movies were silent and flickerish,

And an infatuated little boy didn't rely on a sports car and a credit card
to further his suit, just a paper bag of bull's-eyes or horehound drops
or shoestrings of lickerish.

To charm one susceptible youth, little girls didn't even need to primp or
prink or crimple,

Falling in love was as simple as a dimple.

At this point I hear the jeers of some ultramodern challenger,

And I freely admit that my adolescence reminds me more of Tarkington than of
Salinger,

But such innocence made life easier for victims of the Valentine habit;

All you had to do was take a sheet of paper and draw a heart with an arrow
through it carrying the words "I love you," and sign it "Guess who,"
and shove it under the front door of your only beloved and ring the
bell and run like a rabbit.

One girl, one Valentine, and that was it.

I should have, while I was ahead of the game, quit.

Yes, I should have quit while I was ahead,

Because today a person is expected to distribute Valentines like campaign
literature or free samples of some new exotic calorie-free spread.

The world is so overflowing with love that a person is expected to present
a person's ultimate permanent Valentine and his and her two daughters
and four granddaughters with some affectionate token,

And you have to clamber up and down your entire family tree to be sure that
every sensitive heart remains unbroken,

Because if any one of them fails to receive a missive attractive, ingenious,
and different from everybody else's, why Saint Valentine is who you have
violated the law of,

And she looks at you like a spaniel that you have unwittingly stepped on the
paw of.

The way the custom is spreading begins to pass belief,

I fear that on some future Valentine's Day I shall be expected to pay tribute
to my butcher, my baker, my lawyer, my beggar man and my friendly
neighborhood Indian chief.

The more I consider my heritage from Saint Valentine the more I
understand why the heathen never stood for him,

And whatever they did, whether they strung him up by the thumbs or rolled him
downhill in a barrel, I still think it was entirely too good for him.

ILLUSTRATION BY HARRY O. DIAMOND

THE PROOF OF LOVE

She had never won the final pledge, nor could she guess in what form it would come.

Among the things in Anita's bedroom there was a clock, as well as a Renaissance chair with a bit of string tied between its arms so that no one could sit in it. It was a mantel clock with only one hand, and until she grew old enough to be taught at school to tell the time she had always thought that other people's clocks were strange. "I didn't know there was something wrong with ours," she told her father.

"There is nothing 'wrong' with ours," he said in the tone of distant disgust with which he approached the subject of the people among whom they lived. He was a very pale man with eyes as pale, though blue, as his fine skin and thick silky white hair that waved back high all round from temples and brow. "It is a seventeenth-century clock, and at that time they were made with only one hand, to mark the hours; only, of course, these people know nothing about such things. They know the tin alarm clock that wakes them up in the morning."

Other children's parents were young and red-armed; they played golf and tennis and dug in the garden. In their houses they had only furniture whose purpose was obvious: beds to sleep in and chairs to sit in, and everything was new. They had smart standing ashtrays that swallowed cigarette stubs down into a chromium column when you pressed *(continued on page 90)*

By Nadine Gordimer

© 1965 BY NADINE GORDIMER

ILLUSTRATION BY ROBERT WEAVER

LITTLE

She was a mere handful, a small, city-bred cat, lost in a huge space called the Black Hills.

We did not know that Little was lost until we stopped for the night. Bill was there; the gray cat was there, waiting to be let out; all the things we had brought for them, and the house Bill had hammered together for them, were there; I was there.

"Maybe she's under the floor," said Bill.

No. Not under the floor of the station wagon.

Where had we last seen Little? We tried to think. "I saw her in Rapid City," I said.

"That was Dinosaur Park," said Bill.

"She liked the dinosaurs," I said.

"They were models," said Bill. "Then where?"

We had driven from Rapid City through the Black Hills that afternoon, among the clouds and the forests, low cloud-heads among the upland trees. We were driving from New York—that was last Friday—across the country to San Francisco. Sunday, after the thruways, we crossed the Mississippi at sunset to Dubuque. Tuesday night we were at the entrance to the Bad Lands. Today, Wednesday, we were taking the suitcases and the gray cat into the motel at Newcastle, Wyoming. After the long farmlands of Iowa and the jewels rough under the sand of the Bad Lands and the deep wild hills this afternoon, we had come to the door of the big West. The air and sky had changed; beyond the road we drove, it stood, after the *(continued on page 84)*

By Muriel Rukeyser

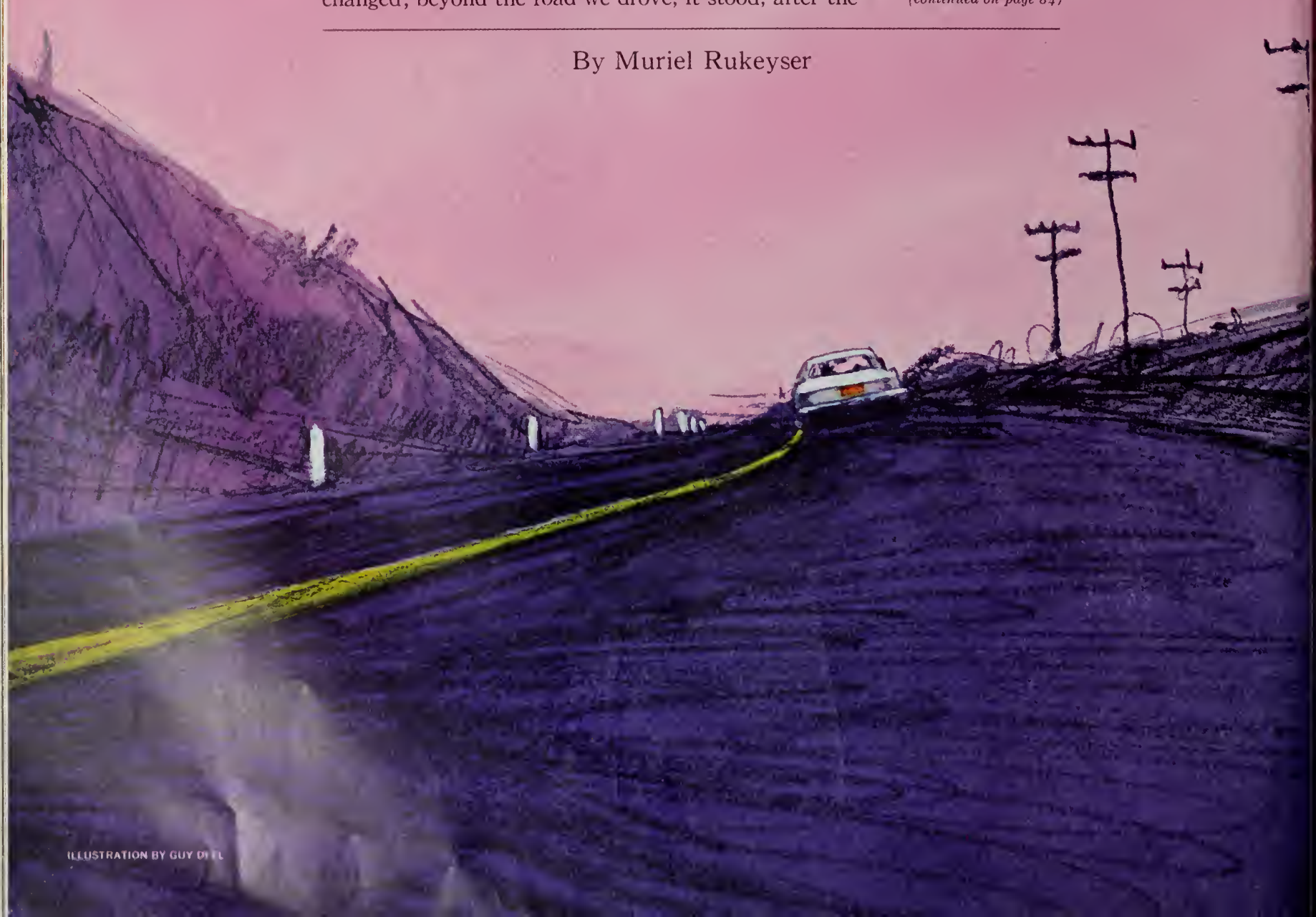


ILLUSTRATION BY GUY DIEL

LITTLE

continued from page 82

violence of cities and the year beyond me, wildness of streams, forests, the unknown country opening. And the journey across, with a different kind of country turning about us every driving day; and that was every day, as I goaded myself westward with the boy.

But where was Little?

It was beginning to rain.

"Mother," said Bill. "Let's go back to the last stop. Maybe it was there."

So we did. We drove back to the stone marker at the corner of the ranch. The big drops of rain were falling on my hand. There was no striped cat anywhere, no flicker of her white legs and the pure white underline. No cattle, no noise of dog. The stone ledge of the marker, where the Sioux had met white men to bargain—this was the only dry and sheltered place. She might come here as the rain filled and fell. The stone blackened wet.

"We could leave some food," said Bill. "That might do it."

I put the dry fishballs on the ledge of the monument.

Little is a city cat. She is brave in her way, gentle and eager. In her big illness, she was patient. She is the young mate of the gray cat. But she never was out overnight; an enclosed and city cat.

In the rain of this dark, open evening?

There was a sign, saying in wet red neon, FINE FOODS. The flat brick and glass of the place, even the lettering, looked handsome. "We'll ask in there," I said.

"And a hamburger?" said Bill.

The hamburgers were very good. The waitress was very nice, and glad to talk. No, there was no S.P.C.A. anywhere, not at Rapid City, not here in Newcastle either. But there was a radio program for tourists and travelers, called Smoke Signals.

"Maybe they would do an ad!" said Bill. "Could we broadcast for a cat?"

The waitress looked at him. "I know how you feel about it," she said slowly. "I'd like to help, but I wouldn't want to get your hopes up. That's a long road you came."

Bill watched her face.

She looked at him, and then she said, "We've got a very good vet here, Doctor Mason. You could look him up."

"Doctor Mason," I repeated.

"Everybody calls him Bill."

"Bill!" said Bill, whose name to him is rare and grand. He moved to his name from the one he was given. The new name stuck, as I had not known it would, but as I got used to it, he came to look more and more like a Bill, and I'm pretty certain that's what he is. He and I are the whole family, with the cats. This drive across the country was a matter of all of us going, with the cats in back, Bill doing his first responsible mapwork, and I driving—trying to make good time to the day my new job began in San Francisco, and still to go by way of Yellowstone and the Tetons.

We went back to the motel, through the steady, pauseless rain. Long stripes on the windshield of the blue station wagon, and the slant of its lights, its handsome panel with the colored gleams, all very familiar to me now, although last week this day I had not yet seen this car, nor known in detail what I would be doing. Last week this day I had still been deep in the death we had just gone through, and in the city packing to make the apartment ready for tenants. Now the lights on the panel, the road I was driving for the second time—the only road from New York to South Dakota driven again—were reassuring in the curious sweep of sadness and chill and loss. First familiar things in this fresh week of speed, with the road opening, and things to be new again.

"Maybe she jumped out at the motel," said Bill. "Fast, before we got around to the back."

"That's right." How could I have left the window open, I thought, in a wash of blame. No sign of Little. The lamplit court, and the flat row of cabins, the flat lines of the Venetian blinds.

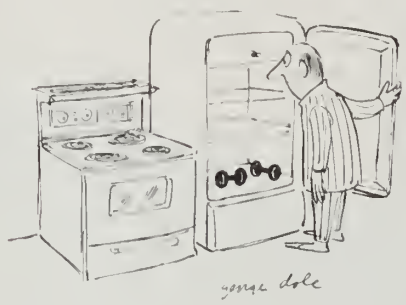
The gray cat was walking around the motel room, with long, hunting steps, calling softly. He looked under the beds, and called. He looked in the bathroom, pushing his face around the door, his gray face with its strange white pattern that is against the structure of any face. He looked under the suitcase table. He put his soft nose to the crack of the room door.

"Bill . . ." I said. "She is a pretty cat, and a loving cat. She is fond of people, and she will go to some door. Somebody will take her in, and take good care of her."

Bill didn't say anything.

"Maybe she will begin a whole new life, here in Wyoming."

Nothing.



"Bill . . ." It was hard to say anything. I picked up the paper, and turned the big pages. There was a story about U.S. Highway 16; they were inviting people to see how fine it was, all through the Black Hills, through the two great states of South Dakota and Wyoming. But no lost-and-founds.

The local paper was here too; a present from the motel. A story about a girl who had lost her dog. But no lost-and-founds; not for animals.

"We were on U.S. Sixteen, weren't we?" I asked.

"All the way."

"Bill!" I said. An idea had begun. "Bill. What places did we stop at? Rapid City, the Dinosaur Park ——"

"That's the first," he said. "That's where we saw Little for the last time. Then the Horseless Carriage Museum. I got out to see the olden cars, and you stayed in the station wagon and read."

"I went to the car museum yesterday," I was saying.

"Then the Giant Tepee ——"

"The biggest tepee in the world, the sign said."

"It was made of concrete! It was a gift shop!"

"And then Rockerville Gold Town."

"Neat," said Bill.

"Then Hill City, to get a paper ——"

"And the last one was the Jenney marker."

These were all travelers' places, tourist places, with signs on the highway.

"Would you look up Doctor Mason, Bill? Try the yellow pages, under Vet."

Doctor Mason's voice was strong and kind. "I can't offer you any hope," he said, "too many animals get lost here all the time. And, of course, there are dogs. And coyotes."

"Yes," I said.

"But I know the editor of the paper. Why don't you see him in the morning?"

"I'd like to offer a reward," I said. "Could I do that through you? And would you take care of Little when she's brought to you?"

"I can't hold out any hope," he said. "But come and see me in the morning too."

The rain was gentle, now. It was stopping. While we were getting ready to go to sleep, it stopped, and the moon came out. Maybe Little was in the long wet grasses. Or waiting beside the purple road. Maybe she had found the fishballs at the Jenney marker. The night was still and bright, bright moon in the washed sky, bright wet on the trees and grass. Bill went to sleep, and so did I. Then the gray cat, Tuder, went to sleep; but he woke many times, and put his purple nose against the crack of the door, and jumped on the windowsill to look out at the full shapes of the clouds running past the moon. And the moon ran, too, but that we could not see.

In the morning, we phoned people. We phoned Rockerville Gold Town; they have a block of stores, and a theater and a restaurant. We phoned the paper, and Mr. Duncan, the editor, said he was a friend of Doctor Mason's. "Come down and we'll have a talk," he said to Bill.

We phoned all the places: the hot-dog stand at Dinosaur Park, the hotel at Hill City.

We went down to the Jenney marker—no phone at a historical marker—and found Doc's Body Shop, a big and shadowy garage. Doc said that he knew all the boys and girls there and would get the word around about Little.

Everyone we talked to said that. They looked kind, and they would help. But even the ones we never saw were kind and welcoming, even when they were only speaking to us, who were strangers, on the phone. People in Wyoming, people in South Dakota, the eighty miles along Highway 16, from Rapid City through the Black Hills to Newcastle in Wyoming.

Now we were sure we had gone over our trail. The high Western clouds were piling in the sunny sky. If Little was out in the hills, maybe she would think of something that would save her. Maybe she would catch something.

"The only thing she's ever caught," said Bill, "is flies."

"She thinks they're birds," I said weakly.

"What'll we do now?" Bill said.

Tuder and our suitcases were in the station wagon again.

"First, Stampede Street," I said. "That's Doctor Mason."

A small boy was playing with a wagon in front. He held out a can. "Some good worms," he said. "We're going fishing again, first chance we get."

"They're fine worms," said Bill.

A woman in an orange dress was in the doorway. "Mrs. Mason!" I said.

"Come in," she answered. "The doctor's just leaving."

There was Doctor Mason, a very handsome man, very tall, in a bright red shirt. He was putting things in a bag.

"Thank you about the cat," I said.

"Hope you get her back," said Doctor Mason. "Offering a reward?"

"I thought ten dollars ——" I began.

"Double that, you may get something," he said. "Takes that to get a fellow to come in to Newcastle from the hills. Ten dollars for the trip here and back."

"All right," I said.

"Can you stay on the chance?" he asked.

"I have to get to San Francisco," I said. "A job there."

"Right," he said. "I'll take care of your cat, if she comes in, and send her on to you. In a crate. Collect?"

"Yes, please," I said. "And your fee."

"No," said Doctor Mason. "But there's not much of a chance, you know." He snapped the bag shut, and went out through the door. Very fine and tall, very red shirt.

"He had to go," said Mrs. Mason. "A colt's been caught on a barbed-wire fence, sixteen miles in, and he's tore his shoulder bad. What the doctor can't stand—he rushed out because he can't stand the long time between the call coming in, and when he gets there."

Two small boys were standing behind her; one was the boy with the worms.

"Could we all go out and play with the wagon?" said Bill.

"And you come into the kitchen and have some coffee," said Mrs. Mason to me. "Do you like instant coffee?"

"Thank you, yes," I said. A strong, shining police dog came into the kitchen with us as we sat there.

"You know, you shouldn't get your hopes up about the cat," said Mrs. Mason. "I know how you're both feeling now. We lost our dog—a wonderful dog he was—about five years ago, when Paul was about three and Starr was just a baby. We couldn't bear to think he was gone for good. We didn't give up hope for six or seven months, and then we got his brother, here." She spread her fingers in love and pleasure, and thrust her hand deep in the rich fur of the dog.

"I just want to do everything I can," I said. "I know it's a million-to-one chance." I heard my laugh.

"Of course you do," she said, and drank her coffee, an inch of it, tan and steaming. Her face was immediate in its goodness; it took on strength and kindness now on a pulse. "But wouldn't it be a good idea for Bill to face the fact that the cat is gone?" She was speaking gently.

"Maybe it would," I said.

"He's a boy, a big boy," she said. "But a girl too. We have to face facts. Don't you think that?"

"Yes, I do," I answered.

"When the doctor's out in calving time," she said, "and a calf is lost. Or when sickness sweeps through a herd. I *know* how it is for him. That's why he does it. But you have to take it. You do! Even my little fellows."

"Yes," I said.

"When the doctor's away all night, nights on end! And these are animals! Look how we are about animals! When we know how people are, how people live, losing each other. Or hurting each other, or torn away from each other."

"Sure," I said. "But ——"

"Your kid has got to get that. From you and from everybody. How can you let him think this cat is going to turn up? That this cat might turn up, on a stretch of road as long as this . . . Why, if you knew the roads back there, where the

Terror gold mine used to be, or
lown here on the flat." She paused.
about bringing him up."
there's a chance," I said. "That
a million. I think that's a fact too.
:e to work on that, and I'd like him
ow that that can be done. Even if
ıg is found. I know I'm falling be-
n time."
ou look tired to me. All that driv-
she said.
n not so tired. It's worth doing," I
"if there's anything possible to do,
e's anything to work on. I'd rather
ew his feeling is real, and worked
If I don't do it when the chance
, now ——"
ere," she said. "You write the
ption. Name the reward. Were
any distinguishing things?"
yellow leather collar with two sil-
lls," I said.
ıt it all down. And tell people they
e reward when they deliver the cat
ctor Bill Mason in Newcastle. And
own your name and address in San
isco, for us."
vas time to go. "Don't you go get-
is hopes up," she said.
walked to the station wagon, and I
and put my feet and hands down.
ly?" I said. We waved good-bye,
rove back toward town. "Stop at
od House!" called Mrs. Mason.
'll like it!"
couple of errands, and then we get
" I said to Bill.
st we stopped at the Newcastle
aper. This is the printshop and
aper. Hal Duncan came out and
d at Bill.
ou the boy with the cat?" he asked.
odded. Then he was able to speak.
l right. I'd like to ask you a few
ons." He opened the gate for Bill,
im to the editor's desk, sat down
im and interviewed him. In a cou-
minutes they came back.
ne," said Mr. Duncan. "We've got
hing we need to know. I'll get in
with Bill Mason if anything turns
ood luck."
walked down the main street—
f Highway 16—toward the radio
. "Maybe the paper in Rapid
" I said. "If there could be stories
h ends of the road—and the peo-
the motel said they might take an
the Custer City paper—"
ıat's a paper that comes out once a
though. Isn't that what they told

ıt it's the middle of our road. And it
o the ranchers." I stopped at that
ıobile showroom and phoned.
went down the long hall to the
studio. In one room they were
g a record past a thick glass wall
kept the sound contained. In the
where we stood, a pretty girl heard
, a girl with blue eyes and a fair
ail.
ow, that must be a very special
she said. "What is it? Siamese?
a?"
ell ——" I said.
e's an S.P.C.A. cat," said Bill.
s our cat, and Tuder brought her
ıe's his wife. They're our family."
le came from the S.P.C.A. in New
when she was a weak, wan kitten.
ıd adopted another kitten a week
, and after a few days of getting
o Tuder, the gray cat, she had sud-
in a few hours, grown frail and
Distemper, said the doctor at the
.A. clinic. Within the afternoon,
and stiller, she had grown very

Just enough in every puff with new Montclair

Only new Montclair puts menthol *in the filter* for a bright, lively menthol flavor. And new Montclair is extra mild for a lighter, milder taste.

Just enough bright lively flavor . . . Just enough light mild taste.
Just enough in every puff with new Montclair.

Product of The American Tobacco Company ©A.T.Co.

quiet and then died. When we went back to the room where the kittens are kept for adoption, we saw one who looked just like her. Her sister, said the doctor. But don't take her, he told me. Take another one. It isn't just your kitten, it's her whole family who has died of distemper, he said. She won't live through the night, she's got a touch of it already. And you know how kittens are—you can see how she is. No resistance.

Little looked like millions of cats. Striped, with a white front and paws, and the look of common delicacy and common distinction. There was just this yellow collar, with two silver bells and twenty silver nailheads, set like this: . . . .O . . . . . O . . .

"My name's Linda Bradley," said the girl, her eyes glowing blue. "I don't know how much chance there is, but I'll try all the things I can. A radio station can sometimes do things. And we'll be in touch with Doctor Mason."

"Good-bye, Linda," said Bill. "Thanks."

"And try the Chamber of Commerce," Linda called after us. "They have one in Rapid City too."

The Chamber of Commerce lives in a little house on a lawn behind the courthouse. Here the Jenney Stockade, all rebuilt, now has its life, even though the marker is still in the old place, down by the L-A-K ranch. The house was locked. I wrote out the lines about the cat and Bill Mason, and slipped them under the door.

"Now we really have *(continued)*

Flavor's here... *to stay*... in special flavor-saver cans!

There are special linings in these Libby's cans developed through years of research to prot and guard the superb flavor, color, texture of Libby's Peas and Corn. Each fine food fr Libby's is packed in an individually selected flavor-saver can lined* so it's exactly right to insure top flavor. With Libby's, flavor's here to start with – flavor's here to stay!

*Over 40 specified can and package linings protect Libby's superb flavor

ITTLE *continued*

o go," I said. "If I'm going to get to an Francisco in time." We have no place o live when we get there, I thought. hat's why I gave the college as an adress to everybody. And how are they oing to send a cat, if they do find her, the trackless hills, on the edge of the ighway, at the back door of a ranch ouse, to the office of a department in a ate college two thousand miles away?

"There's the Sod House!" said Bill. We had been driving for half an hour. ar on our right, Devil's Tower stood p, thick and strange, across the flat iles.

We drove in, and up to the house. The rth it was made of; the stones in the mbler, roiling and polishing to come t gems; the chipmunks on their races; e covered wagon standing there, proaiming in big shaky letters that it was e home of Screamy Mullins—all of ese were fine. But inside was a sign at invited you to have a buffalorger.

"Buffalo!" said Bill. And had one. nd had another. A fine meat, tasting of rength, rich and boundless.

"They come from the government," id the woman. "They supply it to us. es, Mrs. Mason—how is she? Isn't she ce? We haven't seen her in a long me."

We drove on, thinking of Little. Fast id sad, driving another half hour, past loorcroft, where they were building a w road, and the children waved to us the dusty turn. Then we straightened t on blacktop again, passed the bends Clear Creek. Bill turned on the radio. Shake, Rattle and Roll," it played, and en the news, and then, ". . . if you see ch a cat, with a yellow collar with two lver bells . . ." and the whole story.

"That's what Linda Bradley did!" id Bill. "Do you think maybe . . . ?"

We drove, fast. Much speed. Much. A siren started its swelling noise bend me. I could see the trooper's car in y mirror. With one motion I put out y cigarette, closed the ashtray and ulled the brake.

"I know I was going fast," I said to m on the road.

He looked at me. "That's not what it ," he said, and the corners of his eyes anged. He spoke in an official voice. "I ve orders to ask you to proceed back Newcastle, to Graham's Motel. Someing you lost has been found."

I swung the car around after his.

"Little's found!" The words came out one breath of Bill's. "You hear that, uder?" The gray cat looked at him.

Across the desk of the motel, they miled at us. "Phoned in half an hour ter you left," they said. "They've got our cat. Holding her for you. At the orseless Carriage Museum."

"But how did you ever catch us?" I sked.

"Mrs. Mason phoned the sheriff," ey said.

When I called them at the Horseless arriage Museum, they said, yes, they ad Little. She had walked into the box fice there, just walked in, with her tail gh, at eleven o'clock in the morning. hey knew it was her; they didn't have cats around there, never had. Yes, ripes, white down her front, white aws, girl cat. No, there was no collar. o collar at all.

"Maybe she rubbed it off under the orch, or in the bushes," said the motel an. "You going to see?"

"Of course we are," I said. "I told them I'd be there as soon as we could make it."

"Yes, I heard you," said the man, and grinned. "Let's see, you were sixty miles out when they caught you, that's a hundred and twenty; and about seventy miles to the museum, that's two hundred and sixty——"

"May we have the same room for tonight?" I asked, and smiled too.

"Sure thing," he said. We gave Tuder a bowl of fresh food and another bowl of milk, put him back in the station wagon, and left the bags. We waved, and drove off, back down Highway 16, past the Dogie Theater, around the bend, past FINE FOODS, past Doc's Body Shop and the corner of the L-A-K and the Jenney marker, over the state line into South Dakota again, through the rocks and the yellow flowers into the Black Hills. As we climbed, the air grew cold. The clouds drew together. We came to Custer.

"Let's go the other way," said Bill, "and see the park."

"Good idea," I said.

"Think it's really Little?" he asked.

"I keep going back and forth," I said. "How can it be? I sometimes say, and then, who else but Little would walk into that box office like that?"

"That's what I do," said Bill.

"I teased my hair."

"But it must be," I said. "Yes, I'm sure it is. I'm sure we'll go into that Horseless Carriage Museum, and Little will have rubbed her collar off in the bushes, and there she'll be."

"I'm sure, too, now," said Bill. "We could have just cried, and held our heads in our hands, but we didn't!"

Donkeys in the drizzle; they pushed the car. When Bill gave them bread, they took it happily. The last slice stuck to the side of a wet donkey, who looked after us down the road. Touches and strokes of rain. Curves around lakes, past goats. Then three animals turning and dancing on a plateau of gravel, their horns sweeping round. Play of these mountain sheep, until the last one in a long flying leap cleared floor and bushes, and they were in the forest.

Now the mountain rain, as we went through the tunnels of the rock. "We won't go to the Gutzon Borglum place," I said. "We'll get to Little as fast as we can."

"The four-headed mountain?" asked Bill, who had seen the postcards.

We came out of a tunnel about the size of the station wagon.

There was a sighting through the trees for an instant, and we saw it, small at the end of a green tunnel: four small faces, very white in the rain, as if time were a kind of whiteness.

It was not what I had thought.

"Wow!" said Bill.

We were in the forest again, circling down on road that slipped with rain. And joining the main road, where the headlights of other cars now arrived through the fog. We drove out of the hills, past Rockerville, and to the Horseless Carriage Museum; its olden car waited, wet and shiny, outside.

"Tickets?" said the lady at the box office.

"We've come for the cat," we said. "Oh, yes," and she called a man. A boy and a teen-age girl came with us, past the old Marmon and the Model A, out a side door.

There, in the rain, was a big box. In it, a sleeping head, with cat curled around it. The dark fine stripes ran between the ears asleep in a way I knew.

"It's Little!" Bill was down on his knees, taking her out of the box. White front, white paws, stripes laid over her back in dark design on tawny. It was a girl cat, looking up soft and sweet. It was almost Little.

"She is white in the face, see, too," I said. "And plumper, younger."

"Not your cat, lady?" said the man. "You sure? Take a good look."

The kitten looked at me.

"You like her anyway?" said the man. "Seems like, if she walked in just as your cat disappeared——"

Bill's face was white.

The kitten sat up in the man's hands. I wanted to take her with me.

"You take her," said the man. "We can't have a cat here. Never have."

"I would," I said, "if it weren't for the other cat. They're not used to each other, and traveling, without any space—and we may still find ours." I trailed off.

"Oh lady," said the man, "you'll never——" Bill was stumbling out the door, going past the box office.

"Thank you very much," I said to the man, "for calling us. She does look a great deal like."

"The kids are fond of it," said the woman. "Maybe, just this time." The boy and the girl started talking to her, fast.

"You ought to have part of the reward," I said. "That would take care of the cat for a while."

"No," said the man. "The reward was for finding your cat. See what I can do. She's in a box," he said slowly, "already. But I don't know."

We went away. That was when we cried. For Little, for kittens lost in rain. For missing of all lost people, creatures, things. For Tuder, the gray cat who had brought her up and set out hysterically to drive across the country, not knowing that it was impossible. People had told us. "You're betraying those cats," they said. "You can't take two apartment cats to California, without a place for them when you get there, even."

"Betraying them!" Bill said then. "What would we be doing if we left them?"

Tuder did not care that we were crying. We stopped at once. He had missed Little last night, but now he did not care at all. He looked out the window.

"All right," I said. "Let's do everything we can, and then go on. We'll stop and ask them at Rockerville."

The gold town is rebuilt for tourists. It is a line of buildings along the highway, with a big gift shop, an ice-cream parlor, a theater. You can hear them rehearsing in the afternoon: "Do not come one step closer, sir, I warn *(continued)*

Flavor's here!

Beets Dairyland: Add a sprinkling of caraway seeds to ½ cup dairy sour cream. Use as a topper for heated, then well-drained Libby's Sliced or Whole Beets (they're ruby-red beauties, young and tender). 3 to 4 servings to the 1-lb. can.

Flavor's here!

Corn Casserole: Top a hot casserole of buttered Libby's Whole Kernel Corn (you'll love its "fresh-off-the-cob" flavor) with Libby's frozen French Fried Onion Rings, which have been crisped according to directions on the package.

Flavor's here!

Luncheon Peas: Add drained Libby's Peas (babied for tenderness and flavor) to hot Cheese Sauce. Spoon over toasted English muffins that have been generously spread with Libby's Deviled Ham.

Libby's

The most experienced food processor in the world

Which hand wore the rubber glove?

To prove Ivory Liquid's mildness, Mrs. McCausland has washed dishes for 30 days with one hand gloved. Can you tell which one?

Now, here's dramatic proof of Ivory Liquid's amazing mildness—proof that this gentle detergent can help *your* hands stay soft and young-looking.

Mrs. George McCausland regularly washes dishes for a family of six in her home on Long Island, N. Y. She normally uses Ivory Liquid. Although she doesn't usually wear rubber gloves, for this test we asked her to wear just *one* whenever she washed dishes. After 30 days, we took the unretouched photo above.

Can you tell which hand wore the glove? "The right one," says Mrs. McCausland, "but even *I* can't see any difference." Actually, it would take a careful examination through a magnifying glass to tell them apart!

Make the Rubber Glove Test and prove to yourself how mild Ivory Liquid is. Just wash dishes as you ordinarily do, with the addition of one rubber glove. Notice how pure, white, and creamy this liquid is. What rich suds it makes. How soft and smooth it leaves your skin. Make this test and you'll stay with Ivory Liquid—the detergent with the gentle first name!

MORE WOMEN USE IVORY LIQUID AND LIKE ITS MILDNESS TO HANDS THAN ANY OTHER DISHWASHING LIQUID

TLE *continued*

!" They were building a filling station
to the old schoolhouse. Signs told
nt placer mining, how you use a
den cradle—that's the rocker—and
water spills out, the sand spills out,
the grains of gold shine heavy at the
om. The cradle is the "rocker"; the
e is named for that; and Ambrose
ce lived here, the dark and corrosive
, working on the paper here, on a
lred papers, wandering a hundred
ng towns before the city and the
black disappearance.

No," said the gift-shop lady, "no
been seen around. I asked the boys
night, as far down as the pony ride.
we heard about the reward, and
phone Doctor Mason."

rough the hills again. As we came
along the trout stream, the rain
d. A dense gray sky stood over Hill
.

nt on Highway 16, the wind made a
at one side of the station wagon. It
d move, this wall, and push. The
rs swung against the water, but sev-
times I stopped, once when lightning
ed to strike very near, a few times
a burst blurred everything, mak-
waterfall run flat over the wind-
d.

ike the radio?" Bill asked. But
was nothing but static.

was good to be across the state line,
e the red neon of FINE FOODS and,
e rain began to quiet, pull up at the
of our motel room. Here everything
familiar: the beds, the phone, the

ive...
o more will live
EART FUND

on the dressing table, our suitcases
on the benches. We slept at once.
r at Bill's feet.

e next morning we stopped at the
nber of Commerce house in New-
e.

his time Will Cade was there. He
ed on us, and pulled out folder
folder to give to Bill. "Young
er last night," he said. "Blew things
eces, didn't it?"

like it here," said Bill.

rom New York, I hear," said Will
, folders in both hands. "Know
burgh? You do? Well, that's what I
Come out eleven years ago, and
s my home." He gave us a set of
. "You'd better locate that cat of
s," he said to Bill. "You've got two
states all out to find her. And if she
n't turn up right away—you know
adio station told people to send her
to the Chamber of Commerce?—
ave the biggest flood of striped cats
ody ever saw." He stood at the
"It could only happen in Amer-
he said.

e thanked him, and went to look at
enney Stockade, reconstructed. We
ed to the station wagon. "There's a
t on it!" said Bill.

e cardboard was stuck behind the
r. WELCOME TO NEWCASTLE, it read.
OU ARE A GUEST, YOU ARE NOT
IVING A PARKING TICKET EVEN
GH THE METER TAG SHOWS RED.

YOU ARE NOW OUT WEST WHERE HOSPITALITY IS A FACT . . . NOT A RUMOR . . . NOR A SLOGAN.

Bill wanted to keep the ticket. "And let's say good-bye to the Mason kids," he said. We headed for Stampede Street. "What did he mean, it could only happen in America?" Bill asked. "They like animals all over, don't they?"

All the images moved together as we talked: the grueling, restoring drive across the country with a boy and two cats; not having missed Little at once, because she had been miraculously saved the day before and we had laughed at "Saint Little" and she had been so demure and peaceable all day; the motels and highways and radios and printing presses, the vet in his plane, the state troopers and phones and C. of C. network; all the boys and girls in Hill City and on the road, from Doc's Body Shop to the lady whom I had reached as a wrong number. . . . Maybe it was a Chamber of Commerce greeting.

I drove up to the Masons' corner.

"It was the wrong cat yesterday ——" I was saying.

"I have news for you," Doctor Mason, at the same moment, said. His bag was in his hand. "Mrs. Mason will tell you; but it looks as though your kitten's been found."

He smiled, and went to the garage.

"Think it's another false alarm?" said Bill.

Mrs. Mason looked after her husband as he drove off. "It sounds like your cat. Collar and all," she said to Bill. "But, of course, he may be repeating the description you gave," she said. "You want to drive over and see?"

"Where is it?"

"Rapid City," she said. "A call came from a man ——"

"She must have got out at the park!" said Bill. "The first stop of all!"

"Those dinosaurs." I put out my hand to Mrs. Mason. "May I have his number?" I asked. "We can call him now."

"Here's the slip," said Mrs. Mason. "You're welcome to phone, but he left no number. I hate to say this, but you may get a lot of calls like this one. He left two addresses, though. Jim Worley, in Rapid."

He had no number; and Information could not attach a number to the second address he gave.

"Oh, honey," said Mrs. Mason. "I hope it's something real, but don't pin all your hope on it."

"I really have to be in San Francisco," I said.

"You shouldn't go back anyway," she went on. "This could go on for hundreds of cats. Tell you what," she said. "You go on ahead. We'll take it from here." She looked at us in another way, and smiled. Her two boys stood in the doorway. "You start driving; and don't try to cross the Big Horns tonight. Just take the south fork, and stop over in Buffalo. We'll look at this cat. If it's yours, we'll send it to you."

We did not know that Little was found, that night in Buffalo, or in Ten Sleep, or Cody; through Yellowstone, and under the Tetons; along the Snake, the deep gorge after Bear Lake, crossing the salt flats, through Nevada. We did not know she was found until we got to San Francisco. Until she walked out of the well-made crate, and stretched herself before us, healthy, strong, with a slash of experience across her nose. We did not really know that Little was found until we saw her. But she was. ■

French's
brown gravy
MIX

French's Brown Gravy—ready in just 5 minutes! Gives you all of the hearty, homemade flavor you want, but none of the lumps. French's makes 15 delicious sauce and gravy mixes. How many of them have you tried?

When the gravy is this good and quick~ the rest is easy.

Quick Beef Casserole: Combine in a shallow casserole 2 cups diced cooked meat, 2 cups cooked vegetables, and French's Brown Gravy (1 package prepared). Heat in 475° oven 10 minutes. Arrange 1 can refrigerator biscuits on top. Dot biscuits with butter. Continue to bake 10 to 12 minutes. 4 generous servings.

Good things to eat come from 1 Mustard Street

The R. T. French Co., Rochester, N.Y.

continued from page 80

a button. Anita had never known the Europe which, as she knew from her parents' own house and the friends who came in and out of it, was an interior peopled and furnished quite differently. The sun was kept out from objects like faces. The chairs, tables, bureaus and commodes had each their inlay, carving or encrustation of colored lacquer just as Doctor Manides, Mr. Gruntz, the Terbegens and the Crespignys had their different accents. The lisps and intonations in their English kept present other tongues, ancient civilizations, philosophies growing into political systems and political systems growing one out of the other; the objects kept present concepts of beauty laid one upon the other, the skill of guilds that had evolved and disappeared, and the proportions of other rooms. So Anita knew from an early age that the strange faded beast in which her father sat with his hands resting on its two snarling heads, belonged somewhere. When a child she had brought home with her from the neighboring streets was struck dumb before the presence of her father and Mr. Gruntz sitting in silence over the chess table, and gazed round in a growing oppression that almost entirely inhibited breathing as the gaze reached the harpsichord, Anita would whisper, "A kind of piano."

The street outside into which she and the friend then burst was white with blazing afternoon sunlight. Black nannies yelled gossip where they congregated restlessly with their white charges. Barefoot boys cycled to buy milk or bread from the Greek shop on the corner. Sometimes the older children played cricket with an upended fruit box for wicket, or *bok-bok*, a wild game rougher than leapfrog from which Anita would emerge with her fringe drenched in sweat. Every Saturday afternoon she went with her school friends to the cinema down the road, where they traded American comics with each other, blew bubble gum, and stopped their ears when the schoolboys whistled between their teeth at the love scenes. After rain, she and the other children in their street paddled in the swirling gutters of warm brown water and teased black delivery men by throwing bunches of wet leaves at them as they rode by. Now and then there were fights; a party of jeering boys would provoke the girls. Anita always came back into the house with an exhilarated face that slowly took on the indoor calm of heavy curtains and the smell of coffee brewing.

"Anita has been enjoying herself." Her father would push his chair away from the table, as if inviting the guests to contemplate her. "And where she has been?" Frau Gruntz gave singing lessons (ex-Vienna Opera), and at sixty, in a smart linen costume, she offered the white bosom and wide painted smile of the moment when the first note of an aria is about to be sounded. Doctor Manides, who regarded it as an affront to his esteemed friend Gruntz that she should be married to him, said, "Is Anita's business."

Her mother said, "Your hair . . ." with resigned acceptance and a certain timidity toward this apparition from activities not so much unthinkable as discounted.

"Oh mommy, man!" Anita spoke as the other children did.

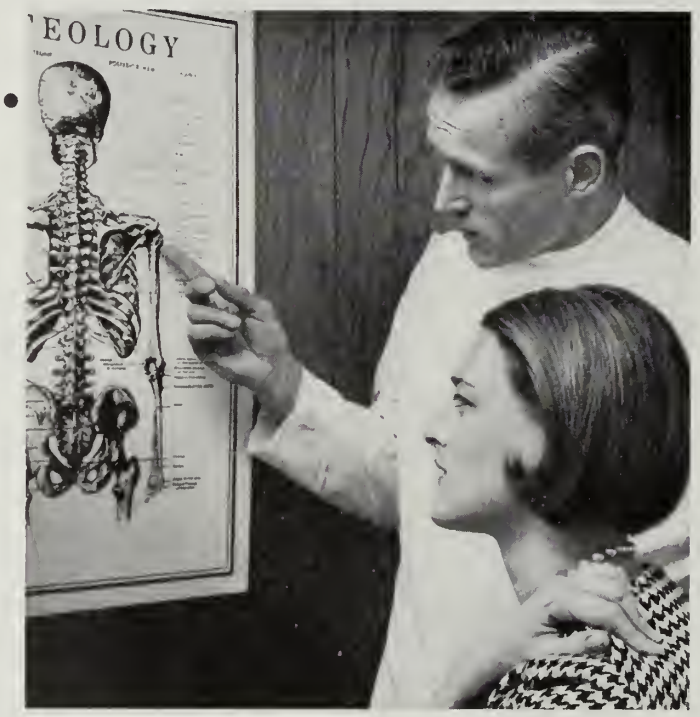
But these were elderly city people who had spent a large part of their lives talking in cafés, and the interruption of Anita was hardly more than a pause; quickly and absently passed over.

The family was living in a working-class suburb of bungalows out toward the mine dumps on the south side of Johannesburg. After the war they moved to the crush of flat buildings squeezing out older houses of the town's beginnings on the ridge of the north side. There were many more people like themselves now; Italians, Hollanders, half the Polish aristocracy. Later came Germans; and, after 1956, the Hungarians were to follow. There were delicatessen shops, an audience for chamber music, *espresso*, and even one or two cafés where the newspapers hung from wooden spines. Anita's father's bookkeeping job (he had been in the family bank at home) gave way to something better, though he did not rise to a new prosperity, as some of the others did—the German Jews in the clothing industry, the Italians in engineering and building. Into the shabby double-story house he brought the things he began to pick up: Persian rugs, a *guéridon*, gilt clocks, gesso frames, a single English lead wineglass that one of the local "antique" dealers had known no better than to include in a job lot of modern Czechoslovakian rubbish. The new waves of refugees and immigrants had brought, like the sand that is found among clothes when one unpacks after a holiday at the sea, some residue of Europe. Professor Terbegen went to auctions, too, and there was an endless rivalry pursued in the discussion of chipped and gilded objects, now doubly removed, in latitude as well as time, from their inspiration.

Once, Anita's father had shown another round his treasures—but not an immigrant, not a refugee with the dust of interrupted conversation in a long-bombed café hanging in his mind. He was a man with the self-assured handsomeness that good looks take on at the end of the thirties, and at that time he was a colonel of one of the "free" forces of an occupied country, attached to British Intelligence. A staff car waited outside; he talked to Anita's mother and father in their own tongue and brought alive animation and laughter, a draught of their world in common. In him it was not a memory; he was Europe, living and present, the special dry humor of the capital, the logical mind of a particular university, the eyes and hands sensually accustomed to marble and chestnut trees in bloom. Anita, fifteen years old, knew only the South African privates with baggy khaki trousers strapped down round their clumsy boots, who came home to the neighborhood houses on weekend leave. She followed her father and this visitor round, keeping out of the way and studying him in secrecy and amazement.

Axelrod was in South Africa for over a year. He was the son of friends in the old Europe, whom Anita had never met, but who belonged to the best period of her parents' lives. He was an expert on German porcelain and French furniture, English silver and Italian glass—in fact all the furnishings and ornaments of that interior that Anita had never inhabited. Although he became an intimate, his visits (sometimes he even spent the weekend) were always an event. Anita knew every seam and braid of his uniform. She knew his phrasing in French; and his play on words in German. He got her a special seat at a military tattoo, and he paid her mock grown-up compliments like giving her French perfume on her birthday—a celebration at which he held all the attention and provided all the fun. While he was in the house he made it his own, but he would leave at a time confirmed by a quick (*continued*

STRONGEST IN THE PAIN-RELIEVER DOCTORS RECOMMEND MOST FOR ARTHRITIS...



ANACIN® gives hours of continuous relief from minor pains—also helps reduce inflammation and swelling so it's easier to move stiff joints again.

In arthritis, the aim of treatment is to control not only pain, but also inflammation of the joints which causes the stiffness. Leading arthritis authorities state that the pain-relieving medication in Anacin has proved one of the most effective in controlling symptoms of this disease. Here is why.

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In minutes, Anacin gives relief from minor pains of stiff, sore, tender joints. Then hour after hour Anacin keeps on giving relief so you can move afflicted joints more easily. And *so important*, Anacin has a specific anti-inflammatory action which helps reduce the inflammation and swelling which cause your suffering.

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LARGEST SELLING PAIN RELIEVER

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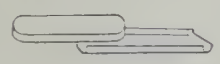
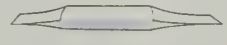
It's the only napkin shielded on 3 sides with blue polyethylene

Accident-proof at the bottom, accident-proof at both sides, too  New Modess is shielded on all three sides with moisture-proof polyethylene under a soft, white outer covering  New Modess with the blue polyethylene shield protects as no plain white napkin can. Makes ordinary napkins seem almost risky. Look for the new Modess® today.

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AVON CALLING with a wide and wonderful selection of creams and lotions so you may have a constantly lovelier complexion.

...ce at his watch, so that the high ...e of his presence was maintained by ... sudden sense of the width of his life, ...ening out here and there and every- ...ere, beyond them, and yet at the same ...e taking them up into it. He would ...me back with the same smile of lively ...ticipation with which he had gone ...; he had been to a party, or with ... woman. In the meantime, Anita ... asked by one of the young South ...rican students to go to a dance, but ... was too afraid to ask permission ...m her parents. The boy said, "But ...y can't you even try, mam?" His ... came together humbly as waiting ...ds.

...fter the war Axelrod came out from ...rope on a visit because he had the ... that he might acquire some African ...es—there was a small board of ad- ...sers, probably inspired by the ex- ...ple of Picasso, who were interested in ...ican sculpture and had wooden sculptures ...m West Africa. He and Anita's father ...d looking at two crouching figures ...wrapped upon the glass cloth on her ...ther's table. The heavy thirst would ... furrowed with a ringing shiver un- ...e spines of sweat would. The protrud- ...nces stood out like a Cyclopean eye- ...e gaze of the female set, the thirst ...s of the male were statements be- ...d the age of chivalry or the perver- ...e of a Marquis de Sade. One had ...ed to call a small stool beside stuff ...d a dried, well-polished skull. A pierc- ...rasswood mirror set into its chest ...owed your face rolling and falling ...y like something dug up from a ...e.

...xelrod smiled with the corners of his ...uth dipped modestly; her father ...ked at the things with his head so ...ively drawn back, widely sideways ...d his pale eyes. They appreciated ...e other in the way of people who ...ve each other's thoughts and, in a ...ment, began to laugh. "Don't try ...mpress a fool of me, Axelrod."

"No, Felix, these are good pieces. ...r a hundred and fifty years old. Mrs. ... Rose will go mad about them."

They laughed delightedly at each ...er's elegance, Axelrod shaking his head ...d holding the older man's shoulder.

It was extraordinary to have Axelrod in the house again. Now it was the house in Hillbrow, of course. His voice down- ...stairs when he talked on the telephone. The smell of his cigarettes. His expen- ...sive English suits being carried upstairs after Beauty, the servant girl, had pressed them. Anita was nearly eighteen, and she emerged from the chrysalis of her room, awkward, hot-faced under her wild-falling short hair. She was present as she had been, following them around as a child; but now she accompanied them to restaurants and shared the wine at dinner, silently listening and follow- ...ing with her eyes not only the guest's face but the invisible continuum of his conversation. There was always some- ...thing out-of-breath about her now and then they would turn to her with a parenthetic smile or remark, as to a child who has just run in.

When she was back in her room, she would stand at the window like a person who has lost his memory. The scene that she knew intimately, down there in the yard between the flat buildings, was unrecognizable to her, as if she had never been there before. And yet how much of her time did she spend, watch- ...ing the life that moved in and out the shifting kaleidoscope of shade that, cast by the high buildings, traveled like the arm of a compass around the wall of bright sunlight. Black men and women who were cleaners and maids in the flats lived there; they slept in dormitories in the yards, and their life zigzagged up and down the iron fire escapes, and re- ...sounded in shouts of anger and laughter from wall to wall. The men gambled on their motorbikes at lunchtime. At night they drank too much, she knew as well, was kept hidden in the electrical ...ventilation shaft. They argued, bar- ...bered each other's hair, put their hands on the lovely backsides of the girls and, on their respective days off, went up to the roof in Western-boy gear and came down again as bold, well-dressed men with brushed hairs and polished shoes. Down there, the servants, Beauty, had another being that was to Anita's parents' house, attracted men, gossiped with women, was quarrelsome and made people laugh.

But with Axelrod's presence in the rooms beneath her, Anita heard and saw nothing that was before her eyes. She was alive in the streets whose names he let fall in his anecdotes ("near the Rue Chambery," "in the Quaistrasse") and in the houses, hidden in winter rain, among the elaborate objects he and her father admired and understood.

One of the pleasantries with which [illegible] at the airport was "Are Anita" [illegible] "Flowers will [illegible] for her." There had been a tele- ...gram from the ship; they were carried [illegible] and Anita received [illegible] but later with him when he set up [illegible] in London.

Like all such possessions it was subject to and treas[illegible]

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IMPRESSIONS INFLUENCES pages 61–67
Downtown House and Garden Marsh, Miami and Fort Lauderdale. Wagnin & Co., West Coast. Bing & Grondahl House Arnold Constable, New York. Famous Barr St. Louis. Frederick & Nelson, Seattle.

NEW INFLUENCE IN FASHION pages 64–65
Harriet's Dress wedding gown, special order at Bonwit Teller, New York. Anne Fogarty suit, Lilli Ann blouse with black-scroll trim in black faille. Lord & Taylor, New York. Samuel Winters suede suit, Bonwit Teller, New York. Wagnin & Co., West Coast. Sportswear Couture suit, Wagnin & Co., West Coast. Sportswear Couture suit, Wagnin & Co., West Coast. Sportswear suit, Bonwit Teller, New York. Joseph Horne, Pittsburgh. Joseph Wagnin, San Francisco. American Bazaar raincoat, Bellet's, Washington, D.C. L.L. Ames, Indianapolis. Famous-Barr St. Louis. Lazar Stein and the Saks Fifth Avenue, New York. Harrod Gunsmith pajamas, Bonwit Teller, N.Y.

GREAT TASTE VERSATILITY IN FOOD pages 70–71
Spanish terra-cotta paella dish, $10, postpaid, Pan-pared Creations, Inc., 111 E. 30th St., New York, N.Y. Damask tea serving pieces, $6.50 ea., Rosenthal "Classic" patterned cream and bowl, $7.50 ea., Arabia four-section relish tray, $6, Design Research International, Inc., 53 E. 57th St., New York, N.Y. Fraser "Lina" stainless steel flatware, 5-pc. place setting, $7.95; 4-piece starter set, $29.95, Wallmaster Schlemmer, 145 E. 57th St., New York, N.Y.

INFLUENCE ON DECORATING pages 72–73
Needlepoint grass mint rug, about 8' x 10', $65, through decorators from A. Warshaw, 239 E. 58th St., New York, N.Y. "Barony" pattern decanter $35, and "Gascogne" pattern sherry glasses, $2.25 ea., from Baccarat, 55 E. 57th St., New York, N.Y. Color lithograph, "Les Personnages" by Wols, $750, including frame, from Galerie Rive Gauche, 16 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. Nail-studded leather box, $75, through decorators from Lurton-Clarke, Dept. 3159, Third Ave., New York, N.Y. Flooring is ceramic tile made by the American-Olean Tile Co., available through local tile contractors.

NEW WARMTH FOR THE KITCHEN pages 74–75
Counters and chef center, Wood-Mode Counters, Furniture, Flooring, Amtico. Gas cook top and oven, Wedgewood Chef Date top for cooking stand, 3 & 4 Stone & Supply Corp., Liberty Ave. and 170th St., Jamaica, N.Y. Gas barbecue, Bakers Pride Oven Co., Inc., 1640 E. 122nd St., New York, N.Y. Refrigerator, Norge. Dishwasher and disposer, Waste King, Sink, Carlton. Cafe leads at windows, Wallaram Fabric Corp., 130 W. 56th St., New York, N.Y. Rug and floor hardware, Glenn, 1359 Third Ave., New York, N.Y. Handle arm chairs, Ames to Weaver, 155 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. Dining table, House of Glass, 655 E. 59th St., New York, N.Y. Dining chairs and eight fixtures, Leslie Town House, 625 N. Thomson St., Philadelphia, Pa. Paper towels, Chequer, 1407 Third Ave., New York, N.Y. Accessories, House of Glass, Phoenix Pan-American, 718 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y. Children's clothes, Some good names in Oxford Sportswear, suspender shorts and shirts, Warm Wires.

nothing, yet when Anita was taken by her mother to Europe for the first time, just after her eighteenth birthday, it was Axelrod who showed them the Wallace Collection ("my favorite place in London") and, in the British Museum, swept them past rooms they mustn't waste their time with, to stand in homage before certain selected objects. Anita was left by her mother to spend a year with relatives in Lausanne and to attend some secretarial school there. But when Axelrod, passing through on business, took her out to lunch like an uncle giving a niece a treat and found her mutely miserable, he disposed of her homesickness in a sentence—"I'll take you to London." He added, "That's the place for you. You can learn your typewriting with some nice young ladies from Kensington."

"I want to go home."

Axelrod smiled with absent adult indulgence, and said, "Oh, there. I shouldn't think Felix and your mother would stick it out much longer. They'll be here soon, too, I'm sure."

He wrote to Felix and, without even waiting for an answer, packed the girl into his car and drove her round Switzerland for a week before taking her to London. Installed in his house, with Elisabeth to keep her company when she came home from her secretarial college, she saw little of Axelrod. She soon discovered that he was having an affair with a *pianiste;* that had been his reason for being in Switzerland: so long as the affair lasted, he combined business with his preoccupation and followed his mistress round Europe as she fulfilled concert engagements. Later he was in love with the beautiful wife of Lord T—— (Anita got to know the lovely croaky voice over the telephone), and there were others. He began to look older, but never less attractive, with deep lines accentuating the strength of his mouth, and his youthful slenderness turned to leanness. When Anita finished her secretarial course, he took her to her first nightclub. She was telling him her experiences as applicant for several jobs. They laughed about them, and he said, "What about applying to me?" She made some joking remark; but his careless impulsive suggestions were part of his acquisitive flair, and as he spoke the joke became perfectly sensible: "I need a secretary at home as well as at the rooms. Someone to pick up the bits of paper I scrawl important things on, eh? Someone to write down what I think before I forget it. Someone to follow me round." While he was talking she was following him in a different way, on the dim concourse of the dance floor. Her body moved with his, in all its assurance of the love of women.

Her mother and father came over on a visit that year and stayed in the house in London. There were important sales of seventeenth-century furniture and rare glass, and above various objects the eyes of the old man and Axelrod met in the passion of assessment and appreciation. At dinner, at the theater, over morning coffee, the talk was of nothing but rarities. Anita knew the difference between a *tazza* and a *caqueteuse* now—she had been working with Axelrod among such things for some months, and she could place them like the strange faces of foreigners once one has seen their counterparts in their home countries. Her father looked at her with pride, as he would at some *object d'art* that had emerged well from its salesroom obscurity: "There is nothing there for anybody. A lot of blacks, and the white people are worse—agh!"

Axelrod, on his travels about the collections and salesrooms of the world, continued to send her the kind of grown-up presents that flatter a child. From Japan came an absurd tinned oyster, guaranteed to contain a cultured pearl. He himself always carried in his pocket the rosary of his religion of beautiful objects, an oblong alexandrite to fondle while he thought or talked. His letters were as amusing as his gifts: "My little amanuensis, Meet me in Paris on Thursday—M. Bontrain has some bargains to show me and I need someone to conspire with against him. You will be wanting to replenish your wardrobe anyway; the spring showings are on. . . ." It was a joke with him to pretend that she was not a shy girl who wore nothing but skirts and jumpers. In the open-air cafés of Rome and Paris they looked like a handsome youngish father and his suddenly shot-up daughter, who find they get on tremendously well together. She had a few young friends, a boy or two, but Axelrod—a job like hers, that was, took up one's life completely: how could a young man with a couple of tickets for the cinema compete with a sudden summons to meet Axelrod in Paris?

In Vienna he made love to her for the first time, in a hotel that delighted him in its perfect restoration to the rococo splendor that he remembered from before the war. They had had a most successful few days there; a treasure of wonderful porcelain that had emerged from some hiding place, one of the most important collections he had acquired in years—and it was in the sweet buoyancy of success that he gave in to her: for, of course, it was plain as the nose on her face that she was in love with him. "It's incest, eh?" he said tenderly, honestly. "But I know you are a big girl. Yes? You have been a big girl with me for a long time now."

But she misunderstood the extent of the indulgence. When they got back to London, he said, "Write to them and tell them the news about their bachelor friend. We are going to be married. You can't compromise me in this way, my darling Anita. What about my reputation?" Coming from Axelrod, it was a declaration beyond her wildest fantasies: the single fantasy that had been begun out of the seams of his uniform, the smell of his cigarettes when she was fifteen years old. Her parents had no qualms; Axelrod was the son they might have had if they had not had Anita, child of their exile and old age, born, like the people around them who were strangers to them, in a strange land. In a way he would always be more a son of theirs than Anita would ever be a daughter. Yet by the fact of Axelrod marrying her, she became more of a daughter than she had been.

Married to Axelrod, she changed remarkably little; she was there at the head of the table at his brilliant dinner parties, of course, and on her hand were his rings—for one crazy moment she had thought he would give her his alexandrite as her engagement ring, but no, it was still in his pocket, and she was thankful she had said nothing. She bore three children, and gained confidence among his friends and in her indispensability to him in his work—as time went by she was able to take all practical matters, including complicated financial transactions from country to country, off his hands. Yet her appearance, even in her thirties, continued to have something about it of the awkward schoolgirl: this, after all, was what Axelrod had married. He took her to Italy to buy her clothes (Paris, he said, was not her style); her suede skirts (*continued*)

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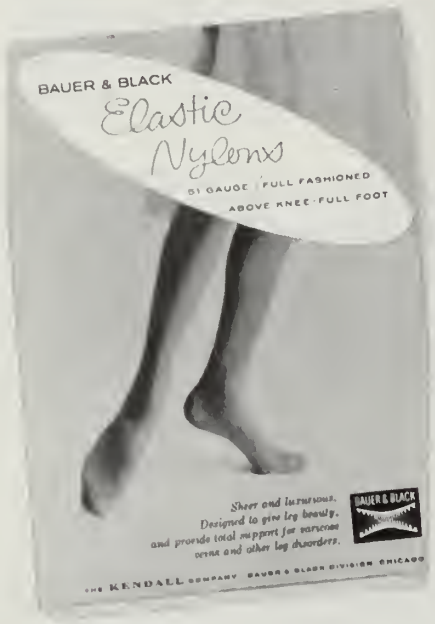
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and raw-silk blouses were really only more expensive versions of the old jumpers and skirts.

As she grew toward maturity, and he toward age (there were twenty-five years between them) their relationship evened out somewhat. She accepted without her former humbleness his affairs with women. Her gauche appearance became her style; and rather stylish. She was no longer conscious of a certain helplessness before other women's beautifully manicured hands, skillfully raised breasts, and those deliberately fake faces that Axelrod enjoyed as much as he did the enameled ones on his favorite French miniatures. He had still, unchanged, what people thought of as his charm—for her, the old affectionate amusement with which he had treated her all her life. He was a better lover than ever, and they had the one ground on which, at least, they had been equals from the start: their interest and pleasure in their children. If she had never had from him the one proof—and that she had never had it was confirmed by the fact that she did not know what form it would take—if she had never had the one proof that he loved her, then at least she had made her life with him just as if that proof had been in the house all the time, along with all the other treasures that belonged there.

In the spring of his fifty-eighth year Axelrod went away for a few days on one of his usual quick trips. He telephoned from Rome to the country house in Berkshire they had had for some years, to say that he would be back on Monday at lunchtime; the sun was shining and the leaves were out, already, in the Pincio Gardens—he wished they were all there with him. Anita and her eldest child, Daniel, spent the weekend beside the fire, in a furious chess battle.

On Monday morning she drove the children back to town in time for school, and as she opened the front door she saw Axelrod's partner and the secretary from the offices standing up to confront her. Axelrod had collapsed and died of a heart attack in a terrace café.

There was a seat booked for her on a plane, and she went without telling anyone, not even their closest friends. She sat alone in the plane looking at the condensed moisture vibrating on the window as she had done all the other times she had gone to join Axelrod. She went to him at the mortuary and saw that he had not known he would die; his death had taken him on impulse while the pleasure of some new acquisition and the light of a Roman sunset were still on his face. She walked about the streets of Rome and past the café where they had told her he had died, and the absurd expression that one's heart could be "sore" became true for her, she felt a rough soreness inside her as if some organ were being manhandled. Then she followed the way, by fountain, by marble triton and square, along the chestnuts coming into new leaf, back to his hotel, and packed his things. And as she put her hand blindly, for comfort, into the pocket of his trousers in the gesture with which he always felt for the jewel that he fingered there, she touched a small hard box. She drew out a jeweler's case. In it was Axelrod's oblong alexandrite, made up into a ring.

The air blotched before her eyes and her ears began to sing; she sat down on the bed and thrust her head over her knees, her splayed hands raked up into her hair. The blood flowed back to her brain, and she was able to get up again. She took the ring out of its slot in the velvet pad and put it on her third finger; it was just a little tight; unless a jeweler had the actual finger from which to take his measurements, it was difficult to be exact to a millimeter. This very week, on the Thursday, they would have been married fourteen years. Every year on the anniversary Axelrod brought her a present, one of the objects she had learned from him were beautiful and precious, but the truth was that of all the lovely things with which their house was filled she had coveted only one—the jewel that Axelrod played with in his pocket. And she could never ask him for it; she had long ago accepted that although he knew she wanted it, he delicately saved her the humiliation of his admitting this, since he knew he could never give it to her.

She hid her face in her hands with a panting gasp, as if great thirst had just been assuaged. Joy buffeted her heaving body unfamiliarly, she turned her head this way and that; a blazing pride of fulfillment shocked and delighted her. Sorrow came back; but it was not the sediment of old sorrow, that had been dissolved in her veins.

With the summer, some months later, she began to feel that the ring really was too tight. She took it to a jeweler. While he was taking measurement of her finger on a bunch of metal rings, she thought suddenly as if someone had spoken out loud: was the ring meant for her?

Why had she never thought of this before?

What reason was there to have assumed that Axelrod had had the alexandrite made up for her? The coming anniversary had not been a special landmark. He had never been ill before that first and fatal blood clot, and so there was no question of a premonition of death.

What on earth had made her so sure? After fourteen years, might the ring not just as well have been made for some other woman? All his life Axelrod had had his love affairs just as he had his childhood memories of the Guignol in Paris parks, and his passionate familiarity with the objects that had piled up through the centuries as if in some junk-room of the trappings of empires and principalities—that life of Europe to which he belonged and which it had never been expected, either by her parents or by him, she would ever really understand as one born to it. She found herself thinking of the crude afternoon sun in the street where she had played *bok-bok*. The poor young soldier with his sunburned, razor-nicked face and issue boots, who had wanted to take her to a dance. The black men in the ridiculous shorts and tunics who gambled and talked and drank and made love with their women in the bare well between the buildings, where there was nothing but strong sun and strong shade marking the passage of the sun like the hand of a clock: she thought of the single hand of the clock that had stood in her room in Africa. Oh, why had she come in from the street? Why had she not gone to the dance with the clumsy young soldier? Why had she not gone down there among the black men and women and learned what they were laughing at and tasted what they tasted when they tipped the jam tin and the beer went down their throats?

Long ago, that time, Axelrod and her father had looked with ridicule on the heavy black wooden figures with bellies and breasts and sex plainly stated. She tried to remember the figures, but it was too far away, and she could not. And yet she had cared for nothing of the things they had valued. Nothing but the alexandrite, that she would wear for the rest of her life, now, and never own. ■

CONTROLS COUGHS

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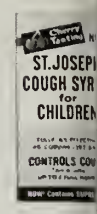
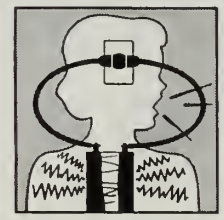
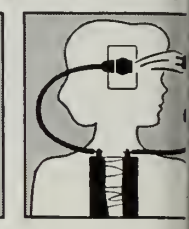


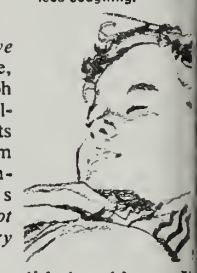
Special formula with Supressin "breaks circuit" that triggers coughing*



Coughing impulses are transmitted from your child's "control center" to cough nerves in throat and chest.



St. Joseph Cough Syrup For Children "breaks the Impulse-circuit" and thus controls needless coughing.



Proved fully as effective as codeine! Yet safe, non-narcotic. St. Joseph Cough Syrup For Children with Supressin acts through blood stream to block cough impulses . . . controls coughing *in a way not possible with ordinary cough syrups!*

Soothes throat, helps dislodge phlegm. H clear breathing passages so child gets ne sleep to speed recovery. (In slightly larger d gives *you* the same grand relief). Children p cherry-tasting St. Joseph Cough Syrup For dren. For big saving get large size.

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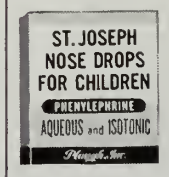
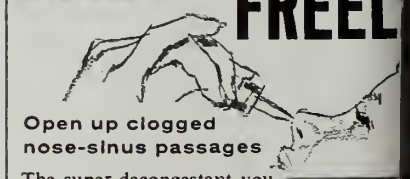


4 drops . . . 4 seco

BREATH FREEL



Open up clogged nose-sinus passages

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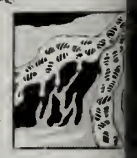
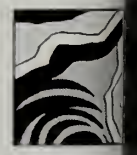
St. Joseph Nose Drops For Children contain no oil...and don't sting! Pleasant to use —*remarkably effective*. Get a bottle today.



Swollen, irritate sinus tissues drainege, breath



These nose soothe and shri branes . . . ope passeges fast.

From Plough, Inc., makers o St. Joseph Aspirin For Childre

CONNECTICUT YANKEE

continued from page 61

bracelet, an exquisite arrangement of iamonds and aquamarines that had elonged to his mother. Six months ıter, as a wedding gift, he presented er with a dinner ring of matching tones, made from a large brooch that ad been part of the set.

"Spaniards love tradition," Beatrice aid, "and we tried to have a typical panish engagement party. Aside from ıy parents, almost all the guests were ntonio's relatives; even his grand- ıother, who is now about eighty-six, vas there. We lunched, and then went ut into the garden. It was December, ut sunny and warm.

"We were all trying to be very formal nd dignified for our new Spanish rela- ives when suddenly a woman photog- ıpher from an American magazine rrived unannounced. It was unexpected, lmost as if she had jumped into the arden. And she was wearing tight Capri ants, as no Spanish woman would ever o. We let her take pictures, but An- onio's grandmother, sitting all shocked nd proper with a little black ribbon ound her neck, must have wondered vhat kind of family Antonio was marry- ng into."

The wedding took place on July 6, 961, at St. Brigid's Church in Peapack, N.J. A garden reception was held at the ome of Miss Mathilde Frelinghuysen, favorite cousin of the Lodges', in earby Morristown. There were six ridesmaids, including the bride's sister, ily Lodge, and Senator Mike Mans- eld's daughter, Anne, Beatrice's close riend ever since her own father's Congressional days in Washington. Antonio's uncle flew in from Barcelona to act as best man; Beatrice's uncle came up from Ecuador to be in attendance. Antonio wore an impressive diplomatic uniform, and for wedding photographs put on the official diplomatic hat, heightened by a cockade of black feathers; thus he looked taller than his five-foot, 10-inch bride.

"And Mother had gone around ahead of time tying fresh carnations on the garden bushes so it would all look more festive," Beatrice remembered with affection. "Our wedding day was my parents' own thirty-second wedding anniversary."

The de Oyarzabals honeymooned for one week in Bermuda and a week in New York, before sailing on the Italian liner *Leonardo da Vinci*. At the docks in Naples they picked up a Mercedes-Benz coupé, a surprise wedding gift from Beatrice's parents, and toured Italy for several weeks before settling in their small Madrid apartment.

For Beatrice Lodge de Oyarzabal, living in Spain without her own family, the realities of married life crowded in with sobering intensity. In less than three and a half years she has had two children and suffered two miscarriages.

Coupled with the new, worrisome responsibility of caring for two infants, Beatrice also had to manage a peaceful home background in support of Antonio's intensely demanding job in the Foreign Ministry. As the youngest diplomat in Spain, her husband reports to his office at nine in the morning and—with a two-hour lunch break—works until nine P.M. or later. Frequently the lights in the vast 16th-century ministry building at Number One Plaza de Provincia burn until nearly midnight.

Because his English is so precise, Antonio is often called on to interpret between Generalissimo Francisco Franco and distinguished visitors to Spain, such as former President Eisenhower and Richard Nixon.

Both de Oyarzabals are frequently asked to represent the Spanish Government at state gatherings, and on important occasions abroad. Beatrice's easy charm and her fluency in languages make her an ideal diplomatic companion. Last March, the de Oyarzabals traveled to Venezuela for the inauguration of President Raúl Leoni. Beatrice was present at the opening of the Spanish pavilion at the New York World's Fair; and in September the couple flew to Athens for the wedding of King Constantine of Greece to Princess Anne-Marie of Denmark. For the state ball at the Royal Palace, Beatrice wore the same gown she had selected for the Cádiz festival seven years before—an off-white evening dress designed by Fontana of Rome, hand-sewn with pearls and sequins, the bouffant skirt ornamented with braided horsehair in pale green.

Apart from official activity, Beatrice feels that she and her husband lead a quiet life. "We are not night owls. We live right here," she said, gesturing around the sitting room with its comfortable chairs, crammed bookshelves and wall cabinet concealing radio, television and hi-fi.

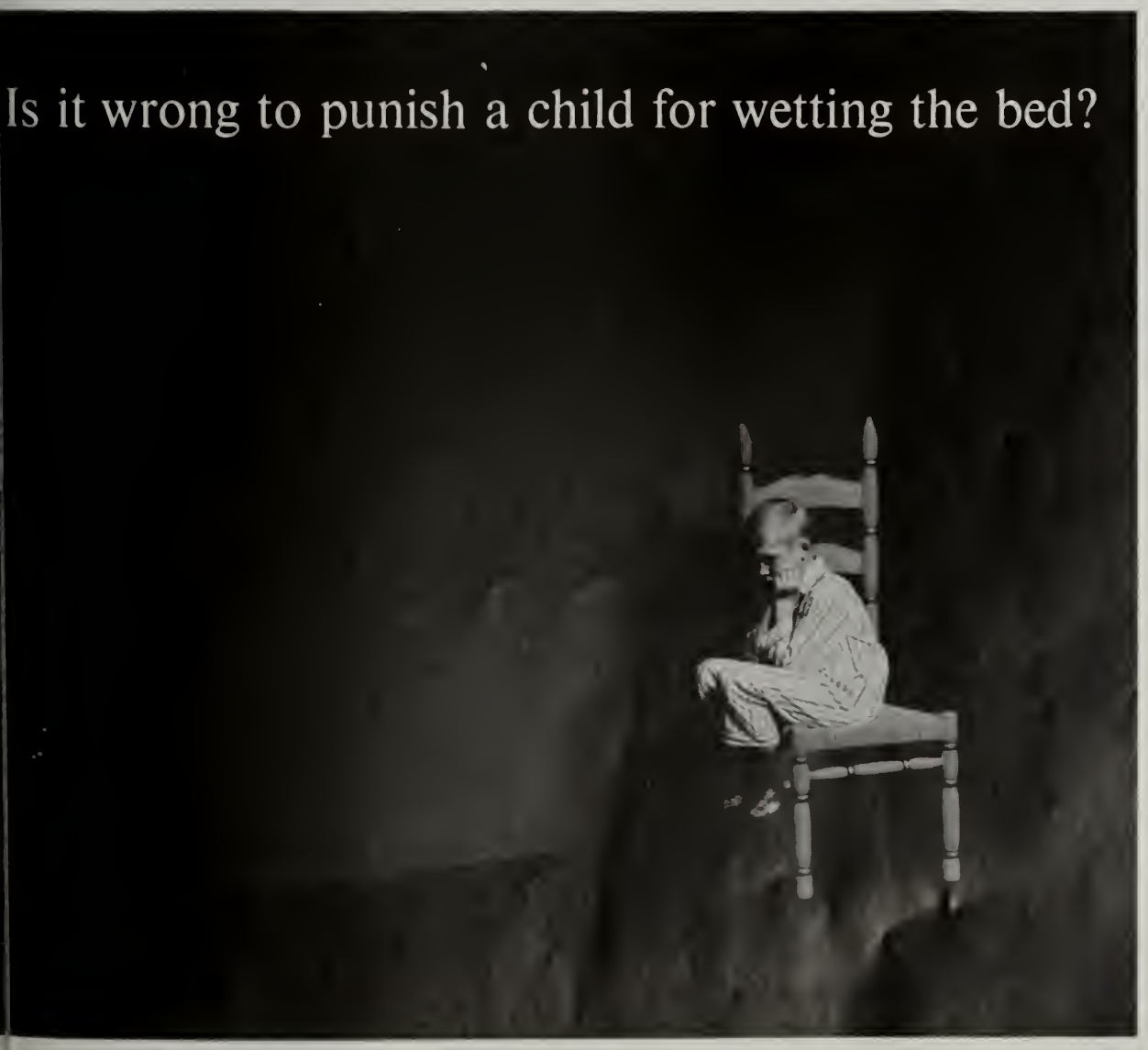
"Like most Spanish families, we eat lightly in the evening," she said. "Our big meal is luncheon, around two-thirty or three in the afternoon. We always have three courses, and that means dessert, because Antonio loves sweet things. Most businesses are closed in midafternoon and the men come home to lunch, to rest, and to spend time with their children. Sometimes Antonio goes to the park with us after lunch and leaves for his office from there."

The small de Oyarzabal household maintains three servants: the nurse for the children, a cook and a maid. The maid gets $25 a month, lives in, cleans and waits on table. For serving guests she dons a frilled cap and short white gloves. The cook shares quarters with the maid, does all the food shopping and prepares meals for the household and guests. She gets about $28.50 a month.

"Wages for maids have gone way up," Beatrice said. "When we were at the Embassy, my maid earned about two hundred fifty pesetas a month. [Equal in 1955 to about $6.50] Of course, with food and household costs, maids can be quite expensive. Most prices have shot up in the last few years. Babies' shoes went up 20 pesetas [about 35 cents] since I last bought them.

"I'm not sure just how I would manage without help. I have friends in the States with homes and children who do everything themselves. Some are wrecks. Others still manage to serve wonderful dinner parties for eight at the end of the day. And some Spanish girls, even with maids, can't manage a good house."

Besides this staff of three, Señora de Oyarzabal has a *modista*—a skilled seamstress—who comes in on request to sew and make clothes for about $1.25 a day. "She's really an old friend," Beatrice explained, "who worked *(continued)*



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Betty Crocker
Au Gratin
POTATOES

CONNECTICUT YANKEE
continued

for us at the Embassy. If there's nothing to sew, she'll play with the children."

Though neither de Oyarzabal child is yet old enough for much talking, most of their baby chatter is in Spanish. "When the girls get to be about four," their mother said, "we'll send them to San Patricio, a kindergarten that teaches in English. Mathilde's best English phrase right now is 'Mama, Mama, no Bugs Bunny!' Every night she rushes her bath so she can see a special children's television show at eight-thirty."

Spanish television is state-operated, and broadcasts from one in the afternoon until midnight, closing with a news roundup. Besides newscasts and live variety shows, American reruns such as *Surfside Six*, *The Nurses* and *The Dick Powell Theater* are favorites. At nine o'clock each evening a popular cartoon announcement is flashed on the screen: it shows a family of "good little children" trotting off in obedience to the announcer's instruction that it is now time for bed. "Mathilde takes the whole thing very seriously and goes right to bed," her mother said.

During the long postluncheon hours of a Spanish afternoon, Beatrice is kept busy with personal activities. Once a week she meets with her *Opus Dei* [Work of God] religious group for discussions, a spiritual lecture, or to sew clothes for charity. As vice president of the San Martin de Porres Refuge, a branch of the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, she is active in collecting funds and maintaining a shelter for as many as 500 dogs at a time. Her concern for animals extends even to the Madrid zoo: "Most of the cages are too small and those poor polar bears should never be made to live in such a warm climate." About bullfighting, Spain's traditional spectacle, she says, "I would never go!"

Spanish *fiestas* and church feast days are sprinkled through the calendar, but she misses American holidays. "What I miss most is *our* kind of Christmas. Spaniards are beginning to decorate the streets, and use evergreens and Santa Claus; and every home has a crèche with scenes from Bethlehem. But mostly they celebrate with family dinners and gifts for the children on January sixth, the Feast of the Epiphany. I miss the big fuss of an American Christmas. Usually we try to lure my parents here. And one wonderful year, before Marta was born, the Foreign Minister sent Antonio on a ten-day trip to Washington, and we all met *there* for Christmas."

After three and a half years in the cramped "honeymoon" apartment, the de Oyarzabals now have a sunny three-bedroom, two-bath flat, with kitchen, maids' quarters and a large living room with dining area, near a busy center-city boulevard. It is on the second floor, overlooking a bright half moon of lawn with trees, a coffee bar and a few specialty shops. Directly opposite is the huge Madrid soccer stadium, now more important to the soccer-mad *Madrileños* than the old bull rings.

Though well kept and elegant, the apartment house has a homey, Spanish-family air about it—front balconies crowded with potted plants, drowsing cats and an occasional bit of laundered finery drying in the sun. Señora de Oyarzabal has her own American-made washer and dryer; but the inner courtyards are festooned from window to window, and up 10 stories toward the sky, with the neighbors' family laundry.

"For us, this new apartment is a two-year stopgap," Señora de Oyarzabal said. "We have a plan with some friends—one is an architect—for each one to design his own apartment in a new cooperative building. The kitchen, each bathroom, can be our own plan. Antonio and I would like six children, with God's will, and we need five bedrooms.

"We are trying to sell our first apartment as a down payment on the new plan. For us, the cost would be about two and a half million pesetas [about $41,500] and the building might take two years, but we would have exactly the closets and bedrooms we want."

Closets and bedrooms and just plain living space—are major preoccupations in Madrid today. The city's population has increased from one million to two and a half million in just 10 years. Modern, high-rise apartment buildings, some government-financed, many privately built, are changing the skyline into what planners call "The Madrid of Tomorrow." Construction is so rapid that confused country gypsies sometimes beg from uniformed doormen, and flocks of sheep seek grazing along city streets that were pastures last year.

At government urging, thousands of families have migrated in the last decade from the impoverished southern farmlands to the more industrialized north. Growing shack-towns began to encircle Madrid. Recently city planners completed a massive rehousing program. Six new "villages" were built, each one circling a square and church. Rental of a small house here, with bathroom and running water, is about four dollars a month, occupancy limited to families with incomes of $100 a month or less.

The Ministry of Housing, in what may be the most ambitious housing program of all time, hopes to have aided the construction of 4,000,000 new dwellings by 1975.

It is tourism that has probably been most effective in bringing new prosperity to this country. While the blue skies, massive cathedrals and ancient Roman ruins remain, much of the geranium-shrouded poverty that travelers once found so picturesque is disappearing. Last year, 15,000,000 tourists visited this country, approximately one sightseer for every two resident Spaniards. Next year an even larger crowd is expected. New hotels are being completed at the rate of one per day.

Antonio de Oyarzabal points out that Spanish workers, many of them returned from work migrations to France, Switzerland and Germany, have brought back new ideas and aims in life.

"We all want to keep what is good in Spanish life, but we now know more clearly where we must develop ourselves—in science, industry and technical fields. But it is contact, human contact with Europe and the United States," he said, "that has made us change, more than any economic or any political theory."

Beatrice Lodge de Oyarzabal holds dual citizenship: American and Spanish. Because she lived outside her first country too long before marriage, her own children are not eligible for this duality.

"But my father has promised me that he will try to have a special bill passed in Congress for them," the Señora said. "Such bills have been passed for other people. It would be nice if our children could be part of both countries." ■

LOVE LETTER TO SPAIN

continued from page 69

Seises would suggest, but eight or 10—before the high altar of the cathedral during the Octave of Corpus Christi, and sometimes on other special occasions.

There is a story to the effect that a 17th-century pope forbade the continuance of this celebration, but was persuaded to let it go on until the boys' costumes wore out. The *Sevillanos* gravely agreed to respect the edict; and, wonder of wonders, the costumes did not wear out! They are the same today as they were 300 years ago. Whether this is due to some miracle, or to some very fine needlework, quietly done by some very fine ladies, I cannot say.

I think Seville must be largely responsible for the impression, general among outsiders, that Spain is an inhospitable country. Elsewhere, I have found Spaniards of high and low degree extremely cordial; but I have never been invited to a meal in a *Sevillano's* house, though I have occasionally been asked in for a glass of sherry, and the best teas I have ever had on the Continent have been at the college of the Irish nuns, where the daughters of Seville's first families are sent for their education. However, there is no city in Spain where being welcomed to the inner circle could matter less. There is much in the outer circle to keep an outsider occupied; besides, the food at the Alfonso XIII hotel is simply wonderful.

Spain's best gifts to the table are, in my opinion, *sangría*, *gazpacho* and *paella*. *Sangría* is a glorified version of what was known in my youth as claret lemonade; it is made with wine, charged water and fruit juices, and embellished with slices of fruit. Sometimes a dash of cognac or a bit of cucumber is added; lemons and oranges are the fruits most frequently used, although they are supplanted in Granada by peaches and plums. A more refreshing drink on a hot day would be hard to imagine.

Gazpacho, in its way, is equally refreshing. It is a cold soup, which is sometimes called "liquid salad": a blend of bread, tomatoes, green peppers, onions, cucumbers, olive oil and lemon juice, well seasoned with various spices; with it are passed finely chopped onions, tomatoes, cucumbers, peppers and diced bread, which may be stirred in or omitted. At the *palacio* at Sanlúcar, *gazpacho* is always served in bowls of pottery or wood, and eaten with large wooden spoons; the more general custom is to use ordinary spoons and well-chilled soup plates.

Paella, really indigenous to Valencia, can be found in most other parts of Spain, but does not usually reach the same degree of perfection, except at the Alfonso XIII and a few private houses. Its base is rice, flavored with saffron, and laced with pimientos and green peas, to which is added seafood or meat, or both, cut in small pieces. *Paella* tastes best if served directly from the skillet.

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Almost any hostelry is bound to be something of a comedown after the Alfonso XIII, but Deanie and I were not prepared for quite as much of a disappointment as that which befell us. We were informed that a new *parador* had recently been opened in Córdoba, and that we should stop there on our drive from Seville to Madrid.

I have been to many of the *paradores* in Spain and, like the simpler *albergues*, they are a great institution. Generally located in smaller places, where there has never been a good hotel, the *paradores* are often in old palaces, adapted to the needs of the modern traveler; the *albergues* are simpler in character and were built as inns to begin with. Both are usually excellent, but the new one in Cordoba was an exception.

A group of nonchalant waitresses, distinguished mainly by their exotic eye makeup, were chatting together in a large, almost deserted dining room when we arrived. After some delay, one of them came to take our order—or rather to say, in response to everything we requested, that they were out of that, although it did, indeed, appear on the menu. At last we settled on tomato juice, an egg dish and mashed potatoes, which seemed to present no problem. The tomato juice arrived as grapefruit juice and, after an interval, the languid waitress reappeared with soup plates. These it seemed, were the receptacles for the mashed potatoes—by themselves. We gave up, got into the car, and went hungrily on our way.

"Anyhow, the bread was good," Deanie said as we bumped along through the gathering darkness. I appreciated her resolution to make the best of things, but it wore rather thin before we finally drew up beside the Hotel Wellington in Madrid at 12:30 A.M. The *sereno* who stood on the street corner, enveloped in his sweeping gray cape, eyed us suspiciously. This functionary, whose responsibilities go back hundreds of years, still patrols the nighttime city streets, with duplicate keys to countless buildings in his possession.

The householder, coming home late, has only to clap his hands and, as if by magic, the *sereno* of his district will appear and unlock his door for him. But it was obvious that the one who included the Wellington on his beat felt that midnight was a strange time for two unescorted ladies to present themselves at such a conservative hotel; and our friend the doorman had by then gone to bed. However, the *sereno* yielded to persuasion from a bellboy, who opportunely appeared from somewhere, and the clerk at the desk was graciousness itself: Of course rooms were available for us; he would go up with us himself and make sure everything was all right. With a flourish, the *sereno* was bowed out of the picture.

Our first luncheon invitation came from the American Ambassador and Mrs. Woodward. During the 40 years I have been visiting Spain, I have known many chiefs of mission, but in my memory we have never been more expertly and graciously represented. Mr. Woodward not only speaks perfect Spanish; he has a thorough grasp of Latin psychology acquired in the years he has served his country in South and Central America. Mrs. Woodward is his helpmate in every sense of the word: charming, versatile and truly kind, she exemplifies the characteristics that should be typical of an American woman in a responsible position abroad.

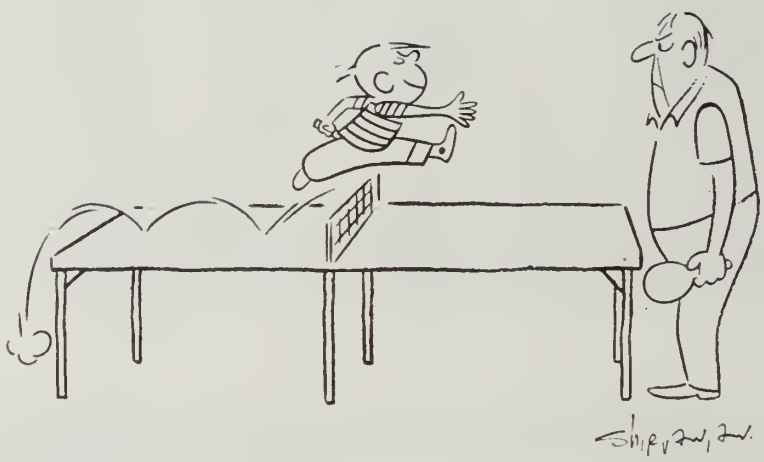
My sight-seeing in Madrid is apt to begin and end with the Prado. I am not unmindful of the city's other artistic, architectural and historical attractions—especially those of the royal palace, with its incomparable armory, and the *Descalzas Reales* Convent, recently opened by the Ministry of Fine Arts to disclose one of the finest collections of artistic treasures in existence. But the Prado is to me the most soul-satisfying of all picture galleries, and there is never enough time for it, no matter how often I go there. I have listened with mingled horror and amusement to the stories told by a friend of mine, a leader in the American colony of Madrid, who sometimes undertakes to show the Prado to the wives of visiting firemen. (*continued*)

"I have three tours," she says. "One takes an hour, another takes two and still another takes three. Nearly everyone chooses the tour that takes an hour. Occasionally, even that proves too long. After fifteen minutes one of my charges sighed and said, 'Well, there doesn't seem to be anything here but pictures.' Another voiced a different complaint. 'Would you mind if we did something else after all?' she asked. 'All these pictures look exactly alike to me.'"

Paintings by Velázquez and Goya, Murillo and Zurbarán don't look alike to me. In fact, many of them are becoming personal friends—Goya's *Majas*, Velázquez's *Baltasar Carlos*, Zurbarán's *Casilda*, for instance. And the first thing I know, I am told to bid them good-bye, for this is Sunday and the Prado closes at two o'clock. I have already been to the *Rastro*—the thieves' market – for that also closes at two, and Sunday is the great day there, though the most tiring; for then cars are not allowed down the steep hill, cluttered with booths and lined with shops, from which two of the most fascinating arcades lead out. I have also been to Mass at *San Jerónimo el Real*, the famous Gothic church so convenient to both the Prado Museum and the Hotel Ritz, and now it is time for a late and leisurely luncheon in the Ritz garden.

There are two reasons for my knowing so little about restaurants in Madrid. First, *Madriteños*, unlike *Sevillanos*, invite you to delicious luncheons and dinners at their homes and clubs. Second, the Ritz garden is such an ideal place to eat on a pleasant day, and Horcher's small restaurant on a cold or rainy day, that I seldom think of going to any others. But, thanks to a friend's suggestion, we went one day to the *Hogar Gallego* which serves its patrons, during warm weather, in a trellised arbor. Its *Sangría del Ribeiro*, which is a specialty of the house, is in a class by itself; and so are its seafood, its game and its *pollo eazuela* (chicken cooked with vegetables in the earthen pot from which it is served). It was gratifying to discover that there is a restaurant by the same name and under the same management at Las Rozas, on the road between Madrid and Ávila, where the arbors are more extensive and the food equally good.

For a long time now, going back to Ávila has had many of the aspects of homecoming. I was pleased and touched when the municipality made me an honorary citizen, but even without this tribute I should have felt that I belonged. For two summers Deanie and I kept house in a *palacete*—minor palace—loaned us by the Count and Countess of Montefrío; and though the *palacete* has since been unavailable, the staff we assembled has remained attached to us. Pepita was the cook, the proud mother of a brand-new baby, Paquita, who became my godchild. Since then she had had three other children: Dini, a boy, who naturally became Deanie's godchild; and twins, Miguel and Veronica, whom we have more or less adopted too, in memory of a beloved friend for whom the girl twin was named. Fiery Pepita's husband, Pepe, a bricklayer, and her good-looking brother-in-law, Billy, a mechanic, were not officially on our payroll; but they lived with us in the *palacete* and did odd jobs evenings and Sundays. The *dea ex machina* was Segunda, mother-in-law and mother of the others, who did everything they did not, from making beds to polishing floors. Less than five feet tall, but wiry as she was willing, Segunda entered our lives with the intention of staying there, and we have been thankful to have her.



Many godparents seem to take their responsibilities lightly. Deanie and I are keenly aware of ours, as far as Paquita, Dini, Veronica and Miguel are concerned, and mine do not end there. Among my closest associations in Ávila are those with the Convent of Santa Ana, whose abbess and community have become my firm friends. So has its hearty, red-cheeked portress, Alfonsa Grande, and her smiling husband, Jacinto, a fellow bricklayer of Pepe's, who already had two sons, José María and Mariano, when we made their acquaintance; the third son, Francisco, almost inevitably became my godchild, as well as my namesake; and now there is a little girl, María Pilar.

So here were two families with eight children between them eagerly awaiting our arrival this season, and we did our best to justify our welcome in a tangible way. In fairness to them all, however, let it be said that if we had arrived empty-handed the greetings given us would have been just as hearty. In all the years I have been coming to Spain I have met only two or three grasping natives. Even the poorest and lowliest has his pride; he would much rather you thought of him as a *hidalgo* than as a beggar.

The abbess and prioress of Santa Ana were also ready and waiting to hear my latest news and give me theirs. The prioress, like most nuns, usually strikes

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cheerful note. One day, however, I
and her frankly troubled, and pres-
tly she disclosed the reason.

"We now feel that you are a part of
r family, Doña Francisca," she said.
Even those members of the community
o have not met you, but who have
gs to know you through your writ-
gs and what the abbess and myself
ve told them about you, feel that way.
u do not write to us as often as we
sh you would, but we understand
at; we know that there are many de-
nds upon you. What really troubles
is that, since you are a lady of a cer-
n age, we should consider the eventu-
ty of your death. How are we to
ern you properly, as individuals, or
have suitable Masses said for the
ose of your soul, unless we are in-
rmed?"

I told her I would refer her anxiety
Deante, who, I assured her, would
dertake to keep her informed if the
st should happen.

I have been told on good authority
at there are 53 churches in Ávila,
ough I have not counted them my-
f. Logically, you put the cathedral,
ich is built over an immense cistern
d has served as a fortress, at the head
your list. Next, you will go outside
e walls to Santo Tomás, to stand spell-
und before the masterpiece by Ber-
ruete above the high altar, and the
ite marble tomb of Prince Juan, the
ly son of Fernando and Isabel, located
solitary splendor in the middle of the
ancipt.

Afterward you will wander through
e convent's cloisters, formerly the
yal gardens, all bright with bloom;
s was the place where the Catholic
ngs chose to build their summer
ace; their arms surmount the portal
the church and adorn the richly carved
airs where they sat in the choir. And
en you will go to San Vicente, erected
the spot where the saint and his two
isters, Sabina and Cristeta, were mar-
yred, so rich in sculptures that it has
en declared a national monument, and
the golden chapel of the church into
ich the house, which was the great
Teresa's birthplace, has been trans-
rmed, and down a flight of very steep
eps to a little private patio where she
d her brothers once played. From here
e must go practically down to the
verbank where, in a little grove, you
ll find the chapel dedicated to San
gundo, the first Bishop of Ávila, em-
llished with the tomb carved by Juan
Juni. With these four, you'll have
ade a good beginning—and convinced
urself that Ávila cannot be seen in a
y. Palacios and palacios abound in
vila, and some of these achieve regal
oportions. Among them is the one
longing to the famous painter Ca-
otti, whose acquaintance with Ávila be-
e in a snowstorm so severe that his
ab could proceed no farther, and who
as so entranced with the city's winter
auty that he decided to spend the
st of his life there. The family living
arters, magnificently furnished, are
the second story, reached by a stone
taircase of noble proportions; the studio
ads off an immense patio at ground
vel. Caprotti has been noticeably suc-
sful in his delineation of gypsies,
o, like archaeologists, architects and
storians, are irresistibly attracted to
vila. Equally arresting are his paint-
gs of religious processions.

In a class by itself is San Segundo, the
wel of a house belonging to the
Marqués de Santo Domingo. Unlike the
palacios and *palacios*, it is small, com-
prising only six rooms, all exquisitely
appointed and set in the midst of a mag-
nificent garden. The Marqués is a genial
bachelor, and a *marqués* in this setting
is an experience no one would willingly
miss. I have enjoyed the hospitality of
San Segundo's owner many times, as I
have that of other Madrid friends who
have large country places outside of
Ávila. In this region such properties are
generally referred to as *dehesas*, though
the dictionary definition of *dehesa* is
"pasture ground," with no reference to
house or landscaping. Elsewhere, near
Segovia for instance, the same sort of
property is called a *finca*.

One of the most attractive of these
dehesas, which is appropriately called
El Cid, has belonged for the last 150
years to the family of the historian,
Agustín de Amezua. The huge stone
house was originally a stronghold, where
all the countryside could take refuge in
periods of emergency; and the tombs of
its earlier owners—the Valderrabanos in
the 14th and 15th centuries, the Polen-
tinos after that until the Amezuas came
into possession—are among those to
which the verger points with pride in the
cathedral. Though *El Cid* has been sup-
plied with modern conveniences, its
medieval character has been carefully pre-
served: like all other *dehesas* and *fincas*
with which I am familiar, it has its private
chapel, where Mass is celebrated either
by a resident chaplain or by a priest
from the nearest village. (continued)

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It was through the kindness of one of the younger members of the Amezua family, who called on us in our most recent stay in Ávila, that Deanie and I were invited to lunch with her friend, María Luisa Gil de Biedma, and *her* family the following Sunday at *El Ardido*, their *finca* near Segovia. We were welcomed by her father, the Count of Sepúlveda, who was having an apéritif on a shady terrace. Gradually, other members of the family—two sons, a daughter-in-law, another guest—drifted out to join us. It was three o'clock when we finally sat down to lunch, which is late even for Spain, but it was worth waiting for. It began with a hot macédoine of vegetables, all grown on the place and several of them unfamiliar to me, stewed in their own juices, highly seasoned and served in the earthenware dish in which they had been cooked, like the chicken *cazuela* at the *Hogar Gallego*. This delicious melange was followed by quail and partridges, also a product of the *finca*, bedded on rice and also rich in their own juices; and, finally, by diplomatic pudding.

When the heat of the day was over, the count proposed to take us on a sight-seeing expedition. Had we ever been to Santa María la Real de Nieva to see the cloisters? Or the Moorish castle at Coca, one of the most magnificent in all Spain? Well, we would go and see them.

Darkness overtook Deanie and me long before we could get back to Ávila; but the sight of the castle at Coca, looming against a sunset sky, is indeed one of the greatest in Spain. I urge every visitor to Valladolid or Segovia to include it as a side trip.

The hotel in Ávila is clean and friendly, but it is unsuited to a long stay; so Deanie and I were disappointed to find that no *pied-à-terre* where we could keep house was available. We were not aiming as high as a *palacete* this time—a small apartment, provided it did not have too many stairs to climb, would have satisfied us. Failing in our search, we decided to make do with one in Madrid, after assuring ourselves that Segunda would stand by us there.

Our new quarters were on a side street running between the fashionable, residential Paseo de la Castellana and the more commercial but still very select Calle de Serrano. We were on the fourth floor of an apartment house, and it was not forbidden to ride down, as well as up, in the elevator—a great concession in Madrid apartment houses. We had a colorless but inoffensively furnished drawing room and dining room, one good-sized bedroom with its own bathroom and a connecting *galería* where I could write, two smaller bedrooms with a bath between them, and service quarters. The location and the space were so attractive that we did not investigate the apartment's other features as thoroughly as we should have. Yes, we saw that the gas stove had only three burners, but we were not expecting much company. Yes, the refrigerator was only about the size of a bath cabinet, but we could buy extra ice. Alfonsa, Segunda and the nuns at Santa Ana's Convent loaned us linen. Angellines, the *portera* of the apartment house, said she would be pleased to cook and market for us. We moved in, feeling well satisfied.

The satisfaction suffered its first body blow with the discovery on the night of our arrival that the small refrigerator's freezing compartment did not work; we would have to buy ice, not once, but twice a day. That same night we discovered that the plumbing in my bathroom was undependable, to say the least. Plumbers in Spain are known as *fontaneros*, a high-sounding title that suggests a lofty sense of responsibility. Such, alas! is not the case. *Fontaneros* seem to spend a great deal of their time celebrating *fiestas;* Angellines was surprised at my unreasonable expectation that all the fixtures would have been checked before we moved in. In fact, we never had all of my bathroom's installations working at one time during the entire length of our stay.

In Deanie's bathroom the fixtures were a bit more dependable, but the availability of hot water was more uncertain. Bath water was heated by gas, as was the water for doing the laundry and washing the dishes; but the water heater would not function for five days in succession, except to emit occasional explosive sounds. Segunda was philosophical about the lack of hot water; Deanie was considerably less so. After all, she was driving the car and doing practically all the marketing; and practically all the cooking too, as Angellines' talents proved to be almost nonexistent. And then, of course, there was the secretarial work. Unquestionably, Deanie was entitled to hot water whenever she wanted it.

And then there was the little matter of the elevator. No one tried to prevent me from riding down in it as well as up—that is, when it was running. But the elevator was temperamental. It required long periods of repose. And when this happened, I was automatically housed—or should have been. I tried once to pretend that walking the four flights could be managed. I never did so again; the decision was taken out of my hands, for I was flat on my back in bed.

By then we were quite ready to decide that it was time to leave Madrid. All of Segunda's family had made her a three-day visit, and schooling for Paquita and Dini, with the Dominican nuns of Mosén Rubí, had been duly arranged; Alfonsa and all her family had come for a one-day visit and, between dawn and midnight, had managed to take in Mass with the Carmelites, the park of *El Retiro*, the Castellana and the Gran Vía. Deanie and I felt that we had done our duty as godmothers for this year. Besides, Angellines, though her talents as a cook were so limited, had a voracious appetite. Even this did not account for the amount of food that vanished after every meal. We could only conclude that her mother, her husband and her three children, who lived with her in the basement, also had voracious appetites, which we were helping to appease. It was rather hard on our budget.

Then there were the tips: the *sereno* had to have one, the iceman had to have one, the postman had to have one. The previous tenants, who had certainly abused the plumbing, had also been careless about the telephone and electric bills. Eventually, our share was determined with the "administrator," who, to do him justice, was a very pleasant man; but the process wore us down.

The extensive proofreading of the latest book had been finished at last, and the framework of the new one was ready to show an editor. As soon as I could crawl out of bed again, we made our way back to Seville and Sanlúcar.

The Alfonso XIII looked wonderful to us. So did the *palacio*. So, I may add, did the *Cristoforo Colombo*. Embarking at Gibraltar might have seemed even harder than disembarking, except that this meant going home, or at least as near home as Washington. It was good to be on our way there. ■

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COLLECTION

A SHORT STORY BY ALAN P. LEVENSTEIN

When he was only an undergraduate, Alex Banksford's collections were already famous. In his sophomore year at Haverford, *Antiques Magazine* featured his Meissen figurines, and by the time he returned from Korea and moved from Scranton to the house in Greenwich Mews, catalogers of Ming and Fabergé and Thomas Chippendale knew him pretty well.

Just after Sally and I became engaged I took her to tea—anyone else would have called it drinks—at Alex's little house. As we entered the parlor I noticed at the other end of the long room, on a carved stand between the windows, a palatial birdcage, turreted and domed out of all semblance to its function, gleaming with brass knobs and silver finials and carpeted with pink shells and blue stones. Two little swings hung suspended on wires from the top of the cage, a tiny mirror in an ornate metal frame was attached to one side, and a potted fern spread its feathery fronds against the back wall. The gate was open, and perched on Alex's balding head as he lumbered to the door to greet us was a blue-gray parrakeet.

"Greetings," said Alex.

"Hi," I answered. "This is Sally."

"Good afternoon," she said.

"I want a beer," said the parrakeet.

"Good heavens," Sally said. "It talks!"

"I like Ike," said another voice from the tea table.

"My Lord! There are two of them!" Sally said.

The one on the tea table had zipped over to where we stood and lit on Alex's extended forefinger.

"Back you go, boys," Alex said, re turning the birds to their cage and lowering the portcullis behind them.

"Are they new, Alex?" I asked.

"Mm. I traded that Damascene flat ware I bought in Japan for the cage. The birds came with it. They're budgies actually, used to be owned by some Washington hostess. Apparently that's all they can say. They look well in the cage, I think. Oh, here's April."

We turned and found a girl standing behind us in the doorway. She was about 26—small and fair with sandy brown hair in frizzy little waves and a long arched neck. Her skin was very clear and she wore a string of turquoises that made her eyes look blue.

"This is April Dolbar from Israel."

"Alex," she said, "you make it sound like some of your dishes. 'This is April Dolbar from Israel and this is the new chocolate set from Bloomingdale's. Really."

Flustered, Alex seated us rather uncomfortably around the tea table and began to ask Sally the tedious questions that characterized his speech when he was not talking about his collections. At the end of fifteen minutes he knew where she came from, what her family did, where she had gone to school, what she was doing in New York and the name of the clergyman back home who was going to marry us. But I'm sure that Alex could have talked to Sally for two or three days, collecting more information which he would commit to memory

ıg up facts and figures and mad
-aunts in rest homes, without once
g himself what sort of girl she was
en sensing whether he liked her or

d, in a way, this was why so many
e were fond of Alex. He was emo-
ly quite undemanding. If you
talk pleasantly for any length of
preferably about something hav-
s little as possible to do with your
self or with Alex, something like,
electroplating or costume dolls or
ean resorts, Alex would fuss over
s if you were Lunt, Fontanne and
rd Teller rolled into one. And if
you said had any relationship to
of his collections, why, then you
lionized for weeks at Alex's house;
ustralian fellow who overlapped
Alex with a rather interesting and
ncooperative Irish fashion model
arlayed a smattering about minia-
locks into a couple of dozen teas,
eleven dinners and the full use of
s guest room from February to
If Alex had not closed up the
to go to Europe the beginning of
he might have stayed the summer
ll.

ile Alex was interrogating Sally,
Dolbar and I sat smiling at each
over my glass and her cup. I was
g trouble thinking of her as a pi-
farm girl from the Middle East;
nds, for one thing, were incredibly
—the kind that would freckle at

ow did you meet Alex?"

e was in Israel last summer and
me play. He came back after the
rt and introduced himself."

o you play the piano?"

es. That was my first concert with
phony orchestra. Now I have a
rship and I am studying further."

y younger brother had an Israeli
in college. It was very funny; he
ht the boy was a perfectly pleasant
, but not so awfully bright. Well,
rents came to visit one weekend
rought a family friend with them.
s Leopold Stokowski! He's quite a
theirs, evidently. Well, was my
r impressed!"

looked at me blankly for a mo-
nd said, "Why was he impressed?"
at was that.

vant a beer," said one of the birds.

nonth or so later Alex called me
sked if Sally and I would be his
at a Philharmonic benefit for
at which April was to perform. He
ving a supper afterward for eight
people and asked us to that as
Although neither Sally nor I has
eat affinity for serious music, I ac-
. I accepted because everyone ac-
Alex's invitations and also because
curious.

concert itself was no duller than
and provided a pleasant enough
-ound to my woolgathering. The
afterward was a bomb. I think
vas sorely out of his element. He
very little about music, yet his
included April's teacher, a woman
one of the most formidable char-
in the entire concert field. He had
vited the alcoholic music critic of
dly magazine, a man Sally and I
et once before and who struck me
s he had then, as an incoherent
And the party was in the wrong
instead of the noisy Russian Tea
where no one would have had to
was in the Plaza—and it was

quiet at the Plaza. So I found myself telling the music teacher amusing little anecdotes about my piano lessons and trying to keep Sally's knee away from the critic's. Alex was absorbed with his other guests who were more literary than musical and were, consequently, both richer and more interesting than the pair Sally and I were stuck with.

In my boredom I began to look around the room and, switching my gaze from a table of Plaza regulars at our left to a table of irregulars at our right, I caught a glimpse of April, sitting diagonally opposite the music critic, right next to Alex. She was wearing a blue-gray evening dress the color of Alex's parrakeet, with a piece that went over her head, and was holding in her white hand a lit cigarette from which she occasionally drew a tiny puff of smoke.

For a moment, the smoke remained in the air that separated her from Alex, then it disappeared and I had a clear view of both of them: Alex, beefy, balding, his eyes, reflector-bright, belying the panache of the Liberty foulard in the breast pocket of his dinner jacket; April, swathed in misty silk, nearly inanimate, staring out glassily and talking to no one. It was the clearest case I'd ever seen of the collector and the collected.

When Sally and I returned from our wedding trip to our new apartment, we both felt pretty guilty about Alex. We had had a small wedding at Sally's home near Rochester to which none of our friends had been invited. On the plane to Curaçao we agreed that Alex would probably be the only one who was offended by our not having had 600 people at the Colony Club. So we decided that the least we could do was have him to dinner before anyone else, and when we returned to New York we called him right away. Although our invitation was for an evening when April Dolbar was apparently not available, Alex seemed gratified to accept.

He didn't look very well when he came through the door. He was very pale; everyone looks pale to someone just back from the tropics, but Alex looked much paler than most. His bulk seemed flabbier than usual, and when he sank into a chair without a minute inspection of all our new acquisitions, I was certain something was up. I got him a drink, and while Sally was busy in the kitchen I asked him what was wrong.

"Everything," he answered. "From the skin out."

"Has it something to do with April?"

"I guess so. I've never been more miserable in my life. Do you remember when that wretched old woman stole my Vincennes shepherdess?"

"She didn't steal it. She outbid you for it."

"Well, it's all the same thing. I don't have it, do I?"

"But you never did. She got it fair and square in an open auction."

"That's not the point. I needed it. I already had the shepherd."

"Yes, well, I remember the incident. What about it?"

"It's the same thing all over again. I need April. She's a fine girl. I need her. And where is she?"

"That's what I was going to ask you. Where is she?"

"How do I know? I haven't seen her in a week and a half. She's not answering the phone. She's not getting messages. I don't know where the hell she is." *(continued)*

"Grapefruit has all kinds of health stuff in it. My grandma says so and she's 85½."

John Browne, Age 5½

"P.S. I like it anyway."

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Now you can get that protection with new ONE-A-DAY (Brand) Multiple Vitamins Plus Iron—a companion product to famous ONE-A-DAY Multiple Vitamins.

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COLLECTION *continued*

"What about her teacher? Does she know?"

"Of course she knows. But she won't tell me. She thinks I'm bad for April's career. What sort of career does she need? I'm enough of a career for her. But she has some absurd notion that I've spent all this time amassing things—making my collections—you know. And she's never done anything like that on her own. We had a terrific row the night of that Israel benefit thing. She wanted me to sell all the Georgian silver and let her replace it with a collection of her own."

"What kind of collection?"

"Don't ask me. Shards from the deserts of Palestine, I suppose. I told her she was being foolish, that it was better to accept things as they are and grow with them. I asked her to marry me! Can you imagine that?"

"Well, it's not easy. She's a lovely girl."

"Of course she is. But *where* is she?"

Somehow or other we got through the evening without Alex becoming entirely hysterical. I'm really glad Alex doesn't drink very much, even under duress, or our meager cellar might have run dry. As it was, he practically ate the pattern off the plates.

Sally was more disturbed than I over Alex's state. I reassured her that people like Alex, who only think in terms of the tangible, are very unlikely suicides. But she couldn't be certain, and a week later she telephoned him.

He was out, and Sally left a message for him. When time passed and he didn't return the call, she stopped worrying quite as much, and finally, when the invitation came in the mail, she was more bewildered than surprised.

It was an invitation to cocktails—not tea—at Alex's house on a Thursday afternoon and, from the look of it, we judged it would be a free-for-all.

"I think he's nuts," said my articulate redhead.

Nuts or no, he threw a party and everyone came running with his fielder's mitt. The caterer's girls were dashing up the stairs to the parlor with full trays and tripping down two minutes later with empties, there were candles in every sconce—and Alex has lots of sconces—and there were already forty or fifty coats on the rented rack in the cloakroom.

We ascended the stairs and walked hand in hand into the parlor, just as we had that first time four months earlier. Blocking our way at the entrance were three separate knots of people, each clustered around a waitress with a tray of hors d'oeuvres. Slowly, elbows in, we made our way down the length of the room toward where Alex was standing, his back to the windows. Next to him, her elbow linked in his, her gingery hair wisping forward onto her waxy brow, was April Dolbar, decked in her turquoises and a fringed, Eastern-looking shawl.

As we approached them I tried to keep my mouth from hanging open and held Sally even closer to me. One by one, guests were passing before them and from the smiles and nods Sally and I came to the same conclusion: congratulations were being offered.

"Look at her hand," Sally murmured.

Her engagement ring was an emerald, smooth and unfaceted and as big as a small egg. We bypassed them, deciding to wait until the crowd had thinned before adding our good wishes to the number they had already received. Alex saw us and waved heartily; April tilted her head back against his shoulder and raised her eyebrows in a salute.

We slipped behind them near the birdcage on its stand between the windows. As I had just begun to wonder who collected whom, one of the budgies settled the question.

"Shalom," it said. ■

" . . . sleep . . . when you wake up, you will love the Persian kitty. . . . "

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1 First, imagine a line down the middle of your face—as you see in the picture. Then, lather one side of your face with soap. Lather the other side of your face with Dove. Feel how much *richer* the Dove lather is? *Dove creams your skin while you wash!*

2 Now rinse and pat dry. Stroke the side of your face that you washed with soap. Does it feel tight and dry? It's a fact: soap can dry and irritate your sensitive skin.

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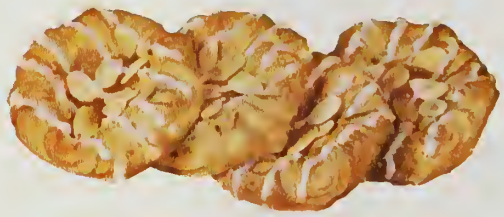
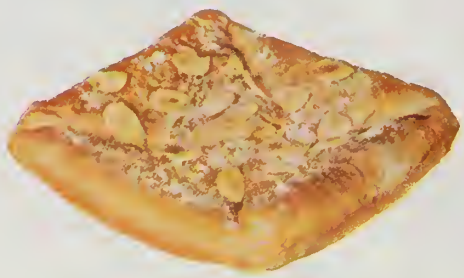


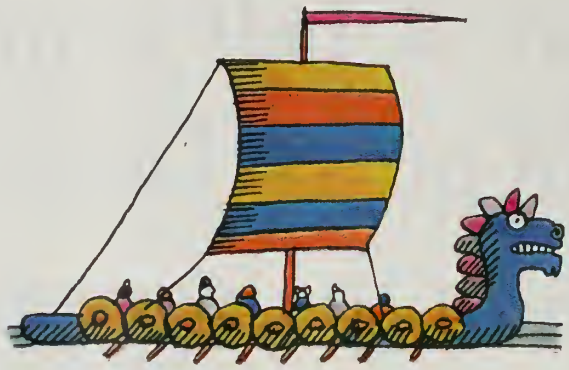
Invite tender, flaky
apricot Danish pastry

Sparkling with icing

Sprinkled with almonds



Luscious KRÖNE
apple Danish



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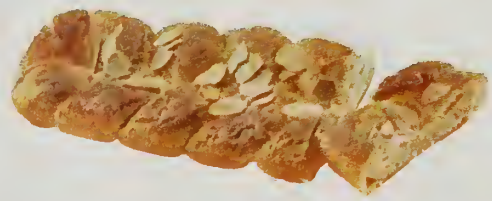

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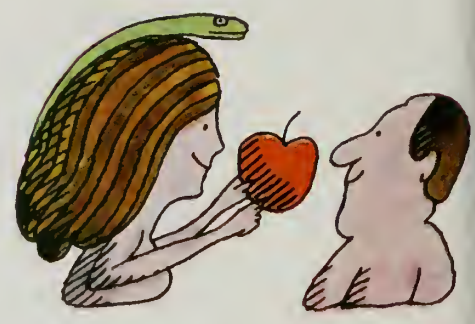

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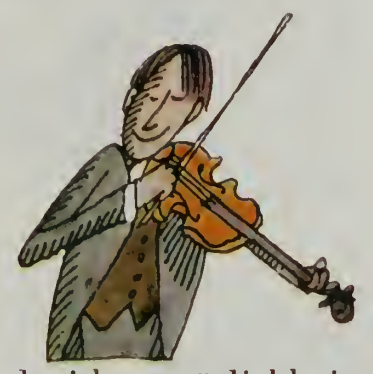
filled with gemütlichkeit

And hooray for the NABISCO
Famous Chocolate Refrigerator
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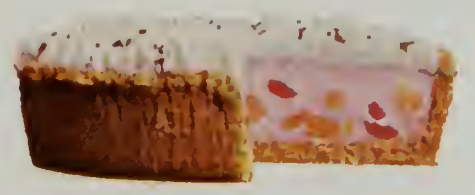

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ON CASSEROLE REEN BEANS NEY-BRAN MUFFINS SPICED APPLESAUCE ATMEAL-RAISIN COOKIES COFFEE OR TEA	CLAM-TOMATO JUICE COCKTAIL BROILED HAM SLICES BLACK-EYED PEAS CORN FRITTERS TOSSED GREEN SALAD PEACH-PECAN SUNDAE COFFEE OR TEA
Preparation Time: approximately 40 minutes. Cost to serve 6: $3.17	Preparation Time: approximately 45 minutes. Cost to serve 6: $4.74

Salmon Casserole: Prepare 1 env. from 1 pkg. (15 oz.) instant mashed potatoes, following pkg. directions. Grease a 1½-qt. casserole and spread potatoes in it. Combine in a small saucepan 1 can (11 oz.) Cheddar cheese soup, ⅓ cup milk, 1 tbsp. instant minced onion, ½ tsp. paprika, dash cayenne pepper; heat to boiling point; pour half over potatoes. Drain and flake 1 can (1 lb.) salmon; spread on cheese sauce and top with remaining sauce. Sprinkle with ¼ tsp. paprika and bake at 325° F. for 30–35 min. Serve with Tomato-Mushroom Sauce. *For Tomato-Mushroom Sauce:* Combine in small saucepan 1 can (8 oz.) tomato sauce, 1 can (3 oz.) sliced broiled mushrooms and liquid, 1 tsp. instant minced onion, 1 crushed clove garlic. Simmer 10 min., stirring occasionally.

Green Beans: Prepare 2 pkgs. (10 oz. ea.) frozen cut green beans, following pkg. directions.

Honey-Bran Muffins: Prepare 1 pkg. (14 oz.) honey-bran muffin mix, following pkg. directions. Makes 12–16 medium-size muffins.

Spiced Applesauce: Combine in small saucepan 1 jar (1 lb. 9 oz.) applesauce, 2 tbsp. firmly packed brown sugar, 1 tsp. fresh or reconstituted lemon juice, ½ tsp. powdered cinnamon, ¼ tsp. ground nutmeg. Simmer about 5 min. or until blended, stirring occasionally.

Oatmeal-Raisin Cookies: Prepare 1 pkg. (1 lb.) refrigerated oatmeal-raisin cookies, following pkg. directions. Makes 3–4 dozen cookies.

Clam-Tomato Juice Cocktail: Combine 1½ cups each clam juice and tomato juice, 3 tbsp. lemon juice, 1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce, ¼ tsp. each onion and garlic powder, dash liquid hot-pepper seasoning. Chill 15–20 min., strain and serve iced.

Broiled Ham Slices: Slash fat around edges of two 1-inch thick smoked ham slices in several places. Place on rack in preheated broiler; broil 6–8 min. Turn; brush with mixture of 2 tbsp. maple syrup and 1 tsp. dry mustard. Broil 6–8 min. more and serve immediately.

Black-Eyed Peas: Prepare 2 pkgs. (10 oz. ea.) frozen black-eyed peas, following pkg. directions. Make first.

Corn Fritters: Blend together 2 cups all-purpose biscuit mix, ⅔ cup milk, 1 egg, pinch thyme. Stir in 1 can (17 oz.) drained yellow whole kernel corn. Drop mixture by teaspoonfuls into 1 inch vegetable oil, heated to 370° F. Fry 3–4 min., or until golden on each side. Drain and serve hot with maple-blended syrup.

Tossed Green Salad: Break 1 small head lettuce and ½ lb. raw spinach into bite-size pieces. Toss with ⅓ cup bottled spicy-sweet French dressing; 1 tsp. mixed salad herbs.

Peach-Pecan Sundae: Drain 1 can (1 lb. 14 oz.) cling peach halves, reserving syrup. Arrange halves pit side up in dessert dishes. Combine reserved syrup with 2 tbsp. cornstarch dissolved in 2 tbsp. water; heat, stirring until thickened. Fill each peach half with a scoop of butter pecan ice cream, top with syrup and instant real whipped cream.

TABASCO S
2 tbsps. butter o
margarine
¼ cup minced
onion
¼ cup chopped
green pepp
Melt butter
onion and
3 minutes
eggs, wat
until fro
onion
Cook
EGGS
water
salt
p. Tabasco
up chopped
crisp bacon
ium heat. Stir in
epper; cook about
onion is soft. Beat
and Tabasco together
r in bacon. Add to
stir lightly with fork.
eggs are set. Serves 2.

Tabasco seasoning. Use it the way you salt, onions, parsley or herb dding by measure while cook It is made from peppers gro by the McIlhenny family on Ave Island, blended and mel- low for three years in oaken casks. Unique aroma and flavor make Tabasco brand pepper sauce a world-wide seasoning-favorite.

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It's the marinade!

Dig for diamonds this fast, ea
way at home. Use a jar of Sha
Oak Marinated Mushroom
Whip up a quick dish of Mus
room Chicken with rice. Ser
it to a suddenly appreciati
husband. No diamonds? Gi
him a second helping. As a la
resort, hint!

RECIPE: SHADY OAK MUSHROOM CHICKEN WITH RIC

1 jar SHADY OAK MARINATED MUSHROO
1 frying chicken cut in serving pieces
4 Tbsp. butter 1½ Tsp. paprika
¼ cup white wine 4 Tbsp. flour
salt and pepper

Season chicken with salt, pepper to ta
Saute chicken in butter till brown. Rem
chicken to baking dish. Add flour, paprika
drippings, blend well; add water, wine,
from mushrooms; cook till thick and smoo
Pour sauce over chicken, cover tightly, b
at 375° for 45 minutes. Uncover, add mu
rooms, bake 15 minutes more or till ten
Serve with fluffy rice.

Shady Oak
Mushrooms from t
"MAGIC CLIMATE

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"OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN"

By JULIUS HORWITZ

...e moving story of how one ...uple met the challenge faced ... millions of American fam-...es: mental retardation; how ...New York State senator and ... wife raised their retarded ...ild not as a "human vege-...ble" but as a happy and ...tive young man.

It was past two in the afternoon in ...w York, but the time stood still for us ... just about everyone else in the ...ited States in our predicament. Even ... the doctor. I kept thinking of sum-...t. Of kids growing up in the sun, out ...he open. I didn't see any asphalt. ... the doctor didn't let any light in ...er."

...e senator paused. He let a moment ...me go by, as though now, remembering ... he could afford to let time stand still ...e again. He was for the moment no ...er chairman of the powerful New ...k State Joint Legislative Committee ... Mental Retardation and Physical ...dicap, but merely a father—the ...her of a retarded child.

We both hung on to the doctor's ...ds. He was going to be judge, jury and ...llman. The only thing we had going ... us was a great big Irish family that ... been part of Brooklyn longer than ... Brooklyn Bridge. And then came the ...tor's voice. We hung on to the sudden ... hope our daughter Joyce had given ... The doctor said: 'Your son is a ...man vegetable. He'll never be able to ... to talk, to read, to know if he's ...ghing or crying or smiling, to even ...cognize you as his parents. My advice ... to put him in an institution. There's ...thing that you or anyone can do for ... on this earth.' The doctor made it ...l final. Nothing."

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Senator Conklin pointed out the win-...dow toward the Empire State Building, ...the Pan Am Building.

"Almost all of this has been built in my ...lifetime. It's exciting, it makes you ...wonder what you've been doing with your ...own life." The senator turned from the ...dazzling sun, the dazzling towers. On dazzling skyscrapers of New York, to his son.

"The doctor said, 'No hope.' We spent the next five years trying to prove that the doctor was wrong. When Billy was two I bought a little car for us to ride to ...practice riding a two-wheeler bike so that ...he could develop his coordination. I used ...to do it after supper, because I still ...couldn't face Billy's retardation with the ...neighbors as regularly as I would have ...liked to. Billy would sit on the bike, ...churning the handlebars, and I would run ...next to him. We would do that ...night after night, week after week, month after month. He loved it, and I worked ...up a good sweat. I saw that Billy was ...taking to the bike. One night I was yell-...ing, how excited the way you teach a ...boy how to ride a bike, and I felt from ...the balance of the bike that Billy could ...take off by himself. I let go, and there ...he went down our Brooklyn street to ...Bay Ridge, pedaling away. He seemed ...into a race. But that night we put on all ...of the lights in the house."

Billy is now in his early 30's. The baby ...is put away. But for the retarded there is ...never an end to growth. Each day can ...mean a new word learned, a new skill ...accomplished, a new world to explore ...before a mind that can never know boredom. ...But not many of the retarded receive ...a chance to use their minds: too many ...fulfill the prophecies of pity-stricken, well-...wishing friends, relatives, even educators ...retardation with human vegetation. And ...too many are buried alive in institutions.

"Billy was born a mongoloid," Senator ...Conklin told me. He paused and smiled. ...'I guess I could have said it just that ...simply, too. But nobody can. At least ...not yet. But we're working on that. The ...first doctor made it clear that Billy could ...only be a mongoloid vegetable. But we ...didn't want to see Billy buried in an ...institution. We might not have said he ...was part of our family. But not some ...strange object of pity, relatives, public ...agencies or state and city. He suited ...Joyce and Peter. Patricia, who was ...born, was a great joke to Billy.

(continued)

big wheels

come in small wedges, too

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DANISH BLUE CHEESE

The Art of Seasoning Eggs

TABASCO SCRAMBLED EGGS

2 tbsps. butter or margarine	4 eggs
¼ cup minced onion	3 tbsps. water
¼ cup chopped green pepper	¼ tsp. salt
	½ tsp. Tabasco
	½ cup chopped crisp bacon

Melt butter over medium heat. Stir in onion and green pepper; cook about 3 minutes or until onion is soft. Beat eggs, water, salt and Tabasco together until frothy. Stir in bacon. Add to onion mixture, stir lightly with fork. Cook until eggs are set. Serves 2.

Tabasco is a *seasoning*. Use it the way you use salt, onions, parsley or herbs, adding by measure while cooking. It is made from peppers grown by the McIlhenny family on Avery Island, blended and mellowed for three years in oaken casks. Unique aroma and flavor make Tabasco brand pepper sauce a world-wide seasoning favorite.

NEW 40 page recipe booklet "The Art of Seasoning": Appetizers, Soups, Eggs, Sauces and Dressings, Vegetables, Seafoods, Entrees. Just send flap from Tabasco carton or 10c to Tabasco, Department 102, Avery Island, Louisiana.

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Two Meals in a Hurry

CANADIAN DINNER	SOUTHERN DINNER
SALMON CASSEROLE GREEN BEANS HONEY-BRAN MUFFINS SPICED APPLESAUCE OATMEAL-RAISIN COOKIES COFFEE OR TEA	CLAM-TOMATO JUICE COCKTAIL BROILED HAM SLICES BLACK-EYED PEAS CORN FRITTERS TOSSED GREEN SALAD PEACH-PECAN SUNDAE COFFEE OR TEA
Preparation Time: approximately 40 minutes. Cost to serve 6: $3.17	Preparation Time: approximately 45 minutes. Cost to serve 6: $4.74

Salmon Casserole: Prepare 1 env. from 1 pkg. (15 oz.) instant mashed potatoes, following pkg. directions. Grease a 1½-qt. casserole and spread potatoes in it. Combine in a small saucepan 1 can (11 oz.) Cheddar cheese soup, ⅓ cup milk, 1 tbsp. instant minced onion, ½ tsp. paprika, dash cayenne pepper; heat to boiling point; pour half over potatoes. Drain and flake 1 can (1 lb.) salmon; spread on cheese sauce and top with remaining sauce. Sprinkle with ¼ tsp. paprika and bake at 325° F. for 30–35 min. Serve with Tomato-Mushroom Sauce. *For Tomato-Mushroom Sauce:* Combine in small saucepan 1 can (8 oz.) tomato sauce, 1 can (3 oz.) sliced broiled mushrooms and liquid, 1 tsp. instant minced onion, 1 crushed clove garlic. Simmer 10 min., stirring occasionally.

Green Beans: Prepare 2 pkgs. (10 oz. ea.) frozen cut green beans, following pkg. directions.

Honey-Bran Muffins: Prepare 1 pkg. (14 oz.) honey-bran muffin mix, following pkg. directions. Makes 12–16 medium-size muffins.

Spiced Applesauce: Combine in small saucepan 1 jar (1 lb. 9 oz.) applesauce, 2 tbsp. firmly packed brown sugar, 1 tsp. fresh or reconstituted lemon juice, ½ tsp. powdered cinnamon, ¼ tsp. ground nutmeg. Simmer about 5 min. or until blended, stirring occasionally.

Oatmeal-Raisin Cookies: Prepare 1 pkg. (1 lb.) refrigerated oatmeal-raisin cookies, following pkg. directions. Makes 3–4 dozen cookies.

Clam-Tomato Juice Cocktail: Combine 1½ cups each clam juice and tomato juice, 3 tbsp. lemon juice, 1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce, ¼ tsp. each onion and garlic powder, dash liquid hot-pepper seasoning. Chill 15–20 min., strain and serve iced.

Broiled Ham Slices: Slash fat around edges of two 1-inch thick smoked ham slices in several places. Place on rack in preheated broiler; broil 6–8 min. Turn; brush with mixture of 2 tbsp. maple syrup and 1 tsp. dry mustard. Broil 6–8 min. more and serve immediately.

Black-Eyed Peas: Prepare 2 pkgs. (10 oz. ea.) frozen black-eyed peas, following pkg. directions. Make first.

Corn Fritters: Blend together 2 cups all-purpose biscuit mix, ⅔ cup milk, 1 egg, pinch thyme. Stir in 1 can (17 oz.) drained yellow whole kernel corn. Drop mixture by teaspoonfuls into 1 inch vegetable oil, heated to 370° F. Fry 3–4 min., or until golden on each side. Drain and serve hot with maple-blended syrup.

Tossed Green Salad: Break 1 small head lettuce and ½ lb. raw spinach into bite-size pieces. Toss with ⅓ cup bottled spicy-sweet French dressing; 1 tsp. mixed salad herbs.

Peach-Pecan Sundae: Drain 1 can (1 lb. 14 oz.) cling peach halves, reserving syrup. Arrange halves pit side up in dessert dishes. Combine reserved syrup with 2 tbsp. cornstarch dissolved in 2 tbsp. water; heat, stirring until thickened. Fill each peach half with a scoop of butter pecan ice cream, top with syrup and instant real whipped cream.

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RECIPE: SHADY OAK MUSHROOM CHICKEN WITH RI

1 jar SHADY OAK MARINATED MUSHRO
1 frying chicken cut in serving pieces
4 Tbsp. butter 1½ Tsp. paprika
¼ cup white wine 4 Tbsp. flour
salt and pepper

Season chicken with salt, pepper to ta Saute chicken in butter till brown. Rem chicken to baking dish. Add flour, paprik drippings, blend well; add water, wine, from mushrooms; cook till thick and smo Pour sauce over chicken, cover tightly, b at 375° for 45 minutes. Uncover, add mu rooms, bake 15 minutes more or till ten Serve with fluffy rice.

Shady Oak

Mushrooms from t "MAGIC CLIMATI

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"OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN"

By JULIUS HORWITZ

The moving story of how one couple met the challenge faced by millions of American families: mental retardation; how a New York State senator and his wife raised their retarded child not as a "human vegetable" but as a happy and active young man.

"It was past two in the afternoon in New York, but the time stood still for us and just about everyone else in the United States in our predicament. Even for the doctor. I kept thinking of sunlight. Of kids growing up in the sun, out in the open. I didn't see any sunlight, and the doctor didn't let any light in either."

The senator paused. He let a moment of time go by, as though now, remembering, he could afford to let time stand still once again. He was for the moment no longer chairman of the powerful New York State Joint Legislative Committee on Mental Retardation and Physical Handicap, but merely a father—the father of a retarded child.

"We both hung on to the doctor's voice. He was going to be judge, jury and hangman. The only thing we had going for us was a great big Irish family that had been part of Brooklyn longer than the Brooklyn Bridge. And then came the doctor's voice. We hung on to the smiles and hugs our daughter Joyce had given Billy. The doctor said, 'Your son is a human vegetable. He'll never be able to walk, to talk, to read, to know if he's laughing or crying or smiling, to even recognize you as his parents. My advice is to put him in an institution. There's nothing that you or anyone can do for him on this earth.' The doctor made it that final. Nothing!"

Senator William T. Conklin looked out of the 24th-floor window of the New York State office building in lower Manhattan. Before us lay New York City and its great man-made towers. The sun caught the senator's hair graying into whiteness, his vigorous face. His eyes scanned the skyline of New York, and they focused on work to be done rather than the irreclaimable past.

Senator Conklin is a member of six important legislative committees, a director of the Association for the Help of Retarded Children, honorary president of the Guild For Exceptional Children, director of the Bay Ridge Nursery, director of the Victory Memorial Hospital, a director of the Uptown Chamber of Commerce of New York City and Brooklyn's only Republican senator in the New York State legislature.

Senator Conklin pointed out the window toward the Empire State Building, the vast Pan Am Building.

"Almost all of this has been built in my lifetime. It's incredible. It makes you wonder what you've been doing with your own life." The senator turned from the dazzling sun, the dazzling towers, the dazzling anonymity of New York, to his son.

"The doctor said, 'Nothing.' We spent the next five years trying to prove that the doctor was wrong. When Billy was five I began taking him out at night to practice riding a two-wheeler bike so that he could develop his coordination. I used to do it after supper, because I still couldn't face Billy's retardation with the neighbors as squarely as I would have liked to. Billy would sit on the bike, clutching the handlebars, and I would run him around the block. We would do that night after night, week after week, month after month. He loved it, and I worked up a good sweat. I saw that Billy was taking to the bike. One night I was pushing from behind, the way you teach a boy how to ride a bike, and I felt from the balance of the bike that Billy could take off by himself. I let go. And there he went down our Brooklyn street in Bay Ridge, pedaling away. He banged into a tree. But that night we put on all of the lights in the house."

Billy is now in his early 20's. The bike is put away. But for the retarded there is never an end to growth. Each day can mean a new word learned, a new skill attempted, a new world to unfold before a mind that can never know boredom. But too many of the retarded never get a chance to use their minds; too many fulfill the prophecies of physicians, ministers, family friends, relatives, who equate retardation with human vegetation. And too many are buried alive in institutions.

"Billy was born a mongoloid." Senator Conklin told me. He paused and smiled. "I wish I could have said it just that simply then. But nobody can. At least not yet. But we're working on that. The first doctor made it clear that Billy could only live a vegetative existence. But we didn't want to see Billy buried in an institution. We kept him home, and he was part of our family. And not some strange object of pity, rejection, useless sacrifice or, worse, self-pity. His sisters, Joyce and, later, Patricia, when she was born, were a great help to Billy.

(continued)

big wheels

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"Now that research in mental retardation is uncovering new information, I see that Jessie and I did the right thing. Too many people still have the 19th-century notion that retarded children are all alike, that they present the same helpless, hopeless picture. Actually, each retarded child is an individual human being. The children respond to warmth, to love, to what we call, up in Albany, TLC—tender loving care. Even if you can't always see it on their faces, it's there inside, where it counts. The latest research has shown this to be true."

But the latest research wasn't available in the 1940's. Senator Conklin and his wife, Jessie, went from doctor to doctor, trying to learn what they could do to help Billy. Only Billy's eager face, his response to warmth and attention, made Senator Conklin and his wife feel they weren't completely frustrated. Finally they learned that if Billy could develop his coordination he could push on to his full possibilities. What more can any human being ask for?

Senator Conklin's brother-in-law, Bob, got Billy to walk. Billy was attracted to a broom with a red-and-green handle. Bob would hold up the broom handle, and Billy would reach for it. Bob got Billy to stretch higher and higher, to really extend his reach. One day Billy got hold of the broom handle high up. Billy pulled himself up. He stood up alone. He let go of the broom handle. He stood alone for the first time in his life.

"The family still talks about that moment. We were all there to see it. And what I hope we're talking about," Senator Conklin said, "is not my boy but the hundreds of thousands of retarded children in the United States who may be wasting away because they can't get proper training or support. We got surprised year after year by what Billy could do."

After the bike, Billy took to baseball, swimming, basketball, even riding a horse. He once sank 30 foul shots in a row with a basketball. But the first big social change came when Billy entered the CRMD (Children with Retarded Mental Development) classes in the New York City public-school system. It was the first time that Billy really began to be with other children. He learned little things, which are big things to a retarded child: Eating lunch with other children, going to the bathroom, sight-reading words such as *boy, girl, out, in, exit.*

And Senator Conklin and his wife began doing little things which are tremendous things to the parents of a retarded child, such as taking Billy to New York restaurants, the Broadway theaters, ball games, on trips. Billy's big hero became Al Jolson. He learned to read the titles of his collection of Jolson records. He can't read in sentences, he'll never be able to read a book, but he *can* sight-read. He can read street signs. He goes off to work alone now, on the subway from Brooklyn to Manhattan. And he brings home a pay envelope. That first pay envelope was a moment in Senator Conklin's home almost as great as the bike ride.

Senator Conklin pointed to his wristwatch. "In the time that it took me to tell you that little story about Al Jolson and Billy, a retarded child was born somewhere in the United States." About 126,000 infants are born annually who are or who will become mentally retarded. There are now about 5½ million retarded persons in the United States, most of them young, and their retardation affects the lives of more than 25,000,000 people. Mental retardation accounts for 70 percent of all lifetime disabilities that originate in childhood. It disables 10 times as many children as diabetes, 20 times the number who get tuberculosis and 600 times the number who get polio.

Yet the astonishing fact is that only about an estimated 2 percent of the retarded children require assistance throughout their lives in dressing, eating, toilet care. The rest can either be trained or educated, and a high percentage are able to support themselves as adults by working at paying jobs. New York State figured out that it costs the state about $150,000 to keep a retarded child in an institution for the span of his life, and right now there are some retarded who will earn that sum and more in their lifetime, children who would have been called human vegetables 15 years ago.

Up until 1950 at the latest, Senator Conklin told me, the attitude of even informed people in the United States toward retardation was one of fear, ignorance, guilt, shame, get rid of them, bury them, hide them away in institutions, banish them to a living death. Senator Conklin told me about a doctor who advised the parents of a newborn mongoloid child to hide their child in an institution and tell their friends and relatives that he was dead.

On their visits to the institution they saw that their child was alive to them, and responded to them. They wanted to bring him home, but couldn't, because of the lie they had told.

"Let me tell you another story about what can happen," Senator Conklin said. "Billy was attending a speech-therapy class. Part of the therapy was playing basketball. The theory was that if the kids could get the basketball through the hoop it would certainly help them in getting through their speech-therapy lessons. Speech is one of the crucial handicaps in retardation, speech itself, and the concept of speech. One day I was at the gym with Billy, and there were only nine players on the floor. Billy and I went looking for the tenth player. We found this little boy at the altar of the chapel that was attached to the gym. We found this little mongoloid boy asking God to please help him with his speech-therapy lessons."

"What happened in the 1950's to break up the distorted feeling about retardation?" I asked Senator Conklin.

"It's still not broken up," Senator Conklin said. "I know of some famous people who are still ashamed to let it be known they have a retarded child. And I've been in and out of too many shattered homes in New York in the past fifteen years where the birth of a retarded child crippled the parents more than the child. But the most important thing that happened in the 1950's was that parents like myself began coming out of their dark kitchens. The war taught us that the handicapped could do extraordinary work if given an opportunity, and the handicapped did do tremendous work during the war years."

But most important was the organization all over the United States of parents who had retarded children. The parents fought for day-care centers, workshops, special classes, special transportation, legislation. The National Association for Retarded Children was founded some years ago by two parents who wanted to end the blackout on retardation. Today

(continued)

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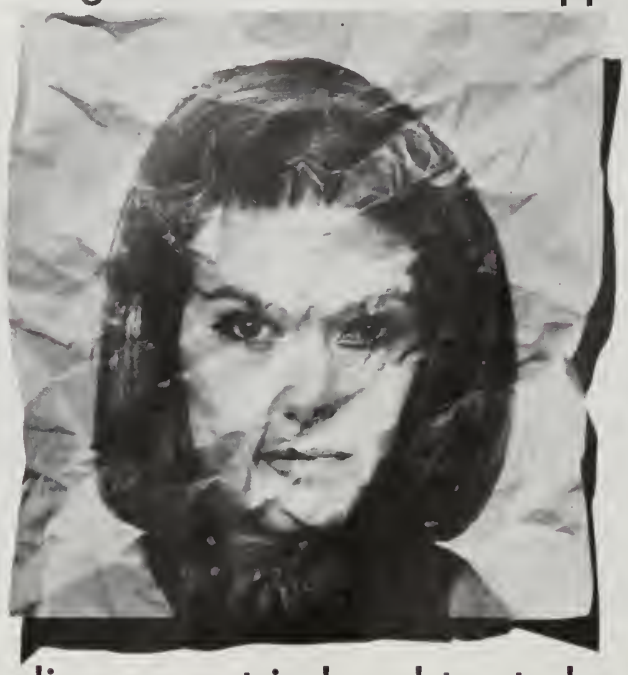

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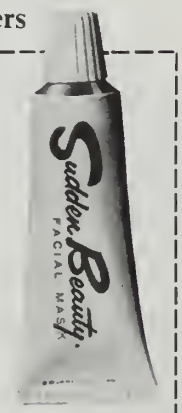

HEAVEN *continued*

the association has thousands of members and does extraordinary work in the field of retardation. In Brooklyn, Senator Conklin and his wife, Jessie, helped start the Guild for Exceptional Children. The guild is strictly a grass-roots neighborhood group, but it's the kind of place where you can finally say, "I have a retarded child," as quickly as you can say "Brooklyn."

"What does Billy think about your being a senator?"

"You ask Billy. He has a lot to say on that subject. It was just about a three-million-to-one shot that I got into politics, which is almost the population of Brooklyn. I'm the only Republican state senator in Brooklyn. I went into office in 1957. I'm not a lawyer. But as the parent of a retarded child, I used to go to Albany and Washington trying to get help from the government for the retarded.

"In those days, legislation for the retarded stood about as much chance of getting through as a moon program. But I just sponsored a bill that was signed into law by Governor Rockefeller that I'll be proud of to the end of my days. We call it the PKU bill. It's the first bill of its kind in the United States, and will probably serve as a model for the rest of the country, even the world."

The PKU bill simply provides that every infant born in New York State must be tested at birth for a disorder known as phenylketonuria (PKU), which severely damages the brain, leaving the infant retarded for life. If PKU is detected within a few days of birth, it can be treated and overcome.

Now Senator Conklin is working on another major cause of mental retardation. Of the 5½ million retarded in the United States, more than 80 percent are organically sound; they are said to be retarded because they grew up in the slums, big city or rural, an environment that can destroy the learning capacity of normal children in their formative years.

"This 'new' retardation sounds fantastic," Senator Conklin said, "but some of the evidence is overwhelming enough for us to act. And the task of preventing this nonorganic retardation, with its links to poverty, welfare dependency, school breakdown, institutional dependency, will certainly require more intellectual effort and resources than it took to harness nuclear energy in the 1940's. But we've made a start. I remember what Billy told me after he got on his first pony. 'Dad, all you have to do is get on the horse and off he goes.' Why don't you come and see Billy? I'll bet you've never spoken to a retarded child."

I looked for the first moment at Bill Conklin with the awe that one reserves for a king, a prince. Billy wore a madras jacket, gray flannel trousers, a conservative tie. His hair was reddish brown. He was just over five feet tall. He had the expression of a child who had never grown old; but age crossed his face. Of course he knew he was coming to talk about retardation in his father's senatorial office. Of course he knew I would be asking him questions. Of course he knew that his answers might be repeated to millions of people. And he must, I thought, know what he could never know.

Billy looked squarely at me. He was at home in the world. He had come out of the darkness to learn to walk, to speak, to sight-read, to work, to move among men by himself.

Billy handed me two framed photographs that he said hung in his room in Bay Ridge. "That's me with Rocky. The other picture is with Governor Harriman. Do you know him?"

"I know Rocky," I said. "I once shook hands with the governor when he was campaigning." *(continued)*

"I'd like to get a gift certificate for my husband."

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Billy laughed. "That's like a politician. I like Rocky. He's a good governor."

"What about Harriman? Was he a good governor?"

"He was good too. But I want to tell you about the Occupation Day Center."

"Where is the workshop?"

"I get off the Fourth Avenue subway on Eighth Street. Then I have to walk from Eighth Street to the workshop on East Fifth Street. But that's no trouble. But the neighborhood could be fixed up. It looks dirty and broken up. Maybe some of us from the group at the workshop could get more work trying to fix up the neighborhood. We painted our own center."

"What do you do at the workshop?"

"I work. I like real work. The kind you get paid for." Dostoevski would have wept hearing Billy. Dostoevski wrote that if you want to annihilate a man completely, to inflict on him the most terrible punishment, give him work of a completely useless and irrational character.

"What kind of work do you do?"

"I can remember the first time they taught me to work at the day center. I didn't like that first day. I made seven mistakes on my first job. That was too many. I had to sort a lot of things. I think that didn't look like real work to me. It was a test. But I kept learning the hard way. The teachers were very good. You should write down all of their names. We don't have any machines doing our work for us at the center. We all work with our own hands. I insert circulars now. We have a lot of work before Christmas, and we need a lot of work after Christmas."

"Do you go out for lunch or eat in?"

"Sometimes I go out with some of the group. But most of the time we do our own cooking. I help cook a good beef stew at the center."

Sometimes his words come slow, sometimes fast, sometimes halting. But with each thought the words come out directly, to the point, with a child's simplicity, with a poet's awareness of language. Each word that Billy speaks had to be learned and lived. And in each word that he speaks he tries to pass on what he has learned. This was the way civilization came into being.

"Let's talk some more about the Occupation Day Center," Billy said. "One of the things my favorite teacher there taught me was to tie my shoe laces."

"Was it hard work?"

"For him, yes. For me, no." Billy laughed.

"Do you like to work?"

"Work is a wonderful thing for retarded people. I have a good job. Some people I know have better jobs. But I work hard at what I do, and I do a good job. And when my father runs for senator I campaign for him. The whole family helps out Dad. He needs the help." Billy smiled at me, and he knew from my smile that he didn't have to explain his joke.

"What do you think of your father as a senator?"

"He's a plain old father to me." Billy laughed, then he looked at my notebook. "I see that you're writing down what I say. I want you to write about the Occupation Day Center. Its address is 222 East Fifth Street, New York City, Manhattan. The teachers are very good. The group works hard. I want them to get more work, and if the center gets more work, then the group will have more work to do. I told you that the busy time is before Christmas when we insert a lot of circulars. And after Christmas we need more work. Will you write down what I said about the center?"

"I will."

"And I would like to tell everybody that they have to learn to stick with a group. And that kids learn the hard way, not the easy way."

Billy put away the framed photographs of Governor Rockefeller and Governor Harriman.

"You ask my Mommy what she thinks of her husband as a senator," Billy said.

Mrs. Conklin wore a linen suit. Her hair was a soft brown, and her face held its youthful Irish good looks. Mrs. Conklin was at home in political meetings, the workshops of the retarded, committee meetings, national conferences, the Brooklyn neighborhood where she was born. And she was at home with her son. S interrupted Billy when he mention the wrong subway stop. She show pride when he asked for more w for the Occupation Day Center. Wh Billy searched his memory for a wo she formed the words with her o mouth, holding back until Billy rea needed help. And then she would sup the word with the directness that childr and adults cherish.

"Tell him how Dad got elected the fi time," Billy said.

Mrs. Conklin said, "Bill got into po tics because of the trips he made Albany and Washington for the retard Some of the legislative people said to B why don't you run for office? He did. T first time Bill lost. But he was elected his second try for the Senate. And n we think it's a very practical miracle th Bill is chairman of the Joint Legislati Committee on Mental Retardation a Physical Handicap. It gives Bill a chan to work on legislation that is very real a day-to-day practical way for the 5 000 people who are retarded in New Yor Now we're beginning to see that legisl tion can help the retarded even from t cradle. But so much of the legislation d pends upon the right implementation

Billy was listening intently.

"Our dream now is to find real jobs f the trainable retarded," Mrs. Conkl said. "There is so much fine work th can do if given a chance. The post offi is now starting to use retarded person and here in Brooklyn some of our ho pitals are hiring retarded girls. You se in a practical job like folding diapers, t retarded don't get bored like other peopl They find the work exciting, they do e cellent work and they're anxious please."

"Do you think about a cure?"

"There's no silver bullet for retarda tion. The retarded grow. They nee work. They need better education. The have growing-up pains. Billy suffere from homesickness on his first overnig camping trip. He's angry and happy an excited and thrilled with his sisters an nieces and nephews and cousins an uncles. He's thrilled when his fathe makes a speech. He was crying when h brought home his first paycheck. Billy always reaching for the maximum of h possibilities, and how many people eve touch the tenth part of their potential But for the retarded over 21, there is sti a wasteland. They are the lost generatio of the retarded."

"What would you like to see happen? I asked Mrs. Conklin.

Billy sat forward, looking at his mothe She didn't censor herself; she said wha she believed.

"Just for them to be socially acceptabl in socially acceptable situations. In theater. A restaurant. The Automat. Th subway. A playground. A park bench A neighbor's backyard. At a job. In 196 Bill and I and Billy went to Europe. B was on a fact-finding trip for the Nationa Association for Retarded Children. W were all over Europe. And then we cam to Rome. In Rome an audience was ar ranged for us with Pope John. There wer eighteen of us in the group, includin Billy. We all stood tense, very quiet, i awe, awaiting the entrance of Pope John The door opened. Pope John entered th room. Billy immediately ran over to hin and said, 'Hello, John.' And Pope John put his great magnificent arms aroun Billy, brought him to his heart and said *'Questo il regno dei cieli.* Of such is th kingdom of Heaven.'" ■

Which luncheon meat is all beef, contains roasts and steaks?

Wilson's Certified BIF!

BIF is pure, extra-lean chopped beef.
Even has juicy-good steaks and roasts in it.
72% lean—100% delicious!
Yes, BIF is lean and good.

Also try Wilson's Certified MOR. Has hickory-smoked flavor, like ham.

WILSON'S CERTIFIED *our finest*

If this Gold Seal is on it—there's better meat in it.

Wilson & Co. Inc., Chicago, Illinois

is a coal miner dressed in a clean, white sailor suit.

He worked 8 full hours digging coal.

Salvo Powertablets washed the suit clean again.

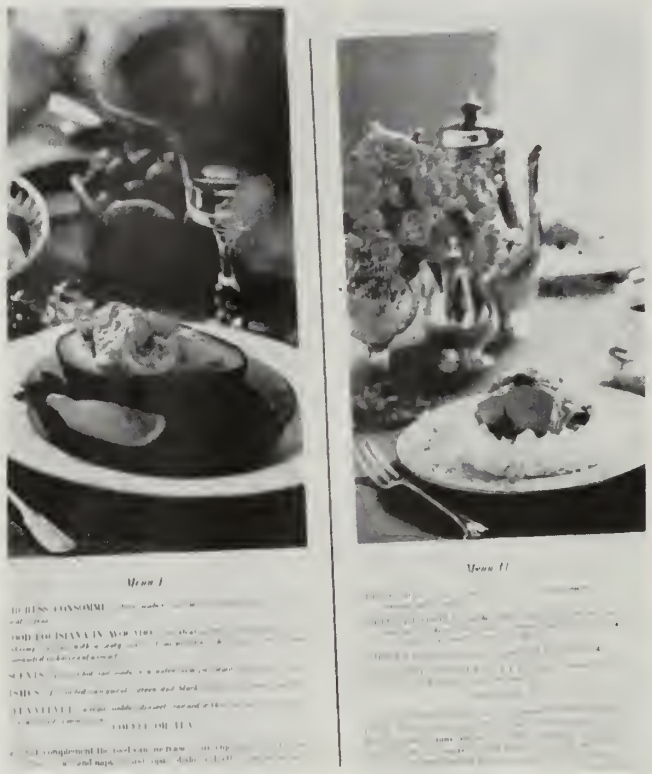
We put a coal miner in a sailor suit to dramatize the cleaning power of Salvo Powertablets

Your wash may never get as dirty as that sailor suit did. But wouldn't you like a detergent that's made to take on the toughest cleaning jobs?

Try SALVO. It's different from ordinary detergents ...it's a Powertablet. SALVO'S made to do the impossible cleaning jobs. Go ahead, try it!

SALVO'S *power packed* with over 100 pounds of pressure. So when it hits water, it breaks out power like no powder detergent ever can.

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL IS FOR:



SNIPPING

RIPPING

CLIPPING

FOLDING

HERE'S A GOOD PLACE TO START!

For delicious recipes, economical decorating ideas, smart fashion suggestions, and the very best in contemporary fiction, be sure you read every issue of LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.

Tear out the handy order card bound in this issue and return it today. That way you'll be able to snip, rip, clip and fold your own copy of the JOURNAL to your heart's content.

Clean Costly Dentures "Bridges"
ke fine jewelry

Special "fast-soak" formula restores original whiteness and true natural color.

dern dentures are expensive, and e fine jewelry they are easily dam-d. Cleaning with abrasive pastes or d brushing may scratch dentures may cause 'teeth' to be dropped or ken.

But today there's a newer, safer way clean dentures—*soak* them clean in EENITE. This fast-acting powder ks away discolorations—even smoke ins and film. It restores original iteness and true natural color.

KLEENITE's fast-soak formula com-es *three* stain-removing actions: (1) ergent; (2) solvent; (3) oxidizer. ecial soak-in surfactant removes ins that pastes and brushes can't ch.

Dentists have discovered that soak-in KLEENITE beats even the hard-brushing with an ordinary denti-e. It cleans denture surfaces faster ven soaks away deeply embedded ins. Restores original whiteness to th and pinkness to gums. KLEENITE available at all drug counters.

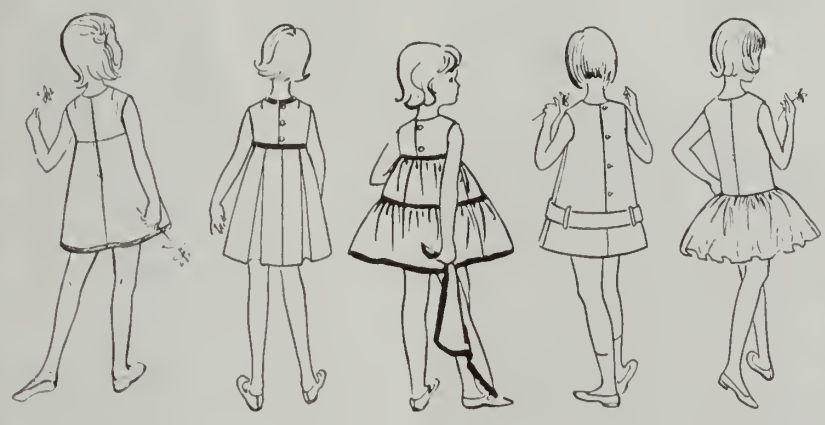
re and more tists are recom-nding KLEENITE. faster, safer. soak more . . . sh less.

VOGUE PATTERN BACKVIEWS

see pages 62–67

VOGUE DESIGN 6207 One-piece dress and scarf, 4–8, 75c; in Canada, 85c. Sleeveless dress requires 1½ yd. of 35-in. fabric without nap, size 6.

VOGUE DESIGN 6323 Girl's one-piece dress, 4–8, 75c; in Canada, 85c. Sleeveless dress shown requires 2⅝ yd. of 35-in. fabric without nap, size 6.



6207 6323 6118 6324 6380

VOGUE DESIGN 6118 Dress and scarf, 4–8, 75c; in Canada, 85c. Version A dress and scarf shown require 2 yd. of 35-in. fabric without nap, size 6.

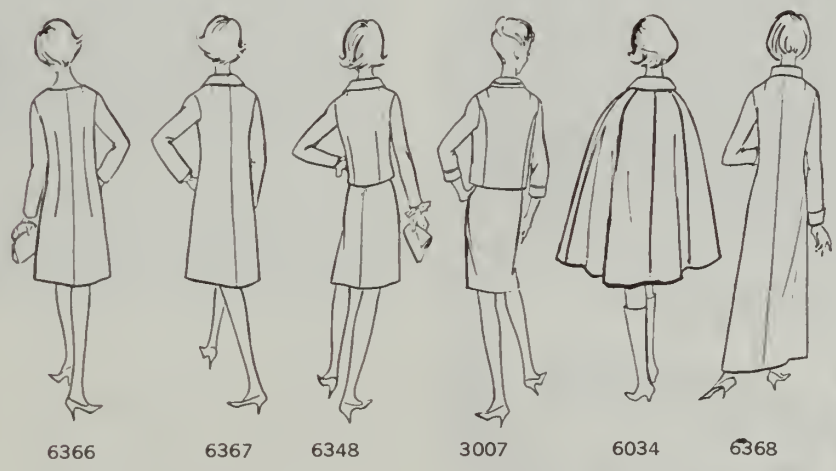
VOGUE DESIGN 6324 One-piece dress, sizes 4,5,6,7,8, 75c; in Canada, 85c. Sleeveless dress shown requires 2 yd. of 35-in. fabric without nap, size 6.

VOGUE DESIGN 6380 Girl's one-piece dress, sizes 4,5,6,7,8, 75c; in Canada, 85c. Version B requires 1⅞ yd. of 36-in. fabric without nap, size 6.

VOGUE DESIGN 6366 One-piece dress and coat, sizes 10–18, $2; in Canada, $2.20. The coat (only) requires 2¾ yd. of 58-in. fabric without nap, size 14.

VOGUE DESIGN 6367 Misses' dress and coat, 10–18, $2.; in Canada, $2.20. The coat (only) requires 2⅞ yd. of 56–57-in. fabric without nap, size 14.

VOGUE DESIGN 6348 10–18, $1.50; in Canada, $1.65. Jacket requires 1½ yd. 60-in. fabric without nap. Skirt requires ⅞ yd. of 54 in. fabric, size 14.



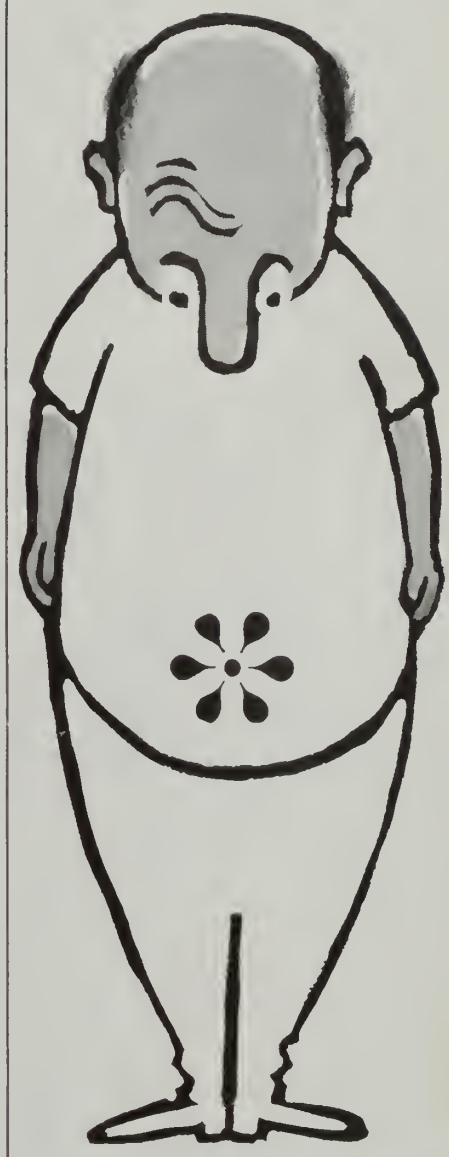
6366 6367 6348 3007 6034 6368

VOGUE DESIGN 3007 Basic jacket, 10–18, $1; in Canada, $1.10. Round-collar jacket shown requires 1⅜ yd. of 56–57-in. fabric without nap, size 14.

VOGUE DESIGN 6034 Cape, small (10–12), medium (14–16), large (18–20), $1.50; in Canada, $1.65. Requires 4 yd. 54-in. fabric without nap, medium.

VOGUE DESIGN 6368 Evening dress and coat, 10–18, $2; in Canada, $2.20. The evening coat alone requires one single Bates "Flamenca" bedspread.

Buy Vogue and Butterick Patterns at the store which sells them in your city. Or order by mail, enclosing check or money order, from Vogue-Butterick Pattern Service, P.O. Box 630, Altoona, Pa.*; or in Canada: P.O. Box 4042, Terminal A, Toronto 1, Ont. Patterns will be sent to you by third-class mail. If you desire them to be sent by first-class mail, please include 10 cents additional for each pattern that you order. *California and Pennsylvania residents please add sales tax.



*UNCERTAIN STOMACH

When your stomach feels uncertain from indigestion, heartburn, gas pains, nausea or other symptoms of excess acidity, remember this: **Each small PHILLIPS' TABLET consumes 37% more excess acid than the leading candy-type roll antacid tablet.**

NO WATER NEEDED

Bring real cookout flavor right indoors with Kraft Barbecue Sauce

It's made with 19 herbs and spices!

This is the sauce that doesn't just sit there—it simmers real cookout flavor all through the meat. Choose regular or hot Kraft Barbecue Sauce or new Hickory Smoke flavored Barbecue Sauce with a touch of real hickory smoke right in it. Even better—try all three flavors.

continued from page 73

SPAIN:

TEXTURE & PATTERN

The many different patterns and textures of Spain have been a rich source of inspiration for rugs, wallpapers, wallcoverings, fabrics and floor coverings that are available in this country. We show some of our favorites:

---

1. "Palermo" hand-screened print on linen tweed. $7.15 yd. Robert Lehr.
2. "Granada" wallcovering (in corduroy that's backed with paper). $5.25 single roll. Patterson-Piazza Inc.
3. "Contempo Corkbark," 100% cork wallcovering, $2.10 sq. ft. Maharan Fabric Corp. In bark color only.
4. "Repousse II" vinyl tile flooring. 95c the sq. ft. Kentile Floors Inc.
5. "Isabella" hand-printed cotton, a design inspired by an old Spanish tile. $7.65 per yd. Greeff Fabrics.
6. "Shaded Cork" wallcovering, spiral design on real cork with paper backing. Costs $18 for a single roll. From Katzenbach and Warren.
7. "Moroccan Grille" Wallpaper. $8.40 single roll. Patterson-Piazza Inc.
8. "Segovia" double-weave cotton, rayon. (19th-century Alpujarra rug design.) $13.15 yd. Greeff Fabrics.
9. "Valencia" shaped quarry tile. $1 sq. ft. From Ludowici-Celandon Co. Available through tile contractors.
10. "Moresque" Clavos rug, wool on cotton warp. 7 ft. by 9 ft. 10 in. Other sizes. $300. From Luten-Clarey-Stern.
11. "Barcelona" vinyl tile in pebbly effect. $3.20 the sq. ft. By Amtico.
12. Flagstone vinyl tile, comes in "Random Pack" of enough various-sized rectangles for 3 sq. ft., $18. By Congoleum-Nairn in five colors.
13. "Antigua" hand-printed wallpaper, $9 single roll. Greeff Fabrics.

(continued on page 106)

Prices are approximate. Floorings are available in stores everywhere; fabrics, wall coverings and rug available through store decorating departments or your own decorator.

For the joy of a slender figure, try SEGO, the magical meal that helps you slim.

Wouldn't it be fun to be slender again? Lively and younger looking? SEGO® Diet Food is an invaluable help. With 2 extra ounces, each 225-calorie meal is more satisfying. With extra protein, that satisfied feeling lasts longer. With 11 rich, cool, soda-fountain flavors, your taste stays happy. There is nothing just like SEGO.

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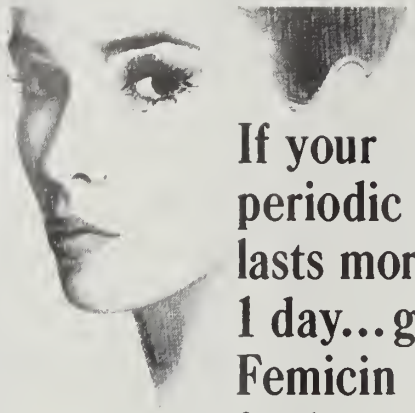

If your periodic pain lasts more than 1 day... get Femicin for better than aspirin relief

EVERY month, thousands of women suffer 2, 5, as much as 7 days of unnecessary functional periodic pain. You, too, may know the anguish of day after day of nagging headache, painful cramps and backache . . . the depressed feeling that slows you down even before the day begins. Perhaps you've even resorted to aspirin in an attempt to find relief from pain and distress. But many times aspirin proves inadequate.

Why Femicin Works Where Aspirin Fails

New Femicin Tablets have two special pain-relievers to ease tension headache and backache quickly (you won't find them in aspirin). Femicin's formula eases your cramps in a way aspirin cannot do. As pain goes, many women report that accompanying menstrual tension eases! Femicin helps your body to throw off the puffy, excess water-weight that accumulates at this time (aspirin's useless here!). A gentle sedative works to relax edginess and irritability . . . you feel better—look better—all week long!

That's why Femicin is being welcomed gratefully by women all over the country. Clinical tests show Femicin brings better-than-aspirin relief – especially when your periodic pain lasts more than one day!

Try This New Relief Today

Now that Femicin is available at all drug counters, there's no longer any need to think of periodic pain as woman's inevitable "curse"—no need to suffer month after month from periodic pain. Discover new Femicin's better-than-aspirin relief for yourself. Today—ask for Femicin, available at drug counters everywhere.

Fever Blisters
COLD SORES

Dry Them Up Fast
Soothe, Soften, Prevent Cracking

Even the most painful and severe fever blisters and cold sores heal quickly and painlessly with CAMPHO-PHENIQUE. For this antiseptic liquid is not only soothing and healing but has an amazing drying action that clears fever blisters up FAST. And as CAMPHO-PHENIQUE dries the fever blister or cold sore it softens it, too, so prevents painful cracking. Healing is rapid and comfortable.

CAMPHO-PHENIQUE is like having a First Aid Kit in a bottle. Wonderful for cuts, minor burns, scratches. Its anesthetic action stops pain instantly. Its antiseptic action promotes rapid healing. And when a cold clogs your nose, put a few drops of CAMPHO-PHENIQUE on your handkerchief and inhale the medicated vapor. You'll breathe easier FAST!

Campho-Phenique®

(SAY CAM-FO-FIN-EEK)

THE BROAD SPECTRUM ANTISEPTIC
Kills All Germs Which Cause Infection

Ingrown NAIL

Just a few drops of soothing Dr. Scholl's ONIXOL in nail groove relieve soreness and pain, soften embedded part of nail for easy removal. Sold everywhere.

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"I can not tell a lie . . ."

Actual Size

"...my 'Golden Cherries' pin by Sarah Coventry only looks expensive—you'd be surprised how little it really cost!"

Shown only at our Home Jewelry Shows... Write to learn how you may attend and actually own beautiful jewelry like this at no cost...

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Sarah Coventry®
FINE FASHION JEWELRY

SPAIN:
FLEXIBILITY & WORKMANSHIP

Simple or elaborate (like the designs above), Spanish furniture is compatible with many different decorative styles. The woods are warm, highly polished, often intricately carved. Imports and Spanish-inspired designs are readily available in this country. Our choice, front to back:

In light-brown pecan wood with an inlaid top: graceful round occasional table gets sturdy support from its own pedestal base. Height, 20 in.; diameter, 27 in. $85., from The Lane Co.

Small bench of solid walnut is upholstered in red and blue velvet (a traditional Spanish texture), is trimmed with gold braid and fringe. 22 in. by 12 in. $100, from the House of Spain.

Provincial ladder-back chair has a low, sturdy look, shows a kinship with several other simple provincial styles. In solid walnut with a natural rush seat. $75, from the House of Spain.

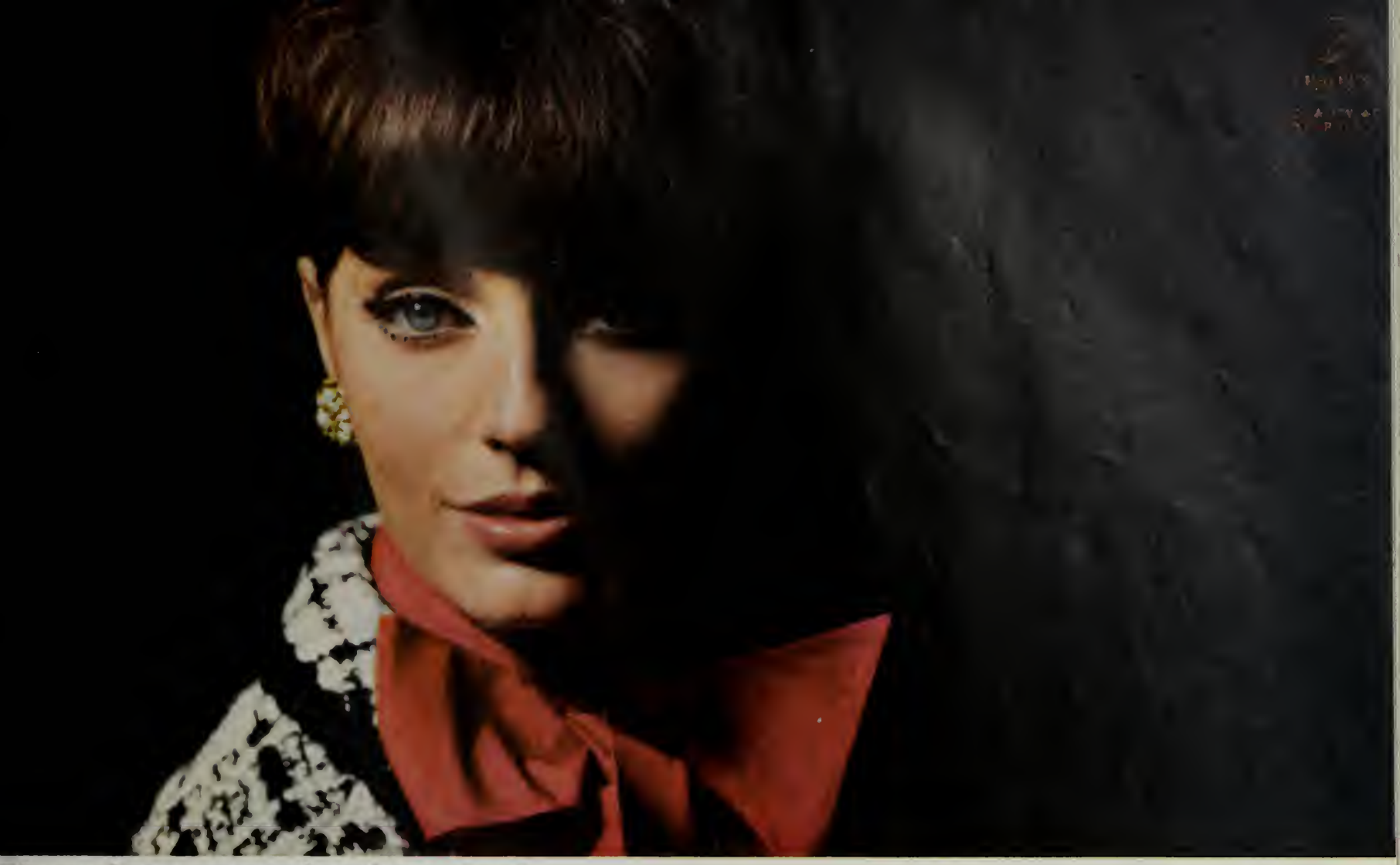
Spacious carved chest for storage and serving has one tray drawer and an adjustable shelf. In pecan wood with an elegant dark-brown finish. 43 in. wide, 19 in. deep, 30 in. high. $210, from The Drexel Furniture Co.

Simple and graceful: a hand-wrought iron chandelier. The branches have a 27-in. span. $155. House of Spain.

Intricate hand carving reproduces a 17th-century walnut bedstead. Twin-bed size is 40 in. wide; serpentine foot posts topped with finials are 75 in. high. $250, from House of Spain.

(continued on page 108)

Prices are approximate. Table and chest are available at department and furniture stores; other furniture through store decorating departments or your own decorator.



If you have a passion for patent,

satisfy it with Naturalizer's Gigi

Slip it on and glow. Slim elegance in patent, encircled with matte and tied with a fashion-flavored twist. Easy to look at . . . and Naturalizer's beautiful fit makes it lovely to live in. Choose from many colors in patent trimmed with calf, or calf alone. Naturalizers are priced from $10.99 to $15.99. Higher Denver west and Canada. *Brown Shoe Company, St. Louis.*

Leather refers to uppers.

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The shoe with the beautiful fit

He's making the famous
Fettucine alla Parmigiana!

Here's how with your own

fine Italian touch!

Aged over
14 months

You've discovered, we hope, what beautiful things Kraft Grated Parmesan Cheese does for your soups, salads, vegetables, any pasta dish. Now try this Roman specialty—the simple American way!

Cook a 7-oz. package of egg noodles according to directions. In a hot serving dish toss the drained noodles with ½ cup Parkay Margarine, melted and seasoned with ½ teaspoon garlic salt, and 1 cup Kraft Grated Parmesan (aged over 14 months for flavor). Serve quick! Suddenly you're a celebrated "Italian cook."

SPAIN:
PATTERNS IN IRON

A favorite material of Spain, black wrought iron appears everywhere, indoors and outdoors, in a fanciful variety of shapes, patterns and forms. Its lacy latticework and graceful classical designs adapt easily to many different decorative styles. Many examples of this ironwork are now available in this country. Our choices, clockwise from center:

As delicate as lace, this airy openwork screen has three folding panels, each one of which is 68½ by 17¾ in. $325. From the House of Spain.

Tall candelabra lamp with classic scrollwork at the base is 47 in. high. With black shade, $150. Rees & Orr.

For graceful entrances: a decorative door knocker of interlocking spirals. $30. From Spanish Trading Center

Made in the image of wrought iron a candlestick of black repoussé tir on a pedestal base. Stands 28 in high. $65. From Luten-Clarey-Stern

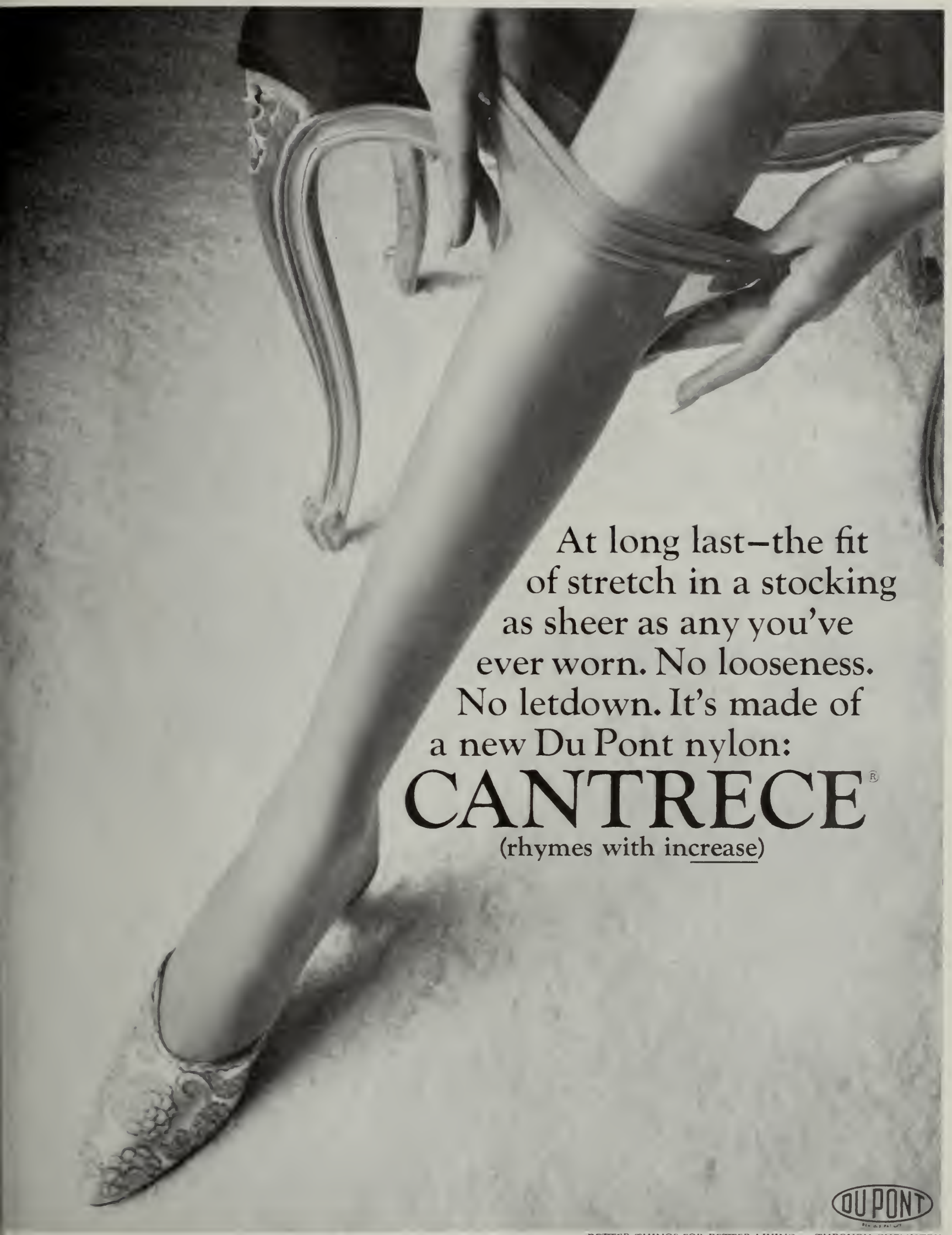
Simple and classic: a folding bench with a natural cowhide sling seat $110. From Spanish Trading Center

Open spiral design gives heavy and irons a graceful, lightly scaled look 24 in. high, 20 in. deep. $75 a pair The grate hooks over the andirons $27.50. The Spanish Trading Center

Sconce with twin candleholders i wrought by hand in a simple, grace fully repeating petal design. 30 in high. $54. From Luten-Clarey-Stern

(continued on page 110)

All prices are approximate. All accessories shown are available through store decorating departments or through your own decorator.



BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING . . . *THROUGH CHEMISTRY*

ntrece" is Du Pont's T.M. Look for it in leading hosiery brands, at fine stores everywhere.

Du Pont makes fibers, not the fabrics, stockings or fashions shown.

"He was just another bean until he got a Boston accent with Grandma's Unsulphured Molasses"

Grandma's light-sweet taste gives home-baked or canned beans that old-fashioned, down-East flavor. Just stir in a few spoonfuls of Grandma's Unsulphured Molasses to add energy, iron and *mmm!* It's naturally light, never bleached with sulphur...no bitter aftertaste.

Send for free 36-page booklet "Molasses Classics for Modern Cooks." Write Dept. LH-2-65, Box 33, Wall St. Sta., N.Y. 5, N.Y.

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Rich in iron... always sweet... never bitter... it's unsulphured

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For details and starting supplies write to the address below. We will send you full information without obligation.

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292 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa. 19105

SPAIN:
YOUR OWN INVENTIONS

If your interest in Spanish design inspires you to create something on your own, here are some ideas for giving familiar things a Spanish accent. To obtain detailed directions for making these pieces, send $1 to Ladies' Home Journal, P. O. Box 84, New York, New York 10046.

Take any chest—unpainted, attic heirloom or Salvation Army bargain—paint the base and front of chest in mustard gold. Cover drawers and top, sides and back of chest with orange Naugahyde. Add antique iron drawer pulls and side handles.

These decorative shutters can be used at a window, as doors on a low cabinet or as a screen. We made the shutters from wood frames, plywood panels, plastic lamp spindles, and used an antique-finish paint.

Any house can have a Spanish door. Simply add a typical Spanish design with astragal molding, antique-finish paint and an iron door knocker.

We made this canopy and hanging from a Spanish-inspired fabric, stiffened the canopy with buckram and attached it to the ceiling with Velcro. We then appliquéd a border of the canopy fabric to the bedspread. You can achieve this effect with any fabric, Velcro and buckram stiffening.

Two octagonal frames are used to set off our mirror. One is made of flat molding covered with velvet. This is fitted into a larger frame made of ogee molding finished with gold.

(Lantern accessory is antique gold tole, 20 in. high, $54. Spanish Trading Center. Through decorators.)

Arrivo! Meet! The! New! Kraft! Italian!

news for salads since lettuce! Now Kraft Italian is e tantalizing than ever. It has all the *verve* you look in Italian-style dressings—vivid herbs and spices and ly bits of onion and garlic afloat in a sophis- ed blend of aromatic vinegars, lemon juice pure, clear vegetable oil. But you will notice a new, golden *smoothness*. Shake up a bottle and see! Try it on *Zucchini Salad:* Marinate finger strips of unpeeled, cooked zucchini in new Kraft Italian Dressing. Add sliced olives and celery, chopped onion and parsley, tender spinach leaves and lettuce. Now toss with more Kraft Italian.

Superbo

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ITALIAN

DRESSING

Mix Magic:

Blend equal parts of Kraft Italian with Catalina for another new variety!

*The spice of variety...*KRAFT DRESSINGS*...these wonderful kinds:*

T FRENCH • ROKA BRAND BLUE CHEESE • MIRACLE FRENCH • KRAFT COLESLAW • KRAFT OIL AND VINEGAR • CASINO BRAND • KRAFT HERB AND GARLIC • CATALINA BRAND • THOUSAND ISLAND

See "Voyage To The Bottom Of The Sea" ABC-TV and "90 Bristol Court" NBC-TV, Monday nights

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Heat's on? Time for the unmistakable taste of ice-cold Coca-Cola. Lifts your spirits, boosts your energy...

things go better with Coke

Drink Coca-Cola

FLOWERING SPAIN

verywhere you go in Spain, you are aware f flowers—blooming in patios, spilling over alconies, and arranged in highly original ried bouquets, like the one, right, photo- raphed in Barcelona. You can copy it now y harvesting weather-dried stalks of ueen Anne's lace, thistles, cattails and ried grasses from nearby fields. And you an plan next winter's bouquets even be- re spring arrives; seeds are already on ale. Northrup King's new Sunburst elosia, dwarf plumes in gold and red, will ke to water for summer bouquets. End- -season blooms can be dried for winter rrangements—like the Spanish bouquet, enter. Strawflowers could be arranged s these were in Spain, bottom, set off by ried boxwood, in a tole cachepot. There e many others too. Northrup King has ver a dozen packets for winter bouquets.

NOW from Libby's... SLOPPY JOES with BEEF

Great, too, over spaghetti, baked potatoes, rice, noodles... as a teammate for vegetables in casseroles. It's *everybody's* dish! ... this new zippy mixture of good, lean beef in a zesty sauce of tomato, beef broth, onion, green pepper and spices.

GET IT BY THE CARTFUL FOR INSTANT ENTERTAINING AND HANDY-DANDY FAMILY FARE

KIDS IN THE KITCHEN

When the preteeners in your family get the urge to cook, here's a meal they can prepare without supervision but with a great deal of pride. Featuring Golden Meatballs, the whole meal is built around packaged convenience foods. By following the simple directions children can produce a handsome meal. The meatballs are molded around small cubes of cheese, and because they are so easy to prepare, they're a good way for even the youngest member of the cooking team to try his hands in the kitchen.

GOLDEN MEATBALLS

1. In mixing bowl, beat 2 eggs well.
2. Add 2¼ cups (1¼ lb.) ground beef, 2 cups soft bread crumbs, ½ cup finely chopped green pepper. ⅓ cup catsup, 1 tsp. salt, ½ tsp. grated onion, ½ tsp. dry mustard, ¼ tsp. black pepper. Mix well.
3. Form 25 meatballs by shaping a heaping tbsp. of meat mixture around sharp Cheddar-cheese cubes (1 pkg.—6 oz.).
4. Heat 3 tbsp. oil in large skillet. Brown meatballs and drain on paper toweling.
5. Drain fat from skillet. In the skillet prepare 2 pkg. (2½ oz. ea.) complete spaghetti-sauce mix, following pkg. directions.
6. Return meatballs to skillet. Cover and simmer 20 min.
7. Prepare 1 pkg. (1 lb.) spaghetti, following pkg. directions.
8. Drain spaghetti; place into large serving dish.
9. Pour meatballs and sauce over spaghetti. Sprinkle with shredded Cheddar cheese.

TOSSED GREEN SALAD

Wash salad greens; tear into bite-size pieces and toss with Italian dressing—bottled or packaged.

ROLLS

Bake 1 pkg. (10 oz.) brown-and-serve French rolls.

CHOCOLATE MACAROON PIE

1. Preheat oven to 350° F.
2. Prepare 1 pkg. (13 oz.) coconut macaroon mix, following pkg. directions.
3. Draw circle around an 8-in. pie plate on baking paper included in pkg. Cut out. Press dough evenly onto paper circle. (Dip fingers into confectioners' sugar to prevent sticking.) Place in pie plate. Prick bottom with fork.
4. Bake 15–20 min. until crust is lightly browned. Cool.
5. Prepare 1 pkg. (4 oz.) chocolate instant-pudding; follow directions for pie filling. Pour into pie crust. Chill 30 min. Top with instant whipped cream.

ORDER OF PREPARATION:

Bake pie crust, form meatballs, chocolate-pie filling, set pie in refrigerator 30 min. Set table. Cook meatballs, prepare spaghetti sauce, simmer meatballs in sauce. Cook spaghetti. Bake bread, toss salad. Drain spaghetti; pour meatballs and sauce over spaghetti.

Place all on table. Clear table. Serve instant coffee or tea, or milk. Top pie with whipped cream. Allow about 1½ hours to prepare whole meal; or you can make pie and meatballs earlier in day. Menu serves 6–8.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ELBERT BUDIN

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- Makes lighter salad dressings without that oily taste.
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SPAIN:

GREAT TASTE, VERSATILITY IN FOOD

continued from page 71

Our Spanish recipes were compiled by Gertrude Wilkinson from the original ones of the Marquesa de Ivanrey of Madrid and adapted for American kitchens by the *Journal* food department. Most of the ingredients are familiar to American cooks; in fact, several of the basics were first introduced to Spain by explorers from the New World—among them the tomato, potato, vanilla bean and the pimiento. (Paprika, by the way, one of the most colorful condiments of Spanish cookery, is made of dried, ground pimientos.) There are some ingredients, however, that may be less familiar—saffron, for instance, with its somewhat exotic taste and bright, golden color. Many grocers carry it in powdered form; if not, you can buy it in its natural, dried state at your druggist and make the powder yourself with a mortar and pestle. Olive oil is a staple of Spanish cooking, and in Spain the women attribute their glowing complexions to its constant use. Well, perhaps . . . We do know that olive oil is a definite aid to digestion, and, contrary to most thinking, it is surprisingly low in unsaturated fatty acids. Always check the label for the word *pure*, and always store it in the cupboard, never in the refrigerator, for refrigeration changes the texture.

We give two complete Spanish menus on this page. The first begins with Gazpacho, now on the international gourmet list, but of humble origins in that it was first made as a refreshing soup for farmers to take with them into the fields. The Paella is always served in its own cooking pan placed on a large tray or trivet, and can look particularly handsome garnished *à la Espagnol* with lettuce leaves and lemon wedges. The Windpuffs are a delightful, light finish to this meal, or you may serve any other favorite lemony dessert, even lemon sherbet. The second menu includes the casserole Ropa Vieja (translation: Old Clothes). Like Paella and the other Spanish casserole we give, it's a great way to exercise your imagination in using up leftovers. Still more recipes appear on page 119.

Ropa Vieja, a casserole with a base of chick peas, in a Spanish table-setting.

GAZPACHO: Puree in blender 3 chopped tomatoes (about 4 cups), or you may use 1 can (1 lb.) solid-pack tomatoes, 1 peeled, seeded, chopped cucumber (about 1 cup), ½ cup chopped Spanish or yellow onion, 1 seeded and chopped green pepper (about 1 cup). Press through sieve to remove seeds. Puree 1 cup bread crumbs with 1 crushed garlic clove, 4 tbsp. olive oil, 1 tbsp. vinegar, ½ tsp. salt, ¼ tsp. white pepper; blend into vegetable puree. Chill well. Meanwhile, fill a sectioned dish or 5 individual bowls with one of the following in each: finely cubed tomato, peeled and seeded cucumber, onion, seeded green pepper, and toasted bread cubes. Add 1 qt. crushed ice to soup. Serve soup from chilled tureen into chilled soup bowls. Sprinkle each serving with the cubed vegetables and bread cubes to suit individual tastes. Serves 6. If you do not have a blender, use a food mill, really the more authentic Spanish way. Or, if you're in a hurry:

QUICK-AND-EASY GAZPACHO: Combine 1 qt. bottled tomato juice, 1 finely grated, peeled and seeded cucumber, ½ cup finely grated bread crumbs, ½ finely grated, seeded green pepper, 1 tbsp. vinegar, 2 tsp. instant minced onion, ¼ tsp. each olive oil and salt, a dash each garlic powder and white pepper. Chill well. Add 2 cups finely crushed ice and serve with cubed vegetables and bread, or go deluxe and garnish with a spoonful of sour cream and dab of caviar. But always chill well. Serves 6.

PAELLA: Preheat oven to 250° F. Scrub clean 1 lb. mussels or clams; set aside to soak in water to cover with ½ cup cornmeal. Clean, shell and devein, leaving tails on, 1 lb. fresh or frozen shrimp. Heat 3 tbsp. olive oil in a 16-inch skillet or Paella pan; sauté 2 crushed cloves of garlic. Add 2 (2½ lb. ea.) cut-up young chickens, 2 cups cubed ham, and cook 8 min. over high heat, shaking pan constantly. Reduce heat; add the shrimp, mussels or clams, 2 peeled, diced tomatoes, and cook 5 min. Mix in 2 cups uncooked rice In saucepan heat 2 cans (13¾ oz. ea.) chicken broth, 1½ tsp. salt, ¼ tsp. saffron, ⅛ tsp. pepper; pour gently over rice. Bring all to a boil. Reduce heat; add 1 cup each fresh, frozen or canned peas and artichoke hearts, 2 drained, sliced canned pimientos. Simmer 15 min. Do not shake or stir after rice is added. Bake 20 min. Serves 6–8.

PAELLA (QUICK AND EASY): Preheat oven to 300° F. Heat 3 tbsp. olive or salad oil in Paella pan or large skillet; sauté 4 cups cooked chicken, 2 cups cubed ham. Add 1 can (1 lb.) drained peeled tomatoes, 2 cans (8 oz. ea.) drained minced clams (reserve clam liquor), 1 lb. frozen cleaned shrimp, 1 cup each frozen peas and artichoke hearts. Combine 1 can (13¾ oz.) chicken broth, ½ cup clam liquor, 1 tsp. salt, ⅛ tsp. each saffron and pepper, a dash garlic powder; pour over meat-vegetable mixture. Bring to boil; stir in 2 cups packaged precooked rice until moistened. Garnish with 2 drained, sliced canned pimientos. Cover; bake 10 min. Serves 6–8.

BUNUILOS DIVIANTO (Windpuffs): Melt ½ cup butter or margarine in saucepan. Stir in 1 cup water, rind of 1 lemon, 1 tbsp. cognac or rum; bring to a boil. Remove lemon peel. Lower heat; quickly blend in 1 cup flour and pinch salt. Beat until mixture makes a ball that comes away from sides of pan. Remove from heat. Add 4 eggs, one at a time, beating after each addition until batter is smooth. Stir in ½ tsp. baking powder. Heat 1 qt. liquid vegetable shortening to 380° F. in deep-fat fryer, or until cube of bread turns golden in color when fried. Drop a few tsp. of mixture into hot fat; fry 5 min. or until puffs are golden. Lift out with slotted spoon; drain on paper toweling. Repeat this procedure until all batter is used. Sprinkle with sifted powdered sugar. When cool, slit puffs; use bulb meat-baster to fill Windpuffs with Lemon Filling. *For Lemon Filling:* Prepare 1 pkg. (3⅝ oz.) lemon pudding and pie-filling mix, following package directions for pudding. Makes 4–5 doz. puffs.

ESPAÑOL LUIS CANAPÉS: Preheat oven to 425° F. Cook separately in small amount of salted water 2 peeled potatoes, 3 scraped carrots, ½ of 1 pkg. (10 oz.) frozen green beans, 1 turnip. Drain; dice into neat pieces to make 1 cup each potatoes, carrots, beans, ½ cup turnip. Combine in bowl ½ cup mayonnaise, 1 tbsp. lemon juice, ⅛ tsp. salt, dash white pepper. Toss lightly with diced vegetables; chill. Fill tart shells with mixture; top each with thin slice sweet pickle. For tart shells: Preheat oven to 375° F. Prepare ½ of 1 pkg. (10 oz.) pie-crust mix, following pkg. directions. Roll out pastry; cut into 2-inch circles. Press pastry circles into small tart pans; prick bottom of shells with fork. Bake 8–10 min.; or until golden. Cool; fill. Makes about 24 canapés.

ROPA VIEJA OR OLD CLOTHES: Combine in skillet 2 cups finely cubed ham (may use beef or lamb), 1 can (8 oz.) tomato sauce, 1 chopped canned pimiento, ¼ tsp. salt, ⅛ tsp. pepper, pinch of sugar, and a few drops liquid hot-pepper seasoning. Simmer 10 min., stirring occasionally. Meanwhile, rinse 2 cans (1 lb. 4 oz. ea.) chick peas with cold water; drain. Heat 1 tbsp. olive oil in large skillet; add chick peas and cook 5 min., stirring occasionally. Sprinkle lightly with salt and pepper. Pour chick peas into casserole and top with tomato-ham mixture; sprinkle with chopped parsley. Serves 6.

LECHE MERENGADE (milk-and cinnamon ice): Combine in saucepan 1 qt. milk, 1 cup sugar, 1 stick cinnamon, rind of 1 lemon. Bring to boil, stirring constantly; reduce heat and simmer 5 min. Remove cinnamon stick and lemon rind; cool. Beat 4 egg whites until they form soft peaks, gradually adding ¼ cup sugar while beating. Gently fold beaten egg whites into milk mixture. Pour into 2 ice-cube trays; place in freezer. Freeze 2 or 3 hours, until set; stir occasionally. Spoon into sherbet or parfait glasses and sprinkle lightly with powdered cinnamon. Serves 6–8.

(continued on page 119)

New Cheese-Pizza
as only Kraft can make it!

Complete, with Italian style sauce, one-step crust and aged Parmesan cheese

Pizza lovers know that cheese makes the pizza —and who knows more about making cheese than Kraft! So next time you get a taste for real Italian Pizza, try this one. Pizza rich with tomato sauce, fine seasonings and real aged Parmesan cheese. Easy as can be. Kraft makes it so with quick-cooking ingredients all ready —everything you need to serve four generously. You bet it's good. Because you prepare it *fresh*, yourself. From crispy crust to tomato cheese topping, you've made pizza the famous Italian way. Serve it soon.

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SPANISH RECIPES

continued from page 116

SAUTÉED VEAL KIDNEY IN TOMATO-WINE SAUCE: Split 2 pairs (about 2½ lbs.) veal kidneys lengthwise; snip and peel off membrane. Lightly sprinkle with salt; let stand 2 hr. Rinse kidneys in cold water; remove connecting tissue and cut into small pieces. Melt ¼ cup butter or margarine in skillet; add kidneys and cook about 5 min., or until tender. Meanwhile, boil 1½ cups white wine 8 to 10 min., or until reduced to about ¾ cup. Combine 3 cups tomato sauce with ¾ tsp. paprika, ½ tsp. each nutmeg, Worcestershire sauce and sugar; blend into wine. Bring tomato-wine mixture to a boil, stirring constantly; turn off heat and stir in ½ cup toasted chopped almonds. Pour sauce over kidneys; simmer all together 3 min., stirring constantly. Serve on squares of buttered toast. Serves 6.

SPANISH SHRIMP COCKTAIL: Place 1 lb. fresh or frozen shrimp in large saucepan with cold water to cover and 1 tsp. salt. Bring to boil; reduce heat; cover and simmer 8 to 10 min., or until they turn pink. Plunge shrimp into cold water. Peel and devein. Combine cooked shrimp with 2 finely chopped peeled tomatoes, 1 large minced onion, ⅓ cup bottled French salad dressing, 1½ tsp. lemon juice, ½ tsp. salt, dash cayenne. Cover; chill. To serve, drain off liquid and spoon shrimp over squares of bread that have been fried in olive oil, butter or margarine. Serves 6.

MADRID GARLIC SOUP: Heat ½ cup olive oil in large skillet. Add and lightly brown 8 crushed cloves of garlic. (Be careful not to overcook.) Stir in 1 tsp. paprika. Brown 8 slices stale bread in the garlic-oil mixture. Transfer bread and garlic-oil mixture to large soup kettle. Combine in large saucepan 4 bouillon cubes, ½ tsp. salt, ¼ tsp. pepper and 2 qts. water; heat, stirring, until bouillon cubes are dissolved; pour over bread. Bring to full boil; reduce heat and simmer 15 min. Break 6 eggs, one at a time, into kettle. Cover; simmer until whites are set. Serve soup from kettle into large soup plates. Serves 6.

DUCK WITH OLIVES: Preheat oven to 375° F. Heat 2 tbsp. olive oil in large heavy skillet. Brown a 5-lb. cleaned and trussed, thawed frozen domestic duckling on all sides. Remove from skillet and place in roasting pan; roast in oven for 25 min. Add to skillet 1 tbsp. butter or margarine, 2 small sliced onions, ½ cup sliced carrots, ¼ tsp. pepper; simmer 2 min. Combine in saucepan 3 tbsp. instant-type flour with 3 tbsp. duck fat; stir until smooth. Add 2 cups canned beef or chicken bouillon, 1 bay leaf; pour over vegetables. Bring to boil, stirring occasionally. Remove from heat and add ½ cup each dry sherry and sliced pitted black olives. Drain duck fat from roasting pan; pour vegetable sauce over duck. Cover; roast 20 min. Serve duck on bed of rice with olive sauce. Serves 6.

POLLO PUERTO DE MOROS (deluxe roast chicken): Preheat oven to 350° F. Wash and pat dry a 3½–4-lb. young whole chicken. Brush inside and out with mixture of 2 tbsp. cognac, 1 tsp. salt and dash pepper. Soften 1 can (2½ oz.) *pâté de foie gras* and spread over top of chicken. Place in covered oval casserole. Seal casserole with mixture of 4 tbsp. water and 2 tbsp. flour. Bake 45–55 min. Cover seal will be baked hard. Remove by inserting knife blade and hitting with wooden mallet. Serves 4.

WHITEFISH WITH GREEN SAUCE: In medium-size skillet, heat 2 tbsp. olive oil. Add and lightly brown ½ cup finely chopped onion. Add 2 cups finely chopped parsley; cook 1 minute, stirring constantly. Blend in ½ cup dry sherry, ½ tsp. salt and pinch cayenne; simmer 5 to 10 min., stirring occasionally. Press parsley mixture through sieve; set aside. Heat 3 tbsp. olive oil in large skillet; add and lightly brown 3 chopped cloves garlic. Coat 6 codfish steaks, cut 1 inch thick, with flour; add to oil-garlic mixture with 1⅓ cups water, 3 peppercorns and ¼ tsp. salt. Cover; simmer about 20 min., or until fish flakes. (Shake pan occasionally to keep steaks from sticking to bottom of skillet.) Remove fish to warm platter. Heat together in skillet parsley puree and 1 tbsp. dry sherry. Pour hot green sauce over fish steaks and serve with boiled potatoes. Serves 6.

LAMB CHILINDRÓN: Preheat oven to 275° F. Cut 2 lbs. boned lamb into 1½-inch cubes. Coat well with flour. Heat ¼ cup olive oil in large skillet; add lamb and cook until brown on all sides. Transfer lamb to a covered 2-qt. casserole. Add ¼ lb. cubed ham to same skillet; cook 4 min., stirring, or until lightly browned. Transfer ham to casserole with lamb; toss. Combine in saucepan 2 cans (8 oz. ea.) tomato sauce, 1 bouillon cube, ¼ tsp. sugar; cook, stirring, until bouillon cube is dissolved. Pour tomato mixture over meat. Top meat and sauce with 1 jar (7 oz.) drained sliced pimientos. Cover; bake 1¼ hrs. or until meat is tender. Remove from oven; sprinkle with 1 tbsp. chopped parsley. Serve with cooked rice, noodles or spaghetti. Serves 6.

PISTO (zucchini and tomatoes and onion): Heat ⅓ cup olive oil in large skillet. Add 1 can (1 lb.) solid-pack tomatoes or 1 lb. peeled fresh tomatoes, 1 lb. cubed zucchini, 3 cups (1 lb.) coarsely chopped Spanish or yellow onions, ½ tsp. salt, ¼ tsp. pepper; cook over low heat 20 min., stirring frequently. Serve on squares of bread that have been fried in olive oil, butter or margarine. Serves 6.

SPANISH CHOCOLATE WITH BREAD CRUMBS: Melt 1 pkg. (14 oz.) Mexican chocolate or 1 pkg. (12 oz.) semisweet chocolate morsels over hot water in top of double boiler. Gradually stir in 1 qt. milk, ½ tsp. cinnamon; stir constantly until blended. To serve, pour chocolate into cups; dip teaspoonfuls of Fried Bread Crumbs into chocolate and eat. *For Fried Bread Crumbs:* Combine in large bowl 1 stale loaf crusty French or Italian bread that has been cut into 2-inch slices, ½ cup each milk and water; let stand until bread is soft. Squeeze liquid from bread with hands. Rub into small crumbs with fingers into separate bowl, discarding any large crusts. Heat 4 tbsp. olive oil in large skillet. Add and lightly brown 2 crushed cloves garlic. Add bread crumbs, 2 tbsp. each finely chopped salt pork and Spanish sausage (chorizo), ¼ tsp. dried sweet red pepper. Cook, stirring constantly, until crumbs are dry and crisp. Serve in bowl. Serves 6. ■

CUT OUT TO SAVE

Winter warmer-uppers you make with Red Kettle Onion Soup Mix

1. Shrimp Creole

In saucepan, cook ¼ cup green pepper strips in 2 tbsp. butter or margarine until tender. Stir in 1 can Red Kettle Onion Soup Mix, 2 tbsp. flour; add 1¼ cups water, 1 lb. shrimp (cooked and cleaned), and ½ cup chopped canned tomatoes. Cook over low heat 10 min.; stir now and then. Serve over rice. 4 servings.

2. Onion-Cheese Fondue

In saucepan, melt ¼ cup butter or margarine; stir in 1 can Red Kettle Onion Soup Mix and ¼ cup flour; gradually blend in 2 cups milk. Cook until thickened; stir often. Add 2 cups (8 oz.) shredded Cheddar cheese, 1½ cups (6 oz.) shredded Gruyere cheese, and 1 tsp. Worcestershire. Heat until cheese melts; stir now and then. Thin to desired consistency. To serve, spear cubes of French bread and dip into cheese.

3. Many-Way Dip

Combine 1 can Red Kettle Onion Soup Mix and 1 pint sour cream with any *one* of the following: 1 can (7½ ounces) minced clams, drained; 4 slices crumbled cooked bacon; ¼ cup toasted chopped almonds; 3 tablespoons blue cheese, crumbled; 2 tablespoons pickle relish; or 1 teaspoon prepared horseradish. Chill; surround with chips or crackers.

4. Après-Ski Steak

Combine ¼ cup flour, dash pepper; pound into 1½ lb. round steak (¾-in. thick) with meat hammer or edge of heavy saucer. Brown in skillet in 2 tbsp. shortening; pour off fat. Add 1 can Red Kettle Onion Soup Mix and 1½ cups water. Cover; simmer 30 min.; stir now and then. Add 1 cup each carrots and celery (cut in 1-inch strips). Cover; cook 45 min. longer or until tender. Stir now and then. 6 servings.

5. Meatballs Alpine

Combine 1 lb. ground beef, ¼ cup Red Kettle Onion Soup Mix,* ¼ cup dry bread crumbs, and 1 egg (slightly beaten). Shape into 12 meatballs; brown in skillet in 1 tbsp. shortening; pour off fat. Blend in remaining soup mix and 2 tbsp. flour; gradually stir in 1½ cups water and 1 tbsp. chopped parsley. Cover; cook over low heat 10 min.; stir now and then. Slowly blend in ½ cup sour cream. Serve with noodles. 4 servings.
*Mix contents well before using.

After an outdoorsy afternoon, bring the party inside. Settle down to something warming. Any of these delicious dishes will do fine. The essence is onion. The ease is Red Kettle Onion Soup Mix in the bright air-tight can. If you use less than a full can, reseal the flavor with the handy plastic cap.

CUT OUT TO SAVE

She sure doesn't look it...but one of these girls is a grandmother

Three generations prove young-looking skin runs in an Ivory Soap family

First generation is young-looking Grandmother Marian Walker, at right. Second generation is her young-looking daughter, Lynn Taylor. Third generation is Lynn's young daughter, Liza, all from Rolling Hills, California.

Ivory Soap's a family tradition. More doctors recommend it than any other soap. For *every* generation, grandmothers, mothers and babies.

"I was an Ivory baby," says Lynn. "And Liza's an Ivory baby, too. You need the mildness when you're young."

"Then you get to be my age and realize you need Ivory even more," says Grandmother Walker. "For skin that looks young."

Young-looking skin... isn't that good reason for *you* to switch to regular care and use Ivory? 99 44/100% pure®...it floats®

SPAIN:

CASA DALI

Salvador Dali's castle in Spain has been likened to a chambered nautilus, growing a succession of multileveled white rooms around a fisherman's hut at Port Lligat, on the Costa Brava, not far from the French border. And, indeed, Dali is constantly adding chambers, but the ones in which he lives are pictured on this and the following pages. Together they form a private, infinitely varied sanctuary and labyrinth in which the artist has captured perspective and willed it to express his fascination with light, color, symbolism and the unexpected. The inner sanctum of Dali's nautilus is an igloolike room where he and his wife, Gala (shown below), retreat from the brilliant Mediterranean sun. Designed by Gala to recall the intimacy and colors of nomads' tents in her native Ukraine, the room has only one entrance and no view. A tapestry covers its white tile floor, ostrich-foot candlesticks flank its Moorish fireplace, and under its dome the slightest whisper travels easily across the circle. Curtains cast a muted red glow.

Casa Dali (top left), cut into a terraced rock hillside overlooking a fishing cove and surmounted by a decorative donjon, has many of the features of a Moorish fortress. Its courtyard is enclosed by hollow walls—the uppermost is actually a long gallery—and the house is surrounded by an olive grove, cultivated in preference to other vegetation because olive is the only shade of green that Dali can countenance. In the pebbly cove below, the artist swims daily, keeps two white swans and maintains four boats, all painted his favorite color, yellow, and all named *Gala*, after his wife. Living quarters are below the courtyard.

Sketching his "Young David" (top center) into a preliminary drawing for a painting called *Glorification of the American Dollar*, Dali uses an American model, back-lighted translucent canvas.

Dali's favorite chair in the parlor-library (top right) faces a sofa, a painted bust, a view of the cove and a visual pun—an arm-shaped torch holder mounted next to an armoire. Hanging mimosa freshens the room.

A stuffed and bemedaled polar bear (left) holds Dali's walking sticks, greets visitors and lights the way to the parlor above. The antique rifle serves as a lamp base.

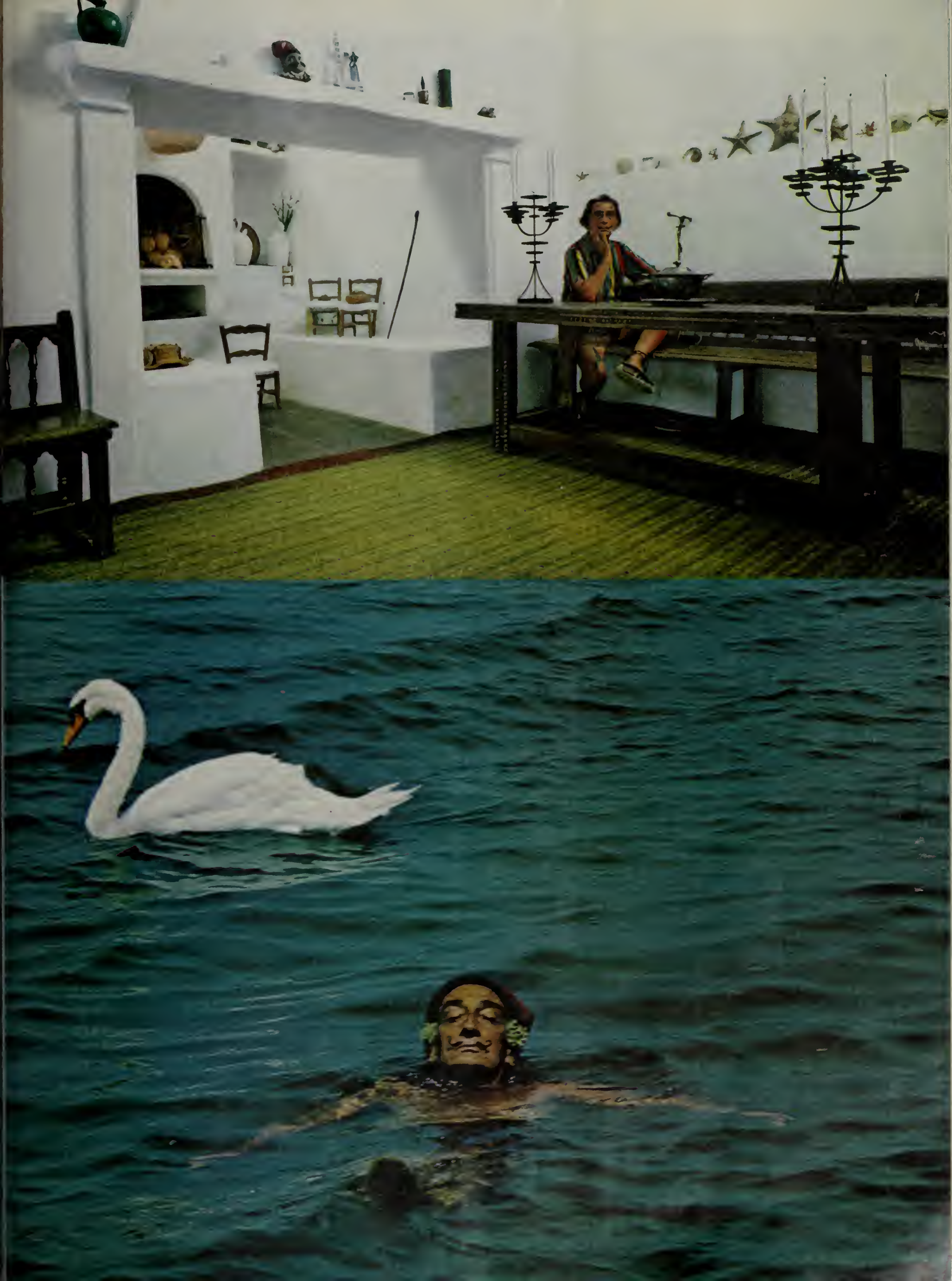
Under Dali's hand, a stair landing (right) between studio and living quarters becomes an airy sitting room with a view to the cove. Mirror reflects Dali portraits of himself and Gala, forms part of a base for anatomical model.

A fireplace and raffia-carpeted flights of steps (top left) separate Dali's bedroom from its tiled antechamber. The birdcage is usually alive with finches; Gala keeps the old test-tube rack on the mantel filled with gardenias; and the window offers a spectacular view of the sea. At the top of the stairs, to the right, a brick arch opens onto a small sitting room. The double beds are steel, ornamented with brass filigree.

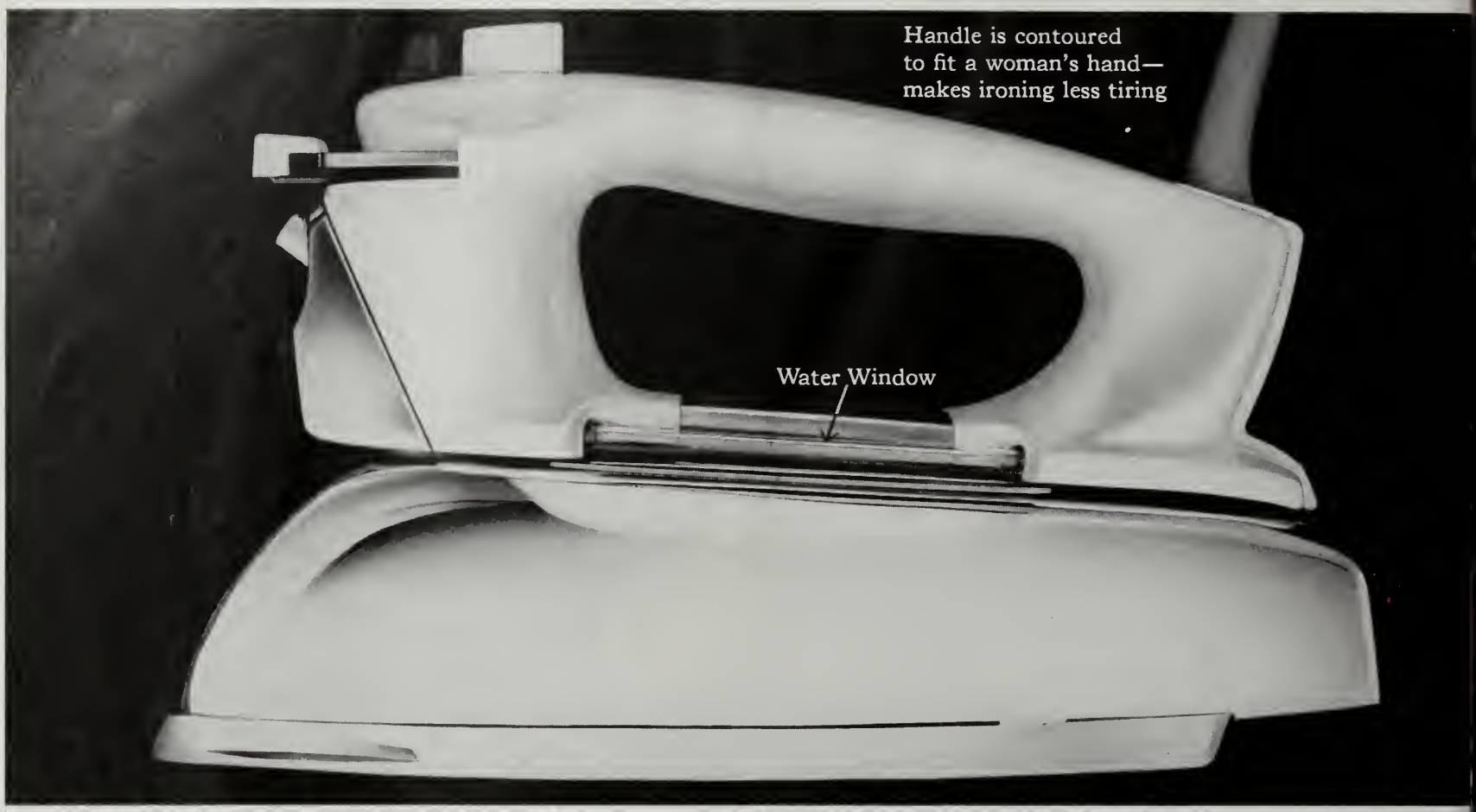
From their sunny landing, stairs (left) lead up to the antique door of Casa Dali's master bathroom. Farther up and to the left is the antechamber of the artist's bedroom. The art nouveau vase and old telephone bespeak his preoccupation with U.S. fads.

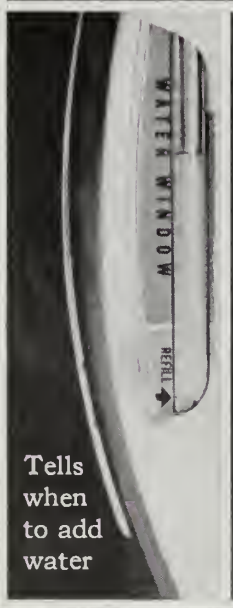
In his dining room (top right), part of the hut he started with, Dali sits at an antique banquet table below some of the trophies of his walks by the sea. As in many rooms of the house, Dali has toyed with the perspective of the walk-in fireplace, using small chairs to make the area seem larger than it is.

Once a day, Dali walks down a steep flight of stone steps and into the sea, where he mingles with his pet swans (right) for 15 minutes and sheds the tensions of a morning of painting. He was given the birds by an admirer, now keeps them to chase away intruders, notably fishermen seeking beaching spots.



This iron tells you when to add water: General Electric's Spray, Steam and Dry Iron (the one with the Water Window)





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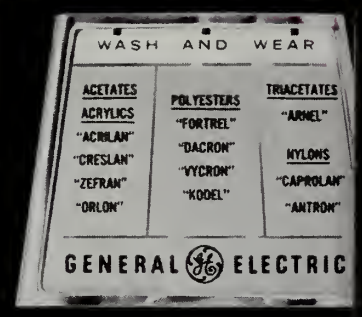

Handy fabric guide tells how to iron all fabrics

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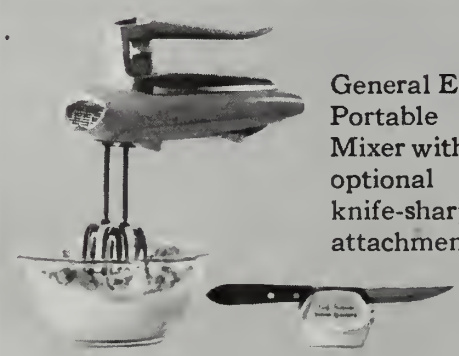

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LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

MARCH 1965 VOL. LXXXII NUMBER 3

THE MAGAZINE WOMEN BELIEVE

ARTICLES
23 The Country Feast *Robert W. Wells*
36 My World: I Visit Tibet's Dalai Lama *Pearl S.*
42 The Trouble with Doctors Is Me *Jessamyn W*
48 The Enigma of Sudden Infant Death *M. Renate Dische,*
58 Loneliness Can Be a Treasure *Clara Claiborne*
63 Ordeal by Fire *Anne Wahle as told to Roul Tu*
66 Fox in Socks *Dr. Seuss*
74 Mail-Order Guns: A Senator Battles to Stem th Deadly Tide *Senator Thomas J. Dodd*
90 Twilight of the Goddess? *Romain Gary*

FICTION
80 Mrs. 'Arris Goes to Parliament *Paul Gallico*
92 An Age for Action *Nancy Hale*

REGULAR FEATURES
8 Our Readers Write Us
19 Contributors and Editors
54 Can This Marriage Be Saved? A Clash of Cultures *Dorothy Cameron Dis*
117 Journal Shopping Center

FASHIONS AND PATTERNS
70 Early Arrivals *Trudy Owett*
84 The London Beat *Nora O'Leary*
88 The Pre-Teen Scene
118 Backviews
136 Journal Original: No. 21

BEAUTY
82 The London Bob *Susan Harney*

FOOD
25 Table for Two
94 Sunday-Night Supper *Diane Durham*
96 Lenten Menus Unlimited
100 A Is for Avocado

DECORATING
76 Here's Something New *Margaret White*

DAVIS THOMAS *Editor*
CASKIE STINNETT *Executive Editor*
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OUR READERS WRITE US

THE HOPE OF AMERICAN WOMEN

Dear Editors: I enjoyed reading the article PANEL OF AMERICAN WOMEN (by Samm Sinclair Baker, January, 1965), and I was glad to hear their liberal sympathies. I argue, however, with the presentation. Unfortunately, this was not a representative sampling of American women today. Obviously, a large segment of our population feels quite differently on the matters discussed by the panel—and while I admire their outspokenness and courage, I feel it would have made for a truer and more interesting discussion to have presented the other side too. These four women expressed the Great American Hope—that all races and religions can live together harmoniously; but in many parts of the country it is a long way off.

MRS. P. M. BRAGER
Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Editors: I have just read your American women's forum with interest, since it reflects something I have watched develop in the past few years—an outspoken resentment of White Anglo-Saxon Protestants.

As a Middle Western, middle-class student and adult, and a "WASP," I knew few minority groups, but can report that in school, church and at home I was taught that all Americans were equal. It was not until I lived in large cities and became acquainted with minority members that I learned they were "different"—and it was *they* who dwelled on it, not I.

In our effort to realize equal rights I think we must look honestly at the danger of blaming everything on a majority. I submit that, in their wholehearted condemnation of "WASPS," the minorities are showing as much prejudice as those they condemn. Altering our roles will not solve our problems. One of the surest ways to lose what we have—imperfect as it may seem—is to dissolve ourselves into a nation of factions. This, I believe, is a real danger in the present fight for our rights.

MRS. W. C. DEER
Fremont, Calif.

Dear Editors: I have just perused my copy of the *Journal*, and, yes, we have the subject of "prejudice" again! We hear it on TV, we hear it in church, we read it in columns and listen to buck-toothed Yankees with dead pans express themselves on "panels," interviews and just yakking. Sir, we are sick and tired of the subject. Surely there are other issues in the United States, such as education, juvenile housewrecking, and plain keeping one's big mouth closed, that are every bit as important.

A DAM' REBEL!
Mobile, Ala.

Dear Editors: Delighted to read the PANEL OF AMERICAN WOMEN article, and here's why. At my invitation, Esther Brown, originator of the Kansas City panel, swept into our city last month. At the end of two days, this dynamo of a woman left 10 prospective Lincoln "panelists" super-charged with Panel of American Women spirit.

Next week we "open" before our first audience, and become the newest panel. We thank you for being among the first to write about the panel—a story of the fight against prejudice, a fight that has *got* to be the direction of the future.

MRS. JOHN C. GOURLAY
Lincoln, Nebr.

NEWFANGLED CHRISTMAS TREES

Fashion dictates what to wear,
Dates our clothes and styles our hair;
But when it comes to Christmas trees . .
I wish they'd kept their hands off these!

Coldly gleaming, iridescent,
Aluminum trees glow phosphorescent . . .
Nylon ones in startling hues,
Maudlin pinks and blatant blues . . .
Flocked and sprayed and feather-plumed,
Next year they can be exhumed.
I demur!
Make mine fir.

Chicken wire bent to shape,
Trimmed with tichen, lemon and grape,
Branches strung with cookie people,
Icons, marbles, sugar steeple,
Fancy flights to suit your folly—
Some may even outdo Dali.
Let mine
be pine.

Neiman-Marcus' little treasures
Meant for Texan housewives' pleasures,
Trim their trees with tails of minks,
Golden faucets for their sinks.
There's one way that I can beat 'em . . .
Buy my trees from an arboretum!
Evergreen is
What I mean.

MRS. ALTON ENGLAND
Orlando, Fla.

LETTER FROM LASSE

Dear Editors: I am very, very, very thankful that so many people have wanted to write to us in reply to the letter I sent for Lasse (OUR READERS WRITE US, January, 1965). I would very much like to write personally to everyone, and hope to do so later, but for the time being I wish to thank everyone in this general letter, so that you can know as soon as possible how happy you have

(continued on page 12)

or real soup—**it's either/or**

either make it yourself or make it with Knorr!

Meatless...and what flavor!

These new Knorr® Soups make a meatless meal. New Cream of Mushroom is rich with tender whole mushroom slices. Knorr's new potato-style Cream of Leek soup is flavor-flecked with tangy, fresh green leek. And both have Knorr's European seasoning secret. Now, in minutes, you can serve soups it would take hours to make yourself.

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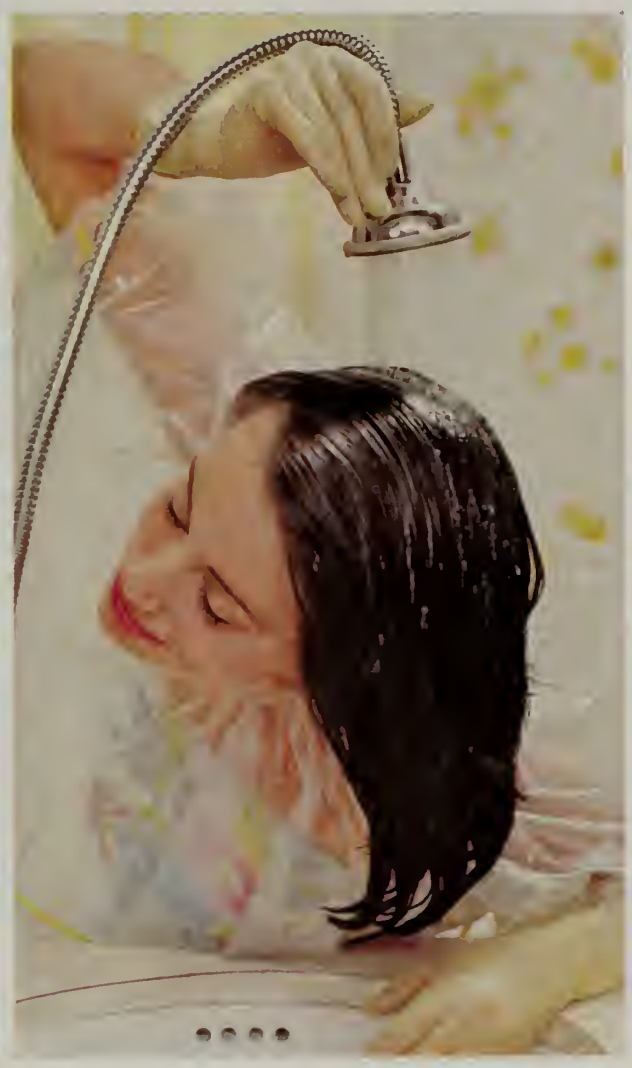

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en if you haven't been clever at doing your hair before, you are now! Because u're the girl who glories her hair with New Dawn. Twelve outrageously beautiful colors . . one so very *you!*

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made us. Just now we are preparing Lasse for an operation, because the doctors suspect a growth inside his head, and therefore there is much to do and very little time to do it all.

I wish all the people who wrote could have been here to see Lasse opening his letters—because I can hardly describe his excitement and surprise. I found it very touching that so many people of all ages, children, grandmothers, teen-agers from all over the United States, responded with warm, cheerful letters, pictures and even gifts. One of his prized possessions, which he carries around in a little box in his pocket all day long, is a small section of rattlesnake skin sent to him by a little Western boy.

Lasse's English is not good—he only knows a few words as yet—so we translated the letters for him and described those pictures that were too small for him to see clearly. There is certainly no prouder and happier boy to my knowledge than Lasse, with his many, many American friends.

MRS. B. O. BACKMAN
Grangesberg, Sweden

• *Letters are still arriving for Lasse. To date, we have forwarded 263 letters, a set of cattle-branding irons and a genuine cowboy outfit which had belonged to the father of one of our readers. The rattlesnake caused temporary panic in our Letters Department, but then we are not little boys and our tastes are rather different.—ED.*

PROBLEM OF POPULATION

Dear Editors: Mrs. Conran of Clayton, Mo., who writes that God can surely take care of any children that He might send into this world (OUR READERS WRITE US, January, 1965), does not seem to realize that there is actually a population explosion all over the world. And yet, the day she wrote her letter to the *Journal*, 10,000 people starved to death because of this great problem, and every day approximately that many men, women, children and infants are dying of starvation. There is only one answer to this—birth control. The good God gave us the intelligence to space our families; you plan everything else in life, why not children? Is anything else more important than this?

MRS. STEPHANIE ATEN
Evanston, Ill.

Dear Editors: My two boys and I are among those almost eight million people receiving public welfare, mentioned by Marya Mannes in THE THREATENING CROWD (November, 1964). I agree with every word in the article.

I am 22 years old and divorced from my husband, a drug addict. No one ever gave me any sensible practical information about birth control. At 17 I had my first child, illegitimate, and released her for adoption. Ten months later I was pregnant again. The boy married me, and I was grateful. But because of his drug addiction it was impossible to continue our marriage. Just as I made up my mind to get a divorce I discovered I was pregnant again. I had three children in 36 months—all the result of ignorance, poverty and my own foolishness.

I am not blaming anyone except myself, and certainly I love my boys and grieve for my daughter, *but it was all so unnecessary!* I am one of the mor fortunate ones. For the last 10 month I have had some excellent practical an psychological counseling from a ver understanding social worker and hav untangled the emotions which led t these involvements. I will *not* produc great broods of unwanted babies. That i not to say that someday I won't marr again—in time I will. And I will want t have children by my husband—but no any more than we can feed and cloth and educate with decency and ease.

NAME AND ADDRESS WITHHE

GIVE A PRESENT ON YOUR BIRTHDAY

Dear Editors: Birthday presents are s silly after you get to be a certain ag I think charitable women in the Unite States should sign over their birthda checks to the Pearl S. Buck Found tion, as I did. Those children (AMERICA CHILDREN: ALIEN BY BIRTH, by Pearl Buck, November, 1964) have to depen upon *extra money* for their education- not the money we have to use to meet o own daily needs. Anyone who has ev spoken to a Korean who has come to th country will have learned that they hav relied on missionary schools for their e ucation. Without them they would hav had no education at all.

JANE BUTLE
Grafton, Mas

WHO HEADS THE CLASS?

Dear Editors: Many articles written b American parents indicate their childre *were* inadequately prepared to enroll i English schools. These individual cas reports do not prove the English schoo superior. Neither does Mrs. Park's litt boy's poor showing in spelling and arith metic indicate, as she so smugly sug gests (WHAT'S SO WONDERFUL ABOU ENGLISH SCHOOLS? by Clara Claiborn Park, January, 1965), that Admira Rickover has "gone in over his head, or that his criticism of American educa tion is not valid.

What is needed is a National Stan dards Committee, such as Admiral Rick over has so long and earnestly adv cated, to study continuously and evalu ate American education and report i findings to the American public. I would impartially and authoritativel compare our system with others to de termine "what's so wonderful abou English schools" and French school and German and Swiss and Russian an Chinese schools—in short, the schoo of all nations with which we are i economic, political, military or scien tific competition. It would help us avoi their mistakes while enabling us t adopt and perfect any of their metho which are applicable to our own dome tic needs and which would implemen our ideal of an educational system sec ond to none.

ALICE J. SMITH, M.I
Denver, Col

• OUR READERS WRITE US *is yo forum—your chance to answer back, share an amusing anecdote. Address com ment and opinion letters to: The Lette Editor, Ladies' Home Journal, 641 Le ington Avenue, New York, N.Y. 1002*

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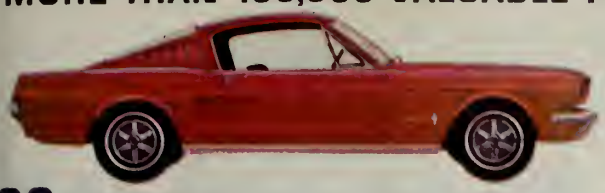

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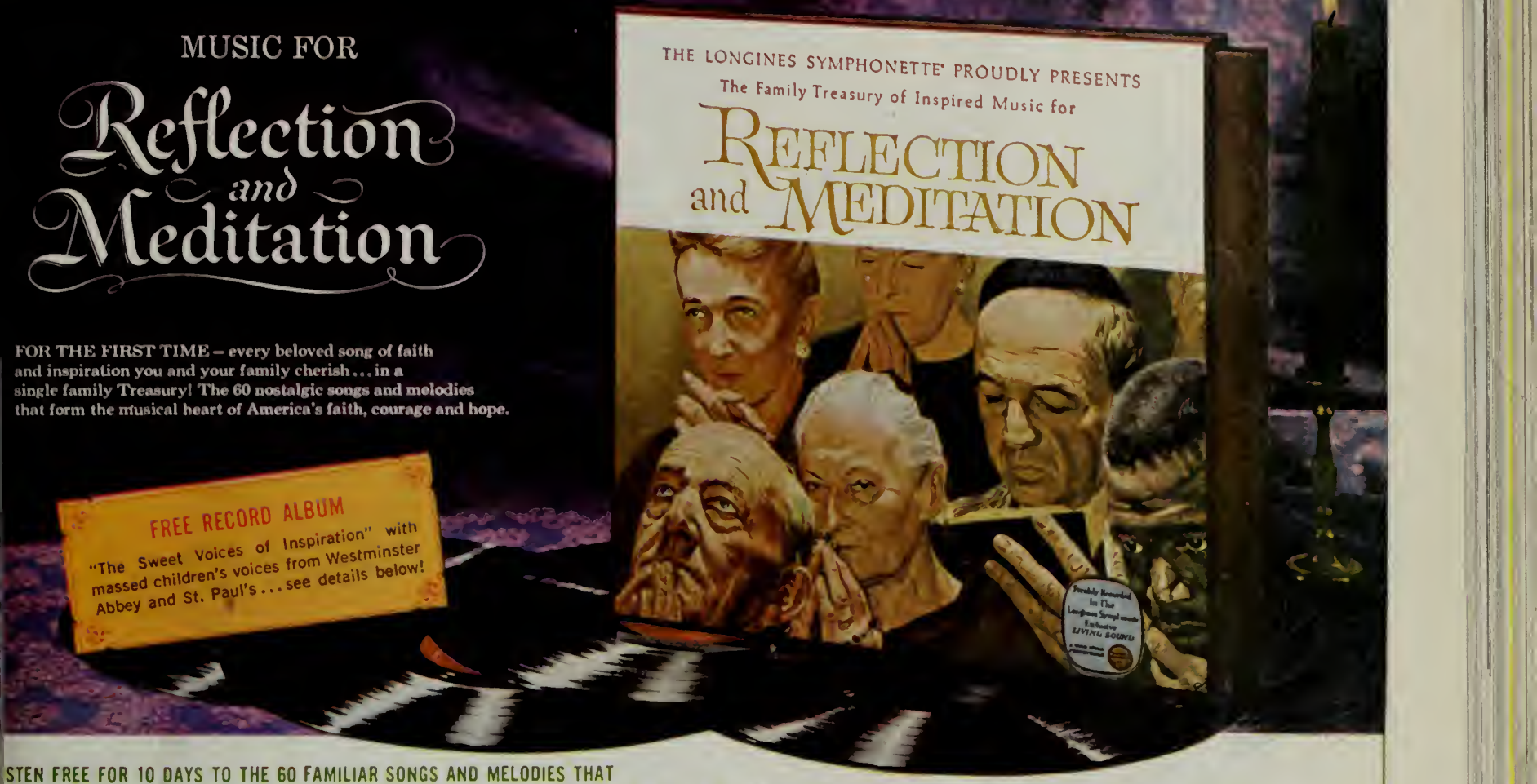
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...E HILLS OF HOME	STEAL AWAY
...EP RIVER	GOD IS EVER BESIDE ME
	PILGRIM'S CHORUS
...ERNAL FATHER	IN A MONASTERY GARDEN
...E LORD'S PRAYER	YOU'LL NEVER WALK ALONE
...E LOST CHORD	CALM AS THE NIGHT
...OVE YOU TRULY	ABIDE WITH ME
...E ANGELUS	LOVE DIVINE ALL LOVE EXCELLING
...MORRDW IS A LOVELY DAY	GO DOWN, MOSES
...VICTUS	ROLL JORDAN ROLL
...EES	THE BELLS OF ST. MARY'S

HOW SWEEPSTAKES WORKS...The Longines Symphonette has reserved the described gifts for holders of lucky numbers, selected by electronic computers under the direction of the D. L. Blair Corporation. Each Lucky Number Coupon submitted will be checked against the official list of winning numbers. Employees of Longines Symphonette and its affiliates, or of this magazine shall not be eligible.

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It is almost superfluous to tell you that every blessing known to science has been lavished on these Eterna '27' newcomers. The creams for instance, are incredibly rich. Yet (astonishingly!) their textures are almost intangibly light, weightless, greaseless. That's why they do not merely sit impotently on the surface of the skin but do their remarkable deeds where it really counts!

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The complete Eterna '27' cycle includes Eterna '27' Cream.
Cleansing Formula.
Skin Moisturizing Formula.
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Facial Masque Formula.
You are invited to try them, on your own skin, at your favored store. Obviously, they cost a little more. For these are far from ordinary cosmetics.

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Now a radical new phase of beauty care begins.
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brought dramatic, visible changes to women's faces
in 6 out of every 10 cases tested
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Only Kotex has 2 safety shields

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CONTRIBUTORS AND EDITORS

Theodor Seuss Geisel

Anne Wahle and children

Senator Thomas J. Dodd

Paul Gallico

"Back in 1925," says **Theodor Seuss Geisel,** whose "Dr. Seuss" pseudonym has become a parental byword, "I went to England to go to Oxford. I was horrified to discover that few of the teachers there could understand me when I spoke. I realized that, like most Americans, I was butchering their spoken language. I was spewing out words so sloppily that most of them were just noises. Today I still don't speak a whale of a lot better. But to help save our younger generation from a fate as bad as mine, I've written a book called *Fox in Socks.* A tongue twister, it has only one purpose: to make our kids give a little more thought to the sound of the words they hurl out of their mouths." Excerpts from the amusing book, Dr. Seuss's 26th, begin on page 66.

Five years ago, New York-born **Anne Wahle** chanced to tell writer **Roul Tunley** about a time in her life when, as she puts it, "life itself depended upon split-second decisions and breath-taking escapes." The result was that Mrs. Wahle quit her job as a gift and stationery buyer, took one that gave her freedom to write, and collaborated with Mr. Tunley on ORDEAL BY FIRE, a recounting of her experiences in the 1945 bomb-holocaust in Dresden, Germany. The harrowing story begins on page 63.

A seat in the United States Senate was **Thomas J. Dodd**'s goal when he was a boy in Norwich, Conn. He began his government career in the FBI, shortly after graduation from Yale, and has since served as a director of the National Youth Administration, chief trial counsel at the Nuremberg war-crimes trials and Congressman from Connecticut. In 1958, he was elected to the Senate, later proposed the resolution that became the atomic-test-ban treaty, and in 1963 introduced a bill to curb the mail-order gun traffic in this country. Senator Dodd writes of his continuing battle for that measure, starting on page 74.

A burst of British creativity drew *Journal* patterns editor **Nora O'Leary** to England for THE PRE-TEEN SCENE (page 88), and the youth of the country's burgeoning fashion world inspired her to cover THE LONDON BEAT too (page 84). While in London, she was invited to tea at the House of Lords, found time to help assistant editor **Betty Felton** buy a Yorkshire terrier, promptly dubbed "Trafalgar" in honor of the well-known square.

Once the highest-paid sports columnist in New York, **Paul Gallico** quit his newspaper job in 1936 to become a free-lance fiction writer. Since then, he has worked as a war correspondent, written several screenplays, innumerable short stories and articles for magazines, and produced at least 21 novels—among them *The Lonely, The Snow Goose* and *Thomasina.* Born in New York, Mr. Gallico has lived in Europe and South America, now makes his home in Antibes, France, where he keeps to a schedule of writing for five hours a day and stays fit with his one hobby—fencing. His latest book, *Mrs. 'Arris Goes to Parliament* (condensed in this issue, beginning on page 80) is a sequel to two others, *Mrs. 'Arris Goes to Paris* and *Mrs. 'Arris Goes to New York.*

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THE COUNTRY FEAST

By ROBERT W. WELLS

ecause I plant no crops, my 25 acres the country are what the Department Agriculture would call idle land. I do ot accept the description. The land is ot idle but busy; the children and I nstantly reap from it what we have ot sowed.

I don't mean simply such things as r so clear that breathing it is a conious pleasure. I'm not speaking of the ear-round harvest of beauty—the blue distant hills seen from the livingom window, the sight of storm clouds lling in, dark ramparts of power from e west, the symmetry of a bare oak tlined against the snow, the bursting owth of spring in the woods and fields. Our harvest is not only an intangible e. Part of it can be eaten.

The wild asparagus comes first. It is e same as asparagus grown in gardens bought in a grocery store, but the nting of it makes a difference. Birds ve scattered the seeds, so the plants e found most often under trees or in l fence rows where the seed sowers ve congregated. When it is time for e search, Bobby and his collie, Anew, are my companions, and for us this pedition is as much a part of spring as e violets which carpet the woods, or e waxen buds of the shagbark hickories. Timing is important. Wait too long, d the asparagus stalks become tall and ody. Delay beyond the proper moent, and the neighbor children will ve beaten us to the harvest. ("But it's ur land—chase them off," a city friend id. It's my land, but it isn't my asparus. It belongs to whoever finds it first.)

Bobby is in charge of knowing when e crop is ready. How does he know? e is 10 years old and a country boy, he knows.

"Got your jackknife, Dad? Let's go." The snow has melted. The fields are wly green. The woods floor is soft from e rains of spring. We walk in single file wn the path through the woods—first e dog, then the boy, then the man.

There is no need for talk. We remember where we found our crop last year. ter looking in those places, we will arch out new ones. The brown stalks last season's plants are the landmarks. dden in the dead grass at their feet ll be the new, thrusting stalks we seek. Sometimes the tipped shaft of pastel en is alone, sometimes with a military mpany of its fellows. In any case, the der dips to his knees and makes e slanting cut with his knife just under e ground's surface; that is the proper y to harvest asparagus.

In an hour, if we are lucky and have ed our expedition properly, we will ve gathered enough for a meal. Then stop.

Unless the tender stalks are cooked d eaten before the day ends, they will e their special flavor and be no better an those we could buy in a store.

In single file through the woods we return—the dog, the boy, the man. We present the green bouquet to my wife with the quiet pride of male hunters. Soon we are eating our plunder, the steam and aromas rising tantalizingly from it, the melted butter adding to its flavor. It is a dish I look forward to each year. Still, the harvesting is more important than the eating.

Before the asparagus crop is gone, the dandelion greens are ready for the picking, in the May-and-early-June weeks, after the flower buds have formed but before most of the blooms appear. Only small and tender leaves are used. The picking is done on hands and knees, the sun warm on your bent back, the smell of spring all around.

The greens are best when cooked with young beet leaves and marble-sized beets from the garden. There is an art to the preparation. It is best to let them soak overnight—at least so my grandmother said, and I have no reason to doubt her. I remember how her greens tasted when gathering them was not a careless pleasure but a way of defying the depression.

Cooked greens are not the only product of these weeds, which foolish suburbanites attack with trowel and poison. Very young dandelion shoots, mixed with the first tiny buds, form the basis of a spring salad no gourmet could ignore. Washed, dried and chilled, the raw young leaves are tossed with bits of diced crisp bacon, salt, pepper and—for a medium-sized bowlful—a mixture of a half teaspoon each of sugar, lemon juice and cider vinegar, and three tablespoons of warm bacon drippings. Enough to make a man hungry, thinking about it.

There is a springtime urgency about gathering wild asparagus and dandelion greens. Unless the harvest is accomplished early, it is lost for another year. But summer is a more leisurely time. When the black raspberries appear, there is no great hurry about picking them. The first are plucked casually, one or two at a time. We will be walking through the woods, and someone will reach out in passing and take the first ripe berry from a bramble. His companion, jealous of his luck, will search for another berry that is ready for eating, and someone will pick one for Andrew, a dog who eats raspberries simply because his master does, but will not pick them from the bush himself.

A week later someone will mention that the woods are full of berries going to waste. Actually, they aren't being wasted, for every boy and bird that passes is dining on them; and still there's abundance.

But we are nagged by the thought that the makings of a pie is waiting for the picking, until someone organizes an expedition. We return with thorn-scratched arms and a saucepan filled with berries.

Shortcake or pie follows, well worth having. But the berries I enjoy most are the ones I eat while walking through the woods. Then I can taste summer, and know it is truly here.

Our idle, busy land produces other crops: the hickory nuts to be cracked between two stones while sitting on a boulder that has been warmed by the fall sun; the small, sweet wild strawberries that shame the cultivated variety; sorrel that a boy can pick, a leaf at a time, and crush between his teeth to savor a taste as distinctive as July.

There are things we do not have that I miss. To get elderberries for the pies and elderberry sauce I remember from 30 years ago, we must search other fence rows than ours. Blueberries do not grow here, nor does the mint that used to flourish in the creek bottom on my grandfather's farm. The farm had been sold by the time I went there, but I did not believe the wild spearmint and peppermint had been part of the deal and picked my fill.

We do not have black walnuts yet, although the trees we've planted should bear one day. John, who is 18, brought home butternuts last fall, and we ate some and planted the rest. In a woodlot miraculously untouched by the blight of a generation ago, I found American chestnuts growing, and brought back seedlings; too early now to tell whether they will mature to give us a taste nearly lost to the world.

The chief crop we grow on our idle acres, however, is the children. For myself, I could settle for such lesser delicacies as oysters Rockefeller and pheasant under glass if I were cut off from wild asparagus and dandelion greens. But we have concluded, my wife and I, that the children should not be kept from the feast of country living. The berries and fruits we pick are only the hors d'oeuvres of this banquet. Its principal courses are space and sunlight, grasses bending in the wind, the stillness of snow in the moonlight, the distant sound of a rooster's crow at dawn, the glimpse of a boy and a collie chasing their shadows across an unfenced field.

We cannot reach out and grasp these things. They vanish. There is hardly time to note their passing. But living where the cycle of the seasons is visible, I can accept the changes. If I know the time will come when there is no 10-year-old to walk ahead of me down the dim woods trail, I know, too, that another boy will come some spring to him, all eagerness and wisdom.

"Hey, Dad," he will say to the boy who will then be grown. "Got your jackknife? Then let's go."

And off they will walk to hunt asparagus in the fence rows and to find things that neither will quite know how to put into words. ■

...with the gourmet touch of Tabasco® pepper sauce and crusty topping of Kellogg's® Corn Flake Crumbs

TUNA-'TATO BAKE

- ½ cup KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKE CRUMBS
- 1 cup shredded Cheddar cheese
- 2 cups mashed potatoes (made from one 4-serving envelope of instant mashed potatoes)
- 2 eggs, separated
- ½ teaspoon dry mustard
- ½ teaspoon TABASCO brand pepper sauce
- 2 cans (6½ or 7 oz. each) tuna, drained and flaked

1. Mix Corn Flake Crumbs with ½ cup of the cheese; set aside.
2. Combine mashed potatoes, egg yolks, mustard and Tabasco. Stir in tuna and remaining ½ cup cheese.
3. Beat egg whites until stiff; fold into potato-tuna mixture. Turn into greased 2-quart baking dish. Sprinkle with Corn Flake Crumbs topping.
4. Bake in moderate oven (375°F.) about 45 minutes. *About 6 servings.*

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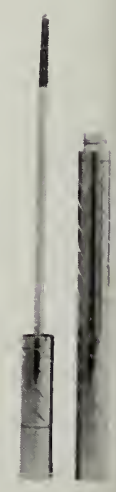
The longest lashes alive.
Yours with **Long-Lash** by Helena Rubinstein.



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And now there's new "Fashion Brow" by Helena Rubinstein. The subtle way to shape a brow—it simply brushes on! And no knows where eyebrows end and "Fashion Brow" begins.

Helena Rubinstein, 655 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y.

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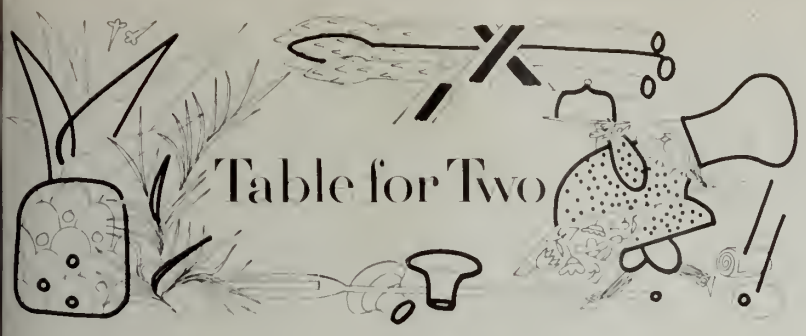

Table for Two

Bridie's Broth
Irish Stew
Watercress-Carrot Salad *Irish Soda Bread*
Pride-of-Erin Meringues
Irish Coffee

BRIDIE'S BROTH: Cut a quarter of a small head of green cabbage; remove hard stalk and outer leaves. (Save remaining ¾ cabbage to use in salads.) Shred cabbage; place in bowl and pour boiling water over. Let stand 5 min.; drain. Empty a can of chicken broth in saucepan; add shredded cabbage and salt and pepper to taste. Cover; simmer over low heat 10 min. or until cabbage is cooked. To serve: sprinkle 1 tsp. grated Parmesan cheese over soup in bowls; garnish center of bowl with sprig of parsley.

IRISH STEW: Cut breast of lamb into 1½-inch cubes. Peel and slice thick 3 small potatoes; peel and quarter 3 small onions. In heavy kettle, arrange alternate layers of meat, potato and onion; add a can of beef bouillon, ½ tsp. salt, ¼ tsp. freshly ground black pepper and pinch of thyme. Bring to boil; cover and simmer gently 1 hr. 10 min., shaking kettle occasionally. Do not stir. To serve: sprinkle top of stew with ¼ cup chopped parsley.

WATERCRESS-CARROT SALAD: Wash and pick over small bunch of cress; wrap in towel, chill. Wash, scrape carrots; cut in half, then cut each piece in half lengthwise. With vegetable peeler, cut carrot in ribbonlike strips. When ready to serve, turn cress into salad bowl; add carrots and toss with French dressing.

IRISH SODA BREAD: Preheat oven to 375° F. In large bowl sift together 4 cups sifted flour, ¼ cup sugar, 3 tsp. baking powder and 1 tsp. salt. Stir in 2 tbsp. caraway seeds. Cut in ¼ cup butter or margarine with pastry blender or 2 knives until flour mixture is like course cornmeal. Stir in 1 cup raisins. Combine 1 cup buttermilk, 1 egg and 1 tsp. baking soda. Add to flour mixture; stir until just moistened. Turn dough out on lightly floured board; knead lightly until smooth. Shape into ball; with sharp knife make a 4-inch cross ¼ inch deep on top. Place in greased 1-qt. casserole. Brush top with slightly beaten egg yolk. Bake 1 hr. or until bread sounds hollow when tapped. Cool in casserole 5 min.; remove to rack. Cool well before slicing.

PRIDE-OF-ERIN MERINGUES: Preheat oven to 275° F. Have 2 egg whites at room temperature. Add ¼ tsp. almond flavoring, ⅛ tsp. cream of tartar and pinch of salt; beat until frothy. Gradually beat in ⅔ cup superfine sugar, a tbsp. at a time; beat until mixture is stiff and glossy and sugar dissolves. Using a 2½-inch cookie cutter as a guide, draw three circles in cloverleaf design on brown paper; draw stem. Make 4 clover designs. Spread meringue over circles and stem to form a base; shape into shell, mounding meringue around edges to make sides. Bake 1 hr.; turn off heat, let meringues dry in oven 2 hrs., keeping oven door closed. To serve: fill shells with pistachio ice cream.

IRISH COFFEE: Preheat 2 stemmed goblets or coffee cups with hot water. Fill glass ¾ full with hot brewed or instant coffee. Add 2 or 3 sugar cubes and stir until dissolved. Mix in Irish whiskey to taste (about 1 jigger per glass). By pouring over a spoon, top with lightly whipped cream. Serve immediately.

SHOPPING LIST: *small head green cabbage, parsley, 3 small potatoes, 3 small onions, watercress, carrots, 1¼ lbs. breast of lamb, Parmesan cheese, 1 qt. buttermilk, ½ pt. heavy cream, 8-oz. bottle French dressing, 13¾-oz. can chicken broth, 10½-oz. can beef bouillon, caraway seeds, thyme, 15-oz. box raisins, 1-lb. box sugar cubes, 1-lb. box superfine sugar, ½ pt. pistachio ice cream, Irish whiskey.* HAVE ON HAND: *flour, sugar, baking powder, cream of tartar, butter or margarine, eggs, baking soda, almond flavoring, whole peppercorns, coffee.*

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TUNA PUFF SANDWICHES

TUNA MACARONI SALAD

TUNA SPINACH AU GRATIN

a new world of tastes for tuna

TUNA WALDORF SALAD

TUNA DEVILS

This is no place for "second best"...
bring out the best
with Best Foods Real Mayonnaise

TUNA PUFF SANDWICHES

1 (7 ounce) can tuna, drained and flaked
1-1/2 teaspoons prepared mustard
1/4 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
1/4 cup BEST FOODS Real Mayonnaise
1-1/2 teaspoons grated onion
2 tablespoons chopped green pepper
3 hamburger buns, split
6 tomato slices
1/2 cup BEST FOODS Real Mayonnaise
1/4 cup finely shredded American cheese

Blend first six ingredients. Pile onto bun halves. Top each with tomato slice. Blend 1/2 cup Real Mayonnaise with cheese; spread on tomato slices. Broil 4 inches from heat until topping puffs and browns. Makes 6.

TUNA MACARONI SALAD

1 (8 ounce) package shell macaroni
1 cup BEST FOODS Real Mayonnaise
1/3 cup chopped celery
1 tablespoon chopped onion
1-1/2 teaspoons salt
1/4 teaspoon pepper
1 (7 ounce) can tuna, drained and flaked
1/4 cup chopped green pepper

Cook macaroni according to package directions. Drain, rinse with cold water, drain again. Mix with Real Mayonnaise and onion. Cool. Add remaining ingredients. Chill. 6 servings.

TUNA SPINACH AU GRATIN

1 (7 ounce) can tuna, drained and flaked
1/3 cup fine dry bread crumbs
1 (10 ounce) package frozen chopped spinach, cooked and drained
1 tablespoon lemon juice
2 tablespoons grated Parmesan cheese
1/4 teaspoon salt
Dash pepper
1/2 cup BEST FOODS Real Mayonnaise
Grated Parmesan cheese

Blend first seven ingredients, and fold in Real Mayonnaise. Spoon into individual shells or 9-inch pie plate. Sprinkle with additional cheese. Bake in 350°F. (moderate) oven 20 minutes. 6 servings.

TUNA WALDORF SALAD

1 red apple, chopped
1 tablespoon lemon juice
1 (7 ounce) can tuna, drained and flaked
1 cup cooked peas
1 tablespoon chopped pickle
1/2 cup chopped cooked carrot
1/8 teaspoon salt
2/3 cup BEST FOODS Real Mayonnaise

Sprinkle apple with lemon juice; combine with remaining ingredients. Chill. Serves 4 to 6.

TUNA DEVILS

1 (7 ounce) can tuna, drained and flaked
1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce
1/8 teaspoon Tabasco
3 tablespoons chopped scallions
1/4 cup BEST FOODS Real Mayonnaise
1 cup fine soft bread crumbs
2 tablespoons BEST FOODS Real Mayonnaise

Combine first five ingredients. Spoon into individual shells or 8-inch pie plate. Toss bread crumbs with 2 tablespoons Real Mayonnaise. Sprinkle over tuna mixture. Bake in 350°F. (moderate) oven 20 minutes. 4 servings.

I VISIT TIBET'S DALAI LAMA

By PEARL S. BUCK

It was a beautiful day in New Delhi, the capital of India, and it was an exciting moment in my life. I was about to meet a man whose life story I had followed with intense interest ever since he had been chosen, at two years of age, as the reincarnation of the 13th Dalai Lama of Tibet.

Do not, please, ask me if I believe in reincarnation. It is one of those matters I am waiting to find out about someday in the hereafter. Meantime, enough had been told me about the young Dalai Lama to persuade me, at least momentarily, to interest in reincarnation, if not conviction. I was living in China when the 13th Dalai Lama of Tibet died, in 1933, the Year of the Waterbird. It was a troubled year. The Japanese had seized Manchuria two years before, and world war was visible on the horizon.

I returned to my own country to live, but across the sea I kept in touch with the reincarnation. I had heard of the signs and omens. The lamas had consulted, they were watching. Where would they find their new god-king? They searched heaven and earth. Slowly the signs appeared. Unusual clouds were seen to form in the northeast. The 13th Dalai Lama himself provided signs too. His dead body, seated on a throne in his summer home, was set to face the south; after a few days, it was said, the head turned to face the east. On a northeastern pillar of the shrine a great star-shaped fungus appeared. Lamas saw on a sacred lake a vision of a monastery with roofs of jade green and gold, and a house with turquoise tiles.

Like the wise men of old, the lamas traveled eastward in search of the Dalai Lama, until they came to a village where they found the monastery with the tiles of green and gold, and a house with a roof of turquoise tiles. The chief lama asked if there was a child in the house, and was told there was a boy about two years old. It was the right age, for the 13th Dalai Lama had been dead about that length of time. The travelers did not show themselves, however, as lamas. Instead they sent two of their number disguised as servants from the local monastery.

In the servants' quarters of the house with the roof of turquoise tiles, a little boy was playing. When he saw the two lamas he seemed to recognize them. He stopped playing and climbed on the lap of the one who was wearing a rosary which had belonged to the dead Dalai Lama. The little boy asked at once that it be given to him. The lama said he might have it if he would answer a question: What is my name? The little boy said, "*Sera-aga*," meaning "a lama of Sera," which was correct. He also gave the name of the other lama, and their servant's name, which was Kasang. Many other tests were made later. The little boy recognized other rosaries of the dead Dalai Lama. He selected his walking stick from among others. He chose among several handsome drums a small one the 13th Dalai Lama had used, and began to beat on it in the prayer rhythm. In such tests the little boy was so successful that, after long thought and watching, he was chosen as the reincarnation of the dead Dalai Lama, and so became the 14th.

Then began the long, arduous education and preparation for his life. He was taken to Lhasa, the capital of Tibet, where he grew into young manhood. They were troubled years; China, powerful neighbor of Tibet, was in the throes of revolution and change, ending in a Communist regime. The peaceful life into which the little boy had been born was ended. He became the new god-king, compelled to begin his reign at a very early age.

"I was only sixteen," he says in his autobiography, *My Land and My People*. "I was far from having finished my religious education, I knew nothing of the world, and had no experience of politics. I protested . . . yet I understood very well why the oracles and lamas had caused the request to be made. The long years of Regency after the death of each Dalai Lama were an inevitable weakness in our system of government. During my own minority there had been dissension between factions. . . . Yet now, under the threat of invasion, we were more in need of unity than ever before, and I, as Dalai Lama, was the only person whom everybody in the country would unanimously follow. So I accepted, with trepidation, and full powers were conferred upon me with traditional celebration. In my name a general amnesty was proclaimed, and every convict in prison in Tibet was given freedom."

It was for this young man, now only 26 years old, yet combined head of a nation and a national religion, that I waited this beautiful spring day in New Delhi. While I waited I reflected upon why I had come. Why? Not only because of the Dalai Lama but also because I have known Tibetans all my life; because now they had been driven out of their beautiful country by Chinese Communists. At first I could not believe that it had happened. The China I knew, the Chinese I had known, could not, I thought, have been so ruthless, so cruel.

But long ago I established a habit. When I cannot understand the present, I search history. Remembering then the history of the relationship between China and Tibet, I recalled the facts. Thousands of years ago the struggle began. It began in the unshakable belief of the Chinese in themselves as the most superior people on earth—for a long time they probably were, and it is possible they may be again. In history, this conviction forced other nations to pay tribute to the ruling emperor in Peking. But Tibetans are also a proud people, determined in their wish to be independent. There were invasions of Tibet by the Chinese, and invasions of China by the Tibetans, until Buddhism came to Tibet from India, bringing its message of peace and nonviolence.

Living in the presence of the majestic Himalayas, the Tibetans found it natural to be religious. Indeed, the Tibetans had their own ancient religion, the Bon, which was incorporated into the newer Buddhism, and this was the period of the rise of lamas, or priests. Upon them rested the responsibility to rule, and to carry on professional services for the people, free of charge, in return for material support. The earnestness with which Tibetans accepted and developed Buddhism divided them further from the practical and nonreligious Chinese. In order to live in peace and independence, therefore, Tibet closed her doors to the world about the time that Christopher Columbus discovered America. Until China again invaded in 1910, Tibet lived in troubled peace—troubled because the British Government insisted upon fixing boundaries, probably with the hope of establishing a buffer state between India and Russia. At any rate, China invaded with the intention of maintaining the principle of Tibet's subordinate position. The invasion of 1959 was in the ancient tradition, energized by the doctrines of Communism.

I was reflecting upon all this as I sat waiting for the young Dalai Lama in the house assigned to him by the Indian Government for his use when he was in New Delhi. Most of the time he lived in Dharmsala, a hill village where the climate is always cool. Oh, how the Tibetans suffered in the heat of India! They came south, marching over the Himalaya Mountains with their warm woolen robes and fur-lined boots, into the sweltering Indian spring. They arrived as refugees, men, women and children, led by my friend, the young Dalai Lama. I wanted to visit the Dalai Lama and hear his story, but first I visited the Tibetan refugee camps in Darjeeling and in Mussoorie, set in the foothills of the western Himalayas. I saw their hundreds of child refugees, the school they were building, the makeshift kitchens, where plain fare was cooked. The big thin-skinned hollow rolls to be filled with vegetables—no meat available—were made of cornmeal from the United States, and the people, accustomed to wheat flour, were trying to like it. It was hard, too, not to have meat, for in the cold of Tibet meat is a necessary food.

Whatever their deprivations, the Tibetans were working bravely and efficiently with what they had, anxious to be as little of a burden as possible to India. In spite of her own great problems, India has provided the Tibetans with shelter and food and work, to the best of her ability. The late Prime Minister Nehru took a personal interest in them and did all he could to mend their plight.

(*continued on page 41*)

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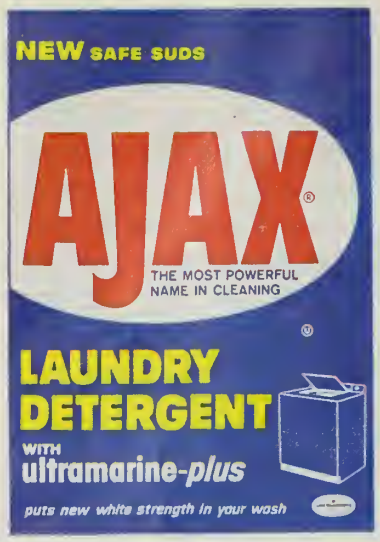
who says  is stronger than dirt?

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BET'S DALAI LAMA

ntinued from page 36

Where is Tibet? How far away it emed that day I sat waiting in New elhi! It is very far away on top of the orld, its median elevation 13,000 to 15,-0 feet, its area about 460,000 square iles. China lies to the north and east, hinese Turkestan due north, West kistan to the west, and India, East kistan and Burma to the south. Tibet surrounded by magnificent mountains; w magnificent I did not realize until e morning after I reached Darjeeling. Darjeeling itself is high. The road to beginning in the hot plains, winds up e mountains, cliff upon cliff, until it iches the little town whose houses ng to the precipitous flanks of the er-rising hills. There I lived for a while the small, well-kept hotel established the days of the British Empire as a uge from the heat of the plains.

I shall never forget that visit. I anted to see not only the Dalai Lama's ople there in Darjeeling but also the ountains over which they had come to India. Therefore I got up early one orning in the darkness before dawn d went by jeep to Tiger Hill. We took elter in a small building and waited for e sunrise. When the sun came blazing t of the east, we gazed westward. Out the darkness we saw the snowy malayas appear in the sky, rose-tinted the sunlight. I count this among the rest sights of my life. We were awed d silent before such beauty, such maj-y, such terror.

It was across those vast ranges that the betans came, most of them on foot, any of them carrying children and help-g the old as they followed their young der and god-king, the Dalai Lama. anding there in the chill dawn, I mar-led at their heroism and their endur-ce. How had it happened that they re driven out of their homes and out of eir country? It is an old story begun g ago and not yet ended. The strife tween Tibet and China is not a new one. inese and Tibetans are very different. en their languages are different. Tibet-s have an alphabet; they have never ed the characters or ideograms of the inese. Their food, their clothing, their ys of living, their government are all ferent from those of the Chinese. rtainly the landscape of Tibet is dif-ent from that of China, encircled as s by the Himalayas.

I was remembering those mountains, aring white against the sky, their ows eternal, when suddenly at the far d of the room where I sat, a dark-blue rtain was put aside, and I saw the alai Lama. He had the look of a king d something more. I have seen kings my life, and while they all have maj-y, this king had also a god-look about n. He was king and high priest.

I rose to my feet, seeing with my man's eyes that he was young and tall d strong and very handsome, his skin lear tan, his eyes black and sparkling, cheeks red. Suddenly he smiled, and lked toward me so swiftly that his rk yellow robe rippled about him. I wed; he put out his hand and took ne in both of his. It was an unusual ture—Asians do not touch hands—t he was Western enough to use the ture to which he thought me accus-med. His hands were firm and hard. "Let us sit down," he said in English. e sat down, and his interpreter, who had followed him into the room, sat near us. The Dalai Lama understands English, and speaks it with some ease, but prefers Tibetan.

"Tell me everything," I said.

He began then to tell me how life had gone for him from the time he assumed his high office at 16, until now, when Communists had seized his country. He talked for two hours. I listened, putting in a question here and there. It was a story of genocide, a story of a proud and independent people, who had developed their own way of life through centuries, only to be ruthlessly attacked and conquered by the armies of a neighbor. Yet he was just. He told me he thought the Tibetans were partly to blame. They had not kept up with the times. Secure and content within their snow-walled land, musing upon peace and praying to their gods, they had not realized what was going on outside, especially in the land of their powerful neighbor. He believed now that the Tibetans should have understood that it is no longer possible for one people to separate itself from the rest of the world.

Here I interposed. "My own people have suffered, too, and still suffer, from this self-imposed isolation. But you are right. It is no longer possible."

He told me how reluctant he had been to leave his country, how he had wanted to stay and share with his people the suffering he knew the invasion would bring. His people, however, begged him to go to India. So long as he lived, they said, they could feel they had a nation and a ruler around whom to rally. Unwillingly he went south; and many followed him, or joined him along the incredible way. He did not at first believe that he would go so far as India. He hoped to stay somewhere in his own country. In any event, he could not take the usual routes, for they were watched by the Chinese.

He headed toward the pathless mountains, where it would be difficult for Chinese armies to follow. Even so, he moved in secret, to escape pursuit. There was the rushing river, the wide Brahmaputra, to cross, and the dread Chela pass. High on that pass an old man appeared suddenly and offered the Dalai Lama a white horse. He was happy to accept, because his people looked on it as a good omen. All along the way Tibetans came out to weep, to pray for him, to follow him.

He paused at one point in his story, his lips quivering. Then he went on, to tell me how he was met by an official who had left Lhasa later than he had, and brought news of the Communist attack. The Chinese had shelled the beautiful palace of Norbulingka, believing that the Dalai Lama was still in residence. When they found he was not there, dead or alive, they destroyed the palace, shelled the city and monasteries, and killed thousands of people who had only sticks and stones to fight with.

"Why?" I asked.

Because, he said, after eight years of strife, they knew that the Tibetans would never willingly accept Communist rule. Terror became the means of persuasion. He went on to tell of thousands of children, from those still at their mothers' breasts to teen-agers, who had been forcibly seized and taken to China, "for proper education."

So the long journey had continued, over the high mountain passes where hands and feet were numbed by the cold. They tried to spare their ponies, as Tibetans always do, but now especially because there was so little fodder. All the while they feared that the Chinese knew where they were, and would bomb them. So that all would not die they divided into smaller and smaller groups.

Reaching India at last, they were warmed and welcomed. Food was waiting, and eager hands helped them. The Prime Minister himself sent a telegram to the Dalai Lama, saying, "My colleagues and I welcome you and send you greetings on your safe arrival in India. The people of India, who hold you in great veneration, will no doubt accord their traditional respect to your person age. Kind regards to you."

Thus began the long exile which continues to this day. The Prime Minister did not fail in his interest. The reason the Dalai Lama was here in New Delhi instead of Dharmsala, he told me, was that he had just returned from inspecting a tract of land, some 3,000 acres, which the Prime Minister had allotted as a place for Tibetan farmers to settle. The tract is south of New Delhi but rather high in altitude so as to spare the Tibetans the worst of India's heat.

We talked long and earnestly, I listening and learning, and all the while I knew that I was in the presence of a superb human being. The Dalai Lama has that indefinable quality which I can only call *presence*. One knows when he enters a room. One is aware of his being there. When he leaves, something is gone. Call it the star quality. It is born in a human being and it cannot be acquired. The possessor is himself, seeming simple and yet comprehending all, natural and yet with dignity, humble and yet without self-consciousness. Call it greatness. We talked, and the hours passed. Then suddenly this god-king became only a lively young man.

"Come," he said, "we have talked enough. We will eat, and then we will walk in the garden and you may take some pictures of me."

After a simple luncheon of Indian food we went to the garden, into the brilliant sunlight. The photographer had orders to do his work without disturbing us, and the Dalai Lama talked again as we strolled, but this time he spoke of flowers, of mountains, and of The Abominable Snowman, whose existence he doubted.

The interpreter protested. "I assure your Holiness," he said earnestly. "Though I have not myself seen The Abominable Snowman, such immense droppings . . ."

He measured a wide space between his two hands.

The Dalai Lama gave a shout of laughter. "It was only a very big Sherpa," he retorted, and his laughter was earthy and young.

The day ended, as all days must, and I could not forbear a final question.

"Do you see the end of your exile?" I asked.

"Who can see the end?" he replied. "One thing I know. When we return to our country, we cannot separate ourselves again from the rest of the world We must join the human family."

"Then you have faith that you will return?" I persisted.

He looked down from his height. "One thing I know," he told me. "I know that Evil will be vanquished and that Good will prevail. Do not ask me when. So long as we believe, we can wait."

This was the day. I share it with you as part of my world. ■

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THE TROUBLE WITH DOCTORS IS ME

BY JESSAMYN WEST

Is there anyone who hasn't felt that there are those who bring out the worst in him? Persons with a magnet's power to draw from him well-hidden stupidities? With the ability to transform his really excellent nature into something warped, and if not downright evil, at least ridiculous?

Katherine Mansfield, writing in her diary, recorded her belief that her cousin "Elizabeth," the author of *In My German Garden*, had "a vulgar little mind." After Katherine Mansfield's death, her diary was published; "Elizabeth," on reading this unflattering opinion, wrote in her own diary, "One has many sides and it is possible that K.M. drew out the vulgar one. Awful thought—for her, I mean."

Awful thought for me, also. Is it possible that I bring out the worst in doctors? That their mistakes and failures in treating me are weaknesses in them which I alone trigger? That they, like "Elizabeth," have "many sides," and that their other patients do not draw from them the inept, the fumbling, the dangerous? Awful thought and frightening in the bargain. It may not be nice to bring out the vulgar in one's cousin, but to bring out the stupid in one's doctor is downright suicidal.

I had never met a doctor professionally until I was 22 years old. Excepting the measles, a three-day ailment for which no doctor was called in, I had suffered no childhood sicknesses. I had never broken a bone, swallowed ant powder, or stuffed a bean up my nose. At the age of 22 I was medically virgin territory.

I was living in southern California then, happily combining a life as a rancher's wife and a career as teacher in a one-room school five miles from my home. When I entered the schoolroom early on winter mornings the thermometer often stood at 30. Spurred on as much by personal shivers as custodial responsibility, I would stuff eucalyptus chunks into a potbellied stove and, with the aid of a little kerosene, have it roaring in five minutes. By noon, stove, pupils and teacher were all red hot.

For all of the range of temperature zones we experienced in a day's time, my 17 pupils and I were happy. The schoolhouse stood in the midst of great barley fields. We wrote much poetry; won many softball championships; raised innumerable ground squirrels in the woodbox; and one and all, I am sorry to say, spelled "robin"—"robbin."

I felt like the captain of a ship, there in my school amidst the barley waves, with the stove roaring away like the steam boilers in an engine room. And, like a real captain, I was always the last to lower the flag and leave the ship. I was loath to leave the warmth; when I got home the fire-lighting started all over again—kitchen range, living-room fireplace, airtight heater in the dining room. Long before dark settled down there would be cupcakes in the oven and meat cakes ready to fry; and I, with feet stretched toward the fireplace, would be reading and thawing, happy and snug except for one thing: There was something wrong with my feet.

There was nothing wrong with my feet in the morning, but by ten they were burning; by noon they were swelling; by two they were itching. And at 3:30, when I pulled down the flag, I was a captain in bedroom slippers. It couldn't be gout, I thought, because I had never drunk port. Athlete's foot could be cured by antiseptics, I had heard, and I had tried them all, including turpentine and carbolic acid. Some people were affected by dye from stockings; I had long since taken to wearing thin white undersox. What was left? Elephantiasis? Hoof-and-mouth disease? I called in a doctor.

His name, let's say, was Maguire; he was in his mid-thirties, red-haired, freckled and rawly clean. Doctor Maguire barely glanced at my feet. His mind was all on allergies. They were newer then than they are now, and more was expected of them. Doctor Maguire settled for oranges.

"Give up oranges," said Doctor Maguire. "You are allergic to oranges."

I gave up oranges, but the information never got to my feet. Through January they continued to burn, itch and swell just as feverishly as when fueled on citric acid. In February I went to see Doctor Maguire again.

"Stay off your feet, Mrs. McPherson," he said. "Sit while you teach. Give up dancing entirely. Your feet are simply not built for this additional strain."

I hobbled out of Doctor Maguire's office without telling him that I had never danced a step in my life, and went to another doctor.

He listened to my story. *He* examined my feet. And *he* knew at once what was wrong with me. It was repressions. It was resentments. It was a bid for attention, for sympathy. It was sexual. Didn't I know that the foot was sexually symbolic? Didn't I realize what I was saying (mutely) with my poor swollen feet? Weren't my feet at their worst (and hence I at the height of my attention-getting) when my husband came home from work in the evening? I gave up doctors. I meditated, read foot literature, and at last came across *Doctor Chase's Doctor Book for Man and Beast, Including Many Valuable Recipes*, published in Boston in 1870. We had inherited it, along with the ranch house, from my husband's parents.

On page seven of Doctor Chase's book, after CHICKEN POX and before CHOLERA, I came to CHILBLAINS. "A painful inflammatory swelling on the extreme parts of the body. A very common way of getting chilblains is by bringing the hands or the feet near the fire in cold or frosty weather. The color of the chilblains is deep purple or leaden hue and the pain is pungent and shooting and a very disagreeable itching attends."

I lifted my deep-purple toes from the water. Looking at them, I remembered the frosty morning drives in freezing weather and those sudden heatings by the potbellied schoolhouse stove.

With this, the proper diagnosis, the battle was won. I was perfectly willing to go the whole route with Doctor Chase: to apply an unguent of hog's lard and gunpowder; or a mixture of spirits of turpentine, sulphuric acid and olive oil. As it turned out, his advice to avoid extremes of cold and heat was all I needed. My feet returned to normal, the disagreeable itching and the pungent shooting pains were no more.

Why had two doctors failed to recognize something so common as chilblains? Of course, they were southern California doctors, and a chilblain may for them have been more exotic than spotted fever. But was there *something in me* which brought out really notable failures in diagnosis?

Chilblains, though no sufferer would say so, are indisputably comic. But there is nothing comic about consumption—and this was my next undiagnosed affliction. I say "consumption" instead of tuberculosis, because that is how we thought of it 30 years ago. It was a disease of the past. In a literary way, I knew a good deal about it. Keats and Chopin and Chekhov and Emily Brontë and Marie Bashkirtsev and Thoreau had died of it. But many, many years ago! I didn't know that Katherine Mansfield and D. H. Lawrence, in the years that I was contracting consumption, were dying of it. Nor did I know, for all of my reading, the quiet manner of its onset. Only the more dramatic symptoms of death and hemorrhage were recorded in the biographies. Keats recognized his death warrant in that spot of arterial blood on his pillow. Thoreau lost his power to walk. Chekhov could keep nothing on his stomach. No such signs were given me at the beginning of my sickness.

Teaching, as it always does, taught my husband and me how little we knew. We decided to return to the university to work for our doctorates. Soon after our return, each of us visited the university infirmary with a problem. My husband was lame with an old football knee. My complaint was more nebulous. What could I tell the university's doctor for women? I only knew that every act was performed, every movement was made, as if against the pressure of a sea of lead, a wall of misery. I had a sore throat, but this was an old story with me. In the mornings I felt chilly, by afternoon I was hot; but this was also a fact of San Francisco Bay climate. I became breathless if I walked fast—of course I was unaccustomed to the hills of Berkeley and San Francisco. Quite likely a few daily sprints would improve my wind.

Also I was getting older. I was now 26. The rest of life was necessarily downhill. After the age of 25 one must expect increasing feebleness. I had often watched the slowness of the elderly with impatience. I believed that spryness was a matter of willpower; I exerted willpower, but I was not spry.

My date with Doctor Cassidy (I will call her that) was in the late afternoon. Other than "I feel miserable," I had little to report. She took my temperature. This was the first time in my life my temperature had been taken, and I felt half-cured of whatever ailed me, simply to have a thermometer under my tongue. Science was scanning me.

Doctor Cassidy said, "Your temperature is a degree and a half above normal. Do you cough in the morning?"

I tried to think. "I clear my throat some."

"You don't raise anything?"

"Raise anything?"

"Phlegm? You don't expectorate?"

"No."

"Have you lost weight?"

"Three or four pounds, perhaps. But I needed to." I was five feet seven, and had come down from 134 to 129.

"Take off your blouse."

She went over my chest with a stethoscope while I breathed out deeply and followed each exhalation as directed with a sharp little cough.

"Nothing unusual there."

"It's my throat that troubles me," I said.

Doctor Cassidy examined it. "Your tonsils are somewhat enlarged."

Before I left, she said, "I want to give you a patch test." She didn't say what the test was for and I didn't ask. A "patch test," it turned out, was like a gentle vaccination. The skin of my upper arm was lightly scraped, something was applied to the raw spot, and the area was then covered.

"Come back on Friday," Doctor Cassidy said.

The bandage itself seemed to have curative powers. I was being looked after. On Friday Doctor Cassidy would tell me what ailed me, prescribe pills or shots, exercises or diets, and my months of misery would soon be a bad dream. I showed up on Friday, full of optimism. Doctor Cassidy took off the bandage: no inflammation.

"Negative," said Doctor Cassidy. "Your afternoon temperature had made me suspect tuberculosis."

Tuberculosis! That disease of a hundred years ago? The idea of tuberculosis had no more entered my head than thoughts of the Black Death or the dancing sickness.

Doctor Cassidy took my temperature again. "Over a hundred, still." Blood samples were taken. Malaria was suspected. Negative.

It was humiliating for me to repeat, "I am ill" every time the doctor said, "I can find nothing wrong with you." Either I was malingering or she was failing; and neither was a conclusion pleasant to face afternoon after afternoon in Doctor Cassidy's office as she took the temperature that (*continued on page 44*)

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THE TROUBLE WITH DOCTORS

continued from page 42

I couldn't lower and she couldn't account for. So I stopped going to see Doctor Cassidy for a while, and she made no objection.

I turned to practices that made me feel that I hadn't given up. Long sunbaths so that my body was bronzed and reassuring to the eye. An ice-cream diet that soothed my increasingly queasy stomach. Hill-climbing to remedy my short-windedness. But no matter what I did - or didn't do-- my misery increased. My wish was to lie down and never be required to rise again. My nights were sweat-drenched. I longed to rest, to "give in," to "fold up." But by the stoical standards of the frontier society in which I was brought up, one did not "fold up" merely because one "felt" like it. Had forests been felled and plains crossed by people who "folded up" because they "felt" like it? One kept on- sweat it out, "lived through it." There was no sharper frontier slur than "He always took real good care of himself."

Besides, the words of the chilblain psychiatrist had stayed with me: "Attention seeker." Maybe what I craved *was* the invalid's power. Perhaps it *was* all in the mind. And there were hours, and occasionally days, when the leaden curtain of fever and fatigue lifted, and a world I had almost forgotten returned; then I was convinced that it was actually "all in my mind." But the curtain always came down again.

On occasion, for minor specific complaints, I continued to see Doctor Cassidy. Most persistent was my sore throat. Doctor Cassidy prescribed Argyrol applied with a swab; and I, the most cooperative of patients, swabbing continuously, developed a leaf-brown throat. I reported my indigestion; she approved the bland diet. Noticing the results of the sunbathing, she approved that also. The persistent afternoon temperature still bothered her; finally, she concluded that my tonsils would have to come out. As soon as I was finished with the preliminary examination for my doctorate, only two weeks away, I would report to the university hospital. After 20 months (it had been that long) my heart again lifted with hope. I would have an operation and be saved.

But a few days before my doctoral examination one of the professors on my committee fell ill. The examination was postponed, and my husband and I decided to use the free time for a little vacation from our studies. We drove south to my parents' home.

There, leaping from my bed one morning, as Katherine Mansfield had done before me, I had a like gush of warm-sweet-salty blood into my mouth. It was arterial blood, as Keats's had been, but I did not know this. I thought I had "ruptured" a tonsil. That was the seat of my trouble, wasn't it? The bleeding continued; next day, my mother sent me to the family doctor, whom I will call Doctor Erickson.

"I have ruptured a tonsil," I informed that good man, handkerchief to mouth, like Mimi.

He preferred to make his own diagnosis, and the routine was familiar. Thermometer, stethoscope, chest thumping. He added X-ray and sputum test.

Before I went home that afternoon I had his report: "Far advanced tuberculosis with cavitation in both lungs."

"I've been tested for that," I told him. "I was negative."

"What kind of a test?"

"A patch test."

"Do you think," he asked me, "that a system already hard at work trying to put out the fire of a massive tubercular attack in the lungs is going to pay attention to a tubercle bacillus or two on the arm?"

"But Doctor Cassidy listened to my lungs She said they were all right."

No doctor is ever going to run down another doctor, not to a patient, anyway. Doctor Erickson explained and excused Doctor Cassidy's failure.

"Your lungs present an unusually difficult problem. Ordinarily what is heard in one lung can be tested against what is heard in the other. It is unusual for both lungs, as yours are, to be equally affected."

"But *you* were able to tell.'

"If you had gone to see Doctor Cassidy after a pulmonary hemorrhage, I think she would have diagnosed tuberculosis."

"Why did you have an X ray made, then?" I didn't know that X rays were being taken by many doctors in cases of suspected tuberculosis. I didn't know enough to wonder why Doctor Cassidy hadn't ordered an X ray, nor to understand what this oversight would cost me.

Doctor Erickson, without a word concerning Doctor Cassidy's failure, explained, "The X ray is necessary to know the exact degree of involvement before we begin treatment."

I would have to go to a sanatorium, he said, and stay there at least a year. "You may be feeling that some kind of a sentence has been passed on you and that your useful life is over. This is far from true. I'm not going to try to minimize the seriousness of tuberculosis nor the degree of your involvement. But believe me, all is not over. Many, stricken as you are, have lived fine useful lives and made real contributions to society. Think of Keats's beautiful poems! Stephen Crane was a successful war correspondent. Robert Louis Stevenson will never be forgotten. Why, there was a young lawyer right here in town. He didn't have quite as much involvement as you, but he was a very sick boy. And it was *after* he was stricken that he directed the defense of the Municipal Bus System here and won his case."

For a doctor, Erickson knew a lot about literature. The trouble was, all of these consumptives, these "real contributors to society" had died young. Except maybe the young lawyer. I pinned my hopes on him; and though I feared the worst, I couldn't resist asking about him.

"He passed on a couple of months ago," Doctor Erickson admitted. "But the boy put up a tremendous fight. He was an inspiration to all of us."

Strangely enough, what Doctor Erickson was telling me did not make me fearful. I was still too young to believe that death had anything to do with me. What I felt that evening after the diagnosis, at my parents' home, was neither fear nor sorrow, but a wonderful elation, a wonderful freedom. I walked up and down the lawn under the August stars. The night was warm, there was a big moon in the sky. Orange blossoms and Gold of Ophir roses scented the air. A mockingbird was still singing. Not love declared, nor honors won, had ever filled me with such bliss as Doctor Erickson's words, "You have (*continued*)

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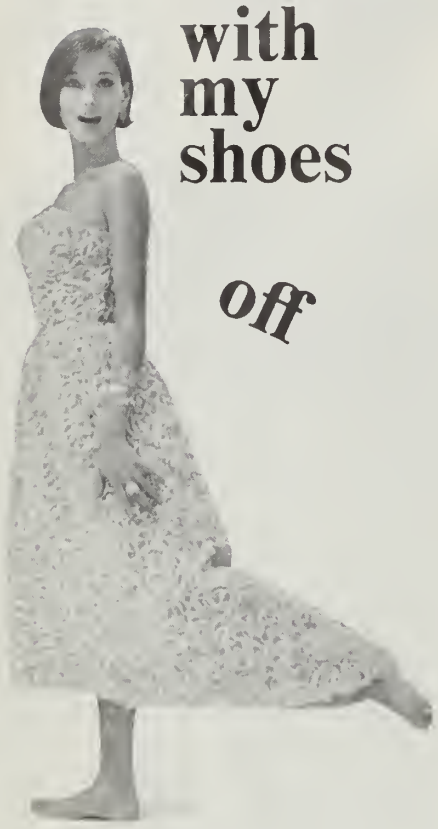

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far advanced tuberculosis." I need no longer suspect myself of malingering, of self-pity, of attention-seeking, of a hypochondria. The disease was real. And now that I knew its name, I would soon be well.

"You are sick. You must rest." These were the sweetest words I had ever heard. To lie down. To give up. No longer to feel exhausted by activity and condemned by inactivity. Sick, just sick. Oh, heavenly! And with a respectable, long-recognized, serious disease! It was sanity regained and self-respect restored; and the joyous prospect of repose to come and burdens already shed after the uphill climb that had led nowhere.

When asked, "What did you feel when you were told you had tuberculosis?" my answer, "Joy," is thought to be oblique, if not downright untruthful. It is the most literal truth.

The rejoicing, of course, was born of ignorance. The sanatorium in which I was installed three nights later worked quickly to dissipate this unwarranted euphoria and to separate me from my role as happy consumptive. Because I had hemorrhaged recently and was still, as they say in sans, "spitting rubies," I was given a room in the "terminal" wing. A man in the room across the hall, an ex-fireman, a strong-looking young fellow, died that night of a hemorrhage.

But I had my warning earlier in the evening. I had been put to bed with a booklet called *Living With Tuberculosis.* In it I read, "Of those entering sanatoria with far-advanced tuberculosis, less than five percent are still alive at the end of five years." I *hadn't* realized that the odds against me were quite so bad. Perhaps I had less to thank God for than I had believed.

The resident doctor—I'll call him Pryce—was a beefy red-faced man, an ex-army-hospital doctor, who believed that secrets of the past and future were incorporated, for those who could read them, in the pyramids of Egypt. He called on me after supper. After a few words about the pyramids, he picked up my hand, and holding it aloft, explored my arm from wrist to shoulder.

"Well, Mrs. McPherson," he said cheerfully, "we aren't very emaciated *yet*, are we?"

That "yet" was prophetic. Emaciation and worse lay ahead of me. It took me 10 years to regain what 10 months would have accomplished, had X rays been taken on the day Doctor Cassidy first suspected tuberculosis.

Those 10 lost years! Unlike Keats, I wrote no poems. Unlike the young attorney, I won no lawsuits for bus lines. Lost in that struggle were the confidence and resilience of youth; and lost, worst of all, was the ability ever again to live a life that was not to some degree turned inward and self-regarding. "Self-consciousness is the devil."

So I was condemned to devilish days, to consciousness of self, to fluctuations of temperature, to ups and downs of weight, to rales in the chest, to the heavy masking flushes of late afternoons. To survive in the days before wonder drugs, the tubercular had to be self-conscious. The price for life was an eternal consciousness of how one lived. The means became the end. That *is* the devil.

Doctor Cassidy is long dead. For many years I struggled to keep my mind off those days when she, by denying me X rays, denied me so much else. I am able to think of her now partly because I have decided that I may really bring out the worst in doctors.

Why this should be so, I don't know. Since it has involved suffering, and one hates to suffer for nothing, I would like to believe that I have been ordained by fate to be the instrument through which doctors, observing their failures with me, have been prompted to improve their techniques with other patients.

The third occurrence supporting my theory that *I* may be what is wrong with doctors, is now 20 years behind me. It was the June of Normandy when I came down with an unknown malady. The symptoms had bookish antecedents: "How We Traveled the Cumberland Trail"; "The Winning of Kentucky." I had chills and fever. I had the shakes. I had the ague. I had what the pioneers called "milk fever." I also had once again a sore throat. As my temperature rocketed upward to 104, I shook with pioneer energy. My teeth chattered. The bed springs rattled. Nothing, blankets or hot-water bottles or electric pads, warmed me until the 104 level was reached. On that tropical plateau I burned for a few hours. Then my temperature dropped as rapidly as it had climbed.

Other than this oscillation of temperature and its accompanying miseries, I had nothing to complain of to the doctor (whom I will call Fisher) except my sore throat. He dismissed it with a single look. "Nothing there to account for all of this." Like Doctor Cassidy, he suspected fevers: malaria, typhoid, intermittent, yellow. He took blood samples; and while science searched for the cause of my sickness, I subsisted on aspirin and Doctor Fisher's endless reports on the Normandy invasion. He sat in a rocking chair, and as he rocked, he talked. I kept my eyes shut. Sometimes I thought I was *on* Omaha Beach, a poor, seasick invader, with the voice of the beachmaster in my ears.

At the end of eight days the beach was well secured; and I, by the power of aspirin, and almost, I was ready to believe, by the acumen of Allied strategists, recovered. Certainly, except for the aspirin, I had not had medical help. Recovered after a fashion, that is. For more than a year after that bout of the shakes, symptoms too numerous to recount persisted. Besides the chronic sore throat, a bronchial wheezing, most alarming to an old lunger, developed.

In a routine checkup by a chest doctor I was told that I had a chronic strep throat; that what I had suffered on D day was a massive invasion of streptococci. Once my illness was diagnosed, magic drugs had a magic effect; and once again the curtain of leaden misery which had separated me from the world lifted.

Is there, then, something in me that is diagnosis-proof? Atypical of most diseases? Or of most invalids? My husband tells me I put doctors off by unconventional performances as a sufferer. I joke. I make puns. I exaggerate.

I am writing this from my sick bed, and I have promised my husband that when the doctor comes this afternoon I will act like the sufferer I am: no laughing, joking, head-tossing, quipping or punning. I will not disguise with lively gestures the putative corpse. Restraint won't be easy. Because, in spite of many disappointments, I cannot help thinking the minute I see a doctor, "Help is here"; and I immediately brighten up. ■

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If you think you have arthritis, see your doctor now. Not only is early treatment always important, but now a drug long used to relieve minor arthritis pain has shown it can be used as part of a total program to help treat the disease itself.

A new medical report tells how doctors used this drug in a treatment to reduce swelling and inflammation, improve joint movement, and increase grip strength in both men and women with active cases of rheumatoid arthritis.

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In one test, a jeweler's ring couldn't slip onto the swollen finger of an arthritis patient. Under a doctor's supervision, Bufferin was administered in regular continuous doses, and the ring slipped on the finger easily.

Another test measured the ability of the patient to move his finger joints. Still another test involved the strength of his hand grip. In both these tests—as well as the ring test—doctors saw significant physical improvement in almost every case studied.

If you suffer painful arthritis swelling and inflammation, first see your doctor. Taken under his care, Bufferin can play an important part in his treatment. And it's good to know you can take the full arthritic doses he may prescribe without the stomach irritation simple aspirin can often cause.

Bufferin . . . a leader in arthritis research.

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THE ENIGMA OF SUDDEN INFANT DEAT

By M. RENATE DISCHE, M.D.

The medical examiner's telephone seldom conveys cheerful news. This particular morning there was a call from a police officer whose beat included a number of well-kept housing developments.

"Baby Boyle was found dead in his crib at seven this morning." His voice sounded matter-of-fact.

Thus began another investigation of an infant's sudden death, now merely another in a long list of vital statistics, but nonetheless tragic for his family.

I found the family's apartment nicely furnished and immaculately clean. There were bright chintz curtains, and potted greenery on the window ledge. This was obviously the home of a responsible married couple who could be expected to take good care of their offspring. Mr. Boyle, a man in his middle 30's, had been summoned from work by his distraught wife. He was almost in a state of shock.

"I just don't get it, I just don't get it," he kept repeating to himself. "The little fellow was never sick a day since his birth."

He led us to the baby's crib, but avoided looking at the dead child. The pain of the sudden tragedy was just beginning to strike home. The dead infant looked a picture of health; only when I touched him did I realize that he must have been dead for hours. No signs of struggle or disorder were apparent in the crib.

In the living room the parents gave us what meager details they could. It was a painfully familiar story, similar in most respects to many we had heard before. The Boyles found some relief in talking about the lost child.

The pregnancy had been perfectly normal, and the boy had thrived from the start. He was 10 weeks old and was beginning to enjoy some of the baby foods that had just been added to his diet. At the Well-Baby Clinic, Mrs. Boyle had been told that she had a wonderful infant. She asked us what she possibly could have done or neglected to do that had cost the baby his life. The usual unfounded guilt feelings were emerging. She went over every event of the preceding day with meticulous detail, searching for a clue or explanation. She had fed him at 11 that evening and put him to bed in his favorite position on his tummy, just as usual. Before retiring, she had peeked in at the child. He seemed to be sleeping soundly. Now, on reflection, she remembered she had not heard him stirring at his usual early hour, and she had stayed in bed a bit longer herself.

The Boyles had been childless for a number of years after their marriage, and had adopted a child. Shortly thereafter, Mrs. Boyle became pregnant. They were overjoyed. The loss of their own child in this unexpected manner was especially poignant.

To anyone unfamiliar with this mysterious condition, the Boyles' story may seem remarkable, but those of us who have dealt with it know it all too well.

My interest in the sudden-death drome grew out of my duties as pe pathologist at New York's Bellevu pital, where I first realized the m tude of the problem. The same set cumstances is repeated over and again. We call it the cruelest disea cause it strikes rich and poor, pr and foolish, cautious and careless and gives no warning.

Unfortunately, we do not kno actly how often it happens, b death certificates are not always ac where this particular condition is cerned. However, authorities are by projecting available informati estimate that about 25,000 babies this disease every year in this co alone. If we exclude the two period immediately following birt mysterious syndrome becomes fa away the most important cause of in infants under one year of age.

The pattern is predictable. The i victim has either been in perfect h or has just recovered from a trivia piratory illness. Occasionally the has been examined by a public-h nurse or pediatrician a day or two b When they learn of the death, the almost as shocked as the parents. they may recall that the baby had sniffles or something so trivial that ical care was hardly necessary.

The surprising thing is that b from two to three months old seem vulnerable, although the disease strike earlier or later. Infants ov months old are seldom attacked, those over a year old are almost en safe. Boys seem to be slightly mor nerable to the sudden-death synd than girls, but this appears to be tr other infant diseases as well. More than girls die during the first year o This difference in the sexes has been noticeable among the cases report New York City, but has been obs elsewhere, even in other countrie though not always to the same degr also appears that prematurely bor fants are more vulnerable.

Also remarkable is the similarit the hour at which death probabl curs. We say *probably* because we seldom be sure of the exact momen even the hour. As in the case of Boyle, the child is alive and well a last night feeding and is found lif the next morning. Obviously death have occurred during the early-mor hours.

The baby is usually found in his mal sleeping posture; whether he is ing up or down seems to make no d ence. Often there is no sign that baby struggled or was in distress. S times there are minor indications the baby was aware of something wr He may have moved to the front o crib, or may have freed himself fro coverings as if he were reacting in al At no time is there any evidence tha child suffocated in his blankets, sh or nightclothes. (*continued on page*

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This blue polyethylene shields new Modess, makes it accident-proof on 3 sides.

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Across the bottom and up both sides,
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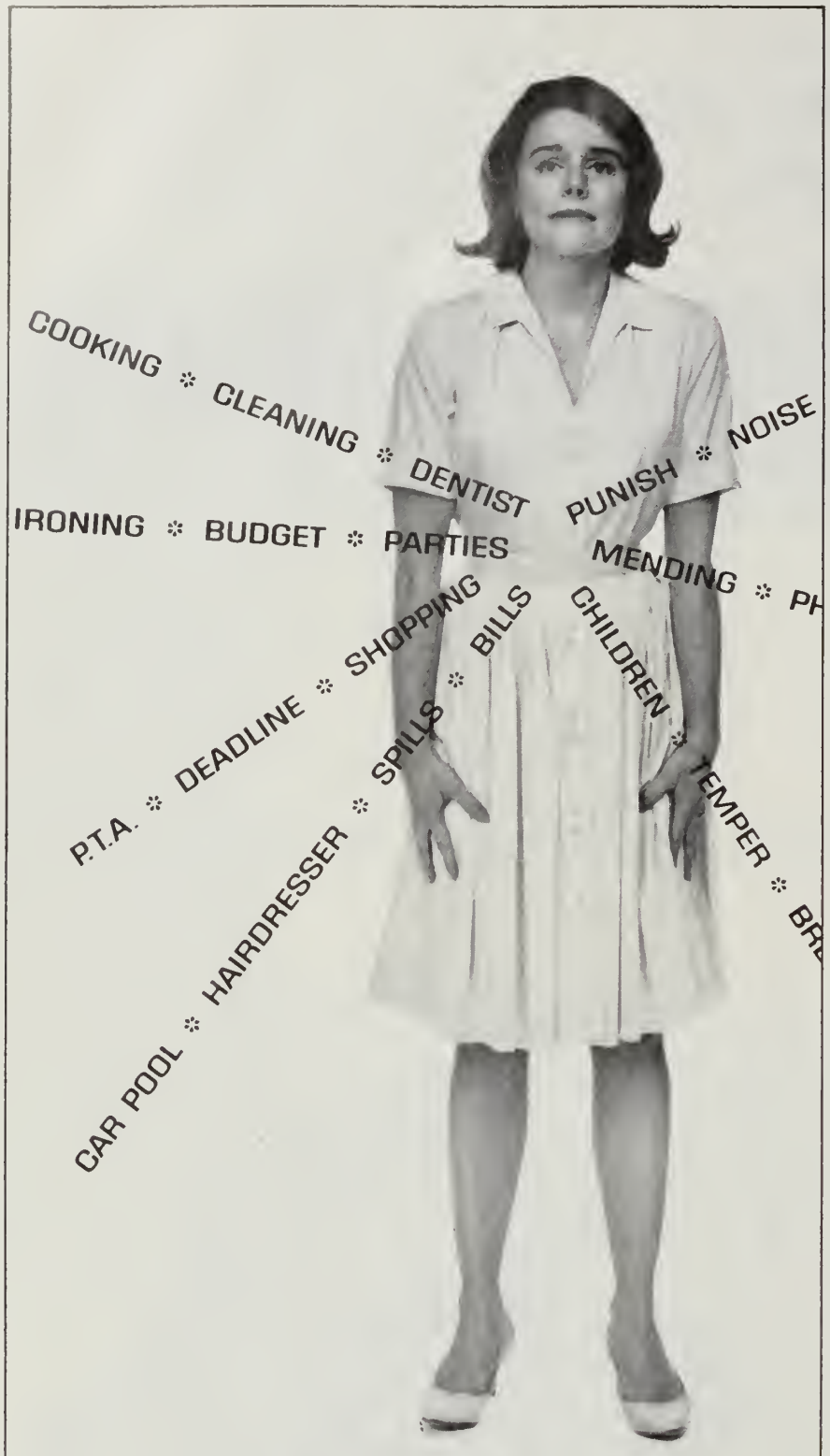
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P.T.A. * DEADLINE * SHOPPING * BILLS CHILDREN * TEMPER * BR
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Some people tighten up. Some fly off the handle. Some get nervous. Edgy. Irritable. Lots of times, you can feel it in your stomach.

It's not your imagination. Tension really can upset your system and cause acid indigestion or irregularity.

That's when Phillips' Milk of Magnesia sets things straight.

Suppose tension gets your stomach upset with too much acid. Phillips' relieves that acid upset, heartburn or even nausea *in seconds*—literally!

Or (let's call a spade a spade) suppose you're constipated. Phillips' will start you back to regularity in just a few hours—gently, comfortably, completely. In fact, it's the kind of laxative doctors recommend.

For acid upset, you take just a little Phillips'. For constipation, a little more. And if you're worried about taste, don't. Flavored Phillips' really tastes good!

Tense? Take it easy. And take Phillips' Milk of Magnesia for your stomach. *That settles it!*

Regular or Mint Flavored

INFANT DEATH

continued from page 48

The parents, after the first moment of stunned disbelief, usually blame themselves, just as Mrs. Boyle did. How else but by some small neglect can they explain the loss of their perfect baby? And they are alone in their grief because they do not know, though they soon will, that their plight is shared by many. The emotional impact of the loss of such a young child can have lasting effects. Many a mother asks herself if this terrible thing might happen again and whether she is prone to such accidents. Fortunately we have statistics to reassure her. The chances that she will have the same experience again are extremely slim. Whatever the cause of sudden infant death may be, it is probably not hereditary.

Frequently such parents become greatly interested in the general problem, and want to help in every way they can to find the answer. The Mark Addison Roe Foundation of Greenwich, Conn., was inspired and motivated by such desires. Founded in 1962, it has already provided strong support to much-needed studies of the sudden-infant-death syndrome.

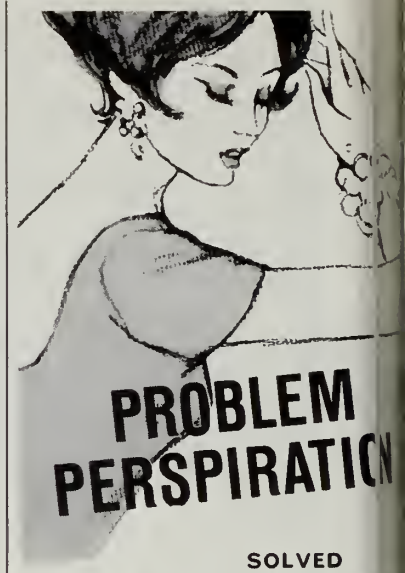
Although the study is new, the problem is very old. Sudden infant death has probably always afflicted us. Hippocrates, one of the medical greats of antiquity, wrote that young infants are prone to die at an age of 40 days.

Until recent times, however, sudden death of healthy infants has been masked or overshadowed by the great mortality from infectious diseases. Our grandparents were almost resigned to the loss of at least some of their children. A large brood was considered a form of insurance. Nowadays we have learned how to curb and control most infectious diseases and expect all our babies to become healthy adults. The sudden death of a previously healthy infant is therefore unexpected and shattering. And the sudden-death syndrome is not an American phenomenon. Reports of numerous studies in Europe parallel our own in a striking manner. As more information is compounded, our ideas about this strange malady begin to crystallize, and we become hopeful that we may eventually discover its cause.

We have learned, for example, that it occurs in all strata of society. No group can consider itself safe. However, it does appear to be somewhat more frequent in families who are living in crowded, run-down areas. Babies in such families may receive the same tender care as infants of the wealthy living in spacious suburbs, but they are a little more likely to die unexpectedly.

Another point is that the greatest number of infant deaths occurs during the winter and spring months, when respiratory infections are at their peak. This seasonal trend appears to be independent of the birth rate, and has been noted in areas as far apart as Los Angeles and Seattle. During the summer months relatively few infants die in this manner. It would be useful to study the problem in climates unlike our own, ones without marked seasonal variations, but it is already apparent, from all investigations carried out so far—and there have been relatively few, considering the importance of the subject—that we are dealing with a very complex problem.

In the past, accidental suffocation was held responsible for these fatalities. The use of soft pillows, which is cus-



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nary in England, was said to be dan-
rous. Prior to the advent of central
ating, when parents encased infants in
ultilayered clothing for warmth, such
explanation seemed more reasonable
an it does today. Careful observation
s demonstrated that young infants
nnot be smothered by covering bed-
thes alone. Unless forcibly restrained,
ey are capable of extricating them-
ves from such situations.

Late in the 19th century, Arnold
ltauf, a famous Austrian physician,
ted that children who died suddenly
ually had large thymus glands, a struc-
re found just beneath the breastplate.
hephrase "status thymicolymphaticus"
as coined to suggest that the thymus
as implicated in sudden death. This
a caught on widely, and a large thy-
us was thought to be detrimental to
alth. Some physicians recommended
adiation to make the thymus wither
ay. This gland, however, can vary
eatly in size. It can diminish rapidly
ring many illnesses, and in children
obably enlarges again when they re-
ver. A large thymus in an infant who
s died suddenly probably means he
as in good health prior to the fatal
ent, and indicates that, whatever was
sponsible, the murderer acted very
iftly. Recently, however, it was claimed
at the thymus helps us develop de-
ses against many kinds of infection.

One of the most conspicuous features
the sudden-death syndrome is implied
its very name: the fatal episode is
ought to last less than five minutes.
cause of this there is suspicion that
me unusual kind of allergic reaction
involved. Laboratory animals die
ickly and dramatically when sub-
cted to allergic shock. If they are lightly
esthetized beforehand, they die
ietly, not unlike the infants who die
ddenly.

A group of English scientists has sug-
sted that the proteins of cow's milk,
nich can produce allergic reactions in
sceptible children, may be responsible.
hey feel that such reactions might take
e form of severe shock, followed by
dden death. What is more important,
ey assert that sudden death is ex-
emely rare in purely breast-fed infants,
d that the incidence of such deaths is
bstantially reduced in infants breast-
d for the first two weeks of life. If cow's
ilk were indeed the major offender, it
uld simplify the problem. Unfortu-
tely, some of our own authorities do
t agree. They report that sudden death
n occur in breast-fed babies and that
ere is very little tangible evidence that
lergic reactions are involved.

The issue is not entirely settled. Even
bottle-fed babies are not allergic to
w's milk, they may fail to receive some
portant protective substance present
ly in their own mother's milk.

One appealing explanation of sudden
fant death is that there may be a pre-
rious period, when babies are two or
ree months old, during which they
ve used up most of their mother's pro-
ctive antibodies and have not yet
gun to produce their own. Thus, they
ight suddenly become easy targets to
fectious agents and their toxins. If this
ere true, we could concentrate on find-
g out which babies are delinquent in
roducing protective substances and try
give them a boost over the dangerous
eriod. It might even be possible to ad-
inister this necessary amount of pro-
ction to the mother shortly before the
aby is born. Thus far, however, this lies in the realm of speculation. The "gamma-globulin" fraction of the blood, which is supposed to harbor these antibodies, is the same in infants who die suddenly as in those who do not.

There may be other types of protective substances involved. There is, for example, a proteinlike material called "interferon" which is believed to be important in animal resistance to viral infections. Very little of this substance can be found in the tissues of newborn animals, and is possibly inadequate in infancy. Further studies will be needed to see if interferon is a factor in sudden death of infants.

It is only fair to point out that children are tougher and more resilient in the face of ordinary infections than might be expected. A young child probably overcomes six to nine infections, mostly due to viruses, every year. This makes it even more difficult to explain sudden death in infants.

Furthermore, the number of cases of sudden death does not increase during periods when there are outbreaks of common infectious diseases. This would suggest that such infections have little to do with it.

Very recently, however, there has been extraordinary progress in viral research which might have a direct bearing on the problem of sudden infant death. In October, 1964, Dr. Robert M. Chanock of the National Institutes of Health at Bethesda, Md., reported the study of a special group of viruses (called RS virus) which almost exclusively attack infants less than six months old. These viruses involve the air passages and strike with extreme rapidity. Conceivably, the answer to the sudden-infant-death problem may lie in further investigation of such special viruses. It will also be necessary to explain why the fatal event occurs with such regularity in the small hours of the night. Perhaps the vital processes of the infant's body are at their lowest ebb during this long rest period and less capable of withstanding injurious agents.

Obviously, the major difficulty in cracking the sudden-death problem, whether a bizarre allergy or an elusive infection is involved, is that no one can predict beforehand which infants will be attacked and die before any tests can be done. We cannot even be certain that many other infants come close to disaster. At present we have no way of finding out. One manner of approach would be to perform a wide variety of tests on large numbers of infants shortly after they are born, and then see if any develop the syndrome later on. This would be a bit like tagging fish in a hatchery.

Many mothers would object to having such tests done on their infants. It might be easier to persuade them to breast-feed their babies, since no possible harm could result thereby. Remember, there is evidence that even a short period of breast-feeding, followed by bottle-feeding with cow's milk, may afford some protection from the sudden-infant-death syndrome.

But it is still too early to accept any theories about the sudden-death syndrome in infants. The best we can do is alert parents to the disease—if it is a disease—and collect as much systematic data about it as possible, in the hope that new leads will appear as the quantity and variety of information increases. Meanwhile, we must wait and keep watch. ■

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Bermudas, slacks, culottes, hostess pajamas,
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"Spanky Pants" come in marvelous colors and prints as well as classic white. All with elastic waistbands that last. And all nicely fashion-packaged. Women's sizes, 85¢—95¢.
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CAN THIS MARRIAGE BE SAVED?
By DOROTHY CAMERON DISNEY

A CLASH OF CULTURES

"When I married I was experienced enough to cope with most problems, but I soon learned I couldn't cope with a Mexican-American mother-in-law," said 27-year-old Elsa, a sandy blonde.

"I am Kentucky-born, of Scotch-Irish descent. My husband was born in Mexico City. He was only two years old when his parents became naturalized citizens of this country. Peter's father is now dead; his mother, Maria, is very much alive. Except for Maria—she won't let me call her Mother—my marriage might have been perfect. Instead, it's on the rocks.

"I fell deeply in love with Peter from a hospital bed three years ago. I had been injured in an automobile accident, and he was the surgeon who attended me. The nurses adored Peter, and several of them told me his skill had saved my life.

"To me Peter seemed like a black-eyed, black-haired god roaring out orders that others rushed to obey; yet inwardly he was tender and gentle.

"After two months I left the hospital and returned to my job as an insurance analyst. When I said good-bye, Peter asked for my telephone number. I gave it to him with delight, and for the next three weeks I spent my evenings by the phone. Peter didn't call.

"At last I swallowed my pride and called him at the hospital. Peter seemed embarrassed but pleased to hear from me. Anyway, we made a date for Saturday night. An hour before he was due to arrive—I was wearing an outfit bought for the occasion—a telegram arrived breaking the date. The excuse was that he had been assigned to extra duty. Knowing hospital routine and Peter's status, I was sure this was false. Peter was no kid intern; he was thirty-eight years old and assistant to the chief of surgery.

"I cried myself to sleep, and cried Peter out of my life—or so I thought. Next morning I was awakened by the delivery of twelve dozen red roses, lugged up two flights to my apartment by a pair of errand boys. That afternoon—Sunday—Peter appeared in a fancy custom-built convertible he had purchased (as I learned later) from the estate of a television star.

"When he pulled up at the curb, girls were gawking from nearly every window in the building. News of that load of roses had got around; though I had bought the biggest vase the neighborhood florist had in stock—it cost fifteen dollars—I had also been forced to borrow vases from my neighbors. Peter's lavishness astonished my landlady and the other girls, but I was embarrassed. He had sent eleven dozen roses too many, and I said so.

"For the next six months we saw each other regularly. He introduced me to his mother, Maria, his two sisters, his brother. Maria had a room and bath of her own in Peter's house—it was in a Mexican neighborhood. Although we couldn't hold a conversation—I can't speak Spanish, Maria can't speak English—I was foolish enough to think she liked me.

"It was obvious that I was in love with Peter, and it seemed pretty clear that he was in love with me; but there was no proposal. One night, at a dance, I brought up the subject of marriage. I didn't hear from him again for two weeks. At last he came to my apartment. We talked for hours about ourselves, and the possible risks of people like us getting married. Peter told me he came from a laboring-class, uneducated parents; he had worked desperately hard for everything he had. I said that my father was a coal miner, jobless more often than not, that I was the eighth of ten children, and had worked hard too. Peter said that the marriage of a Mexican-American to an 'Anglo' would begin with two strikes against it. I said, 'Don't be silly.'

"We were married that weekend in Peter's church. We invited Maria, his sisters and brother to the wedding, and dozens of people from his neighborhood, where he is popular and widely known. None of them came. We drank our wedding champagne with my landlady, my roommate, my boss, a handful of off-duty nurses, some doctors from the hospital staff and the partner with whom Peter operates a private clinic. After a three-day honeymoon we moved my things across town to Peter's house.

"It was quite an evening. A noisy *fiesta* was going on in the perpetually noisy street at his front door. Maria had moved out of the house, bag and baggage, leaving no message. Peter immediately rushed off to hunt for her I held back my tears and started to unpack. The phone rang. A girl with a Spanish accent asked for Peter, then for his mother. When I asked for her name, she giggled and hung up.

"Peter returned at midnight. He had located his mother in a rooming house; she refused to come home. (But she did move back ten days later.) I asked at once about the Spanish girl who had telephoned. Who was she? Peter said he didn't know, but his manner was evasive. Shortly afterward I discovered the girl's name was Lupe, that she once had been engaged to Peter, and was still a close friend of his mother.

"That first night I spent with Peter in our own home was a dismal beginning to marriage. Since then our life together has grown steadily worse. I can't believe the fault is mine. As a small girl back in Kentucky, wearing ragged blue jeans, often kept out of school for lack of shoes, I worshiped the company doctor who came to treat my sickly, overworked mother. When I daydreamed of my future husband, I always pictured a doctor, polite and considerate, an educated man who would give me a better life than my mother had with my father, who never succeeded at anything.

"I have made many allowances for Peter because of my respect for his profession. I realize how hard he works. I have tried to be a good wife, a real helpmate to him.

"For two years I have done my level best to adjust myself to Peter's house, Peter's family, Peter's neighborhood. Sometimes Maria lives with us, sometimes she doesn't; she has a latchkey, and comes and goes as she pleases. On the mornings she is there she barges into our bedroom without knocking and brings a tremendous breakfast to Peter—nothing for me.

"In the evenings when I come home from work—I decided to keep my job for a while—I seldom find Peter. When he does happen to be at home, he goes crazy if I am even fifteen minutes late. He greets me in a rage, pesters me with questions, then won't accept my answers. Yet many times he is hours late; I am wild with worry, but he refuses to explain, or tell me where he has been.

"Too often when I walk in, tired and eager to see him, I find Maria. I know Maria is with us if I hear muttering from a corner, or smell cooking in the kitchen. When Maria is in residence, she prepares the dinner, choosing spicy foods that disagree with me. One Sunday I broiled a steak and baked some potatoes. When I left the kitchen, my mother-in-law dumped the meal in the trash can and put chili and frijoles on the table. Peter joyfully cleared his plate, and praised Maria's culinary talents.

"He and his mother always speak to each other in Spanish. I know they frequently talk about Lupe—I can hear her name in the flood of words—and I suspect they discuss and criticize me. I hear my name too. When I try to question Peter about these conversations, he just shrugs. Or else he loses his temper and stalks off.

"For a while I tried to believe that I was making the grade with my other in-laws, Peter's two sisters and his brother. Six months ago, on Peter's fortieth birthday, I found out different. His sisters and brother threw a party in his honor, celebrated in our house with Peter footing the liquor and food bill for a group of fifty. My in-laws' contribution to the affair was to issue the invitations.

"In the midst of the festivities I saw Peter's younger sister sneak upstairs to the extension telephone in our bedroom. I followed. My sister-in-law called Lupe, the old girl friend, suggested she come over right away, mingle with the crowd and take a look at the 'Anglo witch' who was the lady of the house.

"Well, I blew my top. Peter sided with his sister; he said it was wrong of me to eavesdrop and insult a guest. He insisted Lupe meant nothing to him. At that point his mother got in the act. She and Peter and the rest of his kin staged a Spanish shouting match that finished off the party.

"My mother-in-law moved out again. Peter moved, too, in a towering fury. He slept the next three nights at the clinic. I was scared to stay by myself in a neighborhood where people mill around on the street from dusk till dawn, drinking and yelling and fighting, and with almost nobody talking English. But I locked the doors, propped chairs under the knobs, and stuck it out.

"On the third morning a letter came to Peter. It was from Lupe. The letter began: 'My favorite fiancé,' and went on to thank him for a gift of red roses in a lovely white vase with a fluted gold border. The vase, of course, was mine, the fifteen-dollar vase I'd bought before our marriage. It took me an hour to locate Peter. By then I was hysterical. He drove straight home, but he was disgusted with me, not one scrap sympathetic.

"He denied sending either the roses or the vase to Lupe. Then and there the two of us checked up. It turned out his mother was responsible.

"To Maria's way of thinking, anything that belongs to Peter—or to me—automatically belongs to her. She gave Peter's best sport jacket to his brother, his best pair of shoes to a panhandler. She gave my prettiest sweater to her elder daughter. (*Continued on page*)

ABOUT THIS CASE: *As a rule, those marriages are most successful in which the partners have the most in common, especially in background. An important part of this background is formed by their families. Indeed, the break-up of a marriage between persons of different races, religions, social, educational or financial status is often due not to their own incompatibility so much as to that of their parents. Studying interfaith marriages, for instance, Dr. Earle Emme found the likelihood of divorce was greatest after the birth of the first child, when the families on the two sides clashed violently over such questions as the form of baptism (if any) that should be used for the new baby. To say that Elsa's problem, in the present case, was her mother-in-law is only the beginning of the story—it was a clash of two cultures. The counselor was Clarence H. Vett.*

PAUL POPENOE, Sc. D., Founder and president of The American Institute of Family Relations

This series is based on information from the files of The American Institute of Family Relations of Los Angeles, a nonprofit educational, counseling and research organization which has a staff of 70 counselors and is the oldest and largest marriage-counseling center in the world. The true stories reported here are drawn from interviews with the couples and counselors involved. Names, geographic locations and other minor details have been altered to conceal the identity of the couples who sought counseling.

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CAN THIS MARRIAGE BE SAVED?

continued from page 54

A year ago, while we were in Palm Springs for the Easter weekend, she had our living room redecorated, at Peter's expense, in a color I detest.

"I complained in vain. Peter doesn't listen. His income is approximately $12,000 a year, yet we live in a house with no modern conveniences. Our kitchen is a relic of the dark ages. We can afford to live in a decent house, in a decent, orderly neighborhood.

"I have pleaded with Peter to move to a modern house in an up-to-date, pleasant neighborhood. He says he is obliged to live among his future patients. He already has plenty of patients, solvent patients who pay their bills. Most of our neighbors are on welfare.

"Until the past few months I badly wanted a child. I no longer do. I'm unwilling to subject a helpless infant to our wretched living conditions, Peter's mother and other kinfolk, and my own unhappiness. I'm glad I had the sense to hang onto my job."

"When I married Elsa I felt like the luckiest guy on earth," said Peter, a handsome man, six feet tall, thick of shoulder and narrow of waist. "For almost forty years I was a gun-shy bachelor. In spite of my mother's determination to pick a wife for me, and her hints she would welcome grandchildren, I worked happily at my job and balked at marriage. But then Elsa's charm and sweetness, her soft voice, her grit in standing up to severe pain—she was an ideal patient—her intelligence and humor, changed my mind. When I first met Elsa at the hospital, she laughed when I laughed, was silent when my mood was quiet—in short, she was the complete opposite of my mother.

"Before we married, Elsa accepted my kinfolk without question, although they behaved poorly to her and their manners must have struck her as crude and foreign. She was a real lady, and yet made it clear she loved and looked up to me. I saw Elsa as a wife who would smooth my path, follow my wishes, bear children for me to be proud of, help both of us lead useful, peaceful lives.

"I grew up in the midst of hullabaloo, with my mother and father abusing each other, my sisters shrieking at my brother and me, and swarms of neighbors' noisy quarrels and noisier reconciliations adding to the clamor. I disliked the atmosphere, but as a child I didn't know how to escape. When the truancy officers finally caught up with my parents, and I was sent to school, I was an illiterate, nearly eight years old. On my first school day I learned to my astonishment that Spanish wasn't the native tongue of southern California. I learned, too, that some of my classmates came from families who got by without the aid of welfare checks, drunken fights and domestic quarrels.

"From the time I can remember, my mother, the chief fighter in our family, was engaged in an all-out war with the ADC (Aid to Dependent Children) people to increase the size of our allotment checks and insure that none of the neighbors bested us. Mother not only fought with the welfare officials and with my father, whom she eventually divorced, but she sued a raft of neighbors, landlords and other creditors who incurred her displeasure.

"I enjoyed study, which was fortunate, since I had to do most of
lessons late at night sitting on a c
stone under a street lamp. Prodde
Mother, I mastered English at re
speed. She needed me, the eldest so
accompany her to court, act as in
preter, explain her side of the innu
able legal hassles. At nine and ten y
of age I spent almost as much tim
the courtroom as in my schoolroom
those days I regarded the clean, w
dressed, English-speaking lawyers
judges I encountered there, the wh
coated doctors and interns who thum
our chests at the Well Child Clinic, w
overwhelming awe and respect.

"To me, doctors and lawyers, pro
sional men, men with fine offices
fine cars, lived in a different worl
an unattainable world. On my sixtee
birthday, encouraged by my mother,
wanted me to begin earning, I drop
out of high school to look for work. I
halfway through my senior year. I fo
no job. I then lied about my age—I
big and strong—and joined the Na

"In the Navy I was assigned to a g
nery crew, directed by a remarka
officer. In civilian life this man was
superintendent of a small New Engl
high school. He became my friend,
spite my lack of education and pol
When he heard I had dropped out of h
school, he was horrified. He insisted t
I take correspondence courses aboard
ship, saying that he would tutor me.

"At sixteen I was cynical about eve
body's motives. Frankly, I suspec
that my superior officer might be sell
correspondence courses on the side,
I refused his offer. Luckily for me,
benefactor was also obstinate. He s
for the correspondence course, paying
expenses and fees from his own pock
Thereafter I spent my off-duty hours
shipboard studying with him. Bef
the Korean War ended I had earne
high-school diploma by corresponden
and was ready for college.

"A good many times in recent year
have used the same pressures applied
me by my Navy gunnery officer in or
to persuade other dropouts to go back
school. When the officer paid out
own cash for my correspondence lesso
he convinced me of his genuine inter
in my welfare. More important, by ma
ing a cash investment in me he put
under obligation to get good grades a
a diploma. I felt I couldn't let him dow

"The rest of my education, struggli
through to an eventual medical degr
would have been impossible without t
GI Bill. Even so, the eight years were
particularly easy. Perhaps those eig
years may help you understand
cautious approach to marriage and
present disillusionment in Elsa.

"She objects to my mother, my re
tives, our neighbors, my home. I show
her where I lived before our wedding
told her I worked with neighborho
Boys Clubs two nights a week, trying
inspire other no-hope kids, like the kid
used to be, trying to keep them out
juvenile court and in school, trying
help them start off on the right trac

"I warned Elsa my mother was
trouble-maker. To prepare her for t
difficulties I expected, I explained
length how Mother had smothered m
with love—and interfered with ever
thing I ever attempted to accomplis
Mother now boasts about the doctor
her family. But when I was discharg
from the Navy she would have glad
seen me marry young and abando
thoughts of further education. When

married Elsa two years ago Mother went into a fit of sulks. Why?

"She had expected to marry me off to a pretty, gentle-natured Mexican girl whom she could dominate. Her violent partisanship of Lupe, in whom I have no interest whatever, is ridiculous. It is very tiresome to Elsa, I know. I wish I could prevail on Mother to drop Lupe, stop annoying Elsa with meanness and childish trickery, behave herself like a grown woman. But I can't control my mother. What son can?

"I am far too busy at the hospital and my clinic to arbitrate feminine quarrels. On the rare occasions I do get home for dinner I am in the mood for peace, not a rehash of who has cooked the meal, and why.

"To me, Elsa's complaints of my mother's comings and goings in our house are justified but boring. If Elsa would appeal to my sisters, I believe they could help her bring Mother into line. For that matter, it might be a good idea for her to try talking to Mother. I know she understands more English than she admits.

"Elsa is young, my mother is old. I should think Elsa could make a few concessions, be more understanding and patient, more like the warm, loving girl I married. In my opinion, Elsa works too hard on her office job, which counts for little either financially or in prestige.

"If Elsa would just stay home she might feel rested and relaxed. Perhaps then she could see her way clear to getting along with my difficult mother, my difficult relatives and neighbors, my difficult self. Perhaps, too, once she was under less strain, she might become pregnant with the child both of us used to want."

"Let's face it realistically," the counselor said. "Marriages that cross ethnic, religious or cultural borders are often difficult to set on an even course. Both husband and wife have too much to learn and to unlearn. Unlearning is the hardest thing of all. Childhood creates patterns in us all, and the boy who marries the girl next door may leave her because her cooking and housekeeping do not match his mother's. But add to this a profound difference in cultural background, and the hazards are multiplied.

"Peter realized this. He was deeply in love with Elsa, but he foresaw the misunderstandings which ultimately developed. He was a citizen of two worlds: a gifted surgeon at the hospital, and a hometown hero in the Mexican neighborhood he would not desert. That is why he resisted marriage.

"Both Elsa and Peter demanded too much of each other. Elsa was the daughter of an impoverished, embittered, frequently unemployed coal miner, who took out his frustrations in drink and by abusing her mother. She fled from her home environment with the hope of improving her lot.

"In Peter, Elsa saw a man wholly unlike the father she recalled with aversion and contempt. That she married comparatively late is significant. Attracted by Peter's professional status, she counted on him to provide her with a 'better life' than her mother had known.

"Peter wasn't prepared to take a 'leaner' as a wife, nor did he recognize Elsa's subconscious wish to lean. Had he desired a clinging vine as a marital partner, he might have married a girl like Lupe. Peter expected Elsa to look after his physical needs and comfort—he was mother-spoiled—but, even more important, he expected her to help him to continue rising in a tough world—socially, financially and intellectually.

"Often Elsa was unable to express her thoughts with enough clarity to suit his exacting ear and disposition. Whenever she attempted to talk about *her* feelings, her hurt, even her love, Peter's favorite response was to grab a dictionary. He then fiercely disputed her choice of words, thereby establishing to his own satisfaction that her views were wrong, his views right. By overwhelming Elsa with sheer verbiage and so-called logic, he silenced her. In this process he not only torpedoed the conversation, but he lost any chance that the two might reach mutual understanding. In his hollow, know-it-all pretentiousness he overlooked emotional clues and missed the correct interpretation of Elsa's true feelings. Peter was like a man who can read music, note by note, but is tone deaf.

"Another source of difficulty between him and Elsa was cultural. The eldest son in a family with Latin traditions, the successful son at that, Peter was accustomed to adulation from his womenfolk, and much waiting-on. His mother browbeat and tried to manipulate her other children, but she happily washed and ironed for Peter, picked up his clothes, carried him breakfast in bed. In Elsa's girlhood the males received no such preferential treatment. It was not in her character to fetch and carry for her husband.

"In spite of their differences, it was obvious that Elsa and Peter were well matched in many ways. Their basic love for each other was evident from the beginning. It showed in Peter's jealous worry if Elsa was fifteen minutes late, in Elsa's nagging, her persistent fear that he might be interested in another woman.

"Assisting them to iron out their differences and make essential adjustments was a complicated task. However, in the end the two effected the necessary changes and were rewarded with a stable relationship.

"In the first place, to Peter's delight, Elsa quit her job. She used some of her spare time to take Spanish lessons. Peter enlisted his sisters in a moderately successful campaign to tame their rambunctious mother. He got back the latchkey, and extracted a promise from Maria that she would notify him or Elsa in advance of a prospective visit. Maria also promised her son she would stop tampering with the menus in his house, and would no longer give away possessions that didn't belong to her.

"Elsa and Peter have not moved out of the Mexican section, where he feels at ease, where he is known to everybody, where he feels he belongs. But their kitchen has been remodeled and modernized to Elsa's specifications. Moreover, in learning to speak Spanish she has lost her dread of her neighbors, and come to like many of them. Peter no longer speaks in Spanish to his mother if Elsa is present; but Elsa now can speak to her mother-in-law, and Maria will sometimes answer. They will never be good friends, but they do get along with each other.

"Elsa now participates in Peter's civic work. On the evenings he is occupied with boys' clubs, she works as a volunteer in the neighborhood girls' clubs. They have no children, but soon they expect to acquire a ready-made family. Recently Elsa telephoned and told me they had received good news from an adoption agency." ■

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LONELINESS CAN BE A TREASURE

By CLARA CLAIBORNE PARK

My friends were expecting their fourth child. At the wife's monthly checkup, the doctor had threatened them with twins, and they were pleased. Then the next month he said it wasn't twins, and they weren't merely pleased, they were delighted. But during the month the twins were expected they had thought it would be fun to name them after great men who had been twins. They had scouted through the centuries, but hadn't found any. Why no twin greats?

All mothers dream of glory for their children, and it is a short step from dreaming to wondering, as we sort the tangled socks and smooth the tangled egos, what kind of family the high achievers come from. Is it large, busy, loving, warm, like the family most of us seem to want, work for, and get? There is no single answer to that question, but such answers as exist are sobering for mothers of four like me.

Some years ago a study was made of a large group of outstanding scientists—men who over a 40-year period had been recognized by other scientists as the most creative and productive men in their fields. Studying these front-runners, researchers tried to isolate the circumstances that favor scientific achievement. The states they came from were listed and counted up, the religious denominations they professed, the months they were born in. (If you want to give birth to an eminent anatomist, you might consider moving to Colorado, becoming a Unitarian, and having your baby in March.) Among the variables that were considered was the position of the scientist in his family. Had he been an only child? A middle child? A first or youngest child?

The answers show a family picture very different from the current American ideal. More than half of the 886 scientists in the study came from families of three children or fewer; 8 percent had been only children. (Corresponding figures for all Americans of this age group are 30 and 5 percent.) Nearly half (41.5 percent) were the oldest in the family. In larger families (four to 15 children), 30 percent were the youngest or "almost youngest" (surveys can be imprecise too); only 26 percent of those born into really large families came from near the middle. Only four of the scientists were twins; since twins occur once in every 86 births, one would expect to find at least 10 twins among the 886.

Rhodes scholars have been studied too, and the picture is similar: a surprising number of eldest sons from small families, as well as a disproportionate number of only sons. And the most recent report, that of Dr. Anne Roe, underlines the others. She studied 64 of the most eminent scientists in the United States today—anthropologists and psychologists as well as physicists, chemists and biologists. Her profile of the creative scientist shows him as "the first-born child of a middle-class family . . . likely to have been a sickly child or to have lost a parent at an early age . . . tended to feel lonely and 'different' and to be shy and aloof from his classmates. . . ." Thirty-nine of the group were firstborn; of the rest, five were eldest sons, and two who were second-born were in effect the eldest because the firstborn died early. Few of the others having siblings of the same sex who are close to them in age—the average age difference between them and the next older brother is five years.

Nobody, as yet, has extended these studies into other fields. For all the researchers know, all the great writers, artists, philosophers and musicians may have been middle children, knocking cheerfully about with their brothers and sisters in happy homes where something was always going on. But I think not. And I think I know why. Any mother of a comfortably large family—say four, like mine—can guess at one explanation for these startling statistics. What they add up to, I'm afraid, is this: unusual achievement is favored by a family situation that allows—even compels—a child to be alone.

Take the simplest case, the almost complete absence of twins from the high-achievement lists. The salient fact about the twin is that he is one of two. Whatever else he may be, he is not alone. Feeling "different" is not for him. From birth he is deprived of the experience of isolation, of the sense of his own uniqueness. Solitude—loneliness—throws the mind upon its own resources. And solitude today is something there is very little of. Children come in clusters, lots of them and close together. Unlike those eminent scientists, they aren't sickly. No long illness shuts them up in bed and away from the world. Instead, they tank up on wonder drugs, and inside two weeks are back in the melee.

Oh, they have a good time. It's plain they are happy children, and if it weren't obvious, we could turn to the statistics. Of the scientists who were *not* only children, 87 percent were glad of it; as high as 30 percent of the only children thought their solitary position actively harmful. Solitude is not fun. Isolation is sometimes agonizing. Uniqueness can be an intolerable burden. But out of isolation and uniqueness—and pain—come the preoccupations and ideas which we call creative, precisely because they are unlike anything we have come across ourselves. It is out of a unique vision of the world that art and literature and the daring structures of science grow. The only child has an obvious advantage in this respect. The first child shares it—for a little while, at any rate. A first child is a first miracle, and though the miracle happens again and again, our lazy imaginations grow dull to the miraculous. The next child's first words are memorable, but they somehow don't get written down in the baby book. Look at your scrapbook: Are there even half as many pictures of the younger children—alone—as there are of the first?

The second child is unique, but he does not seem so. Above all, he does not seem so to himself. His older brother had at least a year, more likely two or three, when there was nobody there but him, and another year or more when the general ineptness of the baby could make him feel large and capable. The next children come into a world that is already populated, not only with adults (whose attention will never again be focused on a single child) but with creatures like themselves, only bigger and smarter. They come into a world in which there is lots going on and plenty to do—no need and little opportunity to sit and wonder. Unique? How can they feel unique, when the clothes they wear, the toys they play with, even the bed they sleep in, once belonged to others?

In an effort to extend this speculation beyond scientists, I've been making my own primitive survey of the vanished great, encyclopedia in hand; and the principle seems to hold. Shakespeare was the first child in his family to survive. Dante was a first child. Leonardo da Vinci was a first child, and further isolated because he was illegitimate, though brought up in his father's house. Galileo was the eldest of seven. Newton, premature and frail, was a first child in a family of two, "a sober, silent, thinking lad, and was never known scarce to play with the boys abroad, at their silly amusements. . . ." Spinoza was the only son in his family to grow up, Oliver Cromwell the only surviving son of five. Gibbon, who wrote *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, was the first child and only survivor of seven, constantly ill, with "a strange nervous affliction which alternately contracted his legs and produced excruciating pain." Doctor Johnson was the first in a family of only two, and his doctor said he "never knew a child reared with so much difficulty." Goethe was a first child and so was Keats. So was Beethoven. (Bach and Wagner were youngest children.) Washington and Jefferson were first children. (Franklin was the youngest of 10.) Lincoln was a first child. So were Freud, Nietzsche, Einstein. Winston Churchill was the first. Franklin D. Roosevelt was a first and only child. James Joyce was the first of 15 (10 lived), and anyone who is interested in what it feels like to follow such a brother can find out in the morose and brilliant diary of his younger brother Stanislaus.

If we add those who, though not the first child in the family, were yet the first son, we can make the list still longer. Milton was an eldest son. Swift was an eldest and only son, reared alone by a nurse who lavished all her attention on him and "taught him so well that at three he could read any part of the Bible." Mozart, Dickens, Immanuel Kant, Karl Marx, Yeats, Shaw, Disraeli, Theodore Roosevelt, Woodrow Wilson, Lyndon Johnson were eldest sons.

Kings, of course, are eldest sons by definition. Even today the eldest son holds a special place in a family, and in the past, when property went to the eldest son by right of primogeniture, we can imagine how eagerly the first boy was awaited, what special treatment he received, even when a number of perfectly satisfactory little girls had preceded him. The position of eldest boy has an aura of hope and expectation which may affect the boy's idea of himself and what he can accomplish. The aura may be so powerful that it is even transferable. Jack Kennedy was already grown when his elder brother was killed. The family hopes had centered in Joseph; when he died, it was Jack who was expected to achieve, and did. Bobby is the eldest now, and we can see him taking his place as the family's leader.

Family expectations play an obvious role in the achievement of the eldest son, but there is more to it than that. Isolation and independence enter in again. Not many boys make close companions of their elder sisters. The difference in sex makes clear to the first little boy that he is himself and no one else, that there is no older child he can take for a model. The minority of scientists who were middle children had no brother close to them in age—no one to share their pursuits and preoccupations, to dilute their identity.

It is not, I suspect, the happiest homes that are the fertile seedbeds of achievement. Think of poor, lonely, freakish little John Stuart Mill, a prodigy at three, his mind stuffed full of Greek and mathematics by a proud and demanding father. "I learnt no Latin until my eighth year. At that time I had read, under my (*continued on page 61*)

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NELINESS CAN BE A TREASURE

inued from page 58

er's tuition, a number of Greek se authors, among whom I remember whole of Herodotus, and of Xeno-n's Cyrospaedia and Memorials of rates. . . . I also read . . . the first six ogues of Plato, from the Euthyphron he Theaetetus inclusive: which last ogue I venture to think, would have n better omitted, as it was totally ossible that I should understand it. my father, in all his teaching, de-ided of me not only the utmost that uld do, but much that I could by no sibility have done."

ohn was, of course, a first child; no er can put forth this kind of effort e, and James Mill was a philosopher historian; a busy man. He expected n to teach his younger brothers and rs. Imagine putting the teaching of ll children in the hands of a brilliant r brother, already singled out for ial treatment, and only eight years ! John Mill does not record what learned, but we can guess their gress was not startling. He carried n no farther than Caesar, and no-y seems to have taught them Greek ll. Mill in his autobiography does mention their names, nor even say many there were; he speaks merely "large family." Clearly they did not inge upon his isolation. (There is no ition of his mother either.) And he isolated from other children as well. Ve mothers of happy families are not prised to learn that he grew up emo-ally stunted, and later was bitterly appy, questioning whether anything t he knew and could do was worth wing or doing. This confirms what ve been taught: Bring up a child like and he'll be maladjusted. What we ld not easily guess is that such a d, become such a young man, would the strength to pass through his is and return to productive work. ladjusted John Stuart Mill became a inguished philosopher and a tem-ate, stable man. If he is out of fashion , still, I could not wish a child of e to raise a grander monument than *Liberty*. Would we have had it if l's father had been warmer, more sible, his childhood more "normal"? uld we have had it if he had been the nd son?

Mill was, in effect, an only child, for that "large family," and there is eral agreement nowadays that an y child is a Bad Thing. If you have aby, you have another within two rs so he'll have company, and you e they will be the same sex "so they be real friends." Pairs of little boys little girls are today's ideal—it kes sharing clothes and rooms so ch easier.

f you can't have another baby, you pt one, or you send your only child nursery school and surround him at times with merry companions. The y *only* child I ever had I had for only months. She could identify the seven rs and the letters of the alphabet ore she was two, quite unlike the ally intelligent babies who followed into our nursery. I had no hours to nd reading little golden alphabets h the others, and they had more using things to do while I fed diapers the washing machine.

don't worry about only children, nor ut the increasingly rare small family, about the children isolated on a farm or a New York penthouse, far away from any playmates. I worry more about what will come out of the noisy, cheerful, overpopulated household I run, where, if by some fluke, all siblings and the various neighbors' 16 children are away, the lone remaining child spends hours searching for a playmate, complaining that there's nothing to do. We want our children to get along with people, and they do. But what about getting along without people? What about getting along with themselves?

I try to imagine my four children as only children. I try to treat them as such, but there aren't that many hours in the day. There aren't that many rooms in the house either (though the boy, the only—and consequently eldest—son, gets a room of his own because "he can't share a room with his sisters"). My children are learning without effort how to get along comfortably in the world of people, those lessons the children of solitude find so hard. But they have no time, no space, for other lessons—how to brood, how to discover a kingdom in the mind itself, even how to be deeply, continuously unhappy, as only the lonely are unhappy, and how to make something come of it. And these lessons are harder still.

I know that loneliness doesn't guarantee a rich inner life. My home is a happy one, and I can't revolutionize it on the off chance of producing a creative child. I can't even complain about it; happy children are, after all, happy things to have around. But there are some things I can do.

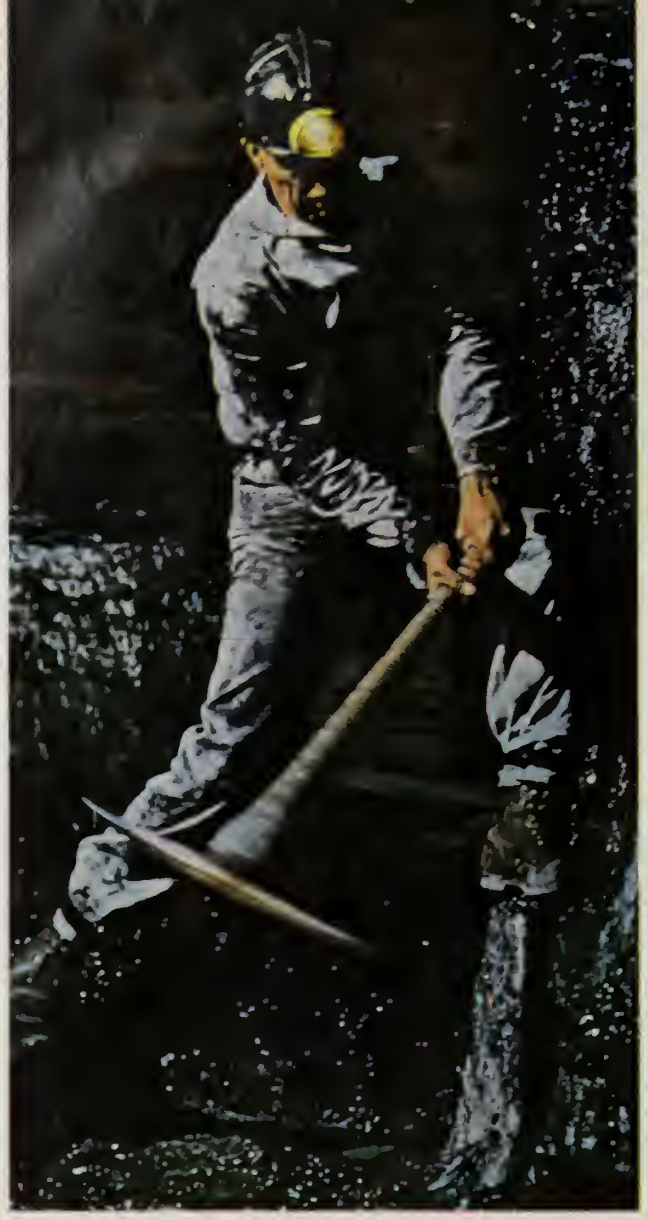
I can try to have a little time, every day, alone with each of them—although when I do manage a tête-à-tête with my son it is more likely to be of the hullo-Mom-can-I-go-over-to-Roger's variety than anything John Stuart Mill's father would have recognized.

I can single them out by artificial means. I can take one, not two or three or four, to the special play or movie. But is that fair? Hasn't everybody an equal right to go with mother to *My Fair Lady?* I have been waiting 14 years for one of them to get good and sick, so I could try out the uses of adversity. (I still remember the darkened room and the sore throat when my mother read me *The Pilgrim's Progress.*) But they are as healthy as they are well adjusted.

I can encourage solitary activities and rejoice when they are up in their rooms reading, choking down any temptation to say, "Why are you moping around in the house when it's such a lovely day?" Books I can recognize as my greatest ally. A book is a child's solitary citadel. Reading, unlike TV-watching, Brownies, and a host of other constructive activities, is done alone. Somehow, amidst the warmth and activity of the household, I try to find a place for solitude, but without signal success. The truly creative mind can make its own solitude, I suppose. (Emily Dickinson had an older brother and a sister.) And solitude can engulf a whole family, as it did the Brontë children, alone in their imagined world on the moors.

But those of us with large families have a problem. Solitude for each of our children may be an unattainable ideal. In that case, we'll have to console ourselves with history's exceptions—the great men who came neither first nor last in their families. They include Michelangelo, Napoleon, Darwin, Tolstoi, Dostoevski, T.S. Eliot and Thomas Mann. ■

This is a coal miner dressed in a clean, white sailor suit.



He worked 8 full hours digging coal.

Salvo Powertablets washed the suit clean ag

We put a coal miner in a sailor suit to dramatize the cleaning power of Salvo Powertablets

Your wash may never get as dirty as that sailor suit did. But wouldn't you like a detergent that's made to take on the toughest cleaning jobs?

Try SALVO. It's different from ordinary detergents ... it's a Powertablet. SALVO'S made to do the impossible cleaning jobs. Go ahead, try it!

SALVO'S *power packed* with over 100 pounds of pressure. So when it hits water, it breaks out power like no powder detergent ever can.

ILLUSTRATION BY BILL SHIELDS

ORDEAL BY FIRE

Twenty years ago, Dresden was destroyed by the most destructive bombing raid ever. Trapped in Nazi Germany, an American family was in Dresden the night Allied bombers touched off the raging fire that gutted the city. Here is the inspiring first-person story of how a young American mother saved herself and her three children from one of the greatest horrors of World War II.

Anne Wahle is slim, neatly dressed and younger-looking than her 54 years. "Anne always looks so serene," a neighbor in Plainfield, N.J., remarked one day. "It's hard to believe she's ever had to cope with anything worse than a flat tire."

Looks, of course, are misleading.

Twenty years ago, Anne was caught up in one of the great disasters of all time. She was living in Dresden, Germany, when the city of 625,000 on the Elbe River, famous for its exquisite rococo architecture, was hit by two gigantic air raids. In minutes, the biggest fire storm ever created by man engulfed the city. It sucked oxygen out of bomb shelters, fanned a tornado which blew people into tree tops, generated a heat so intense that it shrank bodies to half their size, and finally rolled up a one-night death toll of 135,000 persons. Almost twice as many people died in Dresden as were killed in Hiroshima by the atom bomb. The staggering total is far and away the biggest single slaughter of World War II, or indeed of any war.

If events had followed a normal course, Anne, a typical American girl, might have been living in her home in Plainfield that fatal night of Ash Wednesday, 1945. Before the war, however, Anne met an Austrian diplomat in New York, and married him. The tides of war moved her across Europe and when the bombs started falling on Dresden, she found herself directly in their path, along with her three children—Dick, 14, Noonie, 11, and Elizabeth, one.

How does a young woman of 35, shaped by the American way of life, react when confronted by a holocaust unique in history? On the next pages, she tells what happened to her during that night, and the crucial days immediately following. . . .

By ANNE WAHLE as told to ROUL TUNLEY

I awoke with a start. It was pitch dark in the room. Fearing I'd overslept, I reached for the alarm clock. I saw it was not yet three A.M. Still time, luckily. Six minutes, in fact. Forcing myself to leave my warm bed, I jumped up and groped through the biting cold to the windows. They were still tight shut. I checked the blackout curtains. They, too, were secure. I strained to listen for noises outside. Silence. Then I tiptoed across the room to the radio. Three years of this nocturnal routine had taught me to move like a cat. When I reached the set, I listened for sounds *inside* the house. I had never let anybody know about this—not even the children, or Hilda, their nurse. Children were often tricked into exposing their parents.

I turned on the radio. The knob made a faint click, and the tuning dial glowed. Quickly I turned the needle to Schenectady. Three minutes to go. I could feel the blood thumping in my ears. If anyone caught me I was in trouble, because I was listening to an *Auslandssender*, a station outside Hitler's Reich. The penalty was death.

Two more minutes. It was very cold. The dial of my radio was almost as familiar as the faces of my children. Oslo . . . Copenhagen . . . Rome . . . Paris . . . London . . . New York . . . Most of these places I knew. How I wished I were in any one of them rather than where I was!

One more minute. My teeth were a-rattle and my mouth was dry. Winter was only half over, but our ration of coal was almost gone. I wondered if the war could last forever.

Suddenly there was a sound from the speaker. The station identification came through clearly. I was lucky. Some nights it was not clear, but I never dared risk turning it louder.

First, there was talk about the war in general. Then the announcer got down to specifics: the position of the fronts, the number of prisoners taken the previous day, and so on. One night, in just this way, I'd learned that my husband had been captured by the Allies. Since then I'd had no news of him at all.

The announcer said something that brought me sharply back to the broadcast:

"Today the retreat of the German armies in the East puts all the territory west of Breslau in the front line. Consequently, the following cities can now be considered likely targets—Breslau, Poznan, Dessau, *Dresden* . . ."

Before the holocaust, Elizabeth was photographed in the carriage that transported her 600 miles to safety.

For a moment I felt slightly sick. This was the first time they'd included Dresden as a "likely target." Up till now, nobody believed the city would be bombed, except for light nuisance raids. Dresden was a world-famous storehouse of art treasures. It was filled with Allied prisoners and refugees, it was an important hospital center, and it had little industry worth destroying. The city had made no serious effort to provide public shelters, because everybody said Dresden was "the safest air-raid shelter in Germany."

But now, for the first time, the Allies had spelled out Dresden's fate. The pattern of bombing German cities was familiar: the R.A.F. worked the cities over by night, and the Americans, in their Flying Fortresses, finished the job by day. Our turn was coming up. But when? Tomorrow? Next week?

I crawled back into bed, half-frozen. I knew I had to keep calm. First of all, no one must know what I had heard. By listening to the forbidden Allied broadcasts, I had been able to follow the course of the war more accurately than the average German.

Now I planned to put my knowledge to use.

I lay awake, trying to plan an escape. It became clear that we must leave our house—but how? We had no car; it had long since been requisitioned. Anyway, there was no gasoline to be had. By train? Perhaps, if we could find one that was still running. But where could we go? Millions of people had been bombed out, and were doubling up with others all over Germany. The housing shortage became more critical daily as the Reich's borders shrank and the Allied armies advanced.

The more I thought about leaving, the more difficult it seemed. The mother of Hilda, the children's nurse, had a little farm in Saurau—a tiny village high in the Austrian Alps that I had once visited—but she lacked room for us. She had specifically told Hilda she would take us only if we were bombed out.

I didn't know where we'd go, but I began making plans. In the morning I'd go to the bank and pick up my jewelry; our money too, although money had almost no value in the Germany of 1945. Cigarettes were the recognized currency; I still had 2,000 cigarettes left from a hoarded supply. They were better than gold.

In the dawn light I looked around the bedroom at all the furniture, most of which we had brought from America. It would be a wrench to leave this comfortable house for the uncertainties of a refugee-packed countryside, but I knew we had to. Once my mind was made up, I felt easier. The panic was over.

I heard the children in the bathroom, and knew it was time to get up. As I got out of bed, I reminded myself again that my plan's success depended on keeping it secret as long as possible. It would not do to appear worried, especially in front of the army officer who was billeted with us, Captain Hardgen.

This man had arrived a month earlier, a tall, thin, blond officer who had rung our doorbell, saluted, and said: "I was told at headquarters you had a spare room. Here is my billet." He handed me an official slip of paper, and I showed him our guest room. Later, I learned he'd lost his home, his wife and his three children during an air raid in Breslau three days before.

Captain Hardgen always took breakfast with us, and the morning of February 13 was no different from the others. We had "coffee" made of dried beets, and a thin slice of bread apiece, with nothing on it. I announced I was going to ride my bicycle down to the bank. "Wonderful!" cried Hilda. "The paper says they're giving away ration-free soup in the Prager-Strasse today."

Hilda was indispensable, wonderful with the children, and an excellent cook. No matter how little food we had, or how monotonous, she always made something good out of it. She was also an adept scrounger. Only a few weeks before, she'd found a farmer's wife willing to swap beets and cabbages for cigarettes. Lucky that we still had a few of these vegetables left in the cellar, for the tiny amount of butter, meat, bread and potatoes available on a month's ration card was just about enough for one good meal. Hilda, a cheerful, shrewd, curly-haired girl of peasant stock, was a trusted friend who'd been with us during all our difficult days under the Nazis in Bucharest.

She'd even gone along with my idea of giving some of our food to the 85-year-old Jewish woman living in the top floor of our apartment house, who couldn't go hunting for food herself. Eventually, the Gestapo found out what we were doing, and summoned me to headquarters for hours of questioning. I was petrified but, fortunately, it was only questioning and a

Anne Wahle, Noonie and Dick posed with Hilda, left, the Austrian nurse who took them into her home

warning. From then on, we had to be extra careful how we got food to her.

As I got on my bicycle for the ride downtown Hilda slipped a two-quart bottle inside the handbag dangling from the handlebar. The soup was not really soup, she said, but merely water in which some frankfurters had been cooked. I took the quickest route, through the *Grosse Garten*. It was a mild, sunny day for February, but the park was almost deserted. As I pedaled along, I wondered which I should pick up first—the soup or the jewels. The image of my skinny youngsters a

The beautiful city of Dresden was reduced to ghostly façades and piles of rubble by two massive bombings.

table that morning was still vivid. Elizabeth, just beginning to walk, needed all the nourishment she could get. Dick, growing too fast for his age, looked like a wraith. Noonie was not much better.

I entered the Prager-Strasse, and took my place in the endless line of people waiting for the handout. I had never seen so many persons in the city before. Prager-Strasse, Dresden's Fifth Avenue, was teeming. Many, of course, were refugees from the East, fleeing the oncoming Russians. There were Poles, Romanians, Germans and Hungarians—some well dressed, some in rags, some clean, some dirty. But all looked worn, tired, cold and hungry. For a frightening moment I realized that we would soon be part of them.

The line moved fast. When my turn came, I held out the bottle for the old woman to fill.

To my surprise, the frankfurter water she gave me was hot. I handled the bottle gently, easing it into the bag.

All the way to the bank the crowds remained heavy. As I rode, I listened for warning sirens. My constant fear was that they'd sound while I was away from home, separated from my children. I pedaled faster.

After all the strangers in the street, it was reassuring to see the familiar, sour face of Herr Richter at the *Landständische Bank*. "It's a lovely day outside," I said as we went downstairs. Herr Richter shrugged, and unlocked the vault: I stepped inside and opened my safe-deposit box. Although jewelry had never meant much to me, I was aware that this leather case was worth more than everything else I owned. It contained treasures that had been collected for generations by both sides of the family—necklaces, diamond rings, a few bracelets (one with emeralds), cuff links, a black onyx ring, gold chains and brooches, some old pins and bodkins. I fingered each piece, thinking of all the happy occasions that had inspired these gifts—births, weddings, anniversaries. Finally I carried the case to the street, where I left my bicycle.

The soup bottle took so much room in my handbag that I couldn't get the case in too. I had to choose between the soup or the jewels, and it didn't take long to make up my mind. I took the case back to the vault. As I watched Herr Richter lock it up, I felt a shiver of premonition. The soup *was* more important, I told myself. Besides, I'd come back for the jewelry tomorrow morning.

What I did not know, of course, was that there was not going to *be* any tomorrow morning.

We had an early dinner. Dick had been ordered on the air-raid watch at school, and he had to be there by seven P.M. The school was in the very center of town—about a 15-minute walk from our house—and as he left, I said to him: "If there is a raid tonight, be sure to run home after the first 'All Clear!' You may not be able to save the school, but you can save yourself."

After Dick left I went to the basement to inspect our bomb shelter. I had been caught in the Hamburg raid several years before, and I knew what it meant to be prepared. Often a little thing could mean the difference between life and death. In the cellar I found everything in order—the tub full of water, the pile of blankets, the gas masks and goggles. I looked up at the freshly reinforced ceiling, glad I'd had it built. The mason had told me that the concrete wasn't thick enough to save us from the direct hit of an explosive bomb, but he'd assured me it would protect us from incendiaries. That extra ceiling had cost 200 cigarettes, a fantastic price.

I went upstairs to get things in order for our flight, but I found it hard to concentrate. I kept thinking about those refugees in the Prager-Strasse, and how forlorn they looked. I remembered the Hamburg bombing, and the morning when I'd gone out in the streets to help. There was a woman in a cellar window, her legs pinned under a beam, crying for help. A refugee raced past me, snatched the purse the woman clutched in her hands, and ran away. I remembered another woman who was leaving the burning city on the same train I was. She held a big suitcase on her lap. When the conductor attempted to take it out of her hands, and put it on the luggage rack, she became hysterical. In the commotion that ensued, the bag flew open, and onto the floor rolled the charred body of a baby. I shall remember that woman's face until the day I die. . . .

I don't often dwell on the past, but for some reason that evening the past kept crowding out the present, so that I could hardly think about preparing for flight.

For example, I saw Frank very clearly—the beloved horse that my family had let me buy when I was 13. Although I was 4,000 miles away now, I could almost smell the crisp New Jersey woods where Frank and I had so many rides together. Equally vivid was the night when, coming back from one of those rides, I fell in love at first sight with George Schmidt, the tall, dark Austrian vice-consul whom someone had brought down from New York for dinner.

A few years later, George and I were married and happily raising a family in the suburbs of New York. But we had scarcely got our feet on the ground when George was recalled to Austria for reassignment. Watching the American shoreline disappear, I remembered the strange feeling of foreboding I had even then. In my heart the struggle to get back was already forming. It grew with each crisis.

Almost as soon as we arrived in Europe dark things began to happen. First, Germany annexed Austria, and George suddenly had a new boss, the Third Reich. In Bucharest, where we'd been assigned, the Nazis already dominating Romania learned of George's anti-Nazism. After two attempts to run him down in a car "accident," they succeeded in poisoning him at a stag dinner. George lived only a few minutes after getting home, but it was long enough to tell me what happened. "Be careful!" he breathed. "They will try to get you and the children!"

His murderers gave him a gaudy funeral, as gangsters would. Stunned, I cabled my father, my only living relative. Receiving no answer, I supposed the cable had been intercepted. Meanwhile, three burly Nazi women moved in with me—"to help," as they put it. They answered my phone, took charge of my mail, ran my life. I lived in terror, but I tried not to show it. On one occasion the women brought me wine that was poisoned; a sip made Hilda seriously ill. I didn't drink any. I was confused, and shocked by grief, but I knew enough to play the role of a gullible, unsuspecting, harmless widow. I felt it was my only chance. I even pretended to believe the medical report that George had died of ulcers, giving no sign that he had spoken to me before his death. Without opportunity or means of leaving Romania, I was a virtual prisoner in my own apartment. Shortly afterward, America entered the war. All possibility of escape seemed lost.

Peaceful village of Saurau in the Austrian Alps was the haven at the end of the Wahles' desperate flight.

One day an old friend of George's came to call—Carl Wahle, a military attaché at the German Embassy who secretly shared George's hatred of the Nazis. After a few visits, he asked me to marry him. He was almost 20 years my senior, but I liked him, and I was grateful for his offer of protection. When we were married, the three women guardians withdrew. Soon thereafter, Carl was transferred to the Russian front; he suggested that I move to Dresden. It was not America, but at least I was out of jail.

Carl came to Dresden infrequently, but on one brief leave he fathered *(continued on page 102)*

Theodor Seuss Geisel, known better as Dr. Seuss, is undoubtedly the world's most popular author-illustrator of children's stories. He is, perhaps, best known for The Cat in the Hat, *which was originally published as a supplementary school text for first-graders and is now firmly established as a young people's classic.*

FOX IN SOCKS

By DR. SEUSS

NEW SEUSS CHARACTER IS INTRODUCED TO HELP AMERICA IMPROVE ITS SPEECH

Dr. Seuss, whose popular books for young people have uniquely managed to combine entertainment with education, has turned aside from helping Johnny learn to read, and in his latest book he launches a crusade against our linguistic untidiness. *Fox in Socks*, which in a somewhat condensed form begins on the opposite page, finds Dr. Seuss characteristically mixing sense and nonsense in a way that will amuse young readers at the same time that it calls their attention to the difficulties of the English language and the need for speaking it precisely. "It's time we faced the fact that the United States is a nation of frightfully sloppy speakers of English," Dr. Seuss declares. "The average sixteen-year-old child in Scandinavia actually speaks a clearer and more precise English than the average adult in this country." By making his books fun to read and to look at, Dr. Seuss is able to lead his young readers across the tricky threshold of scholarship without their suspicions being aroused. Thus, in working on what appear to be nothing more than tongue twisters in the following pages, the youthful reader will soon learn that he faces nothing but discouragement unless he enunciates every word distinctly and precisely. *Fox in Socks*, which will be published this month by Random House as a Beginner Book, will very likely become a classic of its kind. Bergen Evans, the Northwestern University professor who for some time was host on a television program devoted to the intricacies of the English language, said, after examining the book, that "Peter Piper has picked his last peck of pickled peppers and Jane's lame, tame crane is relegated to the roost."

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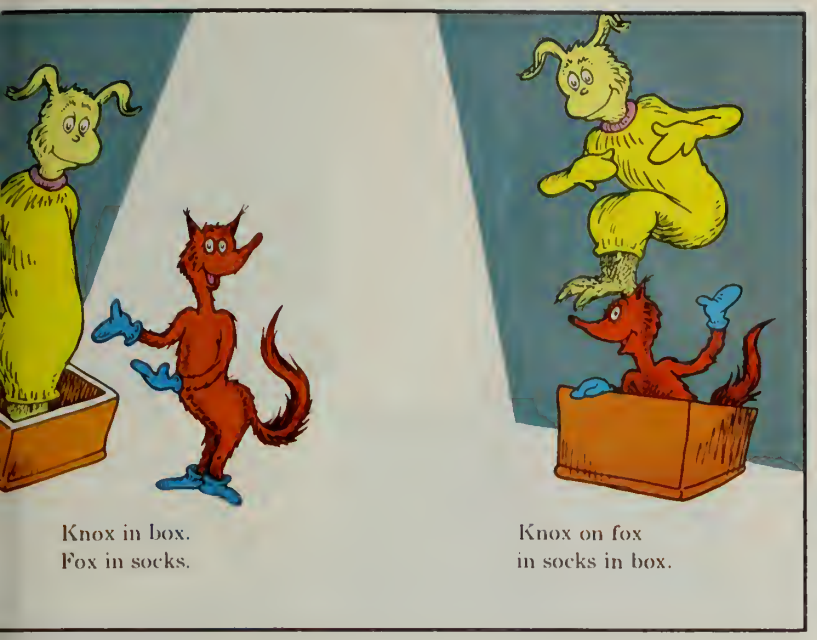
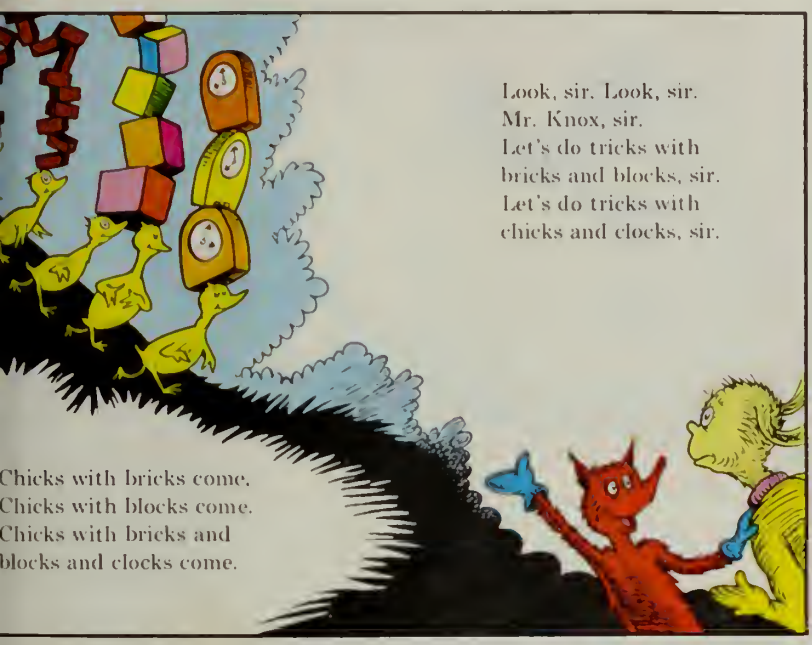


Knox in box.
Fox in socks.

Knox on fox
in socks in box.

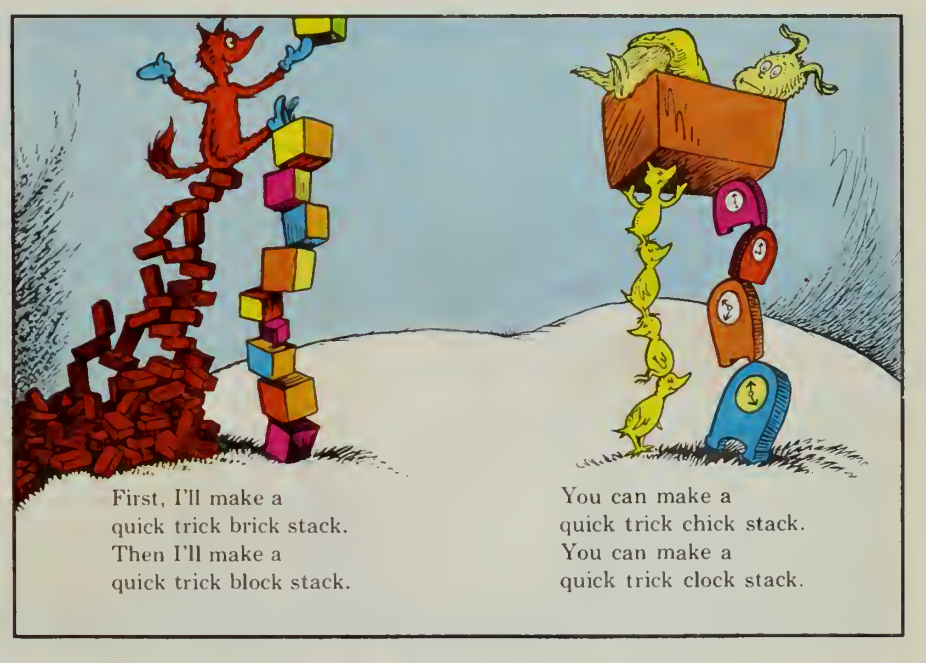
Socks on Knox
and Knox in box.

Fox in socks
on box on Knox.



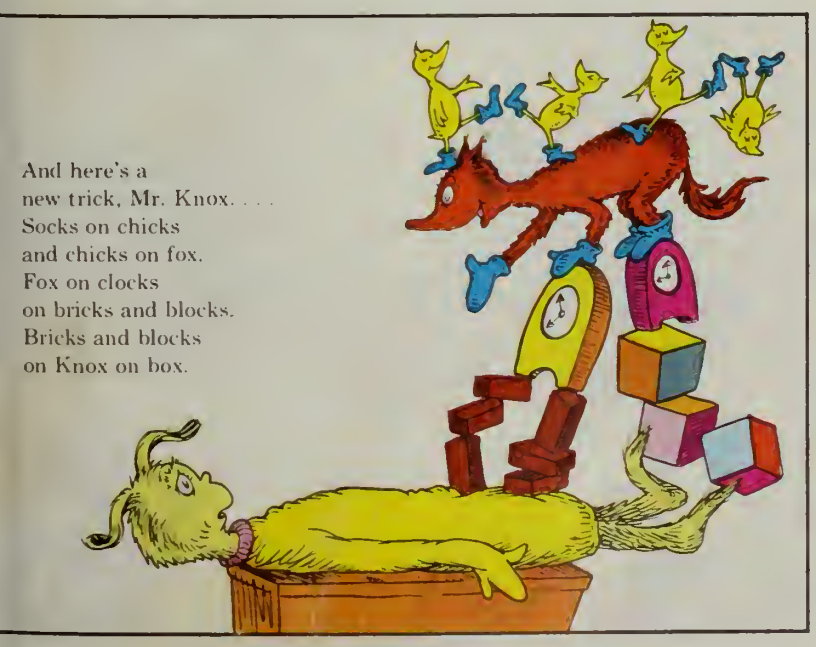
Look, sir. Look, sir.
Mr. Knox, sir.
Let's do tricks with
bricks and blocks, sir.
Let's do tricks with
chicks and clocks, sir.

Chicks with bricks come.
Chicks with blocks come.
Chicks with bricks and
blocks and clocks come.



First, I'll make a
quick trick brick stack.
Then I'll make a
quick trick block stack.

You can make a
quick trick chick stack.
You can make a
quick trick clock stack.



And here's a
new trick, Mr. Knox. . . .
Socks on chicks
and chicks on fox.
Fox on clocks
on bricks and blocks.
Bricks and blocks
on Knox on box.

Now we come to
ticks and tocks, sir.
Try to say this
Mr. Knox, sir. . . .

Clocks on fox tick.
Clocks on Knox tock.
Six sick bricks tick.
Six sick chicks tock.

Please, sir. I don't
like this trick, sir.
My tongue isn't
quick or slick, sir.
I get all those
ticks and clocks, sir,
mixed up with the
chicks and tocks, sir.
I can't do it, Mr. Fox, sir.

I'm so sorry,
Mr. Knox, sir.

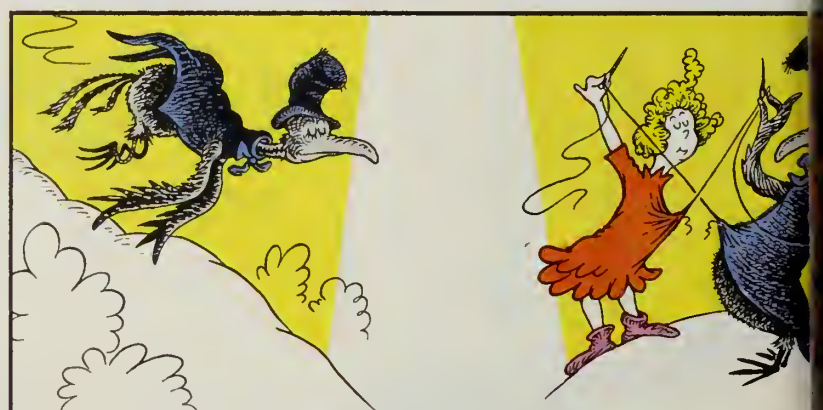
Here's an easy
game to play.
Here's an easy
thing to say. . . .

New socks.
Two socks.
Whose socks?
Sue's socks.

Who sews whose socks?
Sue sews Sue's socks.

Who sees who sew
whose new socks, sir?
You see Sue sew
Sue's new socks, sir.

That's not easy,
Mr. Fox, sir.



Who comes? . . .
Crow comes.
Slow Joe Crow comes.

Who sews crow's cloth
Sue sews crow's clothe
Slow Joe Crow
sews whose clothes?
Sue's clothes.

Sue sews socks of
fox in socks now.

Slow Joe Crow sews
Knox in box now.

Sue sews rose
on Slow Joe Crow's clothe
Fox sews hose
on Slow Joe Crow's nose.

Hose goes.
Rose grows.
Nose hose goes some.
Crow's rose grows some.

Stop it! Stop it!
That's enough, sir.
I can't say
such silly stuff, sir.

Very well, then,
Mr. Knox, sir.

Let's have a little talk
about tweetle beetles. . . .

What do you know
about tweetle beetles?
Well . . .

When tweetle beetles fight,
it's called
a tweetle beetle battle.

And when they
battle in a puddle,
it's a tweetle
beetle puddle battle.

AND when tweetle beetles
battle with paddles in a puddle,
they call it a tweetle
beetle puddle paddle battle.

AND . . .

When beetles battle beetles
in a puddle paddle battle
and the beetle battle puddle
is a puddle in a bottle . . .

. . . they call this
a tweetle beetle
bottle puddle
paddle battle muddle.

AND . . .

When beetles
fight these battles
in a bottle
with their paddles
and the bottle's
on a poodle
and the poodle's
eating noodles . . .

. . . they call this
a muddle puddle
tweetle poodle
beetle noodle
bottle paddle battle.

AND . . .

When a fox is
in the bottle where
the tweetle beetles battle
with their paddles
in a puddle on a
noodle-eating poodle,
THIS is what they call . . .

. . . a tweetle beetle
noodle poodle bottled
paddled muddled duddled
fuddled wuddled
fox in socks, sir!

Fox in socks,
our game is done, sir.
Thank you for
a lot of fun, sir.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HORN GRINER

EARLY ARRIVALS

: **TRUDY OWETT,** *Fashion Editor*

Jetting into your life ahead f schedule: the spring suits that will be your constant npanions from now through early summer. What you'll come most about the suits on these four pages is the -swinging way they take to people with things to do d places to go. These suits-on-the-move are ready to t up with every program on your agenda: take flight tantly for vacation, weekend or business trip; appear at nch, shopping or matinees. d some, undoubtedly, will be your choices to join the ster parade. Note, too, these portant points of departure: irts going up—ours to above the knee; suits get their n special blouses—another rvelous way of making them ready for immediate action.

Checking in, opposite, top left: a to-the-hip jacket and front-pleat skirt of wool tweed with a coral silk blouse. By Dani Jrs., 5–15, $110. Bag, Calderon.

To new lengths, top right: long fly-front jacket, short skirt. Of gray wool worsted, with white piqué cuffs. By Briarbrook, 6–16, $90. Hat by Adolfo Realites.

Trim suit, bottom left, is trimmed with braid at collar, cuffs, pocket flaps. Of black-and-white wool tweed. By Handmacher, 8–16, $90. Fiorentina shoes.

Bottom right: Patch pockets are patched high; belt is belted low above a deep front-pleat skirt. Of wool worsted, with a white linen blouse. By PRL, 5–13, $75.

Silk and cotton Tattersall twill, right, divides into a jacket, a vest with a double row of black buttons and a pleated skirt. y Mademoiselle Arlette, 6–14, $60.

PHOTOGRAPHED AT JOHN F. KENNEDY INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT. MEN'S CLOTHES AND LUGGAGE FROM SAKS FIFTH AVENUE.

Opposite: With Norfolk jacket leanings, a red-and-white check suit of wool and nylon. White overblouse is of rayon and acetate. By Moordale, 5–13, $55. Hat, Everitt.

Left: Brief cutaway jacket is overlapped at the collar by its own white blouse. Suit of basketweave cotton; blouse, silk and rayon. By Oleg Cassini Young America, 6–14, $110. Bag, Lesco Lona; shoes, Caressa.

Below: A pale chamois jacket with silk bow and cuffs is teamed with a navy-blue front-pleat skirt. Suit of wool crepe. By Dan Millstein, 6–16, $125.

Shopping Information on Page 117.

Ladies' Home Journal *found that $35.38 and a signature were all that one mail-order firm required to ship this .303-caliber Enfield rifle, complete with ammunition and telescopic sight, to a staff member in New York. New York police have no record of the sale.*

In the South, a mentally disturbed teen-ager lies about his age, orders a revolver by mail, and murders his best friend. In the North, police seize three Nazi-uniformed youths in the act of demolishing a barn with an antitank cannon, ordered by mail. In the East, a youngster is seriously wounded when a mail-order revolver accidentally discharges in his face. And in the Southwest, a deranged ex-Marine orders a rifle by mail, using an assumed name, and murders the President of the United States. The Senate bill that could have prevented men like Lee Harvey Oswald from obtaining a mail-order weapon was bogged down in the Senate Commerce Committee of the 88th Congress. Despite the President's assassination, a brisk trade in mail-order guns continues, and the appalling toll of lives taken by wielders of unregistered weapons climbs higher. In a recent test, *Ladies' Home Journal* ordered two rifles by mail; one of them of the type Oswald used, the other—a heavier military weapon with a telescopic sight—from the firm that sold Oswald his gun. No notarized statements were required, and police have no record of the transaction. The law—what law there is regulating such sales—remains easily circumvented. In the following article Connecticut's Senator Thomas J. Dodd tells of his battle to control the traffic in deadly weapons and quash their threat to public safety.

MAIL-ORDER GUNS: A SENATOR BATTLES TO STEM THE DEADLY TIDE

ENATOR THOMAS J. DODD

United States in 1965 is a nation in which y weapons are easily available and in- ively controlled. Not only that, but our ry is the major retail market for the new sed guns of the entire civilized world.

is vast arsenal includes millions of cheaply , small-caliber foreign pistols, almost all of ifles and handguns that armed both sides orld War II, and much of that war's heavier ments, including bazookas, antitank weap- nd machine guns.

ost of the traffic in these weapons is by mail , and in the United States there is little to nt or regulate it. Abroad, Japan bars hand- to all but police. Strict registration of ons is required in Canada, Great Britain, ce, Italy, Germany, Sweden, Belgium, the erlands, Norway, Denmark, Austria, Ro- a, Spain and India. In our country the e's right to bear arms is guaranteed not by the Federal Constitution but by the itutions of 35 states. Furthermore, United s firearms laws are less stringent than those ost civilized countries. There are only nine s that require a permit or its equivalent to ase firearms.

complicate matters further, the Iron Cur- countries are becoming a major source of order weapons. This was discovered recently a company actually applied to the State rtment for a permit to import the Soviet s entire supply of World War II small —enough to put several weapons into the s of each of the 2,000,000 persons who the onal Institute of Mental Health says are ng the streets in dire need of psychiatric ment.

nen the import attempt was blocked by our rnment, a central repository was set up in aria, to which the Communists are now ing all of their surplus military weapons. equently, dummy corporations were estab- l in Western Europe to handle the sale of these weapons in smaller, less conspicuous quantities, and the United States became a dumping ground for them too.

All of these weapons—and the total now includes those from the slave world as well as those from the free world—are being peddled in America to anyone who has the price, and the price is often surprisingly low. The advertising for such deadly items is an eye-opener:

"SUBMACHINE GUN FOR FATHER'S DAY?" asks one. ".32 AUTOMATIC . . ." says another, "Now within the grasp of *everyone*. The moment you've been longing for! Give those cheap, fake, crude imitations a well deserved sniveling sneer—give those inflated prices the horse laugh of the century! Order yours this very day. Tens of thousands in stock so be sure to order all you need on the very first go-around!" Price: $29.95.

Or "SEAPORT'S WAR-SURPLUS BONANZA. ANTITANK RIFLE $99.85. Now you can get that man-eating jackrabbit with the first shot (or even near miss) with this fantastically accurate semi-automatic weapon. This Super Power Finnish 20-MM. antitank rifle is mounted on special sleds so that you can drag it ANYWHERE in ANY weather. The ultimate in BIG bore perfection, guaranteed N.R.A. very good or better. Only $99.95 complete with wooden case, tool and repair kit, muzzle cover, 8 extra magazines, 4 magazine carrying cases. . . ."

Our committee files are filled with hundreds of similar advertisements. The content of these ads gives a clear picture of the type of mentality to which the gun shippers are trying to appeal.

Millions of weapons are sold by mail order in complete defiance of local and state gun laws. The procedure is simple. A magazine or newspaper advertisement is answered through the mail and the gun is shipped to the purchaser by common carrier. This is the way to buy a gun secretly, whether you are a teen-ager, and don't want your parents to know, or a felon, and don't want the police to know. The anonymity of the mails and a common carrier circumvents local and state laws designed to keep guns out of the hands of juveniles, felons, drug addicts, psychotics and assassins.

There has been a large traffic in mail-order guns to these people. Some indication of the scope of the problem is offered by the last FBI Uniform Crime Report, which revealed the fact that there was a gun-murder every two hours in this country in 1963. But local police have no way of knowing whether a convicted burglar or murderer has purchased a gun through the mails. And even if the violator is caught, it is next to impossible for the police to prosecute the mail-order house that sold it to him. The firm is usually in another state, and therefore outside of local police jurisdiction.

For example, a high-powered pistol was taken from a felon on the streets of Washington, D.C. The man had a record of assault and drunkenness convictions five pages long, but successful prosecution of the mail-order firm that sold him the gun was out of the question. That particular pistol sold for only $14.95, and its owner bought it through the mails because he could not legally purchase it in the District of Columbia. A large proportion of mail-order-gun customers are just this sort of person. Our investigation showed that at least 25 percent of the mail-order sales of concealable weapons into metropolitan areas were to persons with police records, barred from purchasing a weapon locally.

The prices of such guns are exceptionally low. Some cost only five or six dollars, plus shipping costs—and the price usually includes a holster and a box of ammunition. It is the low cost of these weapons that appeals to teen-age delinquents. Why fool around with a homemade zip gun when you can easily obtain the real thing for the price of a phonograph record? It was the increased arrests of juveniles carrying these weapons and using them in assaults that first called attention to this problem. *(continued on page 140)*

HERE'S SOMETHING NEW

By MARGARET WHITE, Decorating Editor

Along with the first crocus and all spring's fresh beginnings comes that irresistible urge to add something new to your surroundings. A nice impulse, we might add. For one new object in your house can lead to a refreshing sense of newness all the way down the line: that new soup tureen might bring out untapped culinary talents. The newly upholstered sofa could be the reason behind your latest party plans. Even a new way of organizing—magazines stacked in a wine basket, for instance—can turn the trick. On these four pages, many delightful ways to satisfy that special spring craving for something new in your life.

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PHOTOGRAPHS BY DICK JEFFREYS

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1. To shed new light, a hand-thrown hanging ceramic lamp. The globe is 18 in. high, 9 in. in diameter. $81, available at Georg Jensen.
2. New face for walls and other surfaces: inlaid elm plywood by Georgia-Pacific Corp. About $29 for a 4 ft. by 8 ft. panel. From your local building-materials dealer.
3. Try a new soup (ours on page 115) in this cabbage-green ceramic tureen from Italy. Lid turns into extra serving dish. Holds four quarts; has own ladle. $25, at Stuart Becker.
4. A new easy way to arrange fresh spring flowers—designed by Ralph Allen: just line a clay pot with saran, add a damp oasis, some moss, and cut flowers.
5. You can use this handcrafted pine mini-chest vertically or horizontally. Its decorative drawers slide in either way. 4 in. by 23 in., $30, B. Altman.
6. To keep food hot and on the move, a walnut serving cart on wheels by Lane with a hot tray under its sliding Formica top. Storage space below. 38½ in. wide, $150, at Gimbels.
7. This Pyrex ovenproof casserole takes on the look of earthenware. Holds 2½ qts. $5, from Bloomingdale's.
8. Catch butterflies at your window with "Papillons," a 34-in. wide printed Belgian linen by Patterson Fabrics. $6 a yd. Through decorators.
9. Enamel fondue dish with walnut handle holds 1½ qts. $13.50. Four stainless-steel forks with rosewood handles, $4. From Designed for Living.
10. We covered an old Victorian love seat in patent-finish Naugahyde (Red Zodiac). $8.50 a yd., 54 in. wide, available through decorators.
11. Heywood-Wakefield stack units in walnut-finished ash: Two-door base with adjustable shelves inside, 30 in. wide, 28 in. high, $89.50. Two cube tops stack any way. Each 30 in. square, $60. All at Stern's.
12. Royal Mosque: Turkish pattern for a Turkish cotton jacquard bath towel by Callaway Mills. $4.95, at Macy's.
13. Compartmented bottle basket converts nicely to a totable magazine rack. We painted it emerald green. $6.98. Round the World Basket and Gift Shop.
14. As an extra table or for storage: brass-trimmed chest of oak parquet. 15 in. high, 24 in. wide. $70, at Scarabaeus.

To order items on these four pages, or for more complete information, turn to page 117 for all store addresses.

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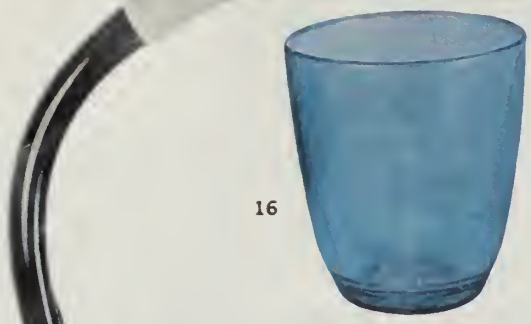

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15. Wedgwood earthenware jug in an 18th-century design. 8½ in. tall, $7.50. B. Altman.
16. Bright plastic tumbler has a no-slip surface. Tall or short, in eight colors. 75¢, Azuma.
17. Bright orange enamelware 3-qt. kettle from Japan. $7, from Stuff and Nonsense.
18. This fork is from a six-piece place setting of Oneida Craft Deluxe Stainless Steel. $5.40 the setting. Gimbels.
19. A nest of white plastic "Lotus Stools" from Finland. $35 each. At George Tanier.
20. Fabric refreshment: A bold green-and-white herringbone pattern of cotton and rayon. 52 in. wide, $21 a yd. From Howard & Schaffer.
21. Fresh "Field Flowers" are hand-screened on wallpaper in six colors. $15 a roll. By Leoda de Mar.
22. Stoneware dinner plate in "Monterrey" pattern is from a 53-piece Casual Ceram dinner set—$29.99. At B. Altman.
23. Dansk teak salt cellar and pepper grinder. $14.95, at Bloomingdale's.
24. Painted wood cube does double duty as cocktail or end table. 15½ in. square, two drawers. $52, B. Altman.
25. Elegant oak pier cabinet by Founders has three adjustable glass shelves, is 77 in. tall. $170, at Macy's.
26. At your feet, a doormat with a stained-glass design. 18 by 30 in., $7.95. At Hammacher Schlemmer.
27. This sheer Jack Lenor Larsen linen is called "Gazebo." 46 in. wide, $4.98 yd.
28. All-over patterned window: curtains of "China Court" cotton print by Charles Bloom, $3.50 a yd.; room-darkening window shade, to 54 in. wide, $21. Both at Macy's.
29. Use these twin Tensor lamps for two-directional light. Walnut base has drawer; brass necks, bronze shades. $29.95, Hammacher Schlemmer.
30. Space stretcher: this teakwood end table contains three folding snack tables. By Selig, $155, at G. Fox.
31. This graceful Richardson-Nemschoff dining chair is of solid ash with oiled walnut finish. $39, from Contemporary Furniture Designs.
32. Sleep sweet in Wamsutta's "Madeira Rose" appliquéd sheet ($14.95) and pillowcase ($5). At Bloomingdale's.
33. For a pink-and-white spring: Fieldcrest's anemone sheet (twin, $3.99), pillowcase (two, $1.39). At B. Altman.
34. Callaway Mills' "Viva" area rug vibrates color. All-wool pile, 4 by 6 ft., $129.95, Macy's.

Store addresses, page 117.

LIVE & LET LIVE
MRS. 'ARRIS GOES TO PARLIAMENT
BY PAUL GALLICO

She knew little about Parliament and nothing about politics, but she knew what she would call *her* party: "Live and Let Live." A condensation of Paul Gallico's newest novel about the indomitable and perceptive Mrs. 'Arris.

When John Bayswater reached over and switched off the television set, Mrs. Harris and Mr. Bayswater—the prim, handsome-looking, elderly chauffeur – remained sitting for a few moments more in the semi-darkness, watching the dying spot of light at the center of the now blank screen.

For the past forty-five minutes its surface had been occupied by a pseudo-intellectual program entitled *What Do You Think?*

A panel consisting of a famous author, a lawyer and a Member of Parliament had been giving their opinions on questions of the day submitted by the audience, a caucus in which the Hon. Ronald Pusey, M.P., had rather smothered the others, hogging the stump on every possible occasion.

"Phew!" said Mrs. Harris. "Wasn't 'e a one!"

"I thought he delivered himself of some extremely sage remarks," said Mr. Bayswater, "particularly when he recommended lowering the tax on motorcars. It's really quite shocking what we pay on the Rolls. As for what the poor people do ——"

"Garn!" said Mrs. Harris. "He 'ad a real bran tub. No blanks. Prizes for everyone. I know 'is kind."

The occasion was the regular Thursday night tea-and-telly session that took place weekly in the living room of Ada Harris's house, No. 5 Willis Gardens, Battersea, London.

From eight sharp to eleven, Mrs. Harris, the adventurous London char, and Mr. John Bayswater, chauffeur to the rich, whose status somewhat defied classification but whom Ada might have listed modestly as "a gentleman friend," watched television programs. Promptly at eleven they had tea. At 11:45 by the mantel clock, Bayswater would arise, clear his throat, send his starched cuffs back into the sleeves of his smartly cut jacket and say, "Well, Mrs. Harris, I'm indebted to you for a most pleasant evening," and take his departure.

Both were London born and bred, and found they were not happy too far from the sound of the Bow Bells. Mrs. Harris, char, having collected clients for whom she "did" on an hourly basis.

Mrs. Harris and Bayswater had something in common in that they were now working for the same man, Sir Wilmot Corrison, property tycoon and influential, behind-the-scenes politician of the Center Party. Bayswater was chauffeur to Sir Wilmot's 1964 Golden Cloud Rolls-Royce, while Mrs. Harris dropped in for an hour or so each morning at the small mews house behind Eaton Square, which Sir Wilmot maintained as a *pied-à-terre* in London when it was necessary for him to remain late at the office, and where he often slept when he did not feel like returning to his country home in Buckinghamshire.

Twice a week, it might be noted, Mrs. Harris also numbered John Bayswater amongst her clients, for she would pop in for half an hour to tidy up the little flat he owned. But for the rest, the friendship with Bayswater had remained static.

The chauffeur was a confirmed bachelor, whose only real loves, apparently, were the various Rolls-Royce cars he had driven.

This night the TV debate raged around the personality and opinions of the Hon. Ronald Pusey, Conservative Member of Parliament for Marley Vale.

"It's the likes of 'im as what's wrong with the Government," Mrs. Harris announced, casting a resentful look at the television screen, as though the somewhat flabby image of the Hon. Member was still etched upon it. "A windbag and not much of a bag at that!"

"Indeed!" said Mr. Bayswater. "Well, now, he struck me as very sound on a number of subjects."

"Sound!" echoed Mrs. Harris, then she mimicked the voice of the interlocutor, "'And how do you feel about the future of Britain, sir?'" and followed with the reply of the worthy parliamentarian, "'Oh, very good! Excellent! Splendid!' And then he goes on for ten minutes and what does he say? What goes up must come down; what's too lean wants a bit of fat; what's too fat wants to lose some weight. Coo! He was as false as his teeth. Couldn't you see 'is eyes shifting about every time they asked 'im a question?"

Mr. Bayswater protested slightly starchily, "I suppose you, being Labor, would naturally feel ——"

Mrs. Harris interrupted him with a snort, "Who, me Labor? Not on your life! If anything, they're worse. I've 'eard and seen and 'ad me fill of them. What they're going to do for the workingman! I've got me own party, 'Live and Let Live,' I calls it. If I was in Parliament, I'd tell 'em a thing or two."

Mr. Bayswater smiled a friendly and tolerant smile, for he was really very fond of Mrs. Harris, found her company most pleasant, and hugely enjoyed their tea-and-telly evenings. "I'll wager you would, Ada," he *(continued on page 119)*

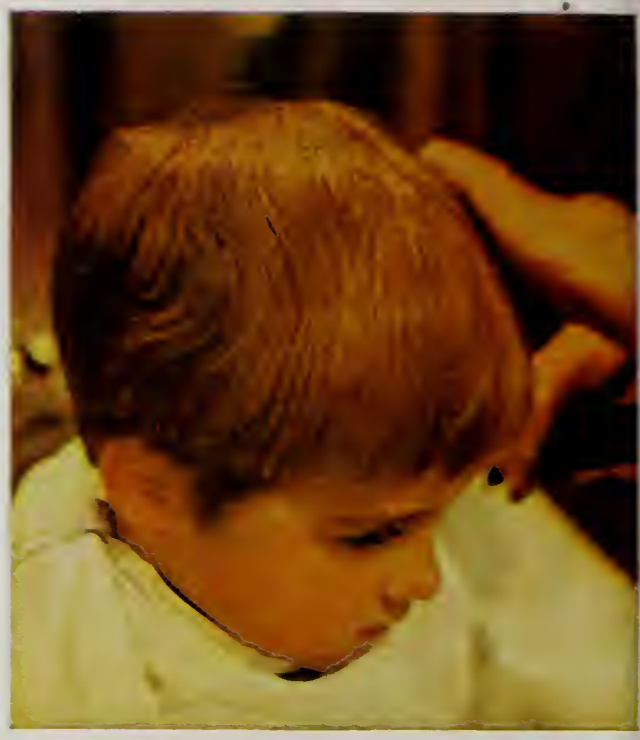
©1965 by Paul Gallico. To be published in June by Doubleday & Co., Inc.

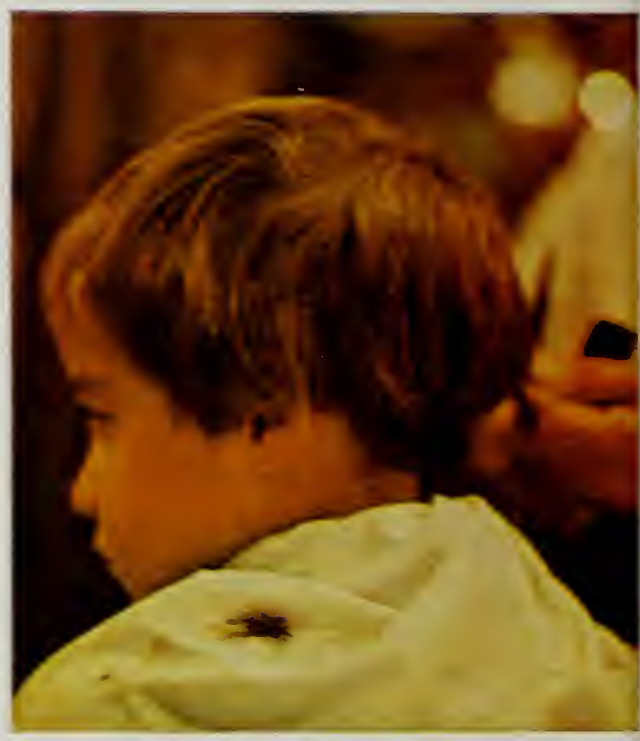
ILLUSTRATION BY GENE HOLTON

THE LONDON BOB

By SUSAN HARNEY

Mods, Rockers and Beatle influences notwithstanding, British tradition holds firm when it comes to the look for the nursery set. And a good look it is. English children always appear well-groomed, every hair in place, at all times. One of the reasons is that when it's haircut time, every hair is cut in its *natural* place—a procedure that insures tidy hairdos for both sister and brother, without benefit of stickum. If you wield the barber's scissors at home, here are easy-to-follow instructions for the English haircut. Start with freshly washed dry hair. Comb out snarls then let Sally or Sonny shake her or his head so that the hair will swirl out from the crown into its own natural at-ease pattern. (See top left and right for hers and his.) Slick hair down with a damp sponge, and then, from this moment on, think of the hair as a little fabric cap that you are shaping. Trim only the edge of the "cap," starting across the back. For boys, shape hair to clear the top of the ear by a quarter inch (center right). Trim the sideburns to points. With a brush, swing all front hair to left side without parting (see bottom right), and continue cutting cap shape across forehead. Then swing hair to other side and repeat. This will give the princely results across the page. For sister, follow cap shape all around, cutting hair to tip of ear lobe (center left). Cut bangs straight across, just clearing the eyebrows. Scotch tape will hold the bang in place while you cut it and give you a perfectly straight line to clip along.





PHOTOGRAPHS BY EMERICK BRONSON AT TRUMPER'S BARBERSHOP IN LONDON

THE LONDON BEAT

By NORA O'LEARY,
Famous Editor

London's new youth movement has made exciting changes in the face and pace of the city. Interestingly interspersed with ironclad tradition, the unprecedented is mushrooming everywhere—a vital new kind of theater, nightclubs, music, restaurants and a whole changing social order originated by and for the young. Part and parcel of this new beat are the swinging, tradition-smashing fashions invented by a new group of young designers who have not only conquered London but are influencing fashion all over the world. Three of the most important of them are represented on these four pages: Mary Quant, Jean Muir of Jane and Jane, and Gerald McCann. We made their designs from Butterick patterns and fabrics available in this country, then flew them to be photographed on the scene of some of London's newest and oldest sights. Among our models: debutantes Jessica Kitson and California-born Londoner Rory Davis, and actress Jane Birkin.

At Marble Arch, top left, Jane Birkin wears a lacy cotton knit sleeveless dress with a curvy tie-at-the-neck cutaway jacket by Jean Muir. Butterick Design 3494. Fabric by Hopknits; Panama straw hat by Frank Olive. Berkshire stockings.

Jane again, center, with Tower Bridge in the background, wears a coat of Anglo wool fleece by Jean Muir. It has quilted collar and cuffs and a high-rising trio of double buttons. Underneath, a silk Liberty of London shift. Butterick Design 3493. Bag by Lesco Lona.

In her workroom at Jane and Jane, bottom, Jean Muir sits between two versions of a dress that stands for her spring philosophy: "Clean and tidy, gentle and soft, ladylike." Both versions—the pink two-piece and the persimmon one-piece—are of rayon crepe by Couleur. Butterick Design 3495.

At the Hungry Horse, opposite, one of London's newest restaurants, a suit of Anglo quilted wool by Jean Muir, its longish jacket and to-the-knee skirt edged with pink rickrack. With it, a pink crepe blouse. Butterick 3492. Blouse fabric by Couleur; rickrack by Wright's; leather hat by Adolfo Realites; Herbert Levine shoes. All patterns and fabrics at B. Altman and Co., New York.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARD LOWER

Mary Quant's plunging disco dress appears twice, opposite, at Annabel's, a fabulous new private club. Rory Davis wears the black version, of Lawrence Fink crepe. Butterick Design 3499. Adlib shoes. Jessica Kitson's dress of white cotton waffle piqué by H. Bates. Hairdos and paled English makeup by Gerard Austen of Yardley. Christa bows.

Within seconds of Big Ben, top left, the suit of the hour, by Mary Quant, with a cross-over jacket and pockets patched to one side. Butterick Design 3504. Of Burlington khaki cotton twill.

At home with Mary Quant and husband Alexander Plunkett-Greene, top right, a green dress poppingwithpolkadots. Butterick Design 3505. Of silk twill by American Silk Mills. Emme Boutique beret. Mary Quant's spring prediction: "Prompt girls will be crisp and glossy. No more dolly; no more granny; but not mistaken for boys."

Frugging with The Primitives, bottom left, a blue flannel dress by Mary Quant that swings from a low waist. Butterick Design 3498. Milliken flannel. Stocking-shoes by David Evins.

At home with Gerald McCann, bottom right, two wools in the spring image he likes: "A well-bred fashion look that has wit but no tinsel. Above all, girls must be girls." The pink jumper of Einiger wool with flower-print cotton blouse. Butterick Design 3606. The culottes of Forstmann flannel with a lace bodice, by Janice Lace. Butterick 3607. Shoes, Gerald McCann. *Pattern information on page 118.*

THE PRE-TEEN SCENE

On our visit to London, we investigated another important English fashion facet—the pre-teen scene. To show you our findings, we brought back these photographs of 10-year-old Sarah More, daughter of actor Kenneth More, wearing a complete red-white-and-blue wardrobe of interchangeable parts designed for her by London's great couturier designer, John Cavanagh. Sarah, who lives in Chelsea with her mother, a Yorkshire terrier named Lindy and an expanding puppet collection, loved her clothes, happily wore them all around London for our camera. Her favorite stop: fittings at John Cavanagh's. All fashions were made from fabrics of Celanese contemporary fibers; all are available as Vogue Designs.

Opposite page, from top: At Trafalgar Square, pigeons flock to Sarah's blue-bound Glen-plaid jacket and navy-blue skirt. Both of Milliken's acetate-and-rayon flannel. Vogue Design 6450.

Caught off-guard at the changing of the guard at Whitehall, a navy-blue coat with fly front. Of Milliken's acetate-and-rayon flannel. Vogue Design 6451. Hat, Victor Cohen.

Outside The Old Curiosity Shop, a going look: Navy-blue and white dots team up a pleated skirt and overblouse of Concord's Fortrel/cotton crash. Vogue Design 6449. Shoes, Sandler of Boston.

This page, from top: Finishing touches by John Cavanagh in his workroom for a red-twill sleeveless-dress version of the blue-flannel coat. Of Fortrel/rayon. Vogue Design 6451. Shoes, Capezio.

At home in her living room, Sarah wears her polka-dot overblouse as a jacket with an Arnel sharkskin blouse and red-and-white polka-dot slacks and headband. Vogue Design 6449.

Sarah's favorite new party dress of blue-and-white Fortrel and rayon (by Folker) has a bias band of white below the waist. Vogue 6448. *Pattern and fabric information on page 118.*

TWILIGHT OF

By ROMAIN GARY

(With 30 centuries of legend and poetry behind them, women are falling into the fatal trap of democracy and becoming men's equals, sadly observes Romain Gary, the celebrated French author and diplomat, and himself the husband of a goddess named Jean Seberg. In this wry essay, which clever wives may want to bring to their husbands' attention in whatever labyrinthine way best serves their purpose," Mr. Gary looks with dark dismay at modern woman's desire to quit her exalted rank as a creature of dreams in order to compete with men. Helen of Troy would not aid her own downfall in this way, declares Mr. Gary in this semihumorous extension of the Four-Dimension-Woman theme which Ladies' Home Journal *explored so fully last June.*—THE EDITORS.)

I believe it was La Rochefoucauld or Chamfort, one of those two great French moralists—it must be La Rochefoucauld, it always is—who said that a man talks about women until he is 17, then stops talking and begins again when he is in his 50's. It is a little different with a writer, more specifically with a novelist, who more or less deals in women all his life.

Everybody will agree that once you have read everything that has been written on the subject, or written 20 essays and novels yourself, the moment you meet Brigitte Bardot you still have the peculiar sensation that you haven't yet expressed yourself. There are moments when the writer, or even the most erudite reader, feels that neither pen nor intellect is the right equipment to deal with a beautiful girl and that you still have to do something more about it. That is what is called pure poetry. (Today it is more simply known as sex.)

I don't know whether the English-speaking reader is aware that sex doesn't exist in France. We have all kinds of things there: love, eroticism, even pornography, but we don't have sex. In French the word exists only in the sense of gender, and we use it in the broadest sense, to distinguish, let's say, General de Gaulle from Elizabeth Taylor. As a matter of fact, we simply don't have a word for it.

Things have a strange way of deteriorating in our time. It used to be sonnets, poems, it used to be lyrical poetry, but now it's sex, and it is rapidly becoming even worse than that. Woman, pride and jewel of our civilization, no longer exists: she has become a human being. It's heartbreaking. I am not sure who is responsible for this change, and I consider myself as democratic as the next man, but I do regret our past of masculine servitude.

We used to have a purpose in life, a dream to fulfill, an inspiration. We knew that magic existed, that the four elements of Aristotle—light, fire, air and water—combined in one living creature could actually burn you, drown you, support you, delight you and fill your eyes. It was something more than chemistry, physiology, psychology, phenomenology, more than reality, and no matter how much you suffered or what happiness you knew, you were never cynical enough to suggest that your tyrant, goddess, princess was nothing but a human being like yourself.

Today this kind of approach to what is merely known as *sex* is also known as *baloney*. Killjoy was here, and that means Freud, among others. Killjoy has been almost everywhere, as a matter of fact. Killjoy goes around in different disguises and bears many names. He calls himself realism, a kind of Stanislavsky, no-fancy realism, an Actor's Studio technique applied to living, to loving, a no-nonsense, no-phoniness attitude, that has actually succeeded in creating the greatest school of phoniness in literature, in theater, in painting, and in real life as well. Between Marx and Freud our old romantic approach to women and feeling was first debunked, then overdebunked to the point that Killjoy has become the sole master of our spiritual wasteland, and this emptiness culminates in the highest rate of neurosis, psychosis and alcoholism the world has even known.

It is interesting to note that Killjoy has achieved his object without his favorite source of satisfaction, the hydrogen bomb. A whole generation has been wiped out without nuclear devastation, and you don't even need radiation to produce a monster. Our intellectual overkill kids did it all themselves. Moral and spiritual overkill is here already, and you cannot even blame it on the Russians. It has all been accomplished with pen or word, without any actual appeal to the techniques of military mass murder. It was achieved by model means, in the name of honesty and realism, by writers, psychologists, extremely well-meaning and decent intellectuals, in the name of progress and reason, in the name of hard-eyed, cold observation and of coming to grips with facts of life. For the last 40 years the favorite terms of the hard-boiled intellectual have been *phony* and *phoniness*. The unfortunate fact is that in this outlook life itself soon begins to look terribly phony, and then alcoholism, sex or even suicide appear to be the only ways to deal with it.

This philosophical way of cutting off your nose to spite your face may be intellectual honesty, but if this is so, intellectual honesty be damned. I would not even have thought to raise my voice in protest and warning if something much more important than life itself were not at stake, at least as far as I am concerned. I am talking here about Woman, of course. What else?

It is a most curious state of affairs indeed that, while all the other forms of artistic creation—literature, painting, movies—blossom as never before, the greatest creative medium of them all, Woman, has been taken out completely from the field of imagination and reduced to some kind of kitchen-sink reality. Now, this is normal in an atheistic country like Soviet Russia, but how could it have happened in our Western world?

No doubt women were themselves partly responsible for it, when they started the most self-destructive fight of all, the fight for the same rights and the same place as men. One of the strangest aspects of modern social history is that it was not men who, by rule of force, treacherously imposed equality on women. It was women themselves, beginning with the English suffragettes who fought for years to give up their goddesslike position and sink to the level of their former slaves. No civilized man has ever looked upon a woman as his equal, and I am convinced that any red-blooded American will agree with me when I firmly state that this leveling off, the Woman-Man formula, is a typical tool of materialistic communism and creeping socialism, which slowly undermines the sacred values of our Western civilization.

THE GODDESS?

Please do not misunderstand me—it has absolutely nothing to do with who is bringing whom breakfast in bed, or who is doing the washing. Of course it is my wife who should make my breakfast and do the washing. Of course she should do all the household chores, look after the children, help me to make a living and take dictation, and look incredibly glamorous in the evenings when I come home. Indeed, that is what makes her such an extraordinary, more-than-human gift from heaven. Neither should she have any problems of her own, nor come to me with them. If my wife begins to have all kinds of problems, that can only bring her down to earth in my eyes. Here again she becomes *one of us*, a trivial, little living creature like myself, and who wants that?

Life is difficult enough without this almost supernatural being turning suddenly human on us. This is, of course, one of the greatest challenges of marriage. You marry Helen of Troy, Aphrodite, Juliet—a mysterious, dreamlike incarnation of beauty and fancy—and the next thing you know she wakes you up in the middle of the night because she has a cold.

Yes, it is largely woman's own fault. With 30 centuries of legend and poetry behind them, they suddenly descend to become our equals. It all reminds me somehow of the great American tragic writer, Thorne Smith. In his immortal story, a woman would go to sleep in her husband's arms and wake up with a horse in her bed, the husband having become a horse through some kind of technical miscalculation. More often than not this is something that happens in every marriage. You marry a goddess, and then suddenly you wake up in bed with a human being.

I here implore my fellow males to rush to the rescue of our centuries-old faith in the superiority of women. Keep them in their place, I say, they don't know what is good for them. They are falling into the most awful trap, the trap of democracy. It's all propaganda. Let's tell them they are still what they always were, poetical, half-real, half-imaginary caterers to the cravings of our souls, who can come down to earth only briefly, to cook or to wash, or to carry their share of the family budget. It can be argued that women can't sustain this position and be both our goddesses and our breadwinners; but this is one of those typical bits of masculine logic that the other sex should avoid, for this kind of approach could only deprive them of their superiority. Where there's a will there's a way.

I hope no one will accuse me of writing this to please a feminine audience. I am a married man, and therefore can't be accused of feeling particularly partial to women. But, as a writer, I beg the other, superior sex not to give up so lightly the legendary, exalted, highly idealized place they have occupied for so long for the sake of some ridiculous, materialistic tidbits they can take away from us by suddenly adopting a hard, matter-of-fact, competitive approach to life. They should not have to become competitive at all; all men should do everything in their power to keep them up there. Are women really willing to give up their lyrical quality, their exalted rank as creatures of dreams, and the beautiful part they play in our culture, just for the sake of sitting behind an executive's desk? Are they willing to exchange the never-never land of myth, "where all the beauty lies," in Shakespeare's words, for business? This is a cry of alarm, a cry from the heart of a man who has never recovered from the sight of women shoveling snow in the bitter cold of a Russian winter, and who is deeply convinced that if you let women shovel snow today, tomorrow you'll find them running the country.

Perhaps no greater danger has ever threatened women. As a gentleman, as a poet, as a lover of beauty and as an idealist, I implore them not to sink to our level. It's not that we're scared of the competition or anything like that; it's just that we love them so much. Besides, as the Russian girl cosmonaut proved to us, the horrors of equality of the sexes are already apparent in Soviet Russia, and if it's good for the Communists, how can it be good for us?

It occurs to me that I might be suspected of using here all manner of schemes, the threat of communism, the collapse of millennia of culture and poetry, only for the mean purpose of scaring women back where they belong; in fact, of keeping them in their place. All I can say is, the Woman-goddess can only debase herself by this kind of cheap, hard-boiled approach to life. She doesn't need to stoop so low to conquer. I don't think Helen of Troy would have done it.

It simply breaks my heart to see women go into business for themselves, to compete when they should reign. They turn up everywhere where they shouldn't be, they leave the realm of poetry and materialize suddenly, and in the most materialistic way too, grabbing jobs as pilots, executives, engineers, explorers.

All I want is to stick to the tradition of women first. I heartily admit that the days of the Arab riding his donkey with the wife trotting behind are over. Actually, the Arabs gave that up themselves during the last war. In Algeria, an American officer once saw in the military area an Arab and his donkey with the woman trotting *ahead* of him. Very impressed by this example of progress and Americanization of North Africa, the officer asked how it was that he allowed his wife to walk in front of him. The Arab looked surprised. "Mine fields," he said.

I have often thought about that well-known story, and that's why I don't so much mind women becoming explorers.

Perhaps we men are to blame here. Perhaps we are victims of the shrinking process of our imagination.

It seems to me that it should be possible to live with a woman, to let her work with or even for you, without seeing her as a creature of flesh and blood, almost without noticing her. Indeed, I have known a man who was married to the same wife for 40 years without ever noticing that she was a human being. You can have your shirts washed, your house cleaned, your children looked after, your meals cooked, your papers kept in perfect order by your wife, and she could even have an outside job as well, help you to pay taxes, doing her share while taking care of you in every way, and still idealize.

Yes, the more I think about it, the more it seems to me that women are only partly responsible for their downfall. Men, as always, are to blame. It boils down once more to our lack of idealism. I simply fail to see why you can't allow your wife to work hard and keep the home fires burning without assuring her that in your heart and in your mind she remains the goddess, the Lady, the Princess, the angelic, ethereal creature whose beauty was sung by the troubadours and poets of the past. I think we are still capable of it. It even seems to me a very good policy. It is not that I want to prevent them from scrubbing floors and sweeping streets or working in factories, if that makes them happy. I'm not against progress in any way, and if they want to become beasts of burden it's quite all right, as long as they remain beautiful, romantic, mysterious, half-real, half-imaginary delights as soon as they come back home, or when we take them out to dinner.

You can claim that in modern life this is almost impossible. Ah, yes, but you see, that's what makes women different. ■

AN AGE FOR ACTION

By NANCY HALE

ILLUSTRATION BY MARK ENGLISH

Was it hostility she saw in the eyes of these children? Phebe hated admitting it, even to herself. But if not—why did she suddenly feel so alone and afraid?

University Grove was on the outskirts of the town, where once all had been farms, pastures, woods, and now was one subdivision after another, with only this shady little valley as a reminder of the old rural landscape. Phebe parked the car by the edge of the highway and descended the hill into coolness.

The scent of honeysuckle rose from bank and hedge to ravish her; the green shade at the bottom of the hill was cast by poplars with blooms like huge pink cups, by tall pines, and an occasional mimosa that cast fluffy pink blossoms upon the ground. A stream ran through the middle of the little valley, crossed by a rustic bridge. Barbecue pits ran at right angles to the stream, and there were long fixed tables with benches for those who cared to sit.

Halfway down, Phebe paused to admire the scene of the picnic. Under the trees stood some fifty men and women, beer cans or paper cups in hand, talking in groups, while between them, under their knees, around them, through their legs, half a hundred children ran or toddled or stood motionless, staring, thumb in mouth. A breeze intermittently fluttered the skirts of the women, most of whom were young, most of whom seemed to be pregnant. As Phebe watched, as yet unspied, she could see how one or another young woman would put out an involuntary hand to steady a tottering baby, or automatically dash to one side to snatch back an adventurous one staggering near the brink of the stream. They (*continued on page 138*)

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALBERT GOMM

SUNDAY NIGHT SUPPER

By DIANE DURHAM

Of all the enduring American traditions, Sunday-night supper is one of the best. This warm and informal family meal can be mostly prepared ahead of time or on the spur of the moment, with everyone (guests, too) pitching in. Here, a supper we planned of soup (at the fireplace with its popcorn garnish), hamburger soufflé with béarnaise sauce, rolls, broccoli, cabbage salad (on the lazy Susan) and chocolate ribbon dessert. Recipes, page 115.

LENTEN MENUS UNLIMITED

No need to stretch ingenuity to the limits during Lent. The dozen dishes we show here and on the next page will keep the eating varied and interesting. Just keep changing the combination. Different dessert; different appetizer; different entrée. Different menu every time.

Top row from left, three appetizers: Lenten Bouillon; Artichokes Vinaigrette; Pickled Beets and Onion Rings. Center from left, three entrées: Curried Eggs in Spinach Ring; Noodles with Clam Sauce; Crab-Stuffed Red Snapper. Bottom from left, dessert and cookies: Pineapple Roll; Chocolate Surprise Orange Chiffon Pie; Apricot Almond Cookies; Coconut-Melba Parfait. Recipes begin on next page.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALBERT GOMMI

Making it an even dozen dishes for our Lenten Menus Unlimited are the Mushroom-Oyster Rarebit, left, and Chocolate-Cheese Drop Cookies, right. You can add further variety to Lenten menus with cole slaw, cucumber salads and assorted gelatin salads. All are compatible with any menu combination of our dishes.

LENTEN BOUILLON: In saucepan, dissolve 6 vegetable bouillon cubes with 6 cups boiling water. Add 1½ tsp. grated onion and 2 celery tops. Cover. Simmer 10 min.; strain. Garnish with tiny fish-shaped crackers in poppy-seed, cheese or sesame flavor. Serves 6.

PICKLED BEETS AND ONION RING APPETIZER: Drain 1 can (1 lb.) sliced beets; set beets aside. In saucepan boil ½ cup beet juice with ½ cup cider vinegar for 5 min. Add 2 tbsp. sugar, ½ tsp. salt, 3 peppercorns, 2 whole cloves, 1 bay leaf, 1 whole clove garlic; simmer 15 min. Strain; pour over drained sliced beets. Store in covered container in refrigerator overnight. *For Onion Rings:* Thinly slice 4 medium onions; separate slices into rings. Combine ¾ cup salad oil, ½ cup tarragon vinegar, ¼ tsp. garlic salt and dash white pepper. Pour over onion rings; allow to marinate 3–4 hrs. Drain beets and onions, arrange in circle design on lettuce leaf. Garnish with 1 tbsp. dairy fresh sour cream and freshly ground black pepper. Serves 6.

ARTICHOKES VINAIGRETTE: Wash 6 artichokes thoroughly in running water; cut off stems, remove coarse leaves. With a sharp knife, slice about 1 inch off the tops, cutting straight across. Stand artichokes, stem ends down, in deep kettle. Add 1 tbsp. lemon juice and boiling water to cover. Cover kettle, cook 45 min. or until outer leaves pull off easily. Remove artichokes using two slotted spoons; turn bottom down to drain. Place artichokes in shallow dish; shake Sauce Vinaigrette and pour half over artichokes. Let marinate in refrigerator for several hours. To serve: place on salad plates, pour remaining Sauce Vinaigrette over artichokes. Serves 6. *For Sauce Vinaigrette:* In a bowl combine 1½ cups olive oil, ½ cup vinegar, 2 tsp. each chopped capers and chopped parsley, 1 tsp. each dry mustard, salt, chopped chives and grated onion, and ¼ tsp. freshly ground black pepper. Mix well. Place in covered jar in refrigerator; chill several hours or overnight. Shake thoroughly before using. Makes about 2 cups.

CRAB-STUFFED RED SNAPPER: Preheat oven to 400° F. Have a 4-lb. red snapper dressed for stuffing. Sprinkle cavity with salt and pepper; fill with Crabmeat Stuffing. *For Crabmeat Stuffing:* Sauté ⅓ cup minced onion in 3 tbsp. butter or margarine until golden. Mix in 1 can (7¾ oz.) crabmeat, flaked and boned; ½ cup fresh bread crumbs, ¼ cup each chopped parsley and heavy cream and ¼ tsp. thyme. Stuff the fish and sew or skewer edges together securely. Place the fish in a greased baking pan; pour a mixture of ⅓ cup each of melted butter or margarine and dry white wine over fish. Bake uncovered for 45 min., basting frequently with wine sauce. Serves 4.

NOODLES WITH CLAM SAUCE: In medium-sized skillet sauté 2 crushed cloves of garlic in ⅓ cup olive oil. Add ½ cup dry white vermouth, 1½ tsp. crushed basil leaf, ¼ tsp. onion salt, and a dash white pepper. Stir in 1½ tsp. instant-type flour and continue stirring until sauce thickens. Drain 2 cans (5½ oz. ea.) minced clams, add the liquor to sauce. Last 5 min. before serving add the drained minced clams and ¼ cup chopped parsley. Meanwhile cook 1 pkg. (8 oz.) egg noodles, following package directions. Drain; toss with 2 tbsp. butter or margarine. Pour Clam Sauce over noodles. Serves 4–6.

MUSHROOM-OYSTER RAREBIT: Prepare 1 pkg. (10 oz.) corn-bread mix, following pkg. directions. Melt 2 tbsp. butter or margarine in medium skillet; sauté ½ lb. sliced mushrooms until tender. Remove from skillet; set aside. In same skillet heat 1½ doz. oysters until edges curl, remove from skillet. Meanwhile, melt 2 tbsp. butter or margarine in top of double boiler; blend in 2 tbsp. flour. Stir in 1½ cups light cream; continue stirring until mixture thickens. Add 3 cups grated Cheddar cheese, 2 tsp. Worcestershire sauce, a dash liquid hot-pepper seasoning; stir until cheese melts. Beat two eggs until light; stir into cheese sauce. Fold in the mushrooms and oysters. Heat 3–4 min.; serve immediately on squares of warm corn bread. Serves 6.

CURRIED EGGS IN SPINACH RING: Preheat oven to 350° F. Wash thoroughly in several waters 4–5 lbs. spinach. Remove stems. Place in large covered kettle; cook in water that clings to leaves 5–8 min. or until tender. Drain; chop. (Or use 5 pkgs. [10 oz. ea.] frozen chopped spinach cooked following pkg. directions.) Toss 5 cups spinach with 1½ cups cooked rice. Scald 1¼ cups milk; add 2 tbsp. butter or margarine, 1 tbsp. salt, ¼ tsp. nutmeg. Stir in 3 beaten eggs; add the spinach-rice mixture. Mix well. Pour into a well-greased 7-cup ring mold. Place in pan of hot water; bake for 45 min. or until knife inserted comes out clean. Loosen edge with spatula; turn out onto warm platter. Fill center with Curried Eggs. Garnish platter with quartered hard-cooked eggs and strips of pimiento. *For Curried Eggs:* Melt ¼ cup butter or margarine in saucepan; sauté ⅓ cup each peeled, diced apple and minced onion until tender. Blend in ¼ cup flour, 1 tbsp. curry powder. Gradually stir in 2 cups milk. Add 1 tsp. each salt, sugar and lemon juice, ½ tsp. Worcestershire sauce. Simmer gently over low heat 20 min. Quarter 8 hard-cooked eggs; place in center of ring; pour curry sauce over all. Serves 6.

COCONUT-MELBA PARFAIT: Sprinkle 1 envelope (1 tbsp.) unflavored gelatin over ¼ cup cold water; let stand 15 min. Heat 2 cups milk in top of double boiler. Add ⅓ cup sugar, 1 tsp. vanilla extract, pinch salt. Separate 2 eggs; beat yolks until light. Stir a few tbsp. hot milk into egg yolks; then stir yolks into milk. Stir continuously until it starts to thicken. Add gelatin; stir until completely dissolved. Fold in 1 cup sweetened, packaged, grated coconut; remove from heat. Cool. Beat 2 egg whites to soft peaks; gradually add ¼ cup sugar and continue beating until stiff. Fold into coconut mixture. Fold in ½ pt. whipped cream. Chill 1 hr. Spoon into chilled parfait, wine or sherbet glasses in alternating layers with Melba Sauce. Top with grated coconut and a thawed raspberry. *For Melba Sauce:* Thaw 1 pkg. (10 oz.) frozen red raspberries. Save 6 whole berries for garnish. Combine in saucepan the berries, juice, 1 tsp. each sugar and cornstarch. Cook over low heat, stirring constantly until clear. Press through a fine sieve; cool. Makes ¾ cup sauce. Serves 6.

(continued on page 117)

ADD HAMBURGER TO SOUP

Make supper in a soup bowl...with Campbell's

HAMBURGER SOUP-BOWL SUPPER

Add a salad and rolls, and supper's ready!

½ lb. ground beef
Dash salt
Dash pepper
1 can Campbell's Vegetable or Vegetarian Vegetable Soup
1 soup can water

1. In saucepan, brown beef; stir to separate meat. *2.* Pour off fat. Season with salt and pepper. *3.* Stir in soup and water. Heat; stir now and then. 2 to 3 servings.

CHICKEN SOUP-BOWL SUPPER

Quick version of a favorite main dish soup

2 tbsp. chopped onion
1 tbsp. butter or margarine
1 can Campbell's Cream of Chicken Soup
½ soup can milk
½ soup can water
1 cup cubed cooked chicken
½ cup cooked whole kernel corn

1. In saucepan, cook onion in butter until tender. *2.* Add remaining ingredients. *3.* Heat; stir now and then. 2 to 3 servings.

They always eat better when you remember the soup

A IS FOR AVOCADO

A Story for Budding Tastes

A fruit that grows where the sun is strong—in Florida and California—and stays green through and through even when it's ripe. How do you tell when it's ready to eat? By pressing it gently. Feel how it gives ever so slightly? Now slice it the long way and eat it right from the shell (like melon). Isn't it a special taste? Not spicy or salty. And so smooth.

(Put seed in the neck of a vase with water and see what happens at the end of this story.) There are all kinds of wonderful things you can make with avocado, like soup, chili and cheese, dip, gelatin, even green sherbet (like the green ice cream in *Wizard of Oz*). Avocado is good for you too. It has 11 [illegible]S, which will make you gro[illegible] and tall as that plant (right). Rememb[illegible] it was a seed? Won't people be a[illegible]hen you ask for avocados instead of hot dogs?

...covered ... to leaves. ...chop. (OS ...chopped ...directions- ...1½ cups, ...milk; add ...1 tbsp. s... ...beaten eg... ...ture. Mix ...7-cup rin... ...water; ba...

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JER[illegible]

Our avocado recipes are on page 115

Del Monte Early Garden Peas are perfect meat-mates. Sweet and meltingly tender. Just the right sizes for natural flavor. Your real value. Do it with Del Monte and you do your very best.

Fine with beef — from rib roast to hamburger!

PEAS MADRID

1½ Tbsp. butter or margarine
½ tsp. onion salt
¼ tsp. oregano leaves, crushed
Coarse-ground black pepper, if desired
1 No. 303 can (17 oz.) DEL MONTE® Brand Early Garden Peas
⅓ cup sliced ripe olives
¼ cup (about 2 oz.) pimiento strips

In saucepan, melt butter. Add onion salt, oregano (and pepper if desired). Simmer gently 3 or 4 min. Pour liquid off peas. Add peas and remaining ingredients; mix lightly. Cover and heat just till peas are hot, shaking pan occasionally. Serve immediately. Serves 4.

ORDEAL BY FIRE

continued from page 65

Elizabeth. She was born in January, 1944. By that time, Carl was a prisoner of war. From then on I was alone with the children and, of course, the ever-faithful Hilda . . . .

Memories of these events, which had taken a decade to unfold, seemed to rush by in seconds that last evening in Dresden. The here-and-now came back with the screech of air-raid sirens. I looked at my watch. It was 9:35 P.M. We'd had several alarms in recent months without a serious raid, so the warning made me more tense than panicky.

Usually we had 10 minutes before the planes reached the area—just enough time to get the children and the tenants from the upper floors into the shelter. First, I woke Noonie and told her to hurry. Then I hastily put on an old wool dress and brown tweed coat and I foolishly slipped into a pair of Dick's old shoes.

In the nursery, Elizabeth was sleeping in her crib. While I woke and dressed her, I kept thinking about Dick. I hated his not being home at such a time. One never knew when an alert might turn into the real thing.

I put Elizabeth in the baby carriage, stuffed clean diapers under the mattress, a loaf of bread, and all our cigarettes. I also gathered up our three suitcases, which were bulging with all sorts of necessities—clothing, sewing equipment, first-aid kit, toilet paper, a precious bar of soap, and the like. The cases were always packed for such an emergency.

By this time, Hilda and Captain Hardgen were dressed and ready. The other tenants were already in the shelter when the Captain and I carried the carriage down the short flight of steps and closed the heavy door. We took our seats on the benches in the small room.

In all, there were 12 of us in the cellar that night: Noonie, Elizabeth, Hilda, the Captain and myself from the first floor; the elderly Jewish widow and a middle-aged housewife, Frau Bostel, who had apartments on the second floor; and two spinsters and the concierge's wife with two small children, who lived on the third floor. All I could think of was Dick; I hoped he was safe in the school shelter.

We didn't have long to wait. First, we heard the distant roar of airplane engines, and the whine of falling bombs, followed by explosions. We huddled together, even though we'd heard these sounds before. Suddenly the roar of explosions grew louder and louder, until we were gripped by fear. We looked at one another in the flickering light of the candle. It had never been like this before. We hoped the bombing would end, but the explosions grew ever more deafening. This was no raid on peripheral railway yards, no nuisance attack. Bombs were falling on us like a thousand hells. We all knew this was *it:* an all-out attempt to destroy the city itself—the front-line, terror attack I had feared.

I glanced at the ceiling, wondering if it would hold. Only I knew it could not withstand an explosive bomb; I was glad the others didn't know. We sat as rigid as statues, not daring to move. Noonie crouched at my knees, burying her face in my lap, sobbing. Some of us prayed. All of us, except Elizabeth, expected death at any moment; she slept in my arms, oblivious to everything.

The pounding lasted 24 minutes, but it might have been 24 years. Finally, the roaring and the screeching subsided as the planes turned back. Shortly afterward we heard a distant "All Clear." It was almost inaudible, and I realized that most of the sirens had been knocked out.

After a few minutes, the Captain and I cautiously opened the cellar door and stepped into the vestibule. The whole landscape was a brilliant orange. Everything in the city was aflame, with a hurricane wind swirling sparks around like fiery snowflakes. The trees, the wall, the asphalt, the houses around us—all appeared to be burning.

Miraculously, our house seemed to have been spared. The Captain and I ran upstairs to check the roof. We found it full of holes from broken tiles. Here and there flying sparks had drilled through the attic floor, but nothing had actually caught fire. With luck we might save the building. We ran down to the basement to organize a water brigade.

For an hour we feverishly poured water on the spots that were catching fire. Up and down we ran until the roof and attic seemed out of danger. By this time the frenzy of the flames had slackened somewhat, the winds had died down, and there seemed less danger of suffocation. I returned to the cellar to check the children. To my surprise and joy, I found Dick there, sprawled on the floor, his eyes closed. His breathing was regular, and he didn't seem to have any wounds. In fact, his glasses were unbroken. When I took his hand, he opened his eyes.

"Are you all right?" I asked. He nodded without speaking. "Thank God you're safe!" I said.

He stared at me. Dick was an unusually sensitive boy, and the ordeal of reaching home through that holocaust had, I knew, rendered him speechless. Not wanting to press him further, I turned to the other children. Elizabeth, bless her, was still asleep in her carriage, and Noonie was now sleeping on a pile of blankets.

Since the children were all right, I returned to the attic. The Captain and Hilda were watching the roof holes for sparks and burning twigs. Frau Bostel and the two spinsters were handing up pails of water. Things seemed fairly well under control, and so I asked Hilda to help me check our apartment.

The electricity was off, but we had no trouble making our way from room to room. Everything was brightly lit by the still-burning city. All the window glass, of course, had vanished, shattered by the explosions and by the hurricane winds from the fire storm. Draperies and curtains were in shreds, but the rooms themselves were in fair shape. We felt lucky.

"Shall we bring up the children and put them to bed?" asked Hilda.

"No, leave them in the shelter a little longer," I said. "The fire might frighten them."

I knew the bombers would return, as they had done in Hamburg, but I didn't want to scare Hilda by saying so. She had already had hysterical fits of crying, and now the clutter in our rooms frightened her. High winds had overturned tables and chairs, knocked down pictures and scattered tree branches on the floors. Hilda began sweeping up. It seemed so useless I couldn't watch her. I said: "Don't bother, Hilda. The bombers will return." She looked at me as though I'd gone out of my mind.

The Captain joined us in the living room. He looked exhausted. We all dropped into chairs and couches. No one spoke a word; we just sat there, our faces lit by the flames outside, waiting for we knew not what.

Sometime after one o'clock the second attack began. This time we had almost no warning. The few sirens left intact were barely audible. We hurried down to the shelter, wondering if this was the *coup de grâce.* As we were shutting the cellar door, the planes were upon us. With an unholy roar, hundreds of bombs again shrieked down on us. We could hear explosions on all sides, louder and nearer than before.

Finally, there was an ear-splitting sound, and the shelter itself moved. Our candle toppled. We were plunged into darkness. I realized a bomb must have hit our house. The crash sounded like an incendiary, rather than high-explosive, and my suspicion was confirmed when I saw a red glow at the cellar doorsill. Seeing the bomb had hit so close to the entrance made my heart skip a beat. Were we trapped? But before I could think about it, another bomb hit the house . . . and another . . . and another. The walls shuddered, as if an earthquake had struck.

I knew we had been hit, but I didn't know whether the others understood. It seemed twice as bad to die in the darkness, so I groped on the floor, found the candle, and relighted it. The Captain looked extraordinarily calm, and I tried to be like him, knowing that we'd have no chance if we panicked.

The bombs that hit the house seemed to mark the raid's climax. Shortly after, the roaring began to die down. This time, as the planes turned back, there was no "All Clear" signal. All sirens had been knocked out.

After a few more minutes, when the attack seemed definitely over, the Captain and I cautiously approached the door. The red glow at the sill had dimmed. Very slowly we pushed back the door. Hot, suffocating smoke rushed in, choking us. We slammed the door shut.

It was too soon to venture out, but how long dared we wait? Undoubtedly the house was burning. If we waited too long, the building would collapse and bury us alive. I could feel my pulse hammering at my eardrums. After a few more minutes, we opened the door again, very slowly. This time we wore helmets and gas masks; the smoke didn't bother us. Stepping out, we quickly closed the door behind us to protect the cellar.

From the vestibule the Captain and I looked through the front doorway into an inferno. Howling gusts whipped flames in all directions, sparing nothing. I watched little trains of flame race along our garden path and suddenly ignite a tree, a stone ornament—anything burned. Neighboring houses that had survived the first attack crumbled with a roar, sending up clouds of red dust.

I took a deep breath, and stepped into the gale far enough to see what was happening to the upper stories of our house. It was completely aflame at the top and rapidly burning down to the second floor. How long before it would collapse? I guessed we might have 10 minutes to reach safety. Safety! Where could we find safety in this inferno of a city? I had no idea, but anywhere was better than a cellar where we would be buried under bricks and burning timbers.

I went back to the cellar, the Captain following. Trying to sound calm, I announced: "The house has been hit and can't be saved. It's burning, but we have a few minutes before it collapses. Just take your blankets, dip them in the tub of water, and wrap them around you. Put on your helmets, your gas masks, pick up your suitcases and get out of here as fast as you can."

My words didn't have the effect I'd hoped for. At first there was a deathlike silence. Everybody stared at me, stunned. Then they panicked. Completely out of control, they raced back and forth like crazed animals. Finally they stampeded in terror and raced out of the house, into the burning city. Even the elderly widow ran out. In their rush they took neither helmets, gas masks nor wet blankets. They even left their suitcases.

I watched the panic with mouth open. No one could survive in that heat and fire without wet blankets, masks and helmets. The spectacle of these insane people rushing headlong to certain death horrified me—but there was nothing I could do about it. When I could, I shouted, but my shouts went unheeded.

The only ones who stood firm were the Captain, Hilda, the children and myself. Frau Bostel, who had rushed out with the rest, returned screaming that she had been blinded. Her rash behavior maddened me. I didn't want to lose a second because of this foolish woman. Still . . . she was in obvious pain. I took time to wash her eyes with a boric-acid solution from my medicine kit.

Then I lined up the children at the cellar entrance, along with Hilda, while the Captain stood outside and shouted reports about the progress of the crumbling house. I made each one put on helmet and gas mask, and dunked our blankets in the tub of water, wrapping one around each person. I shut the roll top of Elizabeth's carriage and threw a soaked blanket over it. At last I threw a wet blanket around myself. I was adjusting my gas mask, ready to leave, when Frau Bostel crawled up to me on her knees.

"Please, please!" she begged. "Take me along!"

I had little sympathy for Frau Bostel. A buxom blonde, addicted to flashy clothes, dyed hair and schnapps, she was the one I suspected of tipping off the Gestapo about my feeding the old Jewish woman. But I couldn't leave this human being—helpless, blinded and in great pain—to die in the cellar.

I dipped another blanket in the tub. "Quick!" I said. "We have no time."

The Captain, in the vestibule, was yelling at us to hurry. Just before I adjusted Frau Bostel's gas mask, I placed another well-soaked wad of gauze on her eyes. Unable to see, she had to be led.

As I turned to go, there was another frustrating holdup. For some reason Hilda had removed her gas mask and sneaked upstairs while I was busy with Frau Bostel. Now she came running back, screaming that her eyes had been injured. I was in a frenzy.

"You'd better hurry!" the Captain shouted. "This house won't stay up forever!" Sharply, I told Hilda there was no time now to tend to her. She was to follow as best she could.

The Captain and I lugged the baby carriage up the steps. When we reached the vestibule and were all together, each one holding his suitcase, we opened the front door and stepped out into the holocaust. There was no sign of the others;

ad been devoured by the burn-
/.
nade our way through the garden
a brick path that led to the wide
beyond—a distance of about 150
ur progress was slow because of
ging winds, the flames and the
of the wet blankets over our
Suddenly the wife of the con-
rushed by us from the opposite
on. She was pushing an open baby
e in which her two youngsters
tting bolt upright like wide-eyed
bareheaded, with no protection
ever– no coats, no blankets, no
s, no gas masks. Their mother
aring nothing but a blue house-
Wildly she raced past us, straight
e flames. In a second, she and the
n were swallowed up.
hurried toward the street, but at
tep the wet blankets grew heav-
mes licked at our legs, and flying
burned exposed flesh. Clothing
ered by the wet blankets burned.
Bostel clung to me, and Hilda
to her, both complaining ahout
yes. While leading the women I
o wheeling the baby carriage. The
n was leading the children.
reached the gate and turned right.
s we did, two houses across the
came crashing down with a
roar, scattering dust and bricks.
nately, none of the debris hit us.
his point I remembered our three
s in the garage. I felt we needed
Dick and I made our way back as
as we could, considering the
blankets and the swirling wind
mes. As we neared the garage, we
tranger dart in, pick up a bicycle
le away. It was useless to shout at
ef—no voice would carry in that
g wind. Anyway, two bikes were
nd these we wheeled along until
ejoined our group.
f us pushed down the street again.
phalt paving was sticky, and bits
ning twigs were blowing along,
like a sea of flame. The heat was
unbearahle. Sudden gusts of
nade us grab at each other in fear
g blown away. It was almost im-
e to see through the blizzard of
but we kept looking for some
shelter.
ength, I saw a house that had not
it. The windows were shattered,
se, but it was not burning, and it
to be solid on its foundation. We
into the entrance hall, pushed
he cellar door, and walked part
wn the steps. The darkness was
te; when we lit a candle we saw
ce was full of people.
r the blazing streets and raging
the cellar was like a safe harbor—
uiet, and apparently stormproof.
lly, we groped our way down the
the steps and along a stone wall,
g over outstretched bodies, until
nd a vacant place. We huddled
glad to be alive.
a and Frau Bostel whimpered
tly. I tried to ease their pain by
ng their gauze pads frequently,
g by the light of our candle. After
r or so Hilda told me that her
ad eased, but Frau Bostel con-
to weep.
ided to take a look outside to see
reets were any safer. The Captain
d me up out to the street. There
tremendous amount of heavy
moke, but the flames and high
nad died down. Since the children
lda were safe for the moment, I

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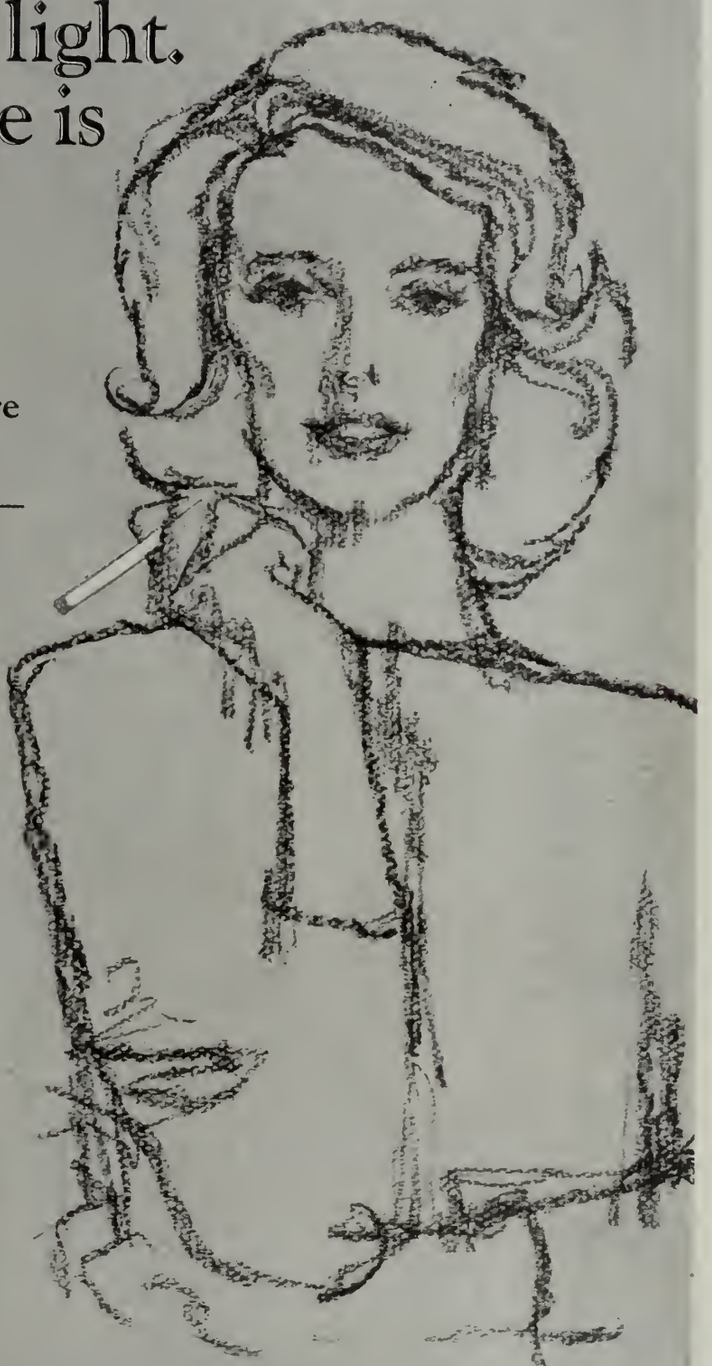

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decided to go back to our house for whatever I could salvage. The Captain went with me.

It didn't take us nearly so long to get back as it had taken us to get away. The house had not yet collapsed; it had simply burned down to the first floor, where our apartment was now ablaze. It was impossible to save anything, so we just stood there. I watched the hissing flames devour everything we owned—the beautiful Biedermeyer furniture that had come from my mother's family, the family portraits, the books, the rugs—all lost forever. My only emotion was relief; the family was safe, at least for now, and that was all I cared about.

The Captain pointed to the far side of the apartment. The flames had not reached this part, and it looked as though one or two rooms were comparatively untouched. He told me he would go in to see if he could save anything. "Don't!" I begged. "The beams will fall on you!" But I couldn't stop him.

He disappeared inside the house.

As I waited, walls tumbled, beams fell, and sheets of flame spurted out of the windows. I rushed around all sides of the house, but saw no sign of the Captain. Just as I was at my wits' end, the Captain came stumbling out of the debris black as a chimney sweep and with a gash on his forehead. Clutched in his hands were my fur coat and Elizabeth's Teddy bear. I burst into tears.

Returned to the cellar, I cleaned his wound with a wet cloth, (*continued*)

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and bandaged it. He slumped on the floor beside the others and slept. By this time it was almost dawn, but not yet time to move on. Although the flames had died down, there was a black pall over the city, and we would have difficulty making our way. On the other hand, I didn't want to linger, because I feared a daylight bombing attack.

Shortly before 10 o'clock the heavy black smoke began to lift. We could see enough to travel. I awakened our group. The Captain looked pale, but he insisted on helping me upstairs with the carriage. Then he surprised me by saying that he had decided to stay in Dresden. It was his headquarters; to leave would make him a deserter. "Besides," he asked, "where would I go?"

We had not planned to take Frau Bostel on our flight, but she begged to come with us. "I have no place to go," she sobbed. Her blindness might slow us down dangerously, but I didn't see how we could leave her behind. "Come ahead!" I said. "We'll manage."

As we started to walk, the smoke lifted and there was considerable light. I was frantic to get away from the city before a daylight raid, and, seeing that there was no more danger from flying sparks, we left our wet blankets behind.

The streets were empty. A pale sun broke through the darkened sky, shedding an eerie yellow-gray light. What had once been proud homes were now smoking ruins—piles of stones, bricks and charred beams. Not a soul was in sight. Where had everybody gone? Were they all dead, or crouching in cellars?

I had part of the answer as we neared the *Grosse Garten*. Corpses were lying in the paths and streets. The trees were festooned with automobile parts, bits of clothing, bodies and parts of bodies. It was obvious that people had rushed from their burning houses into what they believed would be the greater safety of an open park. There they had met death from fire, asphyxiation, bombs and flying debris.

We skirted the park, going along side streets where many fences and stone walls still stood—streets that had been so lively the day before and were now quite dead. We felt we were at the bottom of a deserted crater, or on some distant planet.

We walked for a long time, until the houses began to thin out and we knew we were at the edge of the city. Before long we reached a dirt road that I knew ran south. I had no map, but I knew we had to continue south if we were to reach Austria. Hilda and I agreed that our best chance lay in getting to her mother's place. She had said that she would take us if we were bombed out, and we certainly had been.

We would have to travel 600 miles to reach Hilda's mother's village, Saurau, in the mountains south and east of Salzburg. Saurau had only eight or nine houses; surely no plane would waste a bomb on it. I felt it was as safe as any place we could get to. Furthermore, Hilda's mother was a farmer. If there was any food at all, farmers had it. The only trouble, of course, was the distance. But no matter. I was so glad to get away from the flaming tomb of Dresden that I hardly thought of how we'd get to Saurau. With the sun as our compass, we just headed south.

I led the procession, pushing Elizabeth in the baby carriage over the bumpy road. Noonie walked beside me, having put her suitcase on the carriage. Dick pushed a bike. So did Hilda, whose eyes had improved enormously. Each bike had a suitcase slung on the handlebars. Frau Bostel's eyes were less painful now, but she still couldn't see much. Stumbling along, she held onto Hilda.

From time to time someone wanted to stop and rest, but I insisted we push on. I wanted to put danger as far behind as possible. In the middle of the afternoon we rounded a corner and found our dirt road merging with a main highway. Moving along it were crowds of people fleeing the city, mostly on foot. Some pulled small carts, or pushed wheelbarrows—anything that would carry baggage. Children, pets or old folks were piled high on bundles atop these carts, and a few invalids moved along on crutches or in wheelchairs. We had now become blood brothers at last to that milling throng of refugees I'd seen in the Prager-Strasse only yesterday.

By the time the sun sank in the smoky horizon, we had reached the little village of Resnitzerhöhe, several miles from Dresden. There was a large farm at the top of the hill, with several barns in the rear of the house. I found the farmer's wife in the kitchen, and asked if we could spend the night in the stables. She was large, open and friendly. "Go ahead," she said. "You'll find plenty of straw. I'm sorry I can't give you any food, but you're welcome to sleep there."

It was almost dark, but the stable was lit dimly by a kerosene lamp. Two rows of cows were in their stanchions, munching hay. We found an empty stall and took it over. The deep, clean straw made our little cubicle seem like a luxury suite.

Soon Hilda and the children were sound asleep, and in a little while Frau Bostel slept too. I pulled Elizabeth's carriage closer, tying one wheel to my arm with a string so that movement would awaken me. People fleeing for their lives, I knew, would steal anything to survive, and by now masses of refugees were drifting into the cow barn.

When I awoke, it was just beginning to get light. It took me some time to realize where I was. Then I saw my family around me half buried in straw.

We had escaped Dresden all right, but that was only half the battle. We had to travel 600 miles across a war-battered landscape in the dead of winter, without proper clothing, food or transportation. And the journey would be made dangerous by bombers, fighters and bands of homeless refugees ready to fight, steal or destroy to stay alive.

The sight of Elizabeth, sleeping peacefully in her carriage, fortified my morale. The vehicle still looked as gleaming and elegant as the day we bought it. Just the sight of it was reassuring—a promise that there was a normal life somewhere. Moreover, it was also a hiding place for our currency—the cigarettes.

I awoke Hilda. Her eyes were still red and swollen, but at least she could see. Frau Bostel heard me speaking to Hilda, and sat bolt upright. "Please don't leave me!" She said her eyes were less painful, she would be able to see in a few days, and wouldn't be a burden to us. I squeezed her arm gently. "Of course we won't leave you," I said.

I walked into the kitchen of the farmhouse, and showed a pack of cigarettes to the farmer's wife. "Could I get a little milk for the children with these?"

"Yes, I can give you some milk," she said, keeping her eyes on the cigarettes. She measured out about a pint in a jar, and gave it to me. Back in the barn, the youngsters gulped it down eagerly, and I divided half the bread we had between all of us. It was the first food we'd had in 36 hours.

Just as we were ready to go, Hilda announced that Elizabeth's diapers had to be changed. I was exasperated. We were in for a 20-minute delay at least. Impatiently, the children, Frau Bostel and I waited in the barn doorway while scores of refugees passed us and walked down the highway.

Suddenly, as we stood there, we heard an ear-piercing roar. A couple of fighter planes flew over the farmhouse, heading for the highway. They dropped bombs, and machine-gunned the crowd. It all happened so quickly that none of us had time to move. When it was over, I rushed back to the carriage and took Elizabeth in my arms. Holding her tight, I whispered: "Thank you, darling. Thank you." She smiled back, rosily unaware of having saved our lives.

On the road a sickening sight awaited us. The bodies of those who had shared the barn with us now were sprawled across the highway. Some were dead, others lay dying, and the horrible part was that we didn't dare stop to help. There was nothing that we could do anyway.

The fighter planes, like all the planes we saw in the daytime, were American. I felt no resentment at being bombed by my countrymen. One of the pilots, I knew, might be my cousin, Theo Moore, who was with the Air Force. But I was terrified every time I saw a plane above me. Although I loathed Hitler's Reich and longed for its collapse, I desperately hoped it could be defeated without bombing the children, Hilda or myself.

Walking along, I insisted that our group stay close together. Hilda and Dick pushed the bicycles. I pushed the baby carriage, while Noonie clung to the handle. Frau Bostel hung on to me, stumbling along as best she could. The going was slow. We had to slosh through mud, skirting occasional bomb craters. The unusual warmth of this springlike day had turned the frozen dirt into oozing slime.

We plodded along all day. Eventually, the wintry sun disappeared. A raw north wind sprang up, blowing through our scanty clothes (my fur coat was keeping Elizabeth warm). I was trying to push the carriage up a hill when an elderly man wearing torn clothing stepped up, grasped the carriage handle and pushed. "I can't watch you struggling with that carriage any longer," he said. "Let me help." But the carriage was too much, even for him. "Come on, Arnold!" he called to a younger companion. "Give me a push."

With the two of them it was easy; especially since they carried no packages. The older man, Erich, told me he was a civil engineer from Breslau. A few weeks before he'd lost his wife and daughter and everything he owned in a raid. He and his assistant, Arnold, had decided to seek safety in Dresden. They'd been there only three days when the bombers came. After the first attack they'd rushed out to the street to help the wounded; the second raid caught them in one of the main squares. To escape the flames, they'd jumped into a concrete reservoir full of icy water. They were almost frozen. Unable to change their clothes, they'd been on the run ever (*continued*)

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Z-217

since. Erich sneezed frequently during the afternoon. "I hope I'm not getting pneumonia," he said.

Just as it got dark, we reached Kipsdorf, a small town. Refugees were pushing toward a big white school at the end of the square, where the government had set up a center for bombed-out people. I got in line. After an interminable wait, I reached the man at the desk. He asked where I was going.

"Austria," I replied.

"Austria!" he exploded. "Do you know where that is? It's hundreds of miles from here! You can't go there. It's winter. There are no trains. You have no food, and you've got three children to look after. I'll put you in a camp outside town."

A refugee camp was the last place I wanted to be. Conditions were appalling in them, and they were often targets for bombing. Besides, the Russians were only 70 miles away. I knew what happened to women and children in refugee camps when the Russian army reached them.

"I'm going to Austria," I insisted.

The man jumped up. "Damned stubborn female!" he shouted, banging the table with his fist. "You're *not* going to Austria! You're going to stay here. Here's your permit to enter the refugee camp. Tonight you can sleep on the floor of the gym here. *Tomorrow the camp!*" And he shook his finger at me.

Afraid of aggravating him further, I meekly accepted the paper, certifying that we were bona fide bombed-out refugees. That night we rested on the floor of the gym, after swallowing a ration of thin soup. I lay awake making plans to avoid being trapped in Kipsdorf.

At the first hint of dawn I got the others up and out of the schoolhouse. The square was already crowded. Our two friends from the day before materialized out of the mob. "Can we join you?" asked Erich. "We'll help push the carriage and carry the suitcases."

"Of course," I said. "But we're in a hurry to get out of town."

"Which way?"

"South."

"Good," he said. "I'll find out the best way."

While he went on to inquire, I noticed a big, redbearded peasant unhitching a team of plow horses from a heavy wagon. I asked him if there were any trains running south.

He shook his head. "Kipsdorf is the end of the line."

"But there *must* be a train somewhere. We want to go south."

He studied his horses for a long time. "There *is* a train south, but it's a long way off—beyond that mountain range over there, in Bohemia." He pointed his whip toward some hills. "Nobody ever goes to Bohemia."

"That's too bad," I said. "I'd like to go to Bohemia and catch that train. And I have a large number of cigarettes for anyone who'll take me."

The man looked up. "Did you say *cigarettes?*" A greedy gleam came into his small blue eyes.

After some negotiation, he agreed to drive us all to a railroad station in Bohemia, where he said we could get a train south. The price was steep: 600 cigarettes, about a third of all we had, but I felt it was worth it to escape the refugee camp. When I told our group, including Erich and Arnold, they were overjoyed. We climbed aboard the wagon and started rolling toward the mountains.

The sun had come up, taking the chill off the February air, lighting the rows of white birches alongside the road. The clip-clop of the horses' hooves was soothing. How lucky we were to be riding, instead of walking! Frau Bostel announced that her eyes were better. Dick was still strangely silent, but I felt he would be himself again when the shock of Dresden had worn off.

After we had been on the road awhile, our silent Saxon peasant suddenly turned into a talkative and soul-saving preacher. He began a hellfire-and-brimstone sermon that went on for hours. On and on we wound up the mountains, listening to him rant about sin.

Late in the afternoon, he stopped to water his horses, and we all got down to stretch. Erich swayed. He was racked with chills. "I must have fever," Erich said. This was the time, I thought, to eat the last of our bread, and I divided it among us. We climbed back into the wagon. It was dark; an icy wind clawed through our thin clothing. Erich sat next to me; and I could feel him shivering.

We traveled for hours before we stopped again. Beyond a small building I saw a pair of gleaming tracks. A railway! Our driver had kept his word.

I gave him the rest of the cigarettes I'd promised. He lit one immediately, and raised his hand in a benediction.

"No evil will befall thee if thou dost not sin!" he intoned.

Inside the little building which served as a railway station was a small, pot-bellied stove glowing with warmth. We huddled around it gratefully, almost frozen by our 11-hour ride.

Erich had developed a raging fever. His delirious mumbling frightened Frau Bostel; she grabbed my sleeve and wept uncontrollably. It was too much. I took her by the shoulder, and said firmly: "Shut up!" She stopped her noise and looked at me with amazement. There was not another sound out of her.

I don't know how long I slept, but I was awakened by a piercing whistle. I looked at my watch; it was 12:45 in the morning. I went outside and saw a freight train slowing to a stop. Shouts to the engineer. Would he take us? "Get in, if you can find space!" he yelled. We scrambled into a boxcar, along with the baby carriage, the two bicycles and our three suitcases. The car was already jammed with people—some standing, some sitting. There were no seats, and, of course, no tickets.

The train started up with a wheeze and groan, chugged fitfully for a while, and stopped. An icy wind whistled through cracks in the boxcar. Noonie and I huddled together for warmth. All of us had hunger pains in our stomachs, but it was wonderful to be aboard a train, whatever the circumstances. After a long while, it started to move again. We rode for an hour or two, and halted. A man with a lantern pulled back the door. "Everybody out!"

I climbed down and read the sign: KOMOTAU. We made our way to a half-lit waiting room. Unheated, at least it kept out the biting wind. The last to come inside was Erich, half-dragged along by Arnold.

No sooner had we gotten settled than I heard the wail of an air-raid siren. Everybody scrambled outside, and ran in all directions. In the distance I could hear the steady vibration of heavy bomber engines. Please God, I prayed, not again!

On the opposite side of the town square was a deserted streetcar, off its tracks. I took Elizabeth in my arms and we dashed for it. My prayer had not been in vain. The drone of engines faded; the planes were passing on to some other city.

I sent Hilda and the others back to the station to wait for a train. Erich was

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Tropical Key Lime Pie: Prepare a 9-inch baked pie shell as directed on inside wrapper of Betty Crocker Pie Crust Mix except . . . before baking shell, mix 1 cup flaked coconut and 2 tbsp. soft butter or margarine; spread over sides and bottom of pastry-lined pie pan. Bake at 475° 8 to 10 minutes. Cool. Prepare 1 pkg. (3½ oz.) Royal Key Lime Pie Filling as directed on package except . . . fold 1 cup of thinly sliced bananas into slightly cooled filling. Pour into pie shell. Top with meringue. Sprinkle ½ cup flaked coconut over meringue. Bake 425° about 5 minutes. Cool thoroughly before cutting.

eak to move. His pulse was almost
rceptible, and his breath came in
hort, gurgling gasps of the dying. I
n the bench, holding his hand. Ar-
was weeping like a child. I had
n these men less than three days,
n the heightened drama of our flight
thing was speeded up; I felt I had
n them a lifetime.

ddenly, the stillness was broken by
in whistle. We dared not miss a
. It could be the last to run. Arnold
rstood, and shook his head. I rolled
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ey. I blessed him in the name of the
and turned to Arnold. "God bless
oo," I said, taking his icy hand. He
ears in his eyes. "Get your children
at train," he said.

e train was pulling in, another
t, and I could see the boxcars were
ded. Hilda and I managed to find a
space, however, and pushed the
carriage into it. Then we lifted up
ie with her small suitcase. We tried
t the bicycles in too, but a man on
pushed them away. "It's too full
dy," he said. "This train is only for
e."

e left Noonie with the baby carriage
quickly tried another car. It was
ned. Then another and another. No
I was getting desperate. We found
all space for Dick and his suitcase,
here was no room for the bicycles
ur largest suitcase. The train started
ove, and I became frantic. One box-
loor was open near us, and I man-
to push Hilda inside despite the
ms of the passengers. "No room!"
shouted. "No room!"

raced back to the boxcar where
ie and Elizabeth were waiting. The
was moving quite fast now, and I
see Noonie gesticulating wildly,
in her eyes. I was almost hysteri-
What if I got separated from my
ren?

an as fast as I could, and grabbed
on bar on the half-open door. The
of the train threw me back hard
st the car, but I hung on. Strong
reached out of the dark and pulled
nside. I was saved!

the commotion I'd forgotten all
t Frau Bostel. Looking out of the
, I saw her on the platform. She was
ng her handkerchief. Her figure be-
e smaller and smaller, then we
ded a bend and she was gone. Later,
a told me that Frau Bostel had de-
d she didn't want to go to Austria.
on't think she even knew where it
" said Hilda. She'd regained most
er sight, and now, perhaps, could
e it on her own.

y head was spinning. Erich lay dy-
with pneumonia, Frau Bostel had
us, and we'd had to abandon two
cles and a suitcase. Now there were
the five of us, the baby carriage and
small suitcases.

ne train rolled on through the
t for hours. When it stopped, I
ed out and saw open country, with
ouses visible. There was consider-
light now, and people began to leave
train. Dick appeared outside our
, with Hilda.

he engineer says trains don't run in
ght because of the fighters," said
. "We might as well walk."

was the first sentence he'd uttered
the bombing in Dresden. That
t Dick was feeling like himself
n. I jumped down and kissed him
morning.

ere was a dirt road running parallel to the tracks. We trudged along in the direction the train was headed. Soon the sun rose like a fiery red ball, telling us that we were heading south and west. With no idea where we were, we pushed on and on, walking the whole day. There were no houses to be seen. Apple trees lined the road, their branches bare. I began to have visions of these trees suddenly hung with ripe red fruit that we could stuff into our grumbling bellies.

We trudged wearily along. So far the children had been unusually good. The seriousness of our plight had even stopped the usual bickering, but now they began to complain of thirst.

Fortunately, we found a horse trough. The water was clear and cold, and tasted wonderful.

At dusk there were thick clouds overhead, and I prayed there would be no snow. With no prospect of finding shelter, we crawled into a ditch and spread out two blankets. Dick and Noonie rolled up in part of them, and Hilda and I lay down on the rest, with Elizabeth tucked between us. We spread the fur coat over us and huddled together for warmth.

The children soon fell asleep; so did Hilda. Despite my fatigue, I lay awake a long time. The clouds rolled away, and the sky filled with bright stars. It was hard to imagine there was a war going on, that people were shooting and bombing and killing one another. Finally I fell asleep, only to be awakened by the sound of a train. It drew upon us with an incredible roar, and for an *(continued)*

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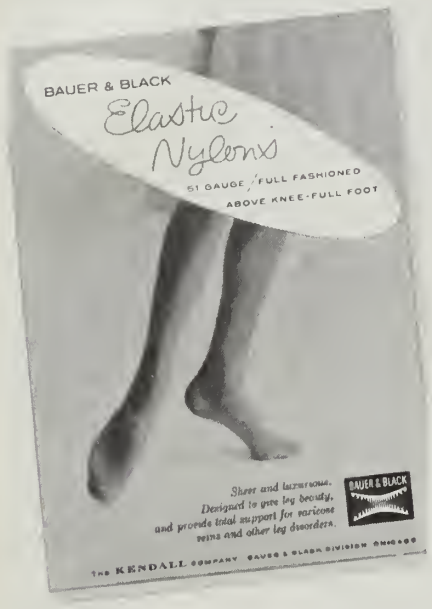
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insane moment I wondered if we had spread our blankets on the tracks. Then it rushed by us and retreated into the night. The shattering noise didn't awaken either the children or Hilda.

At the first sign of dawn I got up, feeling light-headed and dizzy. My whole body was numb. I steadied myself against an apple tree and prayed I wouldn't get sick, at least not until we'd reached Saurau. The trouble was, I needed food and sleep. I crawled back into the ditch, and snuggled close to the children. The next time I awoke the sun was high in the sky. I felt better: the dizziness and numbness had gone. Besides, the day was mild and sunny, miraculously without wind.

I awoke the others. "We must try to reach another station before dark," I said. "No train will stop for us here."

We got out on the road and walked silently, without food or water, stopping only to satisfy the demands of nature. When it was almost dark I saw a small railway shed on the edge of a village. As we reached it I heard the whistle of a train.

It was another freight train, and we gratefully scrambled aboard. There was no door to our boxcar—it apparently had been shot off by fighters—and the wind cut us like a scythe as we rolled along. Noonie began to shake with cold, and the specter of Erich rose in my mind. What if she became ill? Her teeth were chattering and—rare for her—she began to cry. I wrapped my blanket around her, holding her close.

The train came to a dead stop soon afterward. A man with a lantern came by. "There's no more coal," he said. "You'll have to get out." Oh, not *again*, I moaned. But we climbed stiffly down, and crawled into another ditch, too tired to move.

As soon as it was light, we hit the road again. In an hour or so, it merged with another road coming from the east. Now there were hundreds of refugees, even dirtier and more ragged than we. Suddenly, fighters swooped down on us. I grabbed Elizabeth out of the carriage and screamed to the others: "Flat on your stomachs!" There was no time to reach the ditch.

The guns made a brain-splitting noise, and I could feel the earth heave under me. Stones and dirt flew in all directions; bullets ripped into the ground around us.

The attack lasted only a few seconds, but it seemed an eternity. When it was over, and the noise had died down, I lifted my head and saw there were eight planes. They were wheeling around to make another run.

Once more I pressed my face into the dirt, covering Elizabeth with my body. Bullets riddled the earth again; stone and dirt flew. I didn't see how we could *all* survive this.

Eventually the noise died away, and this time, as I lifted my head, I saw the planes weren't coming back. I sat up, and, carrying Elizabeth, crawled over to Noonie. She was lying face down, motionless, almost buried in dirt. After an agonizing moment, I reached out and turned her over. No sign of life. Then, she slowly opened her eyes. "Are you all right?" I asked.

"I think so," she sobbed.

Dick was standing over us. "Nothing hit me!" he shouted triumphantly. "And my glasses are all right!" He pulled them out of his pocket. Hilda was all right, although she, too, was covered with dirt.

I sank right down on my knees, and clasped my hands. "Thank you, God, for sparing us!" I said aloud.

The attack had thinned the column of refugees, but it was replenished as another road from the east joined ours. We walked all afternoon. When we were ready to drop with fatigue, a freight train came rumbling along the tracks at the side of the road. To stop it, everybody rushed onto the tracks and made a human barrier. The train halted, and the refugees scrambled aboard. We lifted the baby carriage into a boxcar with the last of our strength.

We were packed among other refugees so tightly I thought I'd suffocate. I heard a man say, "Get rid of that carriage and we'll have more room!" Someone agreed. "*Ja*, chuck it out!"

I said nothing. A woman shouted: "I can't breathe! I'm squeezed in! Give me air!"

A man standing next to me took hold of the carriage to heave it out the door *with Elizabeth in it*. "I'll make room for you!" he yelled.

"Let go of that carriage!" I shrieked. I kicked the man, I bit his arm, I clawed at his fingers, I put myself in front of the door where, if there had been a sudden lurch, I would have sailed out. "Someone *please* help!" I shouted. "My baby's in that carriage. They're trying to push it out."

Someone gripped the carriage from the opposite side, holding it back. The man who wanted to push it out let go when I bit his fingers. I grabbed the wheels and held on.

The train came to a stop. A man walked by outside with a lantern, and I asked him where we were. "Marktredwitz," he said. We waited, hoping the train would move on, but it didn't. Many people left.

"Shall we go too?" I asked Hilda and the children.

Dick expressed everybody's hope when he said: "Maybe we can find some food."

We followed the other refugees through town until we came to a relief station. I got in line, and eventually was given the address of a family that would, I was told, give us food and shelter for the night. It sounded too good to be true, but we started looking for the address. Hopelessly lost in narrow, dark streets, we knocked on a door to ask directions. It was opened by an elderly woman with a round red face. "That address is on the other side of town," she said. She stepped outside to give us directions. "But," she said, "you all look so tired and hungry. Why don't you stay here a while? I don't have much food, but I can give you some bread. And you can have all the beer you want. This is a brewery."

We rushed in and settled around a big kitchen table. The room was warm, clean and inviting. Our hostess produced a huge loaf of black peasant bread; we hadn't seen anything like it in a long time. Then she went to the cellar and brought up the beer.

We wolfed down the bread—our first real meal in five days—and guzzled the beer in long, breath-holding gulps. Elizabeth ate as eagerly as the rest of us. We even gave her a small glass of beer; she smacked her lips, smiled, and asked for more. Our hunger pains began to subside; the beer made us feel giddy and light-headed. We talked and laughed as we thawed under the brewlady's hospitality.

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Street

City State

We never wanted to leave
at room. But after a while,
oonie and Dick dropped their
ads on the table. Elizabeth
ad long since gone to sleep.
Come!" said the brewlady.
The baby and the girl can
eep here. You and the other
ildren can stay across the
reet with my neighbor."

Her neighbor turned out to
e a young widow, with four
ildren, who insisted on giv-
g us her own bed. "It's the
ggest," she explained, "and
ou'll need it to hold all of
ou." Obviously, there was no
andard treatment for refu-
es. We had run the gamut.

As we sank down in the big
ather bed—our first bed in
x nights—I was sure I had
ever been so comfortable in
y whole life. And the next
orning, when I opened my
es and saw the sun shining
rough snowy white curtains,
hated to get up for what I
new lay ahead—cold, hunger,
tches, fighter planes, maybe
orse. I awakened Dick. He
mped up, yelling, "Are *they*
oming?" He'd been having a
ghtmare. I said, "No one's
oming, Dick. But we must be
n our way."

"Where are we, Mummy?"
sked Noonie."

"We're in a nice house with
nice lady, but we only have
ermission to stay one night.
e must move on."

Noonie said, "It was good to
eep like people again, wasn't
?" She added seriously, "But
really like playing bunny
bbit sometimes—like the
st few days. And sometimes,
hen we stay in a ditch, I pre-
nd I'm a fox."

"Bunny rabbit! Fox!" said
ick with disgust. "How
ildish can you get!"

"Never mind," I said. But
s touch of bickering cheered
e. It was a good sign.

There was a knock on the
oor. The young widow
rought in a tray of bread and
ot milk. "I thought you
ught to have these before you
art out," she said. After days
sloshing through mud, bed-
ing down in ditches, spat
pon when we asked for wa-
er, strafed by planes, this act
kindness brought me to the
dge of tears. Hilda and Eliza-
eth had fared equally well at
ne brewery. When we got
ere, Elizabeth was sitting on
ne brewlady's lap by the tile
ove, sipping beer from a
uge mug.

At the station, the ticket
gent said there was a train to
egensburg in the afternoon.
ust the sound of the name
ised my spirits. Regensburg
as on the Danube, well into
avaria and on the way to Salzburg. I was
xcited at the possibility of getting that
ar. The ticket agent, a pale young man
ith blond hair, said that we couldn't
oard the train without "credentials."

"What do you mean—*credentials?*" I
sked.

"You know, your traveling permit,"
e said. His air of bureaucratic superior-
ity maddened me. "You must have a certificate that states who you are, where you're going, and the reason for the trip," he said flatly. "Without credentials, you can't take the train."

I exploded in cold fury. "You ask for credentials!" I shouted. "Do you realize that our credentials are that we're *alive?* We come from Dresden—*Dresden,* do you hear? We've walked days and nights, we've slept in ditches, we've been shot at, we've been starved—and you ask for credentials! Do I need credentials to travel from Hell to Eternity?"

The whole roomful of people stared. I was astounded at my own eloquence, but I was fighting mad at bureaucrats. Besides, if I didn't put up a fight we'd never get on that train.

"We're traveling without permits, do you hear? I'm going to get my children to safety, and you're not going to stop me!"

The man shrugged and said nothing. About two o'clock, the train came

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through. To my surprise, the ticket agent stepped out of his office and helped put us aboard. It was a real passenger train, with real coaches, the first we'd seen. Of course, there was no glass in windows or doors, and the sides were pockmarked with bullet holes, but it seemed like a fantastic luxury.

As we moved out of the station, our spirits soared. But not for long; a half hour outside town the train stopped. The engineer jumped down and ran alongside the train, shouting, "Fighters are coming!" We jumped out, carrying Elizabeth, ran a few yards and threw ourselves on the ground as the planes came over. We were outside the danger area, but the machine-gunning sent a spattering of dirt over us.

When it was all over, the train was shattered, the engine wrecked. We had to take to the road again. Up to now, I hadn't given in to despair, but all this seemed too much. Perhaps it was the ride in a real train, perhaps it was thinking that we had already come so far. And now we were thrown back in the dirt. In my unhappiness I gave voice to my feelings.

A little voice next to me said, "We are still alive. Isn't that what matters?"

I looked down at Noonie in her rags and battered shoes, and felt ashamed. Taking her up in my arms, I kissed her. "Of course it is, darling," I said.

With Noonie setting an example, I tried to banish despair. As we walked along, I pointed out that we were probably halfway to Saurau, and when we got there we wouldn't have to move. There would be food, we'd sleep in real beds, it would be warm, there would be no fighter planes. I painted such a joyous picture, I began to believe it myself. . . .

For the next four days life became something of a blur. We walked, stumbled, slithered through oozing mud, endured cold and hunger, and hid from fighter planes. The pattern was familiar. The only change was in us—we were becoming weaker. Even Elizabeth, riding in her carriage, showed the strain.

One night we passed in a ditch, two nights we spent in village railroad stations waiting for trains that never came. We tried to bargain for food, but all doors were bolted against us. After we had lived three days on nothing but water, an elderly lady in a village gave us tea. That helped us into the fourth day, when we reached a small railroad station where the stationmaster expected a milk train for Salzburg that night. Unable to go farther, we sank down to wait.

The stationmaster's wife appeared, willing to accept a few cigarettes for half a loaf of black bread. As we gobbled it down, the great-bosomed woman stared at our dirt-caked faces. "I'll bet you must be nice people underneath all that," she said with an air of discovery.

I smiled.

"It isn't that we don't like to help refugees," she said. "It's just that they're so desperate. We're afraid of them."

At two A.M., just as we'd given up hope, the milk train pulled in. We scrambled aboard the lone boxcar. The engineer seemed to be in a hurry, and drove along at a good clip. Our door had been shot off, and through the opening I could see we were getting into the mountains. I knew that meant we were leaving Germany. One phase of our trip was ending, and another, more unpredictable, was at hand.

At one stop the ground was covered with snow. That meant the end of walking. We couldn't push the baby carriage far in snow, and our feet would freeze in our flimsy, hole-ridden shoes.

The train chugged on steadily, until, in the predawn light, I saw that we were approaching a city. Salzburg! Austria, at last! Snow and cold weather could be dangerous, but the mountains, I felt, would at least protect us from planes. At the station we stepped down into ankle-deep snow. An icy wind bit into our bones. A train official said there would be something going to Bischofshofen in an hour. I was cheered; Bischofshofen was on the way to Saurau.

An unheated, bomb-damaged waiting room was a grim reminder that planes found their way even to mountainous Austria. Cold and hunger urged me to seek food in town, but I didn't want to leave the children. A train might come at any time; there seemed to be no schedules. Besides, there might be an air raid.

At 6:15, a voice blared over a loudspeaker, announcing the train for Bischofshofen.

This time we found another passenger train—real coaches with wooden seats. No glass in the windows, of course, and the usual bullet holes. But we sat on the benches like kings. For the first time on our journey, a conductor came to collect tickets. I showed him the certificates we'd received in Kipsdorf, stating we'd been bombed out in Dresden and were bona fide refugees. I also offered to buy tickets. The conductor read the certificate, and looked at us. "Dresden!" He shook his head, gave me back the piece of paper, and remarked to another passenger: "People from Hell."

The train moved steadily through the valley, and with the first glow of light I could see the snow was deep. In Austria, then, we would be entirely dependent on trains. But trains were death traps in daytime. I kept listening for the sound of planes, realizing we must make a choice target, chugging across the white valley trailing clouds of black smoke. But the weather turned bad as we left the valley and started to climb. Snow flurries filled the air. Thank God, I said to myself, the planes won't come now.

How innocent I was!

No sooner had the train reached Bischofshofen than we were greeted by an air-raid alarm. "Not in this weather!" I said aloud. "How can that be?" But we got the baby carriage down and followed the crowd through the snow and over a bridge. Now I could hear the throb of engines. We got around a bend in the road, the noise was louder, and we found ourselves in a narrowing gorge, with the river on our left. Ahead lay a protruding ledge of rock.

We raced to get under it as the planes got overhead. Through broken clouds I recognized them—Flying Fortresses. These big planes carried heavy bombs. What a fool I was to think that Austria, with its mountains, would be safer!

The bombs started falling, the explosions echoing along the rocky walls of the mountains. Three bombs hit the rock over our heads. With a thundering crash a mountain of stone cascaded past our shelter into the river. A gush of water, granite and dirt mushroomed up. We clung together in fear, but nothing hit us. The ledge had saved our lives.

Elizabeth, bless her, was still asleep; she never knew anything had happened.

Numb from cold and terror, we trudged back to town. Miraculously, the town was untouched; the bombs had fallen wide. We asked about a train. One would be going to Selzthal *(continued)*

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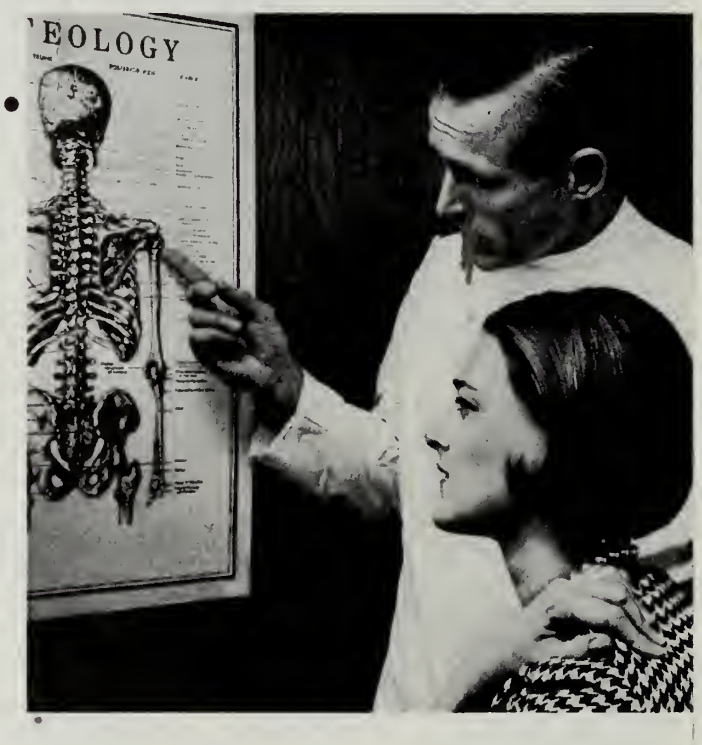

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eventually, only one valley away from the Mur, where Saurau was. "But we still need an engine," said the train man. "When we find one, we'll let you know."

The waiting room was crowded, but the people were better dressed and fed than in Germany. Some were sitting at tables sipping beer and eating homemade sandwiches. We watched them greedily. Someone said, "Refugees!" Another whispered, "Look at their shoes!" Another muttered, *"Gesindel!"* (Rabble!).

We sat for a long while. No food was being sold, but there was food all around us. It was tantalizing. Elizabeth began to whimper. I gave her some water, but her cries continued. Hilda looked at her and shook her head. At that moment, a fat little Austrian, with a jolly face, a swooping moustache and a feather brush in his Tyrolean hat, took the extra chair at our table. He put his briefcase across his knees, and took out a Thermos bottle. Then he brought out a juicy-looking *Knackwurst*. Our eyes bulged. In Dresden we'd been living on cabbage, beets and huckleberries for so long that we'd forgotten what meat looked like.

Ignoring us, the man opened his penknife and began to slice the *Wurst*. It was more than Noonie could bear. She made such loud gurgling noises that the man looked up. Then he looked at Dick, whose eyes were almost as big as his glasses, and at Hilda and me; our mouths were watering. He put the *Knackwurst* down, and without a word pushed it across the table.

Hilda grabbed it, and while I thanked him she sliced the meat into five equal parts. Except for Elizabeth, we all wolfed it down like hungry dogs. It was the first solid food we'd had in days. Elizabeth had never tasted meat; Hilda cut her share into tiny bits and fed them to her one at a time. She asked for more. We had no more, but she had eaten enough to stop her hunger pains, and she fell asleep.

The train got its locomotive at last, and we climbed back into the coach with the wooden benches. It was late when we reached Selzthal, but luckily there was a temporary relief shelter on the platform. It had double-decker bunks and straw mattresses, and to us looked like Buckingham Palace. Except for Marktredwitz, these were the first beds we'd seen since Dresden.

I sat down on my bunk and took Elizabeth out of her carriage. She had been learning to walk when we were in Dresden, but now she was too weak to stand. My heart sank. She'd been on the road 10 days without proper food, rest or baths. How much longer could she last? All along, Elizabeth had been my chief worry on the trip—a worry that I had tried to conceal from the others, especially Hilda. Now Hilda said, "I don't think she can hold out much longer."

With luck, we might make Saurau the next day. The next town was Leoben, only a few hours away, at the entrance to the Mur Valley in which Saurau was located. From there, a train would take us to Unzmarkt, where a small-gauge railway would carry us up the narrow part of the valley to Frojach, a tiny village. We would have to walk the last several miles, up the mountain to Saurau. God grant that Hilda's mother, Mutta, was still living there!

In fear of missing a train, I didn't sleep much. When my watch read half past five I got out of the warm straw and went to the platform. The morning cold was bitter. Walking in a pitiless wind, I found a sleepy station official and asked about a train to Leoben.

"It won't leave before noon," he said. "Too many planes before then—they usually come through about eleven."

As I was walking back toward the hut I saw people moving toward an outer platform. A two-car train was standing there, steam up. I went over and asked the engineer where he was going. "Leoben!" he said.

"When are you leaving?" I asked.

"Ten minutes."

I flew back to the hut, and roused everybody. I don't know how we managed it, but in six minutes we were on that train, baby carriage, suitcases and all. It started to move at once.

In the middle of the morning we rolled into Leoben. When we tried to stand up, our legs gave way and we fell back into our seats. Elizabeth was whimpering softly. "Come," I said, "just a little longer and we'll all be safe!" And with a great effort, we managed to stand, and get down onto the platform.

The train for Unzmarkt was waiting. We moved into the Mur Valley, broad and inviting under a clear sky. Rocking along, the train sped past the smaller stations. A man sitting opposite said: "I guess they're passing up those stops to get through the open part of the valley before noon. Yesterday the planes arrived at noon and hit the train—killed a lot of passengers and destroyed the locomotive."

I looked at my watch. Twenty to twelve! And then, as if to confirm my fears, the train slowed down. But I saw we were stopping at a town too big to ignore. In a few minutes we were under way again, and I was glad to see the valley narrow slightly. The more it narrowed, the safer I felt. I glanced at Elizabeth, who was pale but sleeping. If our luck would only hold a little longer . . .

It seemed hours, but when the man finally called out Unzmarkt, it was only 12:30. We got out and waited for the little narrow-gauge train. It, too, bore the scars of war—windows blown out, doors ripped off, bullet holes in the sides. We were not safe yet, even in this end of the Mur. As we snaked up the narrowing valley, there were at least two occasions when I thought we were being attacked. But the planes never came, it was just my nerves playing tricks on me.

It was midafternoon when we reached Frojach. Our trek was almost over, but there was now the long climb on foot up the mountain to Saurau.

Even with the sun out it was very cold, and the snow was the deepest we'd hit yet. The wind tore through the rags we were wearing, and the snow seeped through holes in our shoes. The road was little more than an ox path, and pushing the baby carriage through the snow was a task for giants. We stopped frequently to catch our breaths. Then on and on we pushed, up and up. We stumbled, we got up, we fell again, we pushed some more. The cold and wet were everywhere—in our eyes, our mouths, our bones.

We crossed little bridges, spanning frozen mountain streams hung in blue-white streamers of ice. Finally, as the sun began to set and we felt we could go no farther, we reached the crest of the mountain. The road leveled off and the wind was strangely hushed, as though God were going to make some tremen-

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Let's face it—ham and sca potatoes belong togeth while the oven's on, pop best scalloped potatoes ones from Betty Crocker. T ready for the oven in minutes, and come out s creamy, and golden-brow

lous announcement. A few hundred ards ahead we saw Saurau—a toy of n Alpine village. My eyes flicked past he cluster of houses to Mutta's farm- ouse, and my heart jumped. It was still tanding, half-buried in snow. From its himney a feather of white smoke curled p. *Mutta was there!*

Now we felt no burden, no cold, no vetness. Carriage, suitcases, aching odies—all seemed to carry hemselves along without ef- ort. As we neared the house, Hilda's young sister, Mitzi, aced out. "Mother of God!" he cried. "They've come!"

Hilda's mother appeared in he door, shouting, "*Christus!* They're alive! They're alive!" he threw her arms around ach of us in turn, weeping, lessing, and asking over and ver again: "Are you all ight?"

At last she saw the car- iage. "Oh!" she cried, bend- ng over Elizabeth. "You ushed 'Liserli' all the way rom Dresden?" Without wait- ng for an answer, she pushed he carriage to the house. I vas glad she had, because all f a sudden I felt I couldn't ush it another foot.

Before we stepped into the crubbed farmhouse, Mutta ushed ahead and up a little ight of steps to her room. he emerged with a woolen irndl over her arm, and anded it to me without a ord. It was soft and warm nd beautiful, her best, her unday best.

This generosity was more han I could bear. I had en- ured many things on our jour- ey with dry eyes. But now— or the first time since Dres- en—I broke down and wept ears of gratitude, tears of ex- austion and relief.

Mutta brought tall glasses f hot milk, laced with honey. No more than this for now," he said. "Your stomachs are ot ready for it." And after his, "You must sleep. Tomor- ow there will be plenty of ime to wash."

Then she led us to the kind f deep, white feather beds hat I no longer believed ex- sted. The peace and quiet of he village seeped through the hick stone walls and closed round me like a mother's mbrace. Then, and only then, ould I believe that we were afe, and that the long, long ourney was over. I had to *eel* this—to be absolutely cer- ain of it—before I dared fall sleep.

EPILOGUE

The war ended three months ater, but red tape, repatriation ifficulties and a shortage of hips kept Anne from getting ome for two years. Mean- hile, her life mored back in ime 200 years. In the moun- ain village of Saurau there was o electricity, no telephone, no adio, no news. Anne learned o shear sheep, to card and spin ool, to weare. She sewed a lot, knitted, and bartered her remaining cigar- ettes for linen in Frojach. She also learned to bake the good Bauernbrot.

When Anne finally returned to America, the baby carriage was no longer in use. Instead, Elizabeth had acquired a concertina, which she played as the boat docked. Newspaper reporters scrambled aboard. "Are there any important people aboard?" a reporter asked Anne. She shook her head, and he walked off, disappointed. "No story here," he told his colleagues, and after a quick look at the passenger list they walked away.

A year later, Carl Wahle came to America. But the transplantation didn't work. After six months he knew he wanted to spend his final years in Germany. And Anne knew she wanted to spend hers in America in her former home, where she wished to raise her children. So, with goodwill, the two parted.

Today, Noonie and Dick are happily married, and Anne is a proud grandmother. Elizabeth is a junior in college. As soon as she is graduated, she plans to retrace the family's unforgettable journey, of which she remembers not a thing. This time, however, the baby carriage will be left at home. ■

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THE FINEST OF NATURAL CHEESE—NATURALLY FROM KRAFT

UNDAY-NIGHT SUPPER

ntinued from page 95

UNDAY-SUPPER SOUP: Fry 2 slices con until crisp; drain on paper towel-g. Sauté ½ cup minced onion in 2 tbsp. con drippings. Combine 2 cans (10½ . ea.) condensed green pea soup, 2 cans 0½ oz. ea.) beef bouillon, ⅛ tsp. ea. yme, pepper. Simmer 10 min. Just fore serving, add 1 cup coarsely grated w carrot. Crumble bacon over top. rve with popcorn. Serves 4.

AMBURGER SOUFFLÉ: Preheat en to 400° F. Melt 3½ tbsp. butter or argarine in medium-size saucepan over w heat. Stir in 4½ tbsp. flour. Slowly d 1½ cups evaporated milk, stirring til mixture thickens. Remove from at; add 1 cup ground lean beef, 1½ sp. instant minced onion, 2 tsp. Worces-rshire sauce, 1 tsp. each dried or sh chopped chives, chopped parsley d salt, ¼ tsp. pepper. Separate 6 eggs. ir in the well-beaten yolks. When mix-re cools, gently fold in the stiffly beaten hites. (For a higher soufflé, add 2 extra hites.) Pour into a well-greased 2-qt. raight-sided casserole. Bake 45 min.; rve immediately. Serves 4–6.

ÉARNAISE SAUCE: Beat lightly 2 g yolks in top of double boiler. Add ¼ p butter or margarine, 2 tsp. tarragon negar, 1 tbsp. chopped parsley, 1 tsp. opped chives, ¼ tsp. pepper; stirring nstantly until butter melts. Gradually ld ¼ cup more melted butter or mar-rine and stir until thick over hot but ot boiling water. Serve with soufflé.

ROCCOLI: Wash and trim hard stems om 1 bunch broccoli (or may use 2 g. [10 oz. ea.] frozen broccoli). Place in getable steamer over hot water. Cover; steam 20 min. or until tender. Dress with 2 tbsp. melted butter or margarine and 1 tbsp. lemon juice, or the Béarnaise sauce. Serves 4.

COLORFUL CABBAGE SALAD: Cut 1 small head each white and red cabbage in half; remove outer leaves and hard stalk. Chill in ice water several hours; drain. Finely shred on slaw board or with sharp knife lacy thin. Line salad bowl with white cabbage leaves. Toss together equal parts white and red cabbage with blue-cheese salad dressing. Garnish with red Italian onion rings. Serves 4–6.

CARAWAY STICKS: Preheat oven to 375° F. Prepare 1 pkg. (8 oz.) refrigerated crescent rolls, following pkg. directions. Brush tops with 1 beaten egg yolk; sprinkle with caraway seeds and coarse salt. Bake 10–13 min. Makes 8 rolls.

CHOCOLATE RIBBON DESSERT: Prepare 1 pkg. (3¾ oz.) vanilla-flavored whipped dessert mix, following pkg. directions, adding 1 tbsp. sugar to mix and ¼ tsp. each mint extract and green food coloring to the water. Pour into a 7½- x 3½- x 2½-inch loaf pan; chill. Meanwhile prepare 1 pkg. (3¾ oz.) chocolate-flavored whipped dessert mix, following pkg. directions, adding 2 tbsp. sugar to the mix and 1 envelope (1 oz.) no-melt, unsweetened, chocolate-flavored ingredient and ¼ tsp. vanilla with the water. Pour over the mint layer. Chill. Prepare a second pkg. of vanilla-flavored whipped dessert mix same as above. Pour over chocolate layer. Chill 1½ hrs. or set in freezer ½ hr. Unmold onto chilled platter. Garnish with marbled whip cream. FOR MARBLED WHIP CREAM: Whip ½ pt. heavy cream until stiff; gently fold in 2 tbsp. chocolate syrup. Slice to serve 6. ■

VOCADO RECIPES

ntinued from page 100

VOCADO-STUFFED CHERRY OMATOES: Wash 1 qt. cherry to-atoes. Slice off tops; scoop out. Chill. eel, pit and mash 2 ripe avocados; add tbsp. lemon juice, 1 tsp. salt, dash cay-ne. Chill; fill tomatoes with avocado ixture, using pastry gun. Makes 1¼ ps.

VOCADO-COTTAGE CHEESE IP: Peel and pit ½ ripe avocado; dice d sprinkle with 1 tbsp. lemon juice. ombine 1 container (8 oz.) small curd eam cottage cheese, 2 tbsp. honey, ½ p. Worcestershire sauce, ½ tsp. salt. uree the avocado; stir into cheese mix-re. Chill. Makes about 1¼ cups. Serve ith potato chips or snack crackers.

REAM OF AVOCADO SOUP: Peel, t and cube 4 avocados; put through od mill or buzz in a blender. In a sauce-an mix 3 cups chicken broth, puree, ½ p. each Worcestershire sauce and salt, pinch of white pepper. Heat to boiling oint, stirring occasionally. Stir in 1 cup ght cream. Cover; simmer 10 min. eel, pit and cube ½ avocado; sprinkle ith 1 tbsp. lemon juice. Serve soup hot; rnish each bowl with 1 tbsp. cubed vocado. Serves 6.

VOCADO-FRUIT SALAD MOLD: repare 1 pkg. (3 oz.) orange-pineapple avored gelatin, following pkg. direc-ons. Peel, pit and slice 1 avocado; rinkle with 2 tbsp. lemon juice to pre-ent discoloration. From 1 slice avocado, t out small circles; place in bottom of (½ cup ea.) individual molds. Pour gel-in into mold. Chill until syrupy. Insert strips of avocado into sides of molds. Chill 1½ hr. until firm. To serve: unmold onto chilled pineapple rings. Serves 4.

AVOCADO CHILI CON CHEESE: Cut 3 ripe avocados in half (do not peel); remove pits. Brush with lemon juice. Heat 1 can (15 oz.) chili con carne. Fill 6 halves with chili. Cut 3 slices American cheese in half to make triangles. Place on top of chili; broil 2–3 min. or until cheese melts. Serves 6.

AVOCADO SANDWICH: Peel, pit and slice ripe avocado. Sprinkle with 1 tbsp. lemon juice. Spread 2 slices white bread with butter or margarine, peanut butter, add crisp bacon slices, avocado slices. Top with mayonnaise and lettuce.

AVOCADO TUNA CASSEROLE: Preheat oven to 400° F. Peel, pit and cube avocado; sprinkle with 2 tbsp. lemon juice. Heat 2 cans (10½ oz.) condensed cream of chicken soup. Add 2 cans (7 oz.) drained, flaked tuna, 4 slices fried, crumbled bacon, 2 tsp. grated onion, 1 tsp. salt. Add diced avocado; toss. Place in greased casserole, sprinkle with ⅓ cup bread crumbs. Bake 12 min. or until bubbly and brown. Serves 4.

AVOCADO SHERBET: In saucepan, combine 1 cup apricot nectar, ¾ cup each water and sugar, ½ cup lemon juice, ¼ tsp. salt. Bring to boil; simmer 5 min. Cool; peel, pit, press through sieve 2 large ripe avocados; add to apricot syrup. Pour mixture into refrigerator trays; freeze until mushy. Beat 2 egg whites until stiff. Place frozen mixture in chilled bowl; beat. Fold in egg whites. Return mixture to freezer trays; refreeze 3 hrs. or until firm. Serves 6. ■

CUT OUT TO SAVE

Winter warmer-uppers you make with Red Kettle Onion Soup Mix

1. Shrimp Creole

In saucepan, cook ¼ cup green pepper strips in 2 tbsp. butter or margarine until tender. Stir in 1 can Red Kettle Onion Soup Mix, 2 tbsp. flour; add 1¼ cups water, 1 lb. shrimp (cooked and cleaned), and ½ cup chopped canned tomatoes. Cook over low heat 10 min.; stir now and then. Serve over rice. 4 servings.

2. Onion-Cheese Fondue

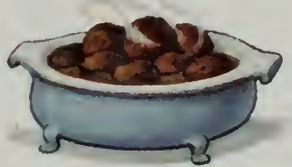
In saucepan, melt ¼ cup butter or margarine; stir in 1 can Red Kettle Onion Soup Mix and ¼ cup flour; gradually blend in 2 cups milk. Cook until thickened; stir often. Add 2 cups (8 oz.) shredded Cheddar cheese, 1½ cups (6 oz.) shredded Gruyere cheese, and 1 tsp. Worcestershire. Heat until cheese melts; stir now and then. Thin to desired consistency. To serve, spear cubes of French bread and dip into cheese.

3. Many-Way Dip

Combine 1 can Red Kettle Onion Soup Mix and 1 pint sour cream with any *one* of the following: 1 can (7½ ounces) minced clams, drained; 4 slices crumbled cooked bacon; ¼ cup toasted chopped almonds; 3 tablespoons blue cheese, crumbled; 2 tablespoons pickle relish; or 1 teaspoon prepared horseradish. Chill; surround with chips or crackers.

4. Après-Ski Steak

Combine ¼ cup flour, dash pepper; pound into 1½ lb. round steak (¾-in. thick) with meat hammer or edge of heavy saucer. Brown in skillet in 2 tbsp. shortening; pour off fat. Add 1 can Red Kettle Onion Soup Mix and 1½ cups water. Cover; simmer 30 min.; stir now and then. Add 1 cup each carrots and celery (cut in 1-inch strips). Cover; cook 45 min. longer or until tender. Stir now and then. 6 servings.



5. Meatballs Alpine

Combine 1 lb. ground beef, ¼ cup Red Kettle Onion Soup Mix,* ¼ cup dry bread crumbs, and 1 egg (slightly beaten). Shape into 12 meatballs; brown in skillet in 1 tbsp. shortening; pour off fat. Blend in remaining soup mix and 2 tbsp. flour; gradually stir in 1½ cups water and 1 tbsp. chopped parsley. Cover; cook over low heat 10 min.; stir now and then. Slowly blend in ½ cup sour cream. Serve with noodles. 4 servings.
*Mix contents well before using.

After an outdoorsy afternoon, bring the party inside. Settle down to something warming. Any of these delicious dishes will do fine. The essence is onion. The ease is Red Kettle Onion Soup Mix in the bright air-tight can. If you use less than a full can, reseal the flavor with the handy plastic cap.

CUT OUT TO SAVE

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- One part Roka Brand Blue to three parts Kraft Thousand Isla
- Equal parts of Miracle French and Kraft Oil and Vinegar

LENTEN MENUS UNLIMITED

continued from page 98

CHOCOLATE SURPRISE ORANGE CHIFFON PIE: Preheat oven to 375° F. Combine 1½ cups vanilla-wafer crumbs (or crush about 30 vanilla wafers), ¼ cup melted butter or margarine in 9-inch pie plate. To make an even layer of crumbs on bottom and sides, press an 8-inch pie plate firmly down on crumbs or press into shape by hand. Bake 5 min. or until lightly brown. Cool. Melt 1 square (1 oz.) semisweet chocolate; pour over pie shell, but do not cover completely. Fill with Orange Chiffon Pie Filling. *For Orange Chiffon Pie Filling:* Sprinkle 1 pkg. (1 tbsp.) unflavored gelatin over ¼ cup cold water; let stand 15 min. Separate 4 eggs. Beat yolks until light; add ½ cup each sugar and orange juice, 1 tbsp. lemon juice, ½ tsp. salt. Cook in top of double boiler until mixture starts to thicken. Add 1 tbsp. grated orange rind; remove from heat. Stir in gelatin until dissolved. Cool. Beat 4 egg whites to soft peaks; gradually add ½ cup sugar, beating until stiff. Fold into orange mixture. Pour into cooled vanilla-wafer pie shell. Chill. Top with whipped cream and chocolate curls. Serves 6.

PINEAPPLE ROLL: Chill 1 medium-sized ripe pineapple. (Pineapple is ripe if center leaves can be pulled out easily and the smell of pineapple is evident.) Cover crown with a towel to protect your hands. Peel whole pineapple, following curve of fruit. Remove eyes; roll in 1½ cups firmly packed dark brown sugar. (The brown sugar will resemble the unpeeled pineapple.) Serve on chilled platter. Slice diagonally. Serves 6.

APRICOT-ALMOND COOKIES: Preheat oven to 300° F. Rinse ⅓ cup dried apricots in cold water. Place in covered saucepan with water to cover; simmer 1 hr. or until very tender. Drain; mash and press through coarse sieve. Add ⅓ cup sugar; cook slowly until thick, stirring constantly. Cool. Cream together ½ cup butter or margarine, ⅓ cup sugar. Stir in 1 egg yolk, ¼ tsp. almond extract. Sift 1 cup flour and ½ tsp. salt; add and mix well. Shape into 3 dozen 1-inch balls. Place 2 inches apart on greased baking sheet. Make a deep indentation in center of each ball (or press dough into 2-inch fluted tart pans). Bake 30 min. Remove cookies to wire rack to cool. While still warm fill centers with cooled Apricot Filling and half of a blanched almond. Brush with light corn syrup. Makes 3 dozen cookies.

CHOCOLATE-CHEESE DROP COOKIES: Preheat oven to 350° F. Cream together 1½ cups sugar, ½ cup each butter or margarine and shortening, 1 pkg. (3 oz.) cream cheese. Add 1 beaten egg, 2 tbsp. milk, 1 tsp. vanilla, ½ tsp. salt; mix well. Melt 2 squares (1 oz. ea.) unsweetened chocolate over hot water; stir into batter. Sift together 2¼ cups flour, 1½ tsp. baking powder; add a little at a time mixing well. Stir in ½ cup finely chopped walnuts. Drop from teaspoon onto greased baking sheet. Place half of a shelled walnut on top of each. Bake 12 min. Makes about 6 doz. cookies.

CABBAGE SALADS: Cabbage is plentiful, easy to prepare and can be served in a variety of ways. Always soak head first in cold salt water about one hour, and drain well. Then cut into thin lacy shreds. Because of its definite flavor, cabbage needs a dressing with body. Try Roquefort or blue cheese. Or spark a lighter dressing with horseradish, celery seed, caraway, parsley, chives or toasted sesame seeds. To sweeten, add pineapple chunks, apple, orange, seedless grapes or grated carrot. For old-fashioned cole slaw, add dressing an hour before serving, to mellow. For crisp salad, dress and serve at once. ■

Journal Shopping Center

EARLY ARRIVALS pages 70–73

OANI JRS.: Lord & Taylor, New York. Julius Garfinckel, Washington, O.C.; Harold's, Minneapolis; Marshall Field & Co., Chicago. BRIARBROOK: Bonwit Teller; The Blum Store, Philadelphia; Famous-Barr, St. Louis; Joseph Magnin, San Francisco. HANDMACHER: B. Altman & Co., New York; Halle Bros., Cleveland. PRL: Bloomingdale's, New York; Julius Garfinckel, Washington, O.C.; I. Magnin & Co., West Coast. MADEMOISELLE ARLETTE: Bonwit Teller, all stores; L. S. Ayres, Indianapolis; Joseph Magnin, San Francisco. MOOROALE: Peck & Peck, all stores; The Emporium, San Francisco. OLEG CASSINI YOUNG AMERICA: Bonwit Teller, all stores; John Hogan, La Jolla, Calif. DAN MILLSTEIN: Bonwit Teller; John Wanamaker, Philadelphia; Famous-Barr, St. Louis; Charles F. Berg Co., Portland, Oreg.

HERE'S SOMETHING NEW pages 76–79

Ralph Allen, 242 E. 71 St., New York, N. Y. 10021.
B. Altman, Fifth Ave. & 34 St., New York, N. Y. 10016
Azuma, 666 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y. 10022.
Bloomingdale's, Lexington Ave. & 59 St., New York, N. Y. 10022.
Contemporary Furniture Designs, 1135 Second Ave., New York, N. Y. 10021.
Leoda de Mar,* 209 E. 56 St., New York, N. Y. 10022
Oesigned for Living, 131 E. 57 St., New York, N. Y. 10022.
G. Fox, 960 Main St., Hartford, Conn. 06102.
Gimbels, Broadway & 33 St., New York, N.Y. 10001.
Hammacher Schlemmer, 145 E. 57 St., New York, N. Y. 10022.
Howard & Schaffer,* 979 Third Ave., New York, N. Y. 10022.
Georg Jensen, 667 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y. 10022.
Jack Lenor Larsen,* 677 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y. 10022.
Macy's, Broadway & 34 St., New York, N. Y. 10001.
Patterson Fabrics,* 235 E. 58 St., New York, N. Y. 10022.
Round the World Basket & Gift Shop, 444 Third Ave., New York, N. Y. 10016.
Scarabaeus, 223 E. 60 St., New York, N. Y. 10022.
Stern's, 41 W. 42 St., New York, N. Y. 10036.
Stuart Becker, 1036 Third Ave., New York, N. Y. 10021.
Stuff and Nonsense, 227 Tenth Ave., New York, N. Y. 10011.
George Tanier,* 305 E. 63 St., New York, N. Y. 10021.
*Available through decorators or the decorating department of local stores.

SUNDAY-NIGHT SUPPER pages 94–95

Royal Copenhagen "Oranja" earthenware, 5-pc. place setting, $11.50, Georg Jensen, 667 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y. Imperial "Hoffman House" 12-oz. goblets, $2.25 ea., available at stores everywhere. "Constance" Lazy Susan, $15, Bloomingdale's Lexington Ave & 59 St., New York, N. Y. Orange enamel soup pot, $5.98, orange enamel soup bowls, 79c ea., orange basket, 49c, all at Azuma, 666 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y.

A IS FOR AVOCADO page 100

Six-inch salad plate, "Bellis," $1.25 ea., Bonniers, 605 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. All other dishes at Azuma, 666 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y.

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PATTERN BACK-VIEWS

see pages 84–89

BUTTERICK DESIGN 3494 Dress and jacket by Jane and Jane, 9–13, 10–16, 7 in Canada, 85c. Outfit shown requires 3⅝ yd. of 54-in. fabric without nap, size

BUTTERICK DESIGN 3493 Dress, coat, 9–13, 10–16, 75c; in Canada, 85c. Dress quires 2⅝ yd. of 36-in. fabric without nap; coat 4⅛ yd. of 59-in. fabric, size

BUTTERICK DESIGN 3495 Sizes 9–13, 10–16, 75c; in Canada, 85c. View A requi 2½ yd. View C 2¼ yd. ¾ yd. trim on each. All 45-in. fabric without nap, size

BUTTERICK DESIGN 3492 9–13, 10–16, 75c; in Canada, 85c. Suit requires 2⅞ yd. 58-in. fabric. Blouse requires 1⅜ yd. of 45-in. fabric. All fabric without nap, size

BUTTERICK DESIGN 3499 Misses and junior miss dress by Mary Quant, 9–13, 10–18, 75c; in Canada, 85c. White dr requires 3 yd. of 36-in. fabric without nap, size 14. Black dress requires 2⅜ yd. of 45-in. fabric without nap, size

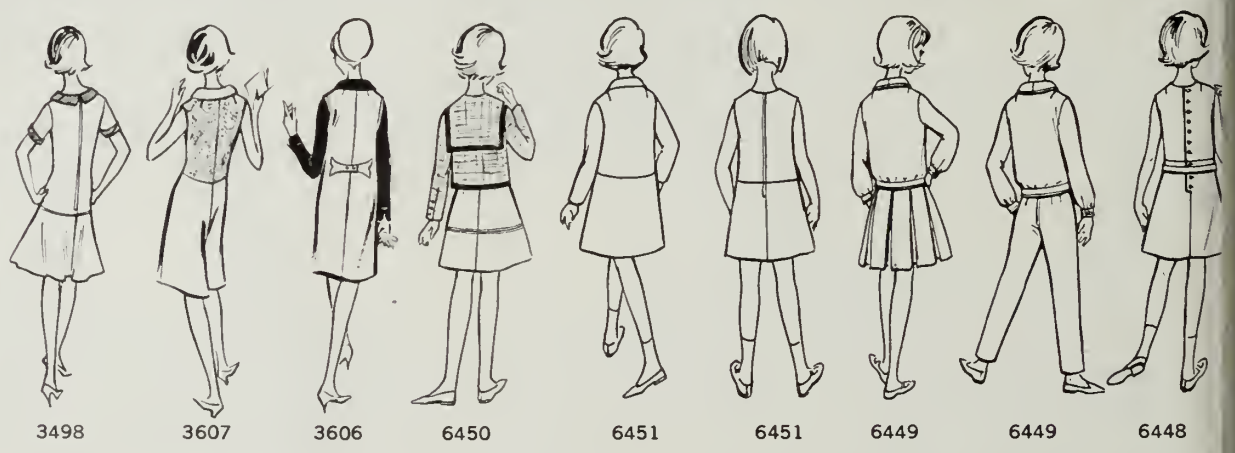
3494 3493 3495A 3495C 3492 3492 3499 3504 3505

BUTTERICK DESIGN 3504 Misses and junior miss coordinates designed by Mary Quant of London, sizes 9–13, 10– 75c; in Canada, 85c. The jacket-and-skirt version shown here requires 2¾ yd. of 45-in. fabric without nap, size

BUTTERICK DESIGN 3505 Misses and junior miss coordinates, 9–13, 10–16, 75c; in Canada, 85c. The dress shown requi 2⅝ yd. of 45-in. fabric without nap. Contrast collar and cuffs require ½ yd. of 36-in. fabric without nap, size

BUTTERICK DESIGN 3498 Dress designed by Mary Quant, 9–13, 10–18, 75c; in Canada, 85c. The dress shown quires 1⅞ yd. of 56–57-in. fabric without nap. Collar and cuffs require ¾ yd. of 36-in. fabric without nap, size

BUTTERICK DESIGN 3607 Pants dress by Gerald McCann, 10–18, 75c; in Canada, 85c. Culotte, collar and tab requ 2 yd. of 60-in. fabric without nap. The lace top and the lining each require 1⅛ yd. of 36-in. fabric without nap, size



3498 3607 3606 6450 6451 6451 6449 6449 6448

BUTTERICK DESIGN 3606 Misses jumper dress and blouse designed by Gerald McCann, 10–18, 75c; in Canada, 8 Jumper requires 1¾ yd. of 45-in. fabric without nap. Blouse requires 2¼ yd. of 45-in. fabric without nap, size

THE PRE-TEEN SCENE

VOGUE DESIGN 6450 Girls' coordinates, 7–14, $1; in Canada, $1.10. Jacket requires 1¾ yd. of 45-in. fabric without n Skirt requires 1 yd. of 45-in. fabric without nap. Overblouse requires ⅞ yd. of 45-in. fabric without nap, size

VOGUE DESIGN 6451 Girls' dress and coat designed by John Cavanagh of London, 7–14, $1; in Canada, $1.10. C requires 2 yd. of 45-in. fabric without nap, size 12. Dress shown requires 1¼ yd. of 45-in. fabric without nap, size

VOGUE DESIGN 6449 Girls' coordinates, 7–14, 75c; in Canada, 85c. Jacket shown requires 1⅝ yd. of 45-in. fab without nap, size 12. Slacks require 1¾ yd. of 45-in. fabric. Skirt requires 2⅛ yd. of 45-in. fabric without nap, size

VOGUE DESIGN 6448 Girls' dress designed by John Cavanagh of London, 7–14, 75c; in Canada, 85c. Bodice and b require 1⅛ yd. of 45-in. fabric without nap, size 12. Skirt shown requires 1 yd. of 45-in. fabric without nap, size

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A BETTER TOMORROW

By BEN J. WATTENBERG

This is the promise of urban renewal, and it has led a dedicated family woman with no professional training to head one of this country's largest construction projects.

Within a few weeks a big bulldozer will grind to a stop alongside a decrepit building on Willow Street in Stamford, Conn.

It will be a ceremonial occasion, with dignitaries in evidence, among them a silver-haired woman wearing a construction worker's helmet. For Mrs. Dwight Marshall, and for the city, the arrival of the bulldozer will represent the beginning of a monumental urban-renewal project. In six years the entire downtown area of Stamford will be transformed into a showcase of American city planning—a pointer to an urban future quite unlike our urban past.

Much of the credit will go to Mrs. Marshall, chairman of Stamford's Urban Redevelopment Commission, who has put four years of labor into the Stamford project.

What brings a city of 100,000 like Stamford to the point where it decides to tear up its innards on the promise of a better tomorrow? What role does a dedicated family woman like Mrs. Marshall play in such civic derring-do? What circumstances will bring such a woman with no professional training to the head of one of the nation's largest construction projects?

In 1958, Mrs. Marshall—Gertrude Marshall, called "Pat" by all who know her—had just been appointed to the Urban Redevelopment Commission by the Republican mayor of the city, Webster Givens.

The appointment was regarded as a good one. Pat Marshall had been president of the Junior League, the Community Chest and the United Fund. She had been active in church and hospital work, in the League of Women Voters, the Family and Children's Service and many other organizations. Attorney Harry Terhune was chairman of U.R.C. at the time. "From the day Pat came on the commission," he says, "there was a very real change. The rest of us on the commission had full-time jobs; Pat did not, but this soon became one for her."

There was plenty for Pat to do. In 1958, Stamford's urban-renewal program was moribund. A start had been made on one project—a planned 15-acre industrial park to replace a junk-yarded slum—but work was at a complete standstill. Officially it was called "East Meadow Redevelopment Area." Opponents called it a demented partnership of national and local bunglers.

The urban-renewal program was established by the Housing Act of 1949 to provide Federal aid for cities that seek to eliminate slums. Under its provisions, buildings in a blighted area can be acquired and razed, families and businesses helped to relocate. The cleared land is sold at fair market value to private redevelopers (also called "sponsors"). The sponsors must erect the new structures called for in the original plan: apartment houses, stores or office buildings, as the case may be.

By 1958 the slums of East Meadow had been razed, but for two years no sponsor would touch it because an engineer's report showed grievous soil and drainage problems. To compound the problem, the city's Board of Finance was reluctant to appropriate money for sewer lines and other public facilities.

Pat Marshall cut her administrative eyeteeth on the East Meadow problems. First, she supervised the hiring of a capable full-time professional staff director, hard-working Salem Shapiro. Next, she commissioned a new engineering team, and its report revealed that the soil problem was not insurmountable after all. Then, in a tense session, she persuaded the Board of Finance to approve the money for utilities.

"That was the turning point," says Pat today. "When the city showed its confidence in the project, the sponsors were easy to get." Pat had enough cards in her hand to approach Dominick Telesco, a Stamford builder. With the ice broken, three other sponsors came along—and within a few years the entire area was built up into a clean, humming, industrial tract.

Nominally, Pat was in charge of public relations for the commission. In fact, she was filling in at everything that needed doing. Between night meetings and day meetings her tasks added up to more than a full-time job.

"The work gets harder and longer," Mrs. Marshall said recently, "but so do the rewards. There is a real sense of accomplishment; slums are torn down and people helped. Cities are rebuilt. This makes it worthwhile."

How about the absences from home and family? "It's a question of involvement and discipline," says Pat. "You can't let your public life dominate your private life."

The Marshalls spend some summer weekends away from it all at their Nantucket summer home, and they or their three grown daughters and grandchildren will fly cross-country so that vacations or holidays can be spent together. Above all, says Pat, is her husband's attitude: he believes in the work she is doing, and is proud of her and her ability. *(continued)*

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BETTER TOMORROW *continued*

When it was clear that East Meadow was a success, the members of the commission and the city leaders trained their sights on an area far more extensive and important: the heart of downtown.

"Stamford, like many older cities, was dying from within," says Pat Marshall. "The business core of the city was seedy. The residential area, particularly the Negro section, was a human trap. We needed redevelopment to let the city live a vital downtown life again."

The city formally approached the Urban Renewal Administration, and on March 3, 1960, funds were released for the planning of a major downtown project, to be called the Southeast Quadrant Redevelopment Plan.

During the ensuing four years Pat Marshall spoke at more than 150 meetings to explain, and to sell, the complex project. She was reappointed to the commission and then elected chairman for three consecutive one-year terms, although no one previously had ever held the job for more than one term. Her work week climbed to 50 and 60 hours, and for her efforts she was rewarded occasionally with irate phone calls. She presided at a jammed public hearing and heard that she and the commission were: (1) playing God, (2) neo-Fascists, (3) Communists, (4) rude. More realistically, she heard steady complaints that some of the store-owners scheduled for relocation would not get fair compensation.

The first problem with the Quadrant plan came early. To eliminate the sort of mixup that delayed the East Meadow project, Federal authorities told Pat, some cities were "preselecting" sponsors before a single spadeful of earth was turned. Today this method is common and has proved its value; in 1960 it was new, and radical.

Pat and most of the Commission members were quick to see the merits of preselection, but the members of the city's Planning Board were not convinced. Preselection, they feared, would put great power in one developer's hands and could be unfairly exploited by an unscrupulous developer. Not so, Pat countered, not with the legal safeguards that the Federal contracts insisted upon.

To prove her point, Pat invited t entire Planning Board to travel with h to Hartford, New York City and Phil delphia, where early efforts at presele tion were just beginning. As it turn out, the Planning Board was easy to s compared with the customers that we next on Pat's list: the Stamford publi

When the final blueprint for t Quadrant was drawn up by the not city planner Victor Gruen, Pat aske that the sponsors pay an addition $3,000 so that a large-scale model of t project could be built. When the mod was completed, Pat recruited a team 26 young and attractive women fro the League of Women Voters and t Junior League to act as demonstrator She personally trained them so that the could intelligently explain all the in portant aspects of the model. The mod and the demonstrators in teams of tw were then installed in the lobby City Hall for public scrutiny. Soon, th model was on a regular schedule throug out town: department stores, banks an shopping centers.

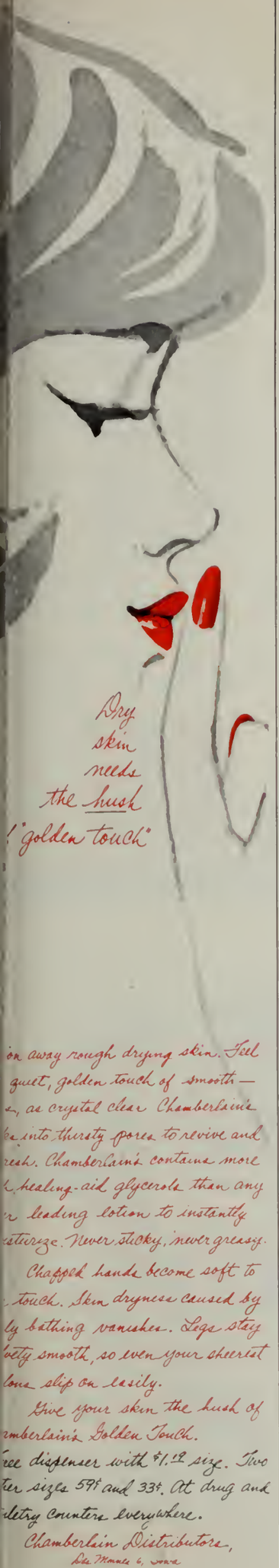
Pat then took to the road hersel First, word was passed that she wa eager to speak to any private group women at any time, any place, regar less of how many would attend. Thi proposal gave birth to a series of morn ing coffee-klatch meetings, and Pat per fected her spiel.

She then expanded her program. Let ters were sent out to church and templ groups, political clubs, social organiza tions and fraternal groups. Pat, carryin a portable slide projector, soon becam a familiar sight in every corner of Stam ford. Citizens who missed hearing Pa in person had an alternative: her bi weekly Wednesday-night radio program

The Stamford plan involves the tea ing down of more than 400 blighte buildings and the renovation of hun dreds of others within the 130-acre re newal tract. More than 3,000 person will be moved from slums to decen housing. Less happily, 300 business will relocate or, in some instances, go out of business.

On the cleared land there will ris luxurious apartment houses, moderate rental apartment houses, major depart ment stores and smaller shops, offic

"Sorry I can't ask you in, Calvin. Mommy just cleaned the house, and you know what a slob you are."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buildings, restaurants, tree-lined malls and arcades, small plants for light industry, a sleek motor hotel, parking garages, a six-lane traffic loop and—it is hoped—a handsome civic center.

Private developers have recently announced plans to abut the project area with a skyscraper office building built over the tracks of the New Haven railroad.

"Downtown here will be what a downtown should be," says Pat, "an exciting place, a beautiful place, drawing people from many miles. There will be shoppers, businessmen, entertainment, families and industry—all within walking distance of one another. It will be a downtown with hustle and bustle, day and night, and a wonderful place in which to live or work. It is designed to serve and stimulate people and pedestrians, not cars and trucks."

The main issue of the Quadrant plan was clearly drawn at the legally required public hearing. Pat Marshall chaired the meeting, and more than 1,000 persons were squeezed into a junior-high-school auditorium designed to hold 600.

One point of view was expressed bitterly by Jo Ann Fagan, a Negro teen-age girl. "Most of you live in warm homes. You wake up every morning and your feet hit a warm floor. We are forced to live in overcrowded, small, cold, rat- and roach-infested barns. . . . So maybe after you come down there and see how we are living, you will stop thinking about the taxes you are paying. I pay these taxes too."

The entire issue was laid squarely at the feet of Pat Marshall and the commission by Herbert Kohn, a successful downtown furniture merchant who has been an opponent of the plan:

"I got a great kick, Mrs. Marshall, out of you saying that . . . you would sincerely feel it was your responsibility, and you accept the responsibility of seeing that these thousand people . . . that are going to be displaced would receive fair, adequate housing. I hold you to this very sincerely, because if these people don't get it, you are the guys, if they are chased out of town, you are the people, if this barber doesn't go into business, it's your fault. And if one guy is hurt, I will hold you responsible. . . ."

The problem of relocating families and businesses is one of the most complex and heartrending facets of the entire urban-renewal process. Obviously, people and businesses must be uprooted if new structures are to replace blighted ones and if American cities are to blossom again. But even for those who want to move, like Jo Ann Fagan, there is a hardship involved. For those like Mr. Kohn who seek to stay, relocation often appears to be an intolerable dose of government interference. In Stamford there was one other relocation issue: Would the people who would be relocated really get decent housing?

The question appeared logical when the Quadrant plan was analyzed. Although 900 dwelling units were to be pulled down, only 300 new moderate-rental apartment units were to be constructed. About 600 families would have to leave the area, a fact used by opponents of the plan.

A small group composed mostly of downtown merchants and a local millionaire formed a committee and led the fight against the renewal project. They said the real losers in the urban-renewal plan would be the poor Negro slum folk who, along with the downtown retail economy, were supposed to be the beneficiaries. Low-cost public-housing projects must be built in the Quadrant now, they said; if they were not, newer ghettos would grow in other areas of town.

Pat Marshall's view of the situation was rather different. The commission's plan intentionally veers away from the wholesale construction of huge, ungainly apartment projects. They hope, instead, for a more humane and graceful type of relocation housing: a series of new, smaller apartment or garden-apartment houses scattered throughout the city in a way that might foster integration as well as provide good housing. These new units would be constructed with the help of Federal financing, but would be owned and managed by local nonprofit groups: churches, fraternal lodges, unions or the Chamber of Commerce.

The plan is sound, but it demands faith; faith that local groups will sponsor the developments, that sites will be found, that neighborhood opposition will be overcome if it arises, and, most important, faith that the commission will honor in both spirit and deed its Federal mandate to provide "safe, sanitary and decent" housing for all persons whose apartments or homes will be razed.

That was the issue: Would the community insist on the ironclad but stultifying housing guarantees demanded by the opposition, or would it accept the good faith of Pat Marshall and the other supporters of the Quadrant plan?

Former Mayor J. Walter Kennedy, himself a champion of the Quadrant plan, has assessed Pat Marshall's role quite simply: "Without Pat," he says, "there would be no urban renewal in Stamford. And without urban renewal, Stamford would die inside."

That Pat Marshall had that confidence and faith of the community was not the result of one great speech or one inspired idea. Instead, the reins of leadership, as usual, were passed over only after a long assessment of personality and motivation.

The worst epithet that has been hurled against her and her followers has been "do-gooder." But that is a generally harmless epithet, for Americans are not willing to condemn the authentic performance of civic good even if smug critics choose to ridicule it. Thus, Pat Marshall is an effective leader for her cause because she is totally committed to it, and no one is confused about her motives. She, and urban renewal, have opponents in Stamford, to be sure. But no one has said that Pat Marshall is out to feather her nest, that she was helping her husband's business, that she likes to see her name in the paper, or that she's active because she's got nothing else to do.

When pressed, Pat Marshall acknowledges that she is moved largely by her religious feeling. A Presbyterian, she believes that the church's role extends into the realm of hard-hitting social action. Her vision of the glory of the church has three parts: worship, learning and *works*.

"Local communities," said Pat Marshall recently in her office, "are really world microcosms. What happens in one community—and in many isolated communities—can affect the way the world goes. Whether we have war or peace, or sickness or health that is determined by what we do at home and in the community."

In short, the answer to the question, "Do do-gooders really do good?" is yes.

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The feeling of "social gospel" is not unique to the Stamford urban-renewal offices. The same attitude a little gruffer and more masculine, to be sure—can be noticed in Washington, particularly in the much-beleaguered offices of the Urban Renewal Administration.

The progress of urban renewal can be likened to the progress made in open heart surgery over the past decade and a half. Fifteen years ago such heart surgery was all but unheard of. Ten years ago, as techniques and tools were being perfected, it was a risky business. Today, it is a routine operation to an experienced surgeon.

And, somewhat similarly, so it is with urban renewal. The procedure is only 15 years old, mistakes have been made and it is still not perfect, and goes directly to the sick heart of its patient—the slums of a city. The objective, too, is similar—to bring health back to an ailing organ. Again, just as heart surgery is complicated, so is urban renewal: It involves real-estate values, relocation, construction, site acquisition, demolition, design, financing, zoning and, most important, a strong dose of Marshall-esque local initiative and grass-roots support.

Finally, urban renewal is like heart surgery in one more crucial respect: It is the only known cure for the disease, and it works well.

Federal do-gooding, like the local variety, takes time—in the instance of major urban-renewal projects sometimes as long as a decade. But today, after many years of waiting, the surgery is bringing urban health all over America, and the results are often breathtaking.

In Hartford, on the sun-drenched deck of Constitution Plaza, an observer *knows* he is really in the 21st century. In New Haven, a golden downtown is rising and the already-famous Conte School has demonstrated a whole new concept of city life focused around a building complex that is open seven days a week and houses, at once, a school, a library, a public swimming pool and a golden-age center complete with *boccie* courts and outdoor chess tables. In Atchison, Kans., there is a handsome small-city shopping mall, and in Stanton, Tex., there is a Space Age playground.

There are important projects in Mercedes, Tex., Philadelphia, Little Rock, Providence, Lockport, N.Y.—and a great one in St. Louis, where Eero Saarinen's great arch rises over what was once the foulest slum in all the nation and where private and city financing is now extending the development.

There is, too, Washington, D.C.'s stunning Southwest development that has given birth to a striking complex of in-city row houses and low-cost, mo- ate and luxury apartment building well as the new Arena Theater. There the happy examples of urban renew San Francisco (St. Francis Square) in Chicago (Prairie Shores) where each case, there has been peaceful, untary and permanent integration am middle-class whites and Negroes. nally, to cut the list abruptly, the a new public square in Boston that city planner has said will rank w Venice's Piazza San Marco.

That, then, is the shape of Ameri urban future, and it seems to be w ing. Not perfectly, to be sure, and always; but pretty well, appare getting better, and far better than w it replaces.

Not the least of that future is so thing quite new for the American mi class: a choice. In recent years, as bl spread over in-city areas, a thunde herd of Americans has moved to the s urbs to raise their children and live t lives.

There is certainly nothing wrong w suburbia if one chooses to live th but there is something wrong in forc suburban living on people who do happen to enjoy mowing the la hanging the shutters or going eve where by car. Today, as urban-rene projects are repairing the damage the open heart of American cities, th is again a choice.

All this is woman's work as much s man's work. It deals, after all, with e home, with the living environment, w how children grow up; in short, with e day-to-day ways of improving our co munities. As such, it brings its ow reward.

As a final point, however, it is in- esting to note that for Pat Marsh and for other women involved sincer in community work, it appears as there is more. Urban renewal can m personal renewal—something to th about the next time you see a bulld on Willow Street.

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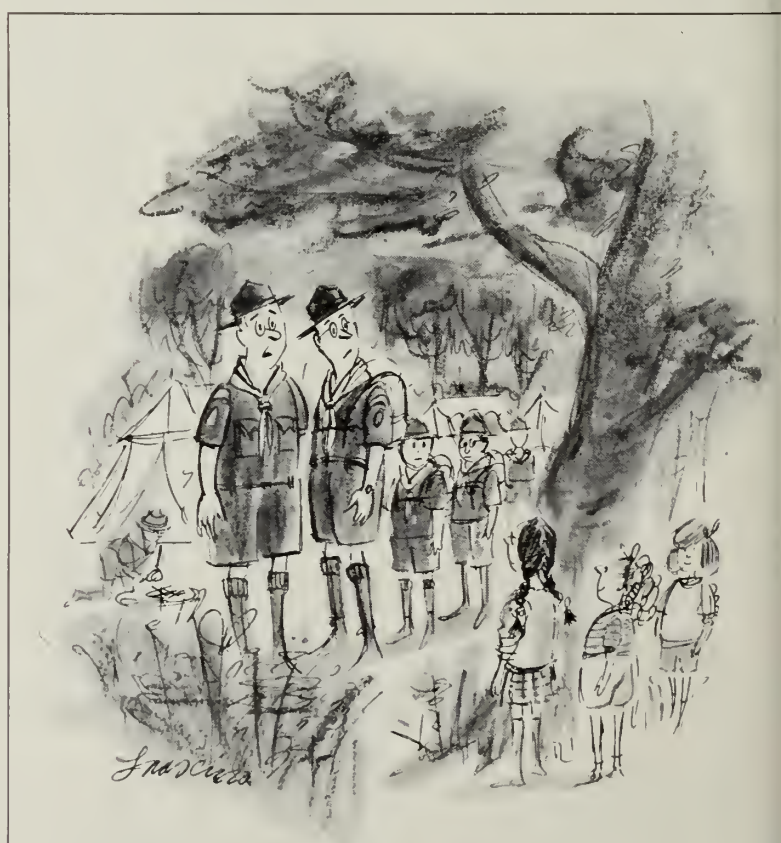

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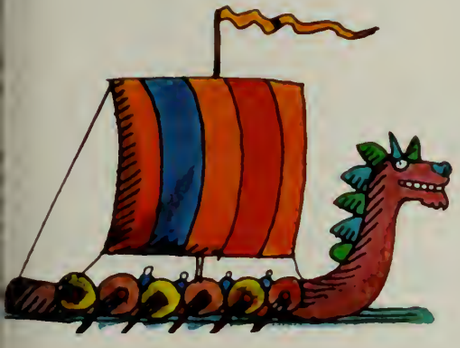

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TWO MEALS IN A HURRY

TANGY TOMATO JUICE CRAB À LA KING IN PASTRY SHELLS ITALIAN GREEN BEANS HOT ROLLS HONEY-CREAM PEARS COFFEE OR TEA	QUICK SKILLET HASH EASY RED BEETS WILTED SPINACH SALAD HARD ROLLS FRUIT-NUT COMPOTE COFFEE OR TEA
Preparation time: approximately 35 minutes Cost to serve 6: $5.39	Preparation time: approximately 30 minutes Cost to serve 6: $3.24
Tangy Tomato Juice: To 1 can (24 oz.) tomato juice, add 4 tsp. prepared mustard and 1 tsp. basil. Mix well; heat to boiling point, strain and serve hot. **Crab à la King in Pastry Shells:** Bake 1 pkg. (10 oz.) frozen pastry shells according to pkg. directions. Pick over 2 cans (7½ oz. ea.) crabmeat; flake. Empty contents of 1 pkg. (1½ oz.) à la king sauce mix into saucepan. Gradually add 2 cups cold milk and ½ tsp. Worcestershire sauce, stirring constantly until mixture boils. Add crabmeat and 1 can (3 oz.) sliced mushrooms. Stir well and cook until heated through. Add ½ cup heavy cream, 2 tbsp. butter or margarine, salt and pepper to taste. Serve hot in pastry shells. **Italian Green Beans:** Prepare 2 pkgs. (10 oz. ea.) frozen Italian green beans according to pkg. directions. **Hot Rolls:** Prepare 1 can (8 oz.) refrigerated butterflake dinner rolls according to pkg. directions. **Honey-Cream Pears:** Drain and reserve syrup from 1 can (1 lb. 14 oz.) pears. Fill hollows of pears with a mixture of 2 pkgs. (3 oz. ea.) softened cream cheese and 4 tbsp. honey. Sprinkle evenly with 1 or 2 tbsp packaged graham-cracker crumbs and place in shallow ovenproof dish; add reserved syrup. Bake at 350° F. for 4–5 minutes, or until warmed.	**Quick Skillet Hash:** In a large skillet, cook 2 lb. ground beef and 1 cup chopped onion until onion is tender. Pour off drippings, if necessary. Add 2 cans (10½ oz. ea.) condensed cream of potato soup, ¼ cup chopped parsley, 1 tsp. salt and ¼ tsp. pepper. Heat, stirring occasionally. Serve with chili sauce or catsup. **Easy Red Beets:** Drain liquid from 1 can (1 lb.) small whole red beets into saucepan. Add 1 tbsp. cornstarch dissolved in 2 tbsp. thawed frozen orange juice concentrate. Heat and stir until sauce thickens. Add beets, continue cooking 10 min. or until heated through. **Hard Rolls:** Bake 1 pkg. brown-and-serve hard rolls according to pkg. directions. Keep in warm place until ready to serve. **Wilted Spinach Salad:** Thoroughly wash 1½ lb. fresh spinach in several waters, drain and remove stems. Sauté 6 slices bacon; drain and crumble. Add bacon and 1 minced, medium-sized onion (about ½ cup) to spinach. Add ¾ cup vinegar to bacon fat; bring to boil. Pour immediately over spinach and toss thoroughly. Season to taste with salt and pepper. **Fruit-Nut Compote:** Thaw 2 pkgs. (10 oz. ea.) frozen mixed fruit according to pkg. directions. Add 1 cup coarsely chopped walnuts and mix well. Arrange in dessert dishes; top with instant whipped cream.

THE VAGRANT VALENTINE

FICTION by WILL STANTON

MOOT POINT, N.J.

TOR OF CHIC
r Sir,
regard to the story "The Vagrant ntine" which appeared in your last e—to refresh your memory it was it a man who gets a valentine for his and by mistake it goes to another an. You had it listed as fiction, but your information I happen to live door to these very people and there no fiction about it. In fact there is a t deal more to it than the story ld indicate.

or one thing it was a box of candy not a valentine that was involved I can assure you the husband didn't l it to the other woman by mistake. se two have been carrying on for s. Oh, they cover up very cleverly their talk of common interests, but been around too long to be taken in Great Books" or "Adult Education." s far as that goes, the wife is no bet- han he is. Lies around in the yard athing with the sink full of dishes. the time the little girl's bed isn't e until afternoon. More than likely rest of them aren't either, but they on the other side of the house where n't see them.

nly last week when the man from the rance company came she was wear- a dressing gown and slippers at 10:15 ie morning. He was there until 11:05. my mind this amply illustrates the al laxity of our time. I have no doubt that my neighbors on the other side are just as bad, but they keep their shades drawn all the time. Is this the attitude of people who have nothing to hide?

I'm afraid I must report a falling off in the quality of your magazine. There were no receipts I cared for in your latest issue and the cover was torn.

Sincerely,
HARRIET AINSLEY

DEPENDENCE, OKLAHOMA

Dear Editor,

In reading the story "The Vagrant Valentine" in your current issue I was struck by its marked similarity to my own unpublished story, "The Misunderstanding of Herbert and Rose." As you may recall I sent it to you in March of 1947. You subsequently returned it with a card saying you were unable to use it. What made you change your mind?

I notice you have made a few superficial changes (not for the better in my humble opinion). In my original, for example, it was a get-well card that went astray. Nevertheless it is inconceivable that an idea as unusual as this one could have occurred to two different writers at the same time. Or even at different times.

The thought comes to me that over the years I have submitted some two dozen of my stories to you. I am wondering now when you intend to print the rest of them. Why don't you publish them all at once in a special Ted F. Waxweiller issue? Naturally you could

(*continued*)

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think up various other names regarding authorship. You seem to be good at that.

They speak a lot these days about artistic integrity. I am wondering just where it is to be found?

Yours respectfully,
TED F. WAXWEILLER

P.S. In case you think you are dealing with some nobody, let me inform you that the Broadway musical *My Fair Lady* was also stolen from a story of mine.

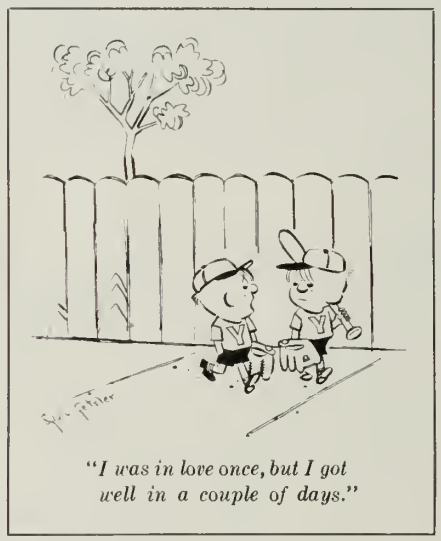
MAROOSH, WISCONSIN

Dear Sir,

No doubt many of your readers may have been amused by your valentine story, but I assure you that for those actually involved it was no laughing matter. How you learned the details I don't know and don't care, but I can tell you my daughter Vera was practically prostrated at the time.

Not that she didn't have plenty of warning. When she married Leonard I told her she would live to regret it. "He's weak," I told her, "stupid and weak. He's just the sort to go tagging after the first woman who gives him a second glance."

I think I can spot a woman-chaser when I see one, having been married to one all my adult life. But in some ways Vera is as mule-headed as her father. Anybody would have thought that after Maurice she would have had better sense. Maurice was her second husband. I warned her about him too.



"I was in love once, but I got well in a couple of days."

At any rate I should think you could find something better to do in your magazine than raking up old scandals. You could have more articles on Liberace for one thing.

Or you could point out the lack of respect that young people of today have for their elders. I think if every young woman would follow the advice of her mother on such matters as marriage, she would be better off. I know I would have been.

Yours truly,
MRS. RACHEL HUNT BINDER

P.S. The illustration didn't look at all like Leonard. The forehead and chin should have been much more sloping.

ZEN CANON, CALIFORNIA

Dear Sir,

I wanted to tell you that the explanation for the misplaced Valentine in your magazine is full of holes. Anyhow my wife wouldn't believe it last year when I happened to find myself in a similar predicament. It's taken her almost all this time to cool down and now this ridiculous story has gotten her started all over again.

My point is if you are going to print a story that puts a hushand in a bad light the least you can do is provide an alibi that will stand up under cross-examination.

Another thing I don't like is your fashion section. My wife goes out and spends my whole pay check on one of the dresses you featured. Then when doesn't make her look like the model i the picture she gets annoyed at me. think it would be a good thing for a concerned if you would make your pric range a little lower and your models little wider.

Also would you please confine you cooking section to recipes used at showe and bridge luncheons. When a ma comes home after a tough day he doesn want to find bits of ginger in the p roast or jelly beans in the hash. I hat all surprises, and the ones involvin jelly beans are the worst.

Very sincerely,
R. L. JACKSO

FLAT RIDGE, NEBRASK

Dear Sir,

Since when has it been a crime fo a lady to receive a Valentine from gentleman? I am referring to the stor in your Feb. issue. People send ou Christmas cards irrespective of th marital status of the parties concerne Why shouldn't this apply to othe things? But no, just because a lad happens to prefer living by herse she immediately becomes a sittin duck for all the gossips in town.

For your i formation it perfectly poss ble for a lady t have a respect able friendshi with a marrie man if they hap pen to be inte ested in the sam things such a bowling. Any thing else tha people ma think is purel mental. I don know the rea name of the au thor of you story but i could be any the snoops tha live around here

As for breaking up anybody's home he has asked his wife to go bowling wit him not once but several times, and sh refuses to have anything to do with it Besides anybody with any brains shoul realize that a well-lighted bowling alle with everyhody looking at everybod else is a pretty hard place to do anythin improper.

The only occasions when he ha stopped in at my place for a snack hav been so seldom as to be not worth men tioning. The reason is his wife is alway on a diet and there is never anythin around the house to eat. I think a wif who takes this attitude has nobody bu herself to blame.

Incidentally I tried your seven-da diet for three days and gained a poun and a half. Not that I have to make an excuses for my figure, but I think person that don't know what they're talkin about should stop talking.

Anyhow a gentleman friend of min who knows all about the law (not th one I go bowling with, a different one)— he says if I wanted to take the whol thing to court I could cause you plent of trouble. Lucky for you I don't tak things personally.

As ever,
LAVERNE TRES

P.S. When somebody cancels a gif subscription who does the money com back to? ■

RS. 'ARRIS

tinued from page 81

d, "and maybe you'd even do them ne good."

Here the mantel clock went into its itation of Big Ben chiming the three-arter hour. Mr. Bayswater rose, ad-ted his jacket, shot his cuffs, said, Vell, Mrs. Harris, I'm indebted to you a most pleasant evening," and took departure.

Mrs. Harris went to bed, but she did t sleep for a long time, for she kept nking of the words of Mr. Bayswater, ose judgment and intellect she greatly pected: "I'll wager you would, Ada, d maybe you'd even do them some od." And the more she thought, the re apt her slogan of "Live and Let ve" appeared to her. How was it that h insincere creatures as the Hon. nald Pusey could get themselves cted into the Parliament of England? Ada Harris did not know quite how Parliament operated, and certainly thing about politics, beyond her feel-g that all politicians were worth not ry much. She had never been inside e House, and so she had to imagine the lectable scene where someone in some nd of gorgeous costume with knee eeches and carrying a mace or crosier, pped for order and cried, "Pray si-ce, ladies and gentlemen and Right onorable Members! We will now hear m Mrs. Ada Harris on the subject: 'hat's Wrong With Britain?'"

While organizing the various details of r speech, Ada Harris finally fell asleep.

The following morning Mrs. Harris ose to begin, as did so many thousands her fellow charwomen, their rounds of mes and offices that would leave them arkling until their owners or inhabit-nts pigged them up again. She was still led with echoes of last night's discus-on and her subsequent fantasies. By e time, however, she had scrubbed the lices of the Electro Appliance Com-ny in Sloane Square, called in upon ne of her oldest clients, Lady Dant, eaned up the surprising clutter that lajor Tiverton succeeded in leaving ery morning, considering that he was bachelor and messed about in the lab-atory of Alexander Hero, the echoes ad begun to fade.

They were revived by the unusual cir-mstances which developed as she shed the keys for No. 88 Eaton Mews orth out of her pocketbook, and let erself into the cottage of Sir Wilmot orrison. For a hoarse voice shouted own from the upstairs bedroom, "Hello! s that you, Mrs. Harris? Don't be larmed, I'm here in bed."

"You're not ill, are you?" cried Mrs. Harris.

"Just a bit of a throat," croaked Sir Wilmot from above. "I'll be quite all ght."

Mrs. Harris deposited her bag, shout-ng, "You just stay nice and quiet while put the kettle on for a cup of tea and 'll be right up to look after you." She lled the kettle and put it on the stove o boil, donned her overall and dust cap, arched upstairs and into the bedroom f Sir Wilmot saying, "Now then."

While it was obvious that Sir Wilmot's ondition was not grave, it was also lain that he was not entirely himself. le had spent an uncomfortable night.

"'Allo, 'allo, 'allo!" said Mrs. Harris, nd went on, "Naughty boy! What 'ave ou been up to getting yourself sick?"

"Just a relaxed throat," barked Sir Wilmot. "I didn't feel much like going to the office. I've sent Bayswater out to the country to fetch my wife. I shall be quite all right."

"You will, after I've done making you comfortable," Mrs. Harris asserted. "Now then, for a beginning we'll 'ave fresh linen and clean pyjamas."

In truth, Sir Wilmot was glad to see her, for it would be several hours more before his wife could be expected to arrive. He was a large, florid, well-fed man, whose features might have been pleasant and attractive except that there was a slightly unfinished look about them. But he was known as a kind enough man, particularly to those who worked satisfactorily for him, as well as a shrewd, ruthless operator and a wheel and a power behind the Center Party, which was trying to make an impression in the forthcoming general election.

Now he trotted off obediently to the bathroom, clutching his clean pyjamas, and with the door closed, Mrs. Harris attacked the room with both fury and efficiency.

Twenty minutes later, Sir Wilmot lay comfortably and blissfully ensconced between clean sheets, the pillows punched up to support his back, a tray with tea, hot buttered toast, marmalade and orange juice resting on his lap; ashtrays emptied, curtains opened, the room filled with fresh air. He was feeling a great deal better, a good gargle and wash-up having relieved the congestion in his throat.

"Mrs. Harris, you're an angel," he said.

"Do you think so? Well, it's very nice of you to say so. Now, not any more cigarettes this morning, and just you have your breakfast while I clear up downstairs."

What Sir Wilmot did not know was that while downstairs Mrs. Harris was reactivating all that had been seen, said and thought about the night before, and preparing the speech she would make, not to Parliament but to that maker of parliamentarians, Sir Wilmot Corrison. He was not himself a Member of the House but she knew he was something big and powerful in politics.

Mrs. Harris's plans for that morning went no further than the sheer joy of having a captive audience pinned down in bed, unable to escape from the overflow she was about to get off her chest. There, upstairs, bound hand and foot, as it were, by ties of gratitude as well as indisposition, was someone who would not only have to listen to her but might very well be expected even to understand what she was talking about.

And thus Sir Wilmot, having enjoyed breakfast, mastered his craving for a cigarette and, just about to sink into a blissful doze, found the little old lady with cheeks like shrunken winter apples, snapping, sparkling dark eyes and a mischievous quirk to her mouth, a frail, wispy woman with grayish curls leaking out from underneath her dust cap, leaning not ungracefully upon her weapon, the dust broom.

Mrs. Harris launched: "Did you watch the telly last night?"

"Eh? What's that? The which?"

"I mean that program called 'What Do You Fink'?"

"What? Why yes, as a matter of fact I did. There was nothing else to do. Damn silly, wasn't it?"

"Coo!" said Mrs. Harris, "I never 'eard such a lot of eyewash *(continued)*

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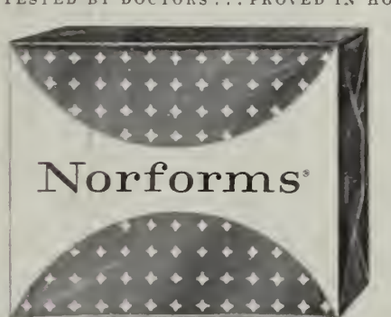

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in all me life! Add up every thing he said he was going to do for the country, and in the end what did you get? Nothing!"

Sir Wilmot grinned at the shrewdness of Mrs. Harris's mathematics. "That's how you keep your seat in Parliament."

"Now if it was me that was running the country, I'd know what to tell them and no shilly-shallying."

It was then the sudden change of Mrs. Harris's stance on her broom handle than her words which set up alarm bells ringing in Sir Wilmot. Fun was fun, but to be subjected to a long and boring tirade on the subject of what was wrong with the country, particularly when he was feeling under the weather and unable to escape, was something else again. "Yes, yes," said Sir Wilmot hastily, "I'm sure you would, but for the moment . . ." and feeling that actions would speak louder than words, he settled down a bit in the bed and closed his eyes.

But it was too late, for Mrs. Harris was no longer even aware of him. The Joan of Arc that is latent in every woman had been loosed and, holding the handle of the broom away from her like the shaft of a banner, she launched further forth. "I'll tell you what I'd say to them to make them sit up. *Live and Let Live!* They won't let us live, that's what's the matter. They never gives us a chance to get our 'eads above water before they're pushing us down again. Life was made to be lived, but they keep us worried from the first breath we draw to the last."

Sir Wilmot opened his eyes again, or rather they were opened for him by the combination of despair and clarion ring of the cry he had heard, "Live and Let Live!" and he was not at all astonished to see no longer the slightly ridiculous, garrulous figure of the typical London char on a soapbox, but a person of flaming and evident sincerity.

"'Oo's the majority in the country? The respectable poor, that never has quite enough money to be able to relax and enjoy a bit of living. You know what's wrong with the system? It ain't labor and it ain't capital; it's the squeezing of us in between, so that we can never catch up. We go to the shops, and one week to another the prices is just that much 'igher than what we've got in our pockets. Give us a chance to enjoy life a little, that's all we ask."

Like all shrewd and powerful men who have climbed up out of the ruck by the sheer force of their wits, Sir Wilmot's mind was able to operate on split levels. The bugle call of "Live and Let Live" had set turning the wheels of political scheming; schemes so offbeat and farfetched that they were likely to be rejected immediately as impossible and absurd. He was only half listening to Mrs. Harris now, because of the smooth way the wheels had begun to mesh.

"And as for the Mods and Rockers, you know what I'd do with them? I'd 'ave their trousers down and give 'em a taste of the birch, that's what I'd do. And right out in a public square, that's what. That'd fix 'em—destroying property and beating up old men and women."

Another portion of Sir Wilmot's brain, where he kept his imagination, flashed a picture on his internal television screen—no more Mods and Rockers! It wouldn't work, naturally, but momentarily there was something curiously satisfying for Sir Wilmot about the picture of this beastly form of social vengeance. It was, of course, utterly impossible, but that was not what the cogs were saying. Inwardly he smiled at himself as once again the beat of "Live and Let Live" turned over and the wheels turned faster.

Mrs. Harris was not so sound on foreign policy, except for a glimpse of *laissez-faire*. Her domestic and economical ideas all coincided with the common sense of giving human beings at least a few moments of relaxation, happiness and enjoyment during their short shrift on earth. Besides which everyone knew that this election would not be fought on the basis of foreign policy.

Suddenly Sir Wilmot was aware that there was silence in the room. Mrs. Harris had run down.

It was she who broke the silence. "Coo," she said, "ain't I the one! Tiring you out and you under the weather. But I 'ad to get it off me chest after listening to that man last night, didn't I?"

Sir Wilmot said, "That's all right. By the way, Mrs. Harris, where do you live?"

"Oh, I thought you 'ad me address: Five Willis Gardens, East Battersea."

Sir Wilmot nodded. He had known at the back of his head, but it had just seemed too good to be true, and this knowledge was probably what had contributed to the smoothness of the wheels. "Had you ever thought of going into politics, Mrs. Harris?"

Mrs. Harris looked thoroughly startled. "'Oo, me?" she said. "What could I do? Me, as ain't never even 'ad a proper educuyation! Nobody would ever want me," said Mrs. Harris. "Well, I've got to be getting on," and, setting the broom against the door for a moment, she came in and removed the tray from his lap. "I'll just clean up these dishes and be on my way. I'll call in early in the morning and tidy up this room. You'll be all right now until Lady Corrison gets 'ere."

Sir Wilmot lay quietly in bed, looking up at the ceiling and listening to the sounds of washing-up from the small kitchen below; the splashing of water, the rattle of plates and silver and the closing of cupboards. A curious smile gathered at the corners of his slightly too-small mouth as he turned in bed and reached for the telephone.

His first call was to his home, where he was able to catch his wife before she started for London, so that he could tell her there was no need for her to be coming up. "Just send Bayswater back to me and I'll be out with him tonight and not come up tomorrow, if things go the way I want them to."

Next he dialed the number of his office and got onto his personal assistant.

It was a half hour minus just one minute when the bell rang, and Sir Wilmot, now shaved and in his dressing gown, opened the door to admit his second-in-command, Phil Aldershot, a tall, bespectacled, studious-looking, ex-Cambridge don, one of the few Center Members of Parliament who had won his seat by a large majority and hence had considerable influence in the party.

"Phil, who's our candidate for East Battersea?"

His lieutenant had it at his fingertips. "We were planning to run Chatsworth-Taylor there, Sir Wilmot. He had a very good record at Oxford: tennis blue, Magdalen, firsts in Etruscan history, political science and economics."

Sir Wilmot raised his eyes from his glass. "That gets votes?" he asked.

"He makes a very good impression and is well thought of."

"So was the last clod we put up in that constituency. He didn't collect enough votes to paper a cigar box."

"Well," Aldershot protested, "Charles Smyce, our election agent, picked him and is going to manage his campaign, and Charles is an old pro at the game, if ever there was one——"

"And a nasty bit of work and a snob to boot, I'm afraid," Sir Wilmot concluded. "You'll have to tell him that old tennis-blue Chatsworth-Taylor won't do. We're standing for East Battersea, not Wimbledon."

"Er—have you anyone else in mind, then?"

"Yes, I have," Sir Wilmot said quietly. "Her name——"

"*Her* name?" repeated Aldershot. "You mean a——"

"Her name is Mrs. Ada Harris, of Number Five Willis Gardens, East Battersea. That's nicely centered in the constituency where, I suspect, she is probably quite a popular person. She's my charwoman."

Aldershot was now thoroughly alarmed. "Your charwoman! You're joking, Sir Wilmot? As a Labor candidate—possibly. But——"

"You must trust my judgment, Phil. We're going to run Mrs. Ada Harris for East Battersea on her own platform of 'Live and Let Live.'"

"I'm trying to follow you, Sir Wilmot, but—a charwoman? I do trust you, but what's she got that——"

"You wouldn't understand," replied Sir Wilmot, "but she's a first-class political commodity. Let's use her." He reflected for a moment and then mused half to himself, "Her ideas are utterly impossible, of course, but she has a certain something that makes you long for them to *be* possible."

"But will she stand? Have you spoken with her?"

"I've put the idea into her head," replied Sir Wilmot. "It's up to you chaps to do the rest."

"But supposing they don't want her?" Aldershot said. "You know what selection committees are like, and how difficult it is to control them, particularly if they get the notion into their minds that you're trying to lead them. Besides which, we're going to run into trouble with Charlie Smyce. Chatsworth-Taylor is his man."

Sir Wilmot's features seemed suddenly to shrink with petulance, and he snapped, "Charlie Smyce will do as I say. I happen to know where the body is buried. I'll outline the campaign I want conducted for her."

"But the committee," Aldershot insisted, and this time Sir Wilmot did considerable reflection, for there was no glib answer to those independent committee members in the constituencies who interview prospective candidates, their terrifying question-and-answer sessions and in whose hands rested the final decision as to the fitness of the candidate. Sir Wilmot knew them well, stubborn, autonomous, often arbitrary; they could be manipulated somewhat, but only just so far.

Sir Wilmot tossed a mental coin into the air, called "heads," and heads it turned up. There came a point in every kind of political deal, plan or plot where the unforeseen could not be provided for and a gamble had to be taken, and this apparently was it. "Let the committee interview her," he said, "and tell Charlie Smyce I said to keep his mouth shut."

"What if she refuses? That type of woman might be simply terrified at the prospect."

Sir Wilmot's features relaxed again and took on their normal dimensions and he even smiled as he replied, "Did you ever know a London char who was afraid of anything or anyone? And, besides, it's up to you to persuade her."

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ıer believe she's needed, you'll
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t Number Five, Willis Gar-
East Battersea. I suggest you
ound this evening and have a
inary chat with her, after
seen Smyce."

Wilmot stopped Aldershot at
or as he was about to close it
him with, "Oh, and by the
hil, if the committee gets onto
bject of foreign policy, put
ff it. She's not too clued up
Keep them on the domestic
on if you can."

Wilmot," and it was almost a
inute cry of despair from Al-
t, poised in the doorway, "do
ally *believe* we might get her
?"

cted?" echoed Sir Wilmot, and
uth formed just the wisp of an
atory smile. "Of course not!
e might just be able to pull
Kempton through in Fairford
"

ip Aldershot shut the door be-
im and went out into the
with his head spinning. Major
ton—who hadn't the ghost of
ce in the heavily Conservative
rd Cross, in the wealthy Cots-

Center Party, which took its
from rejection of both the
and the Left, had enjoyed only
moment of power between the
of the Liberal Government
e rise of the Tories back in
But their momentary sweep
rted with the capture of Fair-
ross.

was a name then to conjure
ut however could Sir Wilmot,
one else, hope to beat the
ly entrenched Tory Party
And what had the candidacy
London charwoman in East
sea to do with this?

ip Aldershot emerged from the
into Lyall Street and sud-
as the idea smote him, his
eeled so that his body threat-
o careen with it, and he seized
f an iron railing to steady him-
East Battersea was as hard-
Labor seat as Fairford Cross
Conservative. A Conservative
here would tremendously
then the hand of the Tory
if they were to be successful in
rthcoming election. Was it
le that . . .?

l here, like the opening of the
nation lock of a safe, the last
ers fell into place. Now, as the
swung open and the full sub-
as well as simplicity, of what
be on Sir Wilmot's mind was
ed, Aldershot was fairly stag-
not only by its brilliance but
ame remote, hairlined possibil-
at had attracted his chief, of
ng it off. And as he marched in
irection of Eaton Square an-
name was ringing through his
that of Hugh Coates, City
cier, himself a rough-and-tum-
olitician and self-appointed
-be kingmaker in the Conserv-
Party. And wasn't his estate
ountry seat just outside Fair-
Cross? Aldershot wondered how
Sir Wilmot would be going to
m.

s. Harris was looking neat and composed in a navy-blue suit. She was also wearing one of those small American half-hats with a veil, and white gloves.

But, truth to tell, she wasn't exactly at ease. It was one of the few times in her life when she felt nervous and wondered whether she had not let herself in for something which might be well over her head.

She was bowling along in the back seat of an elegant black limousine, driven by none other than Mr. Philip Aldershot, vice-chairman of the National Executive Committee of the Center Party for Greater London, on their way to face the inner circle of the Selection Committee of the East Battersea local Center headquarters, in West Rowntree Street.

Philip Aldershot was delighted to find that Mrs. Harris's wardrobe contained a catalog of hand-me-downs representing her diverse, satisfied and generous clientele. If the powerful inner circle of the Selection Committee in East Battersea expected to be faced with a dowdy caricature of the average London charwoman, whom they could laugh out of existence, they were going to be disappointed. The important thing was to get by this committee and Charlie Smyce.

The campaign manager had not taken at all kindly to the change in plans and the directive of Sir Wilmot. But Sir Wilmot indeed must have information where the corpse was interred, for it was obvious that, distasteful as the candidacy of Mrs. Harris might be to him, Smyce was afraid not to yield.

At the entrance to West Rowntree Street Aldershot stopped the car for a moment and, turning around in the driver's seat, he said, "Now, don't you worry, or be nervous, Mrs. Harris. They're a good lot. Just be yourself."

Mrs. Harris nodded, saying, "Righty-o, Mr. Aldershot, let's get on with it then," and retired once more within a kind of roseate haze that had surrounded her ever since this same young Mr. Aldershot had rung the doorbell one evening, presented his credentials and convinced her that the Center Party of East Battersea was in desperate need and was drafting her to stand for Parliament for the constituency.

At first she had been inclined to look upon it as a leg-pull, but the fervor and earnestness of the young man, and the need he had stated for a candidate of known integrity and sincerity, as well as hints that any financial obligation would be covered by Sir Wilmot Corrison, convinced her of his *bona fides*. For one thing, Aldershot had on his person a check for £150 marked "bonus," which was to go into Mrs. Harris's bank account. For, he explained to her, every candidate for Parliament must lodge a deposit of £150, which is forfeited if he fails to obtain more than an eighth of the total votes cast in his constituency.

Ada Harris in Parliament! Ada Harris standing up in the House of Commons and giving the assembled Members a piece of her mind and a dose of plain, simple, ordinary common sense. The whole thing still appeared far out, farfetched and dreamlike. *(continued)*

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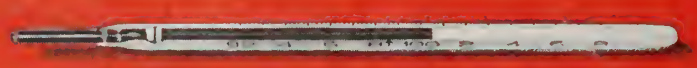

DOCTORS RECOMMEND:

1. Rest in bed
2. Drink plenty of fluids
3. Take aspirin to reduce fever and relieve pain

REPORTING on a Government-Financed Study of Five Leading Pain Relievers, an article in The Journal of The American Medical Association shows that Bayer Aspirin is as gentle to the stomach as any product tested, including the higher priced buffered product. Furthermore, not one of the products tested, not even the higher priced combination-of-ingredients one that claims to be 50% stronger—none of these products is faster or stronger than Bayer Aspirin.

"Here we are, then," said Philip Aldershot, escorting her through the dank corridors of a dank building, to a door marked ominously: COMMITTEE. "I'll lead the way." Then Mr. Aldershot was proceeding with the presentation of names, none of which Mrs. Harris caught or was able to remember with the exception of the one at the head of the table, occupying the chairman's position, who was called Mr. Smyce, and about whom Aldershot had warned her, "We might perhaps be having a spot of trouble with him."

Mr. Smyce was a little man in a suit just a size too large for him, and he wore a tie the colors of somebody's old school. He had a long, bluish jaw, a trap mouth and furtive eyes that never seemed to come to rest on anything or anyone. Mrs. Harris's estimate of Aldershot went up. Brother Smyce, indeed, had "troublemaker" written all over him. But what filled her with relief and composure were the other nine members of the panel, for she knew every one of them.

Not personally, of course. Far from it. They were all strangers to her, but it mattered no longer that she had not been able to grasp their names. They were just plain, ordinary people. The women were the kind either for whom she might be working for an hour or so a day, or shopping next to them, elbow to elbow. The wispy man at the far end of the table could be nothing other than a bank manager. The straight way the elderly gentleman at the center sat up said, "Retired Army Officer."

When the military-looking man had made her welcome, as it became evident that Mr. Smyce was not going to do, he said: "Supposing you tell us in your own words, Mrs. Harris, why you think you would make a successful candidate for this constituency? After which, if you don't mind, we'll probably ask one or two questions."

Feeling confident and exhilarated, without further ado, she launched forth into her theories of "Live and Let Live" and the soul-destroying, economic spiral that must be broken if ever there was to be any happiness or relaxation in the land. She could reach straight through to them, as when she addressed the motherly-looking woman directly with, "You, ma'am, and your 'usband, must be saving up for your children's schooling. When the time comes, what 'ave you got? 'Arf as much as you need, because they've put the prices up again. What about them as lives on a pension?" and her sharp, little eyes swept past the military man, lingering for the briefest fraction of a moment to sweep him up with her. "'Oo cares about them? And what's to 'appen when there isn't enough to pay the bills? What about the young marrieds when the kiddies begin to come?" and here her glance gathered up the bank manager and another youngish chap who was probably a sales assistant at a big store. "'ow much 'ave you got left in all at the end of a week for treats, and 'obbies, or going out together, or taking a trip, or whatever it is you do and enjoy that makes life worth living? And 'ow much do you all go without for the sake of others in the family, to make both ends meet? Which of you could raise 'is or 'er 'and and say they *can* make both ends meet?"

She took off into flight on Mods and Rockers, Beatniks, Ban-the-Bombe beastliness, but they were only half li tening to her at this point. She ha shocked and hypnotized them into a b mused state of contemplation of a wor in which, for once, if even for a sho time, there might be enough money go around without the ceaseless worr strain, harassment and the nerv jangling apprehension of the overdraf Her dropped *h*'s and the bad gramm did not seem to matter. The neat litt woman in the navy-blue suit, hat ar veil was calling upon them to fight f the kind of world in which there migl be a breathing space.

Finally, as she had in the house of S Wilmot, Mrs. Harris ran out of brea and ideas simultaneously and came to halt.

Such was the power of her orato and the magic slogan, "Live and L Live," that not a word was spoken f some seconds, until the spell was brok by Charlie Smyce, who said in a voi quite as nasty as one would expect fro him, "And what exactly are your view on foreign policy, Mrs. Harris: NAT Cyprus, the Yemen and Aden, Rhodesi let us say, and the Congo?"

Smoothly, and as deadly on cue as a actor, Philip Aldershot replied, "Mr Harris believes in freedom for oppress peoples and the protection of Briti interests wherever they may be threa ened. Isn't that so, Mrs. Harris?"

Ada Harris caught the lifeline throw to her with grace and agility. " couldn't 'ave put it better meself," sh said, eliciting "Hear, hear!" from th retired military man.

One of the male members of the com mittee, who might have been a direct of a small factory, asked, "What's you position on death duties, Mrs. Harris?

"It's a blight, ain't it, and a dis grace!" she replied. "It's a wonder w aren't all of us 'aunted by the dead tha are being cheated out of whatever the worked for all their lives to provide fo the living." And she had *him* in her bag

"Mrs. Harris would be glad to answe any further questions," Philip Aldersh said evenly, "but perhaps you'd like th opportunity of discussing amongst your selves what you have heard."

"That's so," said the army man. " move we adjourn with a vote of thank to Mrs. Harris for coming here and giv ing us her views."

Charlie Smyce opened his thin lips t speak, but Aldershot caught him in mid air with a glance and he closed then again, took the votes for adjournmen and the two found themselves once mor outside in the corridor.

"By God," Philip Aldershot told her "you were wonderful! They've swal lowed the bait, hook, line and sinker."

Promptly at five minutes to three o Monday afternoon, John Bayswate drove Sir Wilmot Corrison's shining amber-colored, Golden Cloud Rolls Royce to the Brook Street entrance o Claridge's and was saluted by the top hatted and cockaded doorman who rec ognized the perfect chauffeur of the per fect car of a rich man when he saw them And just as promptly at three o'clock Sir Wilmot Corrison, accompanied by a red-faced, powerfully built, gray-haire man, emerged from the hotel, where they had been lunching.

Bayswater, who was ready at the door of the limousine, had no difficulty in recognizing Hugh Coates, the finance king and Conservative Party power,

whose picture he had seen often enough in the newspapers.

The two men were silent as they entered the rear of the car and sat down heavily. Ordinarily Bayswater would have shut the door, nipped around front and driven away from the entrance to the hotel, taking his instructions as to where to go from his employer at the back. This day, however, there was an early-autumn nip in the air, and Bayswater asked, "Shall I spread the rug, sir?"

Sir Wilmot replied, "Yes, please do, Bayswater." While the chauffeur was attending to this he ordered, "And then I want you to drive around Regent's Park for a bit."

"Very good, sir." He had successfully negotiated the crossing of Bond Street when he was surprised to hear the voice of Hugh Coates saying, "Splendid lunch, my dear fellow, and I'm delighted to learn that there's a possibility of your letting go that corner site. But I should be most interested to know the real purpose of this meeting, since I gather that we are not about to tour Regent's Park for our health."

Bayswater should not have been surprised, since it was he himself who had switched on the intercom from the back of the car to the driver's box, before drawing up to the hotel, in order to be able to receive Sir Wilmot's instructions. But these had been issued verbally during the spreading of the lap robe. The intercom was a one-way affair which could be opened and closed only by means of a switch in the back seat, and Bayswater's duty was clear: to stop the car and correct the situation. But he told himself that if he were to knock on the window and make signs, or stop the car, go to the rear and switch off the microphone, it could but only embarrass his employer and even make him look somewhat of a fool in the eyes of his guest.

And, furthermore, he knew such was his own discretion that anything which reached his ears was as safe as though locked in a vault in the Bank of England. Hence he did nothing but pay attention to his driving, and shortly entered Regent's Park, where he heard Sir Wilmot say, "Now, my dear Coates, how would you like to win the constituency of East Battersea? I have the figures here from the last election. Labor won the seat by a majority of roughly four thousand. We Centerists forfeited our deposit. But supposing this time we could peel five or six thousand votes from Labor? You Conservatives would win with a majority of between two and three thousand."

Hugh Coates's snort rattled the diaphragm of the speaker at Bayswater's ear. "What! With Chatsworth-Taylor! A tennis player as your candidate? As for drawing votes from Labor, all he'll do is cost you another forfeit, old man."

"But supposing it isn't Chatsworth-Taylor, supposing we were to put up a candidate who *would* attract votes?"

"Oh," and then there was another silence. "Then have you such a candidate in mind?"

"Yes, I have."

"Ah—what would be the price?"

"Well, we'd very much like to win Fairford Cross—but, of course, your man there is much too strong for us."

"Ah, I see," said Hugh Coates. And, of course, the point was that not only did he see immediately what was at the back of Sir Wilmot's mind but also a good deal further to the futility of it. Unless a miracle happened, the Center Party would never again come to power in England. Fairford Cross would not work a second time, and he could well afford to let Sir Wilmot have it in return for the shock that would be administered to the Labor Party if the Tories were to capture East Battersea. It was rather like exchanging an already doomed and useless pawn for a bishop or a castle in a chess game, always provided that Sir Wilmot could put up a candidate who could definitely split the vote and let the Tories in.

Coates asked, "Who is the candidate that you propose?"

In the machinations which had carried him into his present position as well as affluence, Sir Wilmot had discovered that a startling surprise or a resounding shock, when you were trying to put something over which had questionable features, was often highly effective.

He said, "As a matter of fact, it's my charwoman, a Mrs. Ada Harris, a lady in her sixties, and a highly respected resident of East Battersea."

John Bayswater came within just one thousandth of a millimeter of ramming the prow of the Rolls-Royce into the rear of a taxi in front of him, something he had never in his life done before. In spite of the near catastrophe that the mention of Ada Harris's name had come close to causing, he was very glad that he had left the intercom open. Ada Harris? Stand for Parliament? Had he indeed heard correctly?

"Your charwoman! My dear Corrison!"

"Exactly," said Sir Wilmot with conviction. "My charwoman. She'd take from six to seven thousand votes from Labor, guaranteed. It means we'll run stronger in the constituency than ever before, but you'll be in."

The direct shock attack had worked. The fact was that the smooth confidence of Sir Wilmot had shaken Coates at least to the point where he was prepared to be convinced and said, "I think you'd better explain . . ."

And forthwith, for the benefit of John Bayswater as well as his fellow politician and plotter, Sir Wilmot did. He began now from the beginning, the morning when he had been taken ill and recounted the entire story of Mrs. Harris's speech, her slogan, the effect it had had upon him and the idea it had given him for a possible deal. And since Coates was well aware that Sir Wilmot was nobody's fool and an opponent worthy of his own talents, the story sounded credible. To add to this, Sir Wilmot further had the report from Philip Aldershot of his impressions gained by his first meeting with Mrs. Harris, which was to the effect that he thought they might indeed bring it off. He concluded, "If you saw the woman, which I'm sure you will eventually if we come to an agreement, I'm certain you would feel exactly as I do."

There was a long silence of reflection on the part of Coates and, far from deriding Sir Wilmot, he was thinking deeply. East Battersea was a most tempting prize.

"And from us you would expect ——"

"I'm sure you would be able to persuade old Woolam to stand down for this election. After all, he's getting on in years and probably would be delighted for the opportunity to retire. You've had the committee there in your pocket for years. Nobody has more influence in Fairford Cross than you. If you were to put up someone like either Westerly or Bunderson—I happen to know that both of them are very unpopular in the county—I have no doubt that our Major Kempton would breeze through."

Hugh Coates maintained his silence to this, and to tip the scales Sir Wilmot added, "As for that corner site at West Holborn you want, I'm (*continued*)

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Beauty Skin Care
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A youthfully radiant skin is the desire of every woman, particularly those whose first youth has passed. In fact, many leading beauticians say that their most vibrantly attractive clients will never see forty again.

The way to keep your attractive good looks is to make a "must" of simple daily care. This will help Nature to make you feel and look more youthfully beautiful.

Here are some suggestions to help you on your way to radiant loveliness.

DELICATE SKIN

Areas where age signs first begin to show, need extra beauty care at night during the colder months. Massage oil of olay into your throat and neck and tap it lightly into the delicate skin around your eyes, to smooth the tiny lines or 'crepey' skin. Before making-up, tone with mild lemon jelvyn skin freshener and smooth in a film of the tropical olay oil to complement the benefits of the night massaging so that your lovely complexion retains its soft look of beauty throughout the day.

RADIANT BEAUTY

Your delicate skin will rejoice with a rich reward of radiant beauty during the colder weather by combining two tablespoons of warm fresh milk with a tablespoon of oil of olay. Use pieces of cotton wool and gently smooth the liquid over the skin until you feel it is clear and clean. Now stroke the balance of the liquid over your skin so the moist tropical oil of olay completes its task of giving your complexion the appearance of velvet smoothness and radiant beauty.

BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION

Although sunshine is wonderfully beneficial to your complexion—too much can cause wrinkle dryness. To counteract the general drying effect that sunshine has on the complexion, to a tablespoon of honey add two teaspoons of tropical oil of olay, smooth it over your face and neck and relax for fifteen minutes. Gently remove the pack with tepid water, pat dry and smooth on a film of olay on its own. The moist oil and honey treatment used twice weekly will keep the complexion beautifully smooth and soft.

Advertisement

MRS. 'ARRIS *continued*

sure we can come to an arrangement which will please you there."

"But look here, old man," Coates suddenly burst out, "what if this St. Joan of the dust cloth should happen to get herself elected?"

And now the full extent of the plot being hatched around his friend was made clear to Bayswater when his employer replied almost as explosively, "*Impossible*, my dear fellow! We'd never let it happen. You'd have my guarantee on that. We'll conduct a limited campaign, and *only* in the Labor strongholds. In effect it would be Labor campaigning against Labor, with our candidate the more attractive one. She'll be speaking to her own kind. We'll keep her out of your districts and ours as well."

"Who'll handle the campaign?"

"Fellow by the name of Charlie Smyce. Rather a viper, but just the man for this. And he will do exactly as I say."

"You'd put her on television?"

"Positively not! I said a limited campaign, which we will control."

A bit of jungle seemed suddenly to descend and surround the two men as Coates said in an ugly and savage voice, "If you were to double-cross us, there might be some very unpleasant consequences."

In just as savage and ugly a voice Sir Wilmot replied, "We wouldn't care to be disappointed at Fairford Cross either."

Glancing up at his rear-vision mirror, Bayswater saw them glaring at each other for a moment. Then the glare was replaced suddenly by a smile, and their upper arms moved in the gesture of shaking hands.

And now Bayswater was faced with a genuinely terrifying dilemma. He was in possession of every detail of a plot on the part of two political wheeler-dealers to make use of and humiliate an innocent woman for their own nefarious purposes. But supposing Sir Wilmot discovered the open switch and realized that Bayswater had heard all? With two such powerful men, one never knew what might happen, or what vengeance they would take, both on Mrs. Harris and himself. He must do *something*. Acting almost under inspiration, he drew the car over to the side of the road, got out and opened the rear door.

Sir Wilmot looked up in surprise and some irritation. "What's the matter, Bayswater?"

The chauffeur was half inside the car. "Rattle, sir. I suspect it's this jump-seat," and he lifted and fussed under it, and so doing with his shoulder and concealed from the two men at the back, managed to flip closed the switch of the intercom. "That's got it, I think, sir. Sorry to disturb you, but it would have got worse."

He restored the seat, closed the door, returned to the driver's box and started the car.

He had been just in time, for in a few minutes through the mirror he saw Sir Wilmot reach forward to the intercom switch.

"That will be all now, Bayswater. Will you please drive us first to Coates's Industries House and then I'll go on to the office."

Beads of sweat stood out on Bayswater's brow, but he had the information that would save Ada Harris.

He could hardly wait for Thursday night and the tea-and-telly session to nip this nasty plot in the bud by revea everything he had heard to Ada, so t she could be prepared to turn the didacy down cold when it was off her. But Bayswater was a creatur habit. Thursday night was the nigh which he saw Ada Harris. It was also night that Sir Wilmot invariably sta in town. With the elections still s time away and few candidates nounced, there was not all that muc a hurry. Thursday night, then, woul very well.

Except, unfortunately, it wouldn'

Without being at all clairvoyan a sinking feeling in Bayswater's stom began long before he drew up in fron Mrs. Harris's house, or that is to say close as he was able to get to it. For e as he swung into the beginning of W Gardens that Thursday evening, he aware that all was not as he was ac tomed to seeing it. What was unus was the large amount of parked cars. viously some kind of a do was on in neighborhood, and with further un he saw that it centered upon the moc doorway of No. 5.

He found himself gazing at a tabl consisting of Ada Harris clad in her m cap and overalls, clutching a mop, fa by press and film photographers and r holding up microphones in front of She had a huge spray of purple orch pinned to one shoulder and was look ecstatically happy. Likewise crowd about her was a group of people, non whom he had ever seen before.

An elderly gentleman of military be ing stepped slightly forward to a mic phone, cleared his throat and said, "M Harris, by unanimous agreement of Executive Committee of the Peop Center Party of East Battersea, I ha been delegated to accept you as our c didate for Parliament, one who will, are sure, return us a winning seat in forthcoming elections. May we c gratulate you and wish you the best luck."

Mrs. Harris simply said, "I'm h ored and I'll do me best."

There was a patter of applause a cries of "Hear, hear!" Then Mrs. Ha saw him, still standing looking sor what dazed and bewildered in the do way.

"John," she cried, "John Bayswat What do you think, I'm going to be the Government! It's all 'appened fast my 'ead is still spinning. Come o 'ere and meet these kind people."

And thereafter Bayswater found hi self engulfed in introductions. Cha pagne was handed round, reporters w still scribbling with pencils and no books, and through it all he realized t Ada Harris was as happy as a child a just as innocent. How could he possi disillusion her?

Just as Sir Wilmot had promised, would not be allowed to win, and sour-faced fellow whose name Sir W mot had said was Smyce, was there see that she didn't. Somehow Bayswa must find a way to warn her of what had heard and spring her from this m strous trap before it closed upon her, revocably bringing defeat and dis pointment. But how?

He was seeing a new and strange ki of Ada he had never encountered befo There was an odd timorousness ab her that was quite alien to one who, w the brashest confidence, would step where not only angels but devils mig fear to tread. Then she came forwa and said something which never in

thousand years he would have expected to hear from her and which smote him to the center of his being. It was nothing more than the simply phrased question, "Ain't you glad for me, John?"

Now John Bayswater was as certain as the sun would rise the next day, that he would let his tongue be cut out before he would ever tell Ada Harris how she was being taken in and made a fool of. For this pain would be far greater to bear than that of any defeat at the polls.

"Why, yes, Ada," he replied, "that I am. And I'm mighty proud of you as well. We'll all be proud of you."

The strange Ada he had glimpsed for that instant was gone, and it was his old pal, Mrs. Harris, who winked at him and said, "Gaw! Imagine, me in Parliament telling all them muckey-mucks what I think. Come on out, ducks, and let's 'ave a drink on it."

Clutching his glass, Bayswater happened to gaze upon the man Smyce, whom Sir Wilmot had mentioned, standing off from the committee, now thinned out, and regarding Mrs. Harris with a look of implacable hatred and disgust. So that was the little swine appointed to keep his Ada out of office! This was the moment when the free spirit that lived inside the austere and dignified shell of John Bayswater leaped upon a white battle steed, unfurled a banner, raised a trumpet to his lips and blew the charge. If Mr. Blimey-Blinking Smyce was there to see that Mrs. Harris didn't get in, he, John Bayswater, was equally there to see that she did.

Charlie Smyce was commiserating with Henry Chatsworth-Taylor, no longer Center candidate for East Battersea, in the lounge-bar of The King's Gentleman, the pub near party headquarters to which the members often repaired.

"We don't lift a finger for her," he said. "Not so much as a finger. He'll find out, Sir Wilmot will, making us all look like a lot of bloomin' mugs, putting up his charwoman for Parliament! He must have gone out of his mind. Well, it's time he had a lesson. Not a finger!"

Chatsworth-Taylor, who was himself somewhat fuzzy from drinks which he had imbibed out of sympathy for Smyce, said dubiously, "Oughtn't we to help her for the sake of the party? Sir Wilmot once said that in politics party loyalty comes before family, country and God."

"Loyalty!" echoed Smyce bitterly. "Who's loyal to whom? After all I've done for him in this district. I know what Sir Wilmot is up to," Smyce said, which was not surprising since Philip Aldershot had told him. "Split the Labor vote and let the Tories in. I'm going to spoil his pudding for him. I'll see that he loses his deposit, that's what."

The campaign of Mrs. Ada Harris for the Parliamentary seat of East Battersea started off exactly as Mr. Charles Smyce had planned and arranged, namely like a very damp squib. A ghastly meeting was held in a dismal, broken-down hall to which only a dozen people came, due to the regrettable error of someone who sent out the notices containing not only the wrong date but the wrong address as well. Street-corner gatherings were equally desultory, for they took place at the wrong time in the wrong districts. Party workers enthusiastic for her cause suddenly found themselves sidetracked or tangled in a confusion of orders. Campaign literature was interminably delayed at the printers. Nothing went right or as it should.

Sir Wilmot and Aldershot would most certainly have smelled a rat had they been there, but unfortunately they were not. The latter was busy mending his fences and preparing to fight for re-election in his own constituency, while the former was tossing on a bed of pain in his country home with aching limbs and a flaming throat. The bug that he had apparently defeated the first time had returned, bringing a lot of friends. Thus, Bayswater found himself temporarily freed. When in the country, Lady Corrison liked to drive herself in her own car.

Even so, Sir Wilmot kept up with affairs, receiving reports with, of course, those emanating from brother Smyce heavily doctored. Soothing to Sir Wilmot's fevered brow was the news that up at Fairford Cross, Coates had kept his word by bringing about the nomination of Bunderson, an ex-justice of the peace, who had alienated practically everyone in the county at one time or another by embarking on a kick of law enforcements of petty and obsolete statutes. There would be no trouble from the Labor candidate who was apparently the local apothecary or chemist, a half-blind septuagenarian known as Uncle Bill Badger. From his bed, where he viewed it between bouts of fever, all was looking well for Sir Wilmot's little idea.

As for Mrs. Harris, it was all new to her, and she could not possibly have suspected the manner in which she was being sabotaged. She was quite content to stand at street corners in a drizzling rain and expound her theories of the good life to four people and a small boy.

But on the third night of this disastrous beginning, a most astonishing rendezvous took place in one of the side streets between the King's Road and Chelsea Embankment, not far from Battersea Bridge. Some dozen and a half Rolls-Royces were drawn up, one behind the other, bumper to bumper, reflecting the street lamps as in a mirror from their spotless, shining coachwork and glittering chrome. They came in every color, shape and design: saloons, limousines, town cars, special bodies, including the Radford Conversion. They looked as though they might have been arrayed for the *Prix d'Elegance* at Monte Carlo.

No less gleaming were their uniformed chauffeurs, many of them matching the colors of their cars, their boots, leggings and cap visors polished. These were all now gathered at the head of the line, captained by none other than Bayswater, who was engaged in calling the roll.

He went down the list he held until he had established that none was missing. They were all his friends of long standing, members of one of the most exclusive fraternities in the world, the drivers and caretakers of the Rolls-Royces of London. They were specialists who considered chauffeurs of other makes of cars, even Bentleys, as beneath them. They associated only with their own kind, spoke their own language and were probably the greatest and most closed coterie of snobs to be found in the British Isles. There is no chill exported from the frozen north to compare with the look the Rolls-Royce driver bestows upon (*continued*)

SPUDS à la elegant

Here's a "Philly" trick that transforms plain mashed potatoes into a puffy party confection. Blend an 8-ounce package of softened Philadelphia Brand Cream Cheese (so fresh-tasting and creamy!) into 4 c. of hot mashed potatoes. Add 1 beaten egg, ⅓ c. finely chopped onion, ¼ c. chopped pimiento, 1 tsp. salt, dash of pepper. Bake in 1-qt. casserole at 350° for 45 minutes. Serve at once.

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POLLY-FLEX HAMPER--colorful yet practical in any room--even one for each member of the family. Will not absorb odors, wipes clean quickly,..never fades. Color selection. 15 1/2" x 10 3/4" x 17 11/16" $4.98

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Evgs.: $9.90, 8.05, 7.50, 6.90, 5.75, 4.80, 3.60.
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IF YOU CAN'T GET TO NEW YORK TO SEE "HELLO DOLLY!" HEAR IT ON THE RCA VICTOR ORIGINAL CAST SHOW ALBUM

Keep Feet Cool, Comfortable All Day!

Don't suffer from tender, tired, hot, perspiring feet! Every morning apply Dr. Scholl's Foot Powder to feet and shake into shoes. Helps soothe away soreness all day. Eases tight shoes. Dispels foot odor. Helps prevent Athlete's Foot. 19¢. 50¢. 90¢. At all stores.

Dr Scholl's FOOT POWDER

Only Preparation H® Contains New Healing Substance That Can Shrink Hemorrhoids Without Surgery

Relieves Itching and Pain in Minutes.
Speeds Healing of Inflamed, Injured Tissues.

A world-famous research institute has discovered a new substance which now makes it possible to shrink and heal hemorrhoids *without surgery*. It relieves itching and pain in minutes, then speeds healing of the injured tissues all while actual reduction (shrinking) takes place.

Tests conducted under a doctor's observations proved this so – even in cases of 10 to 20 years' standing. And most amazing of all this very striking improvement was maintained over a period of many months!

In fact, results were so thorough that sufferers were able to make such astonishing statements as "Piles have ceased to be a problem." All this was accomplished without the use of narcotics, astringents or anesthetics of any kind.

The secret is the astonishing new healing substance (Bio-Dyne®) which quickly helps heal injured cells and stimulates regrowth of healthy tissue again. It is offered in *ointment* or *suppository* form called Preparation H. In addition to actually shrinking hemorrhoids – Preparation H lubricates and makes elimination less painful. And it helps prevent infection, a principal cause of hemorrhoids. Just ask for Preparation H Ointment or Preparation H Suppositories (easy to use away from home). Available at all drug counters.

some lower species that sidles up alongside him in traffic.

"Now, you all know what you have got to do and say," Bayswater reminded them. "Once we've crossed the river we peel off and fan out. Get in as many visits as you can. As long as there's a light showing they'll be looking at the telly, at least until eleven. Everyone who can get off meets here again tomorrow night, at the same time. All right then, gentlemen, good luck!"

Silently the cavalcade moved off, crossing Chelsea Embankment and onto the bridge, emerging into Battersea Bridge Road. Once across the river the exquisite vehicles detached themselves or, as Bayswater who had driven for an air marshal in the war had put it, peeled off and disappeared down the side streets of Battersea.

The next day, Charlie Smyce taxed Mrs. Harris with what was going on. He said, "Say, have you got a boyfriend by the name of Bayswater?"

Mrs. Harris, who, although she had not smelled out Smyce's treachery, was not too enamored of him as a person, had replied, "*Mister* Bayswater, you mean. I wouldn't think he'd answer to boyfriend, if you called 'im that. 'E's a very dignified gentleman."

"I don't doubt it, but did you know that he and a lot of his pals were driving around Battersea last night in a fleet of Rolls-Royces, ringing doorbells and soliciting votes?"

Mrs. Harris had stared at him as though she could not believe her ears. "Mister Bayswater did that? For me? John Bayswater?"

And suddenly she began to laugh and laugh and laugh as though she could not stop herself, until Smyce, watching her at first with irritation and later more narrowly, detected what must have been a touch of hysteria, for there seemed to be tears in her eyes as well. He said, "All right, let's cut the cackle. You've got to tell him to stop. I'm the one running this campaign."

Mrs. Harris's laughter assumed a more normal tenor. "*You* tell 'im," she said. "Since you're running it." And thereafter even she noticed that meetings were less frequent and less populated. But that was before she went on television, of course.

The appearance of Mrs. Ada Harris, charwoman to the elite of Eaton Square, on the commercial program called *Mother Hubbard's Household Hints* turned out to be a sensation. The message came across all right, but the resulting scandal threatened to blow the program off the air and Mrs. Harris clear out of the constituency of East Battersea.

Mother Hubbard's Household Hints was presented by a chatty, sympathetic middle-aged character named Hattie Hubbard, and was viewed by some millions of women each day at two o'clock in the afternoon as an excuse to dawdle over their own chores and perhaps pick up a few shortcuts to getting burn off the bottom of the saucepan.

From time to time Hattie presented a guest on the program, an expert of some kind, perhaps on floor polishing, or a film star known for an agreeable home life, or just a housewife chosen at random. Part of her success was built upon her motherly presence and the ease with which she was able to involve her guests in gossipy conversation.

The representative from the program called at Mrs. Harris's house to invit her; in all innocence she accepted, an duly appeared two afternoons later cla in her overall and dust cap, armed wit broom, mop, washrag and duster. Sh and Mrs. Hubbard went wanderin about for a half hour over several studi sets in the shape of bedroom, drawin room and kitchen nattering all the whi as Mrs. Harris demonstrated some trick she had learned for the more speed elimination of dust and dirt, the makin of beds, removal of grease from dish and other professional secrets ever amateur housewife longs to penetrate.

But subtly, as they progressed, th conversation began to take a turn to ward what Mrs. Harris thought abou life, liberty and the pursuit of happ ness. The majority of the viewers re ognized her from her pictures in th papers, and there, right in their ow homes, was Ada Harris, the militan char declaiming her rousing theory "Live and Let Live."

And what was more, that terrib instrument, the television camera, i capable of telling a lie, had probe through the exterior of Mrs. Harris ar exposed to public view what it saw, a honest, sincere, decent and hardworkin woman who had lived and suffere while disclosing a minimum of th dross that dilutes human goodwill. Sh might have mortal failings or wea nesses, but the prying lens uncovered dark corners, hypocrisies or slynesse only a burning sincerity.

Even before the show was off the a the telephones were ringing and th studio switchboard clogged. The m jority were ecstatically congratulator but there were also stricken cries "Unfair, unfair!" "Not cricket!" an angry protests from headquarters other parties. The unwritten ru against unauthorized political speech on TV by candidates had been ber lacerated and broken. The hue and c was taken up by the newspapers. I dignant letters were written, whi brought forth replies in favor of Mr Harris. Two camps emerged, and seemed as if the fat was really in t fire.

However, the char who was standi for Parliament on a platform of "Li and Let Live" had been indelibly i pressed upon the minds of millions housewives.

Hugh Coates telephoned to Sir W mot Corrison, still ailing at his count home: "Hello, Corrison? Is that yo Look here, what the devil are you tryi to do, double-cross me? What do y mean putting that woman on televisio You can't get away with this."

Unfortunately, although Sir Wilmo fever had disappeared, so had his voi and nothing emerged but a croak, whi infuriated Coates still more until La Corrison took the instrument and sai "My husband can't talk on the te phone, Mr. Coates, but he says not worry, everything will be all right. Y want votes taken away from Labo don't you?"

"Yes, dammit," Coates explod "but not from *us* as well. Even my w said she wished she could vote for he And he hung up.

While Sir Wilmot had ordered " television," he figured that Smyce mu have felt that they needed a little ext pressure in the district and was w satisfied with what he thought was agent's cleverness.

just as the hullabaloo over the ast was threatening to get out of there occurred on the following ay, just six days away from the n, the sensation that knocked the nd cons of the argument out of ads of every man, woman and child British Isles and united the country ad not been since the declaration .

of the reasons for the success of ench national newspaper *L'Etoile* hy its appearance at the breakfast of every third Frenchman in the lic was a must, was the uninhib- d often savage column by one who himself Comte St. Juste. The col- was social, political, economic, ophical and naughty, in fact, any- hat happened to cross the mind of petrator. It spared no one, includ- vernments and heads of state, for- s well as domestic.

actual identity of the Comte St. was a well-kept secret not only for lue of mystification but to save the writer from an occasional caning hands of an irate victim or, for natter, spare him government re- . Suffice it to say that his daily was the first item to which not ubscribers turned but diplomatic and editors of foreign newspapers l.

the morning in question, French- ad what St. Juste had to say with e of satisfied amusement, for the had chosen to tee off on some of garies of English politics, brought t by the forthcoming British elec- t. Juste was known to enjoy twist- e lion's tail, and his audience en- it even more, particularly when, as s morning, the tail was given a good yank.

such amusement was reflected in Street when the copies of *L'Etoile*, led to London, appeared upon the of the executives of the newspaper. litor of the *Daily Express*, glancing gh the article, caught a name which niliarly upon his eyes. He read the through, hardly able to believe it, anged his fist on his desk, and , "Who the hell does this fellow he is?" The editor thereupon sat to suffer infusions from his liver, rine and adrenal glands, stimulated e following paragraphs:

ie exact mental age of our beloved s from across the Channel may be ted by their introduction to the gs of a gay, but otherwise wholly te, charlady by the name of Mrs. Harris, who is representing the so- resuscitated Center Party from nstituency of East Battersea, situ- cross the river, no more than a golf drive from the pseudo-intelli- a of Chelsea.

he joke of bringing a House of Par- nt down to the knee level of a Lon- crubbing woman is an amusing ut goes ill with the pretensions of untry to join a market in common ations of Europe whose older and culture must find such horseplay intolerable.

his innocent charwoman, whose po- philosophy appears to be derived maxims only found in a child's first r, of course, cannot succeed of on. Her choice may be rightly in- ted as an indication of the depths sea level attained by current Brit- litical thinking."

undred years ago the editor, pur- ple in the face, would have reached for his quill pen and dipped it in venom to reply. Now, the editor, equally puce of complexion, reached for his Dictaphone, shouting into it: "Editorial—page one!" The article that followed ought to have blown out all fuses.

Similar scenes were being enacted in other newspaper offices, and the following morning the Comte St. Juste's admonitory essay became the best-distributed piece of literature in the British Isles, accompanied by retaliating blasts in local and national papers, ranging from the merely scornful to the righteously rabid.

If never before, the various shades of political thought and influence had been able to fasten onto something upon which they agreed, the nation was united now and the class warfare temporarily abandoned in favor of turning upon the common enemy. The inhabitants of the British Isles, when their morning papers were spread out before them, could not have reacted more violently had they learned that De Gaulle had appeared at Dover, Folkestone, Newhaven, or any other Channel port, at the head of an armada.

Indignation spread like wildfire wherever press or radio reached. British European Airways noted cancellation of hundreds of reservations to Paris, French restaurants in Soho and elsewhere in London reported a drastic falling off of business, and the perfume counter of Harrod's was practically deserted. The scratching of (*continued*)

NOW!
Cats' favorite flavor (fish)
in a new self-feeding form
...Little Friskies

Feed straight from the box! You can pour out a full day's supply. Always stays fresh so your cat can eat whenever she wants.

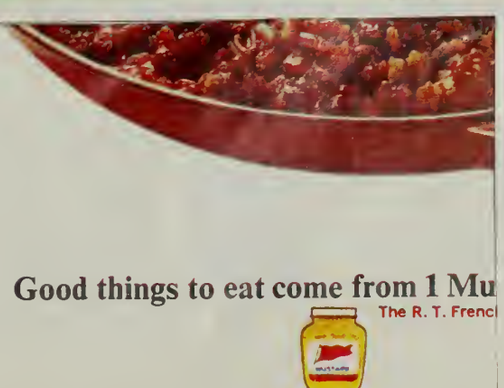
So much more convenient to feed. No cans to open. No sticky dishes to clean. Doesn't cake or dry in the bowl. Nothing to scoop out or refrigerate.

A complete cat food. You don't have to add anything—not even water. Cats love the true fish flavor of Little Friskies.

Fully nourishing. Unlike so many cat foods, Little Friskies has all the vitamins, minerals, and protein cats are known to need.

his countenance. Then ent, the "Test Roll," was nd a pen thrust into her d "Ada Harris" and be- art of history.

ie business of reopening was finished. The leader arty had become Prime d formed an acceptable ie House of Commons its routine of work and, rned into weeks, Ada self lost, (*continued*)



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The R. T. Frenc

Cool way to beat the heat

Rubbermaid Stove 'n Counter Mats do a perfect protection job, brighten ranges and counters, too. Heat-proof aluminum top is safe for sizzling pans; rubber base can't skid. Mats resist oven heat. Sizes from $1.49 to $2.98.

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MEANS BETTER MADE

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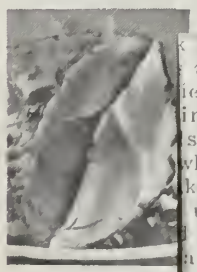
"She was just a ham until she made a big hit with Grandma's Unsulphured Molasses"



Grandma

Rich in iron.

Grandma's tropic-sweet flavor gives "ordi-
and heal hemor-
without surgery.
ieves itching and
in minutes, then
s healing of the
while actual reduc-
kes place.
under a doctor's
this so – even in
ars' standing. And
this very striking
maintained over a
nths!
re so thorough that
o make such aston-

The secret is the astonishing new healing substance (Bio-Dyne®) which quickly helps heal injured cells and stimulates regrowth of healthy tissue again. It is offered in *ointment* or *suppository* form called Preparation H. In addition to actually shrinking hemorrhoids – Preparation H lubricates and makes elimination less painful. And it helps prevent infection, a principal cause of hemorrhoids. Just ask for Preparation H Ointment or Preparation H Suppositories (easy to use away from home). Available at all drug counters.

pens was audible all over the land as hundreds of indignant letters were sent off to *The Times.*

If such words as these, or similar ones in intent were spoken once by the head of the house, about to crack his breakfast egg, they must have been repeated at least a million times:

"Damn, bloody cheek, this frog-eater! Who the devil does he think he is? We don't need any foreigners telling us what to do. Here, listen to this . . . Who do we know in East Battersea, darling, that we might have a word with about helping this woman?"

From that moment on Mr. Smyce and his reluctant satellite Chatsworth-Taylor were swept away in the boiling sea of reaction to the St. Juste comments and the editorial replies.

They were knocked down, rolled and tumbled the way the giant ocean comber will overwhelm swimmers on a beach, washing them up half-drowned in the sand at the water's edge.

The agent could no more halt or dissipate the effect of the tremendous outpouring of sympathy and support for Mrs. Ada Harris than King Canute could have expected to be obeyed in his instructions to the sea.

The Center Party workers, on the other hand, realizing that for the first time in their somewhat drab political careers they were on to something alive and a good thing, were in a state of perpetual ecstasy. As busy as any beavers, they worked at sorting out the invitations that came flooding in the wake of, for the moment, the most popular woman in Britain.

Receptions and soirees were the order of the day. Her presence was implored to open bazaars, bestow blessings upon charity do's and address luncheons. She was wanted for more and more meetings, rallies, conferences and what-not, and Center Party Headquarters itself gave her official television time. Supplied with a car and driver, she was rushed on a tight, split-second schedule from one engagement to another, en route attracting almost as much attention as the Beatles. No newspaper would risk so much as a single edition without a picture of Mrs. Harris doing something, so that her spare figure, her face beneath the gray curls, the apple cheeks now always flushed with excitement and her small, naughty eyes alive with the fervor and the fire, were as familiar sights to Londoners as their own Royalty.

Less delighted with the sudden and astonishing turn of events was Sir Wilmot Corrison, now beginning to convalesce from the vindictive virus that had attacked him. In spite of doctor's orders that he was to have complete rest and refrain from any of his usual activities, his sickroom was violently penetrated by the hubbub created by the candidacy of Mrs. Harris and the

lions of women each da her from across
in the afternoon as an e
over their own chores a the telephone to
up a few shortcuts to get nanded to know
bottom of the saucepan why his orders

From time to time Ha campaign than
guest on the program, a te split had been
kind, perhaps on floor
film star known for an myce replied. "I
life, or just a housewif it."
dom. Part of her succes Sir Wilmot in-
her motherly presence a lying here at
which she was able to i your orders."
in gossipy conversation

"Well, I figured it must have b you sent your chauffeur around ring doorbells every night, him and a lot his pals."

"My chauffeur? Are you out of y mind?"

"Fellow by the name of Bayswat They're mucking up the Conservat vote."

"Well, stop it!" Sir Wilmot co manded.

"What can I do?" said Charlie Smy "He's your chauffeur."

Sir Wilmot was so bewildered by t bit of intelligence that he overlooked impertinence of his henchman and sa "What are these TV appearances? I t you to keep her off television."

"Not my doing, sir."

"I suppose," said Sir Wilmot, "tha my chauffeur too."

"No, sir," said Smyce. "But I m inquiries. It's some American fell who's behind it all. Came over here a had her invited onto that progra Nothing we could do to keep her o

"See here, Smyce, I don't care what who, all this has got to stop."

Mr. Smyce was unable to keep the s isfaction out of his voice. "Sorry, sir, I I'm afraid it's got out of hand. I har ever see the person anymore. She's t taken up."

Sir Wilmot replaced the receiver j as the nurse came into the room a taking one look, scolded, "Why, wh ever have you been doing, Sir Wilm Look at your color! And you're clammy and cold."

He was indeed, for out of his talk w his agent had grown a most unhap sensation of forces unknown sudde arrayed against him. He was filled wit sense of impending and unavoida catastrophe.

As familiar, now, as was the face a figure of Mrs. Harris, her slogan of "L and Let Live" was on everyone's lips a her philosophy seemed suddenly to h out hope. Almost everyone was aw that these things would not work, but was lovely to dream. Overnight M. Harris became the candidate fr Utopia.

Any other woman would have c lapsed under the routine now enforc upon Mrs. Harris and the pressures t were being applied to win even a f minutes of her time and presence. But a genuine London char, inured to beg ning her labors at seven o'clock in morning and continuing on for thirt consecutive hours on a round of cleani scrubbing, polishing, mopping, dusti dishwashing, moving furniture abo crawling under beds, climbing up ladd s to get at corners in the ceiling, this practically a holiday.

And so the various campaigns proached their ends as election day dr nigh, and in East Battersea, in parti lar, Mrs. Harris's ground to its foreg conclusion.

Election day came and went, and its end there was no question but t the Center candidate, Mrs. Ada Har had scored the most smashing victory the annals of local politics. Her major was overwhelming.

Another of the astonishing results the election emerged from the Cotsw constituency of Fairford Cross, wh for the first time in the memory of m the Labor candidate, Bill Badger, w elected by a majority of 1,600 votes. l cal pundits explained that the vot suddenly remembered that Badg nicknamed Uncle Bill, had been kno

n and loved by all since their own ood. From his chemist shop he had sed licorice balls with every ption he filled for young runners nds, free medical advice, free sam- soaps and nostrums, free advice ovelorn, and bandaged minor cuts moved cinders from eyes. With a f belated and nostalgic affection ad voted him into office.

n the society columns of *The* and *The Daily Telegraph* the day ne election:

Wilmot and Lady Corrison have ed on their yacht *Idris II* for an ed cruise in southern waters. No will be forwarded."

as quickly and swiftly as Ada had streaked across the political ent, as rapidly did she vanish he scene, indeed, greatly resem- ne meteor itself which is seen as a t flash of fire in the night sky un- n entering the earth's atmosphere, rk dies away and vanishes.

Harris was still a two-day won- llowing upon her election with per interviews, photographs and on appearances. Britain had the challenge of those foreigners ross the Channel back into their nd provided a lesson in democ- electing a sturdy but uneducated man to a seat in the House of ons. But thereafter she was d. The story was over.

ave been a continuing celebrity in blic eye over a period and then ly to vanish from the press is a eal like having a chair pulled out nder one. It was well that Mrs. had the twelve days between the n results and the convening of nent to get her bearings again.

Harris would have wished to Philip Aldershot as to her next but this gentleman was likewise ly unavailable.

hat time Mrs. Harris, of course, inkling of the plot that had failed e sulphurous smoke that was still up out of the cauldron in certain With Sir Wilmot having fled ig- ously into limbo, Aldershot was ear the brunt of the fury of Hugh and whatever trouble he cooked is thirst for vengeance. Thus he want to see his new fellow Mem- Parliament come anywhere near even hear about her.

e of her current clients, with the on of the vanished Sir Wilmot, nnected with politics or govern- and so there was no help to be for from that quarter.

hours and days would not stand da Harris found them unreeling nore swiftly than any film in a . The day of the 23rd arrived, and ter she found herself caught up in he ceremonial majesty of British ment tradition, not to mention tape which tangles the freshman r.

when she presented herself at the e to the House of Commons that allowing up its members, old and a blue-uniformed guardian in- "Now where would you be want- go, madam?"

me seat," replied Mrs. Harris. been elected."

at this point she discovered that almost less complicated to win a an to gain entrance to occupy it. ve you your election certificate on?"

"Wot's that? I'm in. Don't you read the pypers?"

"That may be, ma'am, but you don't get by 'ere without proper documents."

"Where do I get them? Nobody's told me."

"Clerk of the Crown. 'Is office is in the House of Lords. Bit late, aren't you? Could you stand aside please and let the others through?"

There wasn't any lip from the first policeman when she had proper identification, and thereafter she had been swept up into the current, swimming alongside the others, doing as they did and becoming for the first time in her life a participant instead of merely a spectator of ancient pageantry.

The impressive mahogany-paneled chamber where the House met, only sixty-eight feet long, and not sufficiently large to seat all of its members at one time, filled her with awe. History and all of the tremendous things that had happened there hung thickly about the place. Would she ever be able to find her way around? It was all so different from what she had expected or imagined.

She was thrilled to her core and deeply moved when the House of Commons was summoned into the House of Lords for their traditional, once-only joint meeting there for the State Opening of Parliament to listen to the Queen deliver her speech from the throne.

When in a blaze of glorious light the Queen was revealed on the throne, she appeared so small and delicate, almost lost beneath the weight of the crown, the ceremonial garments and the long, flowing velvet train as she looked down so bravely upon the glittering multitude of peers in their ermines, resplendent dignitaries in uniforms, high officials in wigs and robes, that Mrs. Harris was moved to tears.

But there were further shocks and ceremonies and surprises awaiting her when, now a recognized Member (the policeman at the door recognized and touched his helmet to her), she returned next day to the House of Commons as the newest and most timid of arrivals.

For here at last she found herself close to and a part of a mystery which up to then had been contemplated only from afar. She was now brought into immediate contact with the difference between a faceless, placeless government that one knew only as "they," or "them," and an active, vital body consisting of hundreds of men and a few women milling about, the great majority of them as familiar with this warren as with their own homes. The very dynamism of it was shaking—its black-robed, white-wigged clerks at the table, the majestic figure of the Speaker in black court dress beneath robes and *perruque*.

She trembled when she was called upon in turn to take the oath of allegiance. When she had given the response, the Speaker had shaken hands with her, but she hardly dared look into the majesty of his countenance. Then a roll of parchment, the "Test Roll," was put before her and a pen thrust into her hand. She signed "Ada Harris" and became herself a part of history.

The last of the business of reopening the Parliament was finished. The leader of the winning party had become Prime Minister and had formed an acceptable government. The House of Commons settled down to its routine of work and, as the days turned into weeks, Ada Harris found herself lost. *(continued)*

If you chopped peppers and onions, minced garlic—added just the right amount of seasonings, you might make chili as good as French's. But not in 20 minutes! Enjoy all 15 of French's Sauce and Gravy Mixes.

When the chili is this good and quick ~ the rest is easy.

Skillet Chili Rice: Brown 1 pound of ground beef in a skillet. Stir in ½ teaspoon salt, 1 envelope of French's Chili-O Mix, 1⅓ cups packaged pre-cooked rice, 1 can (6 ounces) of tomato paste, 3 cups of water. Bring to a boil; reduce the heat, simmer for 10 minutes, stirring occasionally. Makes 4 to 6 servings.

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lonely, isolated and trying to grope her way through darkness that seemed to grow more impenetrable as time went on.

There were other Members of the House who dropped their *h*'s, or in one way or another gave proof of origins even more humble than hers. But they were accepted, had friends and were listened to respectfully. The feelings that seemed to be arrayed against her were something she could not seem to catch. She did understand the basic battle lines drawn between the two major parties and the squeeze in which the sparse members of the Center found themselves, but she discovered soon that she was something of a pariah even among those of her own fellowship. No one seemed to want to talk to her, or have anything to do with her, or tell her anything in response to her questions. The Conservative Members ignored her presence, as though she weren't there. Those on the Labor side regarded her with unconcealed enmity and when she was able to scramble out a place for herself on one of the back benches, the seats on either side of her were always mysteriously free.

For the ancient House of Commons, although it consisted of some 630 individual and diverse members, had a personality of its own which to those who belonged often appeared moody and stubborn. The manner in which Mrs. Harris had been elected was a bad joke and the House *had* been made to look slightly ridiculous. As it was inevitable that it must, the story of the plot that had failed had leaked out, and in one conversation or another it reached practically every ear, naturally, of course, excluding those of Ada Harris. The very benches, the rafters and the ceiling of the chamber, not to mention the restaurant, the smoking room, the library and the rooms opening off the mazes without, seemed to have absorbed the Members' reaction to the strange and accidental election of a candidate who should never have been there. And so they simply ignored her, and her abortive attempts to win their cooperation in "passing a law."

Thus, she found herself swept away, a lonely piece of flotsam, storm-tossed in an angry sea. She tried to understand the business that was being conducted, the debates that raged, the questions that were asked. When the division bell rang, she voted, often not knowing what for, or on which side, or why, which only increased the ire and contempt of those arrayed against her.

But the most upsetting revelation suffered by Ada Harris, M.P., was arrived at as the result of her own sharp wits and observations. It did not take long for her to make the discovery that perhaps this time she had badly overreached herself. For it soon became obvious that outside of intelligence and the native shrewdness she had acquired down the years of battling the wolf scratching at the threshold, she had not a single qualification to fit her to add the title "Member of Parliament" after her name.

Ada Harris—char. None better or more in demand. Ada Harris—nanny: for children loved her and she got on well with them. Ada Harris—matrimonial adviser. "'E'll love you all the more, dearie, if you pretend you don't know nuffink and don't make a stink," she would say. But Mrs. Harris—M.P.?

In the House she found herself s rounded by people of education a experience. This was quite differe from merely people of education, wh speech and position in the econor system differed from hers and w whom she had always been able to c on her own level. What her fell Members of the Mother of Parliame seemed to have at their fingertips v information and knowledge. The warhorses of Labor, the ex-trade un leaders, who had come up from t mines, the railways, the factories or t sweatshops, had facts and figures a ready references at their command a seemed to know what they were talki about. All who rose to speak had she of notes in their hands, reserves in bri cases as well as more apparently ins his or her head, references to laws p and present, reports, comment, statist and facts and figures of every kind support their arguments, or demol those of an opponent. Each was learn or experienced in something, apparent and if one or two of them might bluffing, as indeed shrewd Ada judg they were, just as in the long ago she h penetrated the Hon. Ronald Pusey, least they had at their fingertips t wherewithal to sustain their bluffs. M Harris had nothing. The mirage of "Li and Let Live" was dispelled overnig as it were.

Inevitably she began to ask hers however she had got there in the fi place. The Parliament of Great Brita was not for the likes of her. More w wanted than what she had to gi She heard that Smyce had return and she went around to Center Hea quarters in West Rowntree Street, Ba tersea, to try to get to the heart of thing

And Mr. Smyce, of course, was of help whatsoever.

"Spitting into the hurricane, tha what it would be," he said. "Do y know how many seats we've got in t House? Five! Where do you figure to g support from? Go ahead and make a fo of yourself if you want to."

Mrs. Harris said, "But I was electe Oughtn't I at least to make a speech, something?"

"Sure, sure," said Charlie Smyc "Why don't you go ahead and make speech?"

Still, made timid by her ignorance, s said, "I don't even know how to get make a speech."

Charlie Smyce was slopped deep in his chair, feet upon the desk, a cigaret hanging from his lips, in an attitude n at all coincident with the presence of female Member of Parliament. "Why he said, "you just stand up and wait catch the eye of the Speaker."

"Oh," said Mrs. Harris.

Mr. Smyce blew out a puff of blue a stinking smoke, and his sour expressi twisted itself into a grin, "Sometimes takes two years," he said.

Mrs. Harris said, "You bloody litt barstid!" It was out before she knew sl had said it or was aware that somethi had snapped within her. "Get your fe off the desk and that gasper out of yo fyce, when you're talking to a lady," sl said. "I think I'm beginning to 'a enough of you, Mr. Charlie-boy Smyc and it wasn't no thanks to you I w elected."

He merely put his hands behind h head and looked at her insolentl "That's right," he said, "it wasn't a thanks to me. My job was to see th

you didn't get elected." For he was fed to the teeth, was Smyce, with all that had occurred, and, above all, the overwhelming victory of Mrs. Harris. C. Smyce was about ready to blow the gaff. Mrs. Harris now gave him that opportunity.

"You was?" she cried. "Why you rotten little crook! I thought there was something fishy about your be'avior! All them muddles which seemed to 'appen only to me and saying I was to keep off the telly. I see it all now. You 'ad your own man you wanted for the job, and you was in there doing the dirty on me. I guess Sir Wilmot won't be 'arf interested when he hears about this."

"Not only half, but one hundred percent," corrected Mr. Smyce, "since it was his idea."

"'Is idea! How dare you say such a thing!"

"Because it's true," said Mr. Smyce.

There was that about his attitude which had suddenly become most horribly convincing. Still she said, "I don't understand what you're talking about."

"You don't *now*," replied Mr. Smyce succinctly, "but you will in a moment. You've been taken for a ride by a couple of sharpies, except in the end the joke's on them as well as on you, and I've been laughing my head off ever since. Just you *listen* to me."

And therewith, step by step, so that even a child could understand it, he unfolded the details of the plot in which Mrs. Harris had become enmeshed and the manner in which she was to have been manipulated and then discarded.

"But how did it come that I got in, then?" she asked, daring to instill a note of triumph and challenge into the question.

Mr. Smyce regarded her gloomily for a moment before he replied, "That will remain one of the great unsolved mysteries of the election. You had somebody behind you we didn't know about, who wasn't born yesterday. You might ask your friend Bayswater. I wouldn't suppose he'd be able on his own to think up the idea of getting off with the snob vote in the district."

It was the name of Bayswater which succeeded in collecting all the separate little flashes, glints and splinters of light which from time to time had been playing about the back of Mrs. Harris's head, into one sudden, improbable yet possible, blinding glare of illumination.

Mrs. Harris arose, picked up her bag and, to the enormous surprise of the agent, said quietly, "Thank you for what you've told me, Mr. Smyce. I'm sorry I called you bad names. I shouldn't wonder but what you've had *your* comeuppance in this business. I'll be going now."

Mrs. Harris, when she had reached the street, opened her purse to determine the number of pennies available, and then marched onward until she came upon an unoccupied telephone box. Four pennies were inserted, the number dialed, the burring of the double ring, a voice heard: "Bayswater 40098. Mr. John Bayswater speaking."

"Hello, John. This is Ada."

"Hello, Ada. Ah—how very good to hear from you. Er, how are things in Parliament?"

"Just loverly," said Mrs. Harris. "I've been 'aving a word with Mr. Charlie Smyce."

If she had figured it as a blockbuster to open up Bayswater, it had the desired effect, for she heard him say, "Oh dear, oh dear," without realizing that he had spoken the words aloud into the telephone. He made one more attempt at extrication. "That nasty bit of work. You can't believe a word he says if he swore on a stack of Bibles." *(continued)*

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"And the Rolls-Royces, and all your pals ringing doorbells?"

"I'm afraid that was my idea, Ada. I hope you won't be cross with me for meddling. I was only trying ——"

"It was kind of you, John," said Ada Harris in a remote voice, for she felt a deep surge of emotion at the lengths to which he and her friends had gone to help her, an emotion which lasted just five seconds when it was replaced by an absolute monster of a thought which swept through her mind. How had Bayswater known? *Had* he known? And if so, why had he not told her?

Even under the threat of another impending shock, her mind remained clear, picking its way with the same meticulousness and her particular kind of logic. The plot had been hatched by Sir Wilmot Corrison; Bayswater drove Sir Wilmot; ergo: Bayswater was privy to the plot.

She said, "John Bayswater, you listen to me. Smyce told me everything. How it all started and just what smarty-pants Sir Wilmot was up to. But 'ow did *you* know?"

"Well now, Ada ——"

"Never mind, 'Well now, Ada.' Did you know, or didn't you?"

Silence from the Bayswater end of the phone, and then, "Yes, I did." Silence from the telephone.

"John Bayswater," repeated Ada Harris, "Do you mean to say that you *knew* all along and didn't tell me, and let me go on making a fool of myself?" It was now Bayswater who was engulfed by horror that left him once more speechless. "And be made a fool of in front of all my friends, and, for that matter, the whole bloody country?" she continued.

Bayswater finally managed articulation. "Ada," he cried in great anguish, "I couldn't tell you! Don't you see? You were so excited and ——"

"John Bayswater," said Mrs. Harris for the third time, "don't you ever dare to come near me or speak to me again as long as you live!" And she hung up the phone.

Shock was not long in taking over after that, and when she emerged from the telephone box, Mrs. Harris was quite numb and did not even remember how she was able to get home.

The Speaker of the House of Commons was a cultured, kindly man and an able politician, but he was also one of the busiest. Until Parliament settled down, he was inundated with a mass of paper work, and spent every moment he could in his office not only before and after sessions but during as well—whenever he could be spared from the floor and the Deputy Speaker could take over. Now, in the late afternoon, with the House enjoying a temporary adjournment, he was hard at work when his secretary appeared at the door of his inner sanctum and said, "There's a Mrs. Ada Harris would like to have a word with you, if she might, sir."

"Ada Harris, Ada Harris? Do I know her?"

"I think she's one of the new Members, sir."

"Put her off until another time, can you?"

"Very well, sir." The secretary, however, was a young man whose heart had not yet begun to shrivel. He paused at the door. "If you could manage to see her for a moment. I think—she seems . . ."

The Speaker looked up fro problem that had his brow knott the expression of concern on h retary's face, and his own clear smiled and said, "All right, C Show her in."

There were few things tha Harris had been able to make h tail of out of the proceedings in ment, but one fact she had gather that the man addressed as Speaker" was the most powerful assemblage. He was bowed to entering the chamber, kowtowed all times, the catching of his eye paramount importance. He coul or hinder Members. He was a colossal coachman holding the r some 630 skittish individuals.

This dignity now thrust his aside, pushed his spectacles up o top of his head and said, "Oh yes, you sit down, Mrs.—Mrs. ——"

"'Arris. Ada 'Arris."

The Speaker scrutinized the perched on the edge of her seat, took in the neatness of her cloth careful gloves, then the incongruo obviously Cockney voice and These features, this person he ha before, and very often, and re But where?

Then it came to him. "But of c he said, "you're the ——" He himself in time before he finish sentence, but the word "char" quivering in the air between them he added, "I remember now. Y quite a—" he hesitated, "shall w distinctive campaign. You're to gratulated. What is it I may you?"

Now that the moment had con last of her old and dependable f assurance seemed to have been away, and Mrs. Harris's lips q slightly as she said, "Sir, I'd like sign. But I don't know what to how to go about it, or I should here bothering you. And you busy man."

Mr. Speaker was genuinely ished. Parliament was no more three weeks old, and a Member w come in on a rousing majority aft true, a somewhat unorthodox campaign was already speaking ing out?

The Speaker said, "You're no health, are you?"

"Oh no, sir. Never better."

But, looking at her closely, that this was not actually so, an his visitor was under great em and mental stress. "You know said, "once you've been elected cannot resign from Parliament."

"Oh, Lor', sir!" breathed M Harris. "Oh Lor', what am I g do?"

And the experienced man, in those flashes of intuition and standing that often had been of in raising him to the eminence position, suddenly began remem and piecing together fragment snatches he had heard bandied a the lobby; a snigger, a laugh, a bit story—not an edifying one. The been a piece of political trimmi entirely unusual, which had gone and had turned into rather a scan joke.

And here before him sat the thereof, enmeshed by circumstan yond her control, and she was su

"But," he said, "there is a wa could apply for the Chiltern Hun

The *what* children?" asked Mrs. ris, startled.
Chil-tern," repeated the Speaker, e Chiltern Hundreds."
Mrs. Harris was staring at him, in- prehending.
He said, "We are a strange people and n a stranger body politic. We legis- e to the effect that no elected Member Parliament may be permitted to re- his seat and then, as solemnly, ar- ge for a loophole—big enough to e a caravan through—so that he . You see, no Member may accept office of profit under the Crown and the same time retain his seat in the use. The Stewardship of the Chiltern ndreds, that is to say, Bailiff of Her jesty's three Chiltern Hundreds of ke, Desborough and Burnham, is h an office. Purely technical, of rse. The 'Hundreds' is an archaic itical district, of which only a few e survived."
He paused to see if there was any nmer of understanding of a subject ch even to him did not appear to be irely clear. "Well, at any rate, you y apply for such a Stewardship, and granting of it automatically vacates r seat in the House."
"lypaper, that's what politics was, s. Harris thought. You'd hardly get foot clear when the other one was k. "'Ow would I go about doing t, sir?"
You apply, I believe—let me see— the Chancellor of the Exchequer. , that's it."
Both feet were now firmly glued and s. Harris had barely a struggle left. n Lor'," she groaned, "the Chancellor the Exchequer!" He might just as I have said the Archbishop of Canter- y, the Lord Chief Justice, or the en herself.
The Speaker reflected, understood her blem and then said, "See here, I k we may be able to help you on . At any rate we can try."
He reached for the telephone and ke for a short time. He hung up. "All e and arranged for," he said. Then added, "And may I add, Mrs. ris, that I'm very sorry."
"You've been so very kind, sir. Dare sk one thing more?"
Mr. Speaker said, "Yes, what is it?"
"Might I speak just once? I mean, a word. Not long, I mean, I wouldn't e up much time. But just to say d-bye tonight, since I shall be ving."
The Speaker thought he understood, , the craving for something to take ay, perhaps if only the memory of a iden speech made during probably of the shortest tenures of a seat in history of the Commons. But above he admired tenacity and courage. He led and said, "I think perhaps that ght be arranged, if there's not too ch business towards the end of the sion. If you will stand up and remain nding, I probably shall be able to you."

The gulf between cherished dream tasy and reality was perhaps never ter than at the moment of the iden as well as, simultaneously, fare- l speech of the Hon. Member for st Battersea.
n the dream she always arose to ad- ss a packed House on the shortcom- s of the Government, holding it spell- nd with the simplicity and common se of her remarks and the proposals she put forth to cure the ills of the country. When she had finished, all parties joined in ringing cheers and a vote of thanks was moved and passed unanimously.

But the reality was that Ada Harris made her speech to a House that was almost empty, except for the quorum of stragglers that remained to vote an early adjournment and who were busy rattling their papers, sorting them out, stuffing them into their briefcases and whispering with their neighbors. There was one lone reporter left in the press enclosure and no one in the spectators', or strangers', gallery, for it had been a particularly tiresome and uninteresting session.

Mrs. Harris might never have got to make her speech at all, had not the Speaker come into the House shortly before nine o'clock to have a word with his deputy and, seeing her standing there, remembered the incident of the late afternoon. His practiced eye, fortunately, casting about the House, saw the small figure standing up. She had been on her feet for the better part of an hour. He went to the throne and whispered a few words to the deputy, who nodded.

When the dull drone of the Member speaking had died away, he glanced upward to the isolated figure on the back bench and called her by her name. "Mrs. Ada Harris."

He had to repeat it a second time, for Mrs. Harris had been deep in the rehearsing of the speech she had memorized. Now that the time *(continued)*

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Save ½ cup onions for garnish. Crumble remaining onions and add to one cup white sauce. Add tuna, eggs, Worcestershire sauce, lemon juice and celery. Form into 8 oval-shaped mounds and place on greased baking pan, about two inches apart. Bake at 350° for 20 minutes. Garnish with onions making mouth, tail and fins. Bake 5-10 minutes until golden brown. Heat remaining cup of white sauce and serve with Tunions.

ed an hour

've come in embarrassed

ter proudly.

ote almost of ined: "You'll n you get to

said, for the was making d friend had l there for a her silently.

Harris finally. "Oh, you're a dreadful man! Where are we going?"

The chauffeur reached into the side pocket of the car and made a fan of the road maps of Norway, Sweden, Greece, Spain, Holland, Portugal, France, Italy and Yugoslavia. "Anywhere," he replied. "What difference does it make?"

He eased the silent gears via the silent clutch, stepped upon the silent accelerator, and the silent engine took hold. They moved off down the street, bound for the Channel ports, just as the first of the loaded press cars came baying around the corner to pull up in front of the now empty house at No. 5 Willis Gardens, East Battersea. ■

had come, it caught her unawares, flustered her, and drove every last word of it out of her mind.

With a frightened little gesture of her hand, she began: "Oh dear—that's me, isn't it? That's very kind. I don't want to take up anybody's time, because I know you're all so busy. I just thought I ought to be saying good-bye, as I won't be coming here any more after tonight."

The reporter, who had been half-dozing, snapped awake at the sound of such unorthodox words and looked about to fix upon who had spoken them. He sat up and reached for his notebook and pencil when he saw.

"It's all been a kind of mistake, for which I'm sorry," Mrs. Harris said. "And I oughtn't never to have been 'ere I'm told there'll be a by-election and the right person will get in. I've asked for and been given the Chiltern 'Undreds. I don't know exactly what they are, but now that I've got 'em, I'll probably be expected to clean 'em That's my real job, keeping things tidy and, goodness knows, that's a day's work. I suppose I ought to have stuck to it. There's a lot of difference between 'aving ideas rattling around in your 'ead and thinking you can run things better than others, and getting down to it when the time comes."

"Why, it's the charwoman!" mumbled the reporter, and began to fill his notebook rapidly with shorthand pothooks.

Some of the paper-rattling stopped, and a few of the Members turned around and stared.

"That's why I'm leaving," Mrs. Harris continued. "It takes more than wanting to 'elp people, don't it? You got to know 'ow. I thought maybe I could, because where I live we

almost emptied chamber, and the sound of it terrified her, as it had so many a beginning speaker in the years gone by. She concluded hastily, "And I thank you for your kind attention." She sat down to silence that grew heavier as the Speaker waited for the traditional rise of another Member to congratulate a maiden speaker upon his or her effort.

Finally another backbencher arose and was recognized. He said in a dry-as-dust voice, "The honorable Member

backbench area and walked through them and out of the House and out of their lives.

The Deputy Speaker said, "Wasn't that the charwoman about whom there was such a hubbub in the papers?"

"Yes," said the Speaker, "it was," gathering up his own documents, wishing that she had not gone and that from time to time she might have managed somehow to raise her voice for those for whom nobody in that day and age spoke,

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East Battersea is to be felicitated nly upon the expediency but also evity of her speech." And then he not deny himself a quip: "I ie the Chiltern Hundreds won't be ie worse for a bit of a brush-up." no one laughed. There was no a quorum and, with business con-, adjournment became automatic e Speaker pronounced it. Mem-ifted away in twos and threes. All m somehow managed to avoid g at, or being caught by the eye of Member for East Battersea, who down, straight-backed, head up, the embankment of the highest

or very much cared about. But the lone reporter was already telephoning his story in, and on the late bulletin of the B.B.C. Home Service, the news was broadcast that Mrs. Ada Harris, charwoman from East Battersea who had conducted a sensational campaign to be elected to Parliament, had asked for and had been granted the Stewardship of the Chiltern Hundreds, thereby vacating her seat.

One of the listeners to this piece of intelligence was Mr. John Bayswater, who had been about to go to sleep. At its conclusion he had turned quite pale and, clicking off the radio, he went to the

window and looked out unseeing upo the empty street.

He stood there for a long time, copin with an inner struggle aroused by fee ings he had not known himself capable o entertaining. Occasionally they com pelled him to swallow hard and shake hi head, as he reviewed his own life an then reflected once more upon what h had heard.

At last he came to a decision and, mov ing like one held back by the lassitud sometimes encountere in a dream, began a se ries of operations whic anyone watching hir could only have judge as preparations for im minent flight.

He went below, firs to his garage an checked his own ol Rolls—the petrol tank radiator, battery, tire Then he returned up stairs, hauled forth suitcase from beneat the bed and packed i carefully for a long ab sence. From the desk h took a number of foreig road maps, his passpor and a considerabl amount of cash he ha stashed away.

All this completed, h stood by the window once more looking ou upon a lone cat nosin at a dustbin cover, puz zling over the powerfu surge of emotion he ha been entertaining eve since he had heard th news on the radio an reflected upon its cor sequences. His old hab its and ways of though twisted him this wa and that, but in the en he was unable to fin any alternative to wha he proposed to do, an so went to bed, bu hardly to close an ey

When early mornin illuminated his window once again, he aros washed, shaved an dressed, wrote a note t the milkman and an other that he put int his pocket. After a las look about the flat an the kitchen to mak sure that everythin was turned off tha ought to be, he picke up his suitcase and gea locked the door behin him, stowed the stuff i the Rolls and thereafte without so much as a single backwar look, drove away.

Mrs. Harris awoke from troubled slee to the sound of bells. Her telephone an doorbell were ringing simultaneously She glanced at her alarm clock and sa that it was only seven in the morning The telephone seemed to call for first a tention. She answered it.

A voice said, "Mrs. Harris? This is th News of the World speaking. I wonde whether you would ——" But the voic got no further, because Mrs. Harris r placed the receiver. All of the pain an memories which had been aroused by he

heavy sadness on waking, came swimming back and possessed her once more. She remembered.

The doorbell was still insisting.

Mrs. Harris donned slippers, wrapped her dressing gown about her, gave her curls a quick pat and hurried to answer it, wondering what it might be. Except for occasional telegrams, doorbells did not ring that early in her neighborhood.

To her utter amazement, when she opened up, there stood the last person in the world she had expected to see after her recent and somewhat unjust outburst against him—John Bayswater. He looked startlingly elegant in a gray traveling suit with cap to match. Behind him, parked at the curb, was an old-fashioned, goggle-eyed monster of a Rolls-Royce, looking as huge as a railway locomotive, the pale, near-wintry sun splintering from its polished sides and chromework.

He was regarding her somewhat warily, and seemed to be having difficulty in opening the conversation. Finally he said, "Ah—good morning, Ada. I hope you will forgive me for getting you up so early, but you see there was no other way . . ."

Mrs. Harris's mind was still not entirely cleared of cobwebs, and Bayswater's presence there at that time of the morning could only mean trouble of some kind.

"John," she cried. "What is it? Is anything the matter?"

"No, no, no. Nothing at all. Only I was afraid if I telephoned first, you'd hang up the receiver again. I do hope you are not cross with me any longer."

Mrs. Harris experienced a sudden rush of remorse. "I shouldn't 'ave talked the way I did. I'm sorry, John. Won't yer come in?"

Mr. Bayswater looked slightly shocked. "I'll wait for you out here in the car. There might be talk . . ."

Mrs. Harris inwardly acknowledged his tactful concern for her reputation in the neighborhood, and then, equally inwardly, did a double take at what she thought she had heard besides.

"Did you say you'd wait outside? What for?"

Her friend swallowed once more, hard, and then replied manfully and forcefully, "You! I've come to take you away."

It was almost one shock tactic too many. "Take me away! Whatever are you talking about, John Bayswater? 'Ave you gone out of your mind?"

"No. But you will if you don't do as I say and go in and pack a bag. I heard all about your leaving Parliament last night, and I guessed why. Haven't you had enough of the press? You can't stay here now, Ada."

"That would be running away. I've always made up me own bed after lying in it."

"They've done enough to you, Ada," Bayswater said with a fierceness that surprised himself and her even more. "They'll tear your heart out this time. I'll not have it."

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At that moment the telephone inside the house again burst into song. "There you are," Bayswater said. "I expect that'll be one of them. If you hurry we'll be able to get away before they start coming around here. I've got my bag in the back."

Something of the magnitude of what he was proposing, the change in his own life and the sacrifice he was making began to penetrate to Mrs. Harris. "John, you've taken me breath away. I don't know what to say."

"Don't say anything, and just get cracking. A little trip to foreign climes will do you a world of good. The air abroad is said to be most salubrious. You still have your passport, haven't you?"

She looked at him searchingly. "But what about your position, John? You haven't lost your job on account of me, have you?"

"You don't think I'd go on working for Sir Wilmot after the dastardly manner in which he treated you? My letter of resignation crossed with—ah—one sent to me from his office. But I do believe mine was postmarked an hour earlier."

Mrs. Harris said, "You've come in your *own* car," for she was embarrassed suddenly.

"Yes," replied Bayswater proudly. "Isn't she beautiful?"

Then he added with a note almost of hope and wistfulness combined: "You'll come to love her, too, when you get to know her better."

"Oh John," Mrs. Harris said, for the wistfulness and the offer he was making to share his love for his old friend had penetrated, and they stood there for a moment regarding each other silently.

The milkman clattered by and called cheerily, "Wanting any today, Mrs. Harris?"

"No, not today, or until further notice," John Bayswater replied for her. Then he said, "You'd better hurry. You don't want to catch cold standing there in the doorway in just your ——"

Mrs. Harris pulled her dressing gown about her more tightly, for one more helpless moment.

"I don't know what to do . . ."

"Do as I say," said Mr. Bayswater. "Hurry and dress. Pack up a bag or two. You'll want enough for a month or so. I'll be waiting here in the car."

"But I've only me monthly mortgage money in the house."

"I've enough for both of us. Be quick now."

Mrs. Harris had known Bayswater as a strong and purposeful man she looked up to, but had never before seen him quite so masterful, and for a moment it worried her, for she was an independent soul and not used to being ordered about.

"Please, Ada," Mr. Bayswater said gently. "You'll never regret it."

"Oh dear," said Mrs. Harris. "Oh dear—I'll see." Then she closed the door.

It was the "please" that seemed to have done it, coupled with a rush of understanding of not only what John Bayswater had done but was about to do for her. And, besides, she discovered suddenly that she did not wish to refuse. When she appeared at the door a half hour later, she clutched two suitcases and a large handbag and was wearing her best clothes.

And then she was sitting beside him on the shiny, comfortable leather seat of the great old Rolls, and for a moment they did nothing but look at each other searchingly, as though to be sure they were doing the right thing.

"John," cried Mrs. Harris finally. "Oh, you're a dreadful man! Where are we going?"

The chauffeur reached into the side pocket of the car and made a fan of the road maps of Norway, Sweden, Greece, Spain, Holland, Portugal, France, Italy and Yugoslavia. "Anywhere," he replied. "What difference does it make?"

He eased the silent gears via the silent clutch, stepped upon the silent accelerator, and the silent engine took hold. They moved off down the street, bound for the Channel ports, just as the first of the loaded press cars came baying around the corner to pull up in front of the now empty house at No. 5 Willis Gardens, East Battersea. ■

JOURNAL ORIGINAL 21

Here is a brilliant point of departure for needlepoint: pillows patterned in designs and colors as bright and inventive as contemporary paintings. It costs amazingly little to make these vivid masterpieces for yourself, for friends—with names, dates, initials or words that spell special interests worked in. There are four kits, one for each large pillow, at $8.98 (two with alphabet charts), one for the pair of small pillows, at $5.98. Kits include canvas with silk-screened design (all by Howard Pedersen), tapestry yarn, needle, and complete directions.

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AN AGE FOR ACTION

(*continued from page 93*)

seemed to perform these protective acts as though by reflex, without even pausing in the conversations that absorbed them. The scene was charming, Phebe thought—pretty girls, white-jacketed men, babies like blooming peonies, all under the shade of the trees like some enormous *fête champêtre*. She continued her descent of the hill.

As usual, there were not enough faculty present, she noted. Her husband Tom felt strongly about the importance of lending oneself to graduate-student activities, but few of the older professors bothered. She saw a scattering of instructors, five or six assistant professors and their wives; Professor Harley, the medievalist, and his brisk, talkative wife were the only senior faculty. Tom was over by the stream in deep conversation with the brightest student he had this year. He saw her arrive, and waved and beamed, meaning he would join her later. Phebe slipped into a group of mixed faculty and graduate students, accepted an opened can of beer from the M.A. candidate in charge of drinks, and smiled at Hope Watts, who was married to a young Keats man, and a favorite of hers.

"It's wonderful to get this chance to see everybody's children," Phebe began. "I never do. You always hide them before we arrive for dinner."

Hope, tall, lively, laughed. "We don't hide them from you," she said. "We just take you as an excuse to get them out of the way."

"As soon as we can decently jam them into bed we breathe a long sigh of relief and say 'Thank God, now we can get boiled,'" Jake, Hope's husband, said.

"I should think you would! With every bit of it to do yourselves. I don't see how your generation manages at all *We* all had some kind of nursing help with our children, even if it was no more than a nursegirl who wasn't bright enough to do more than walk them . . ." Phebe stopped. It seemed to her that the faces of these young people had assumed a glazed look. She was sure she did go on about this subject too often. It was one that bothered her. And she was once more plucked by an unpleasant suspicion that she was repeating herself word for word from some earlier occasion.

She bent to a small, solemn girl, perhaps five years old, who stood admiring the view as it appears from two feet up. She was like a Victorian child, with her long, straight, light-brown hair, grave eyes, fat cheeks, and small, severe mouth. She wore a prim blue cotton jumper over a white guimpe.

"Is this yours?" Phebe asked, nodding up to Hope.

"Yes, that's Elizabeth Jane," Hope said. "She is the oldest."

"How do you do, Elizabeth Jane?" Phebe said. She held out her hand.

The child only stared back, rather accusingly.

Phebe waited a moment. Then, embarrassed, she stood up. All around her was the ring of young people's faces—calm, untroubled, inscrutable.

"*What* a cunning child!" Phebe said, to cover up. "And so charmingly dressed. Like a Kate Greenaway little girl. Just right for her."

Hope smiled, accepting the compliment, and Phebe moved away to speak to other people. Other people's children in turn engaged her: wild little panting boys with flushed cheeks and eyes that roamed away toward action and adventure; bouncy little girls with rotund stomachs, who switched their skirts from side to side when the grown-up lady spoke to them, in the immemorial gesture of all little girls everywhere; certain extremely small persons just able to balance on their pins, who were nonetheless recognizable as strong characters with pronounced likes and dislikes; fat little boys with glasses, destined to be about their fathers' business; the occasional tall, thin little girl who looked sad, who hesitated to run and play, who was, mysteriously, a misfit, a little girl whose teeth were being straightened by means of a strap that ran out of her lips and around the back of her head, yet who seemed quite unabashed; a little boy who had "bully" written in his brown eye and thick lips; and one dreamy boy-child who, arrested by his mother for Phebe to look at, was on his way to the woods to be alone and didn't seem to care if he *was* different. "Please take Jim with you," his mother implored. "No. I want to look for lichens and he always tries to eat them," Jim's older brother said with scorn.

"And do you know, not one of all those children," Phebe said as she joined the Harleys at last, over by the barbecue pits, "—not *one* of them—would shake hands They just stared at me. With hostile eyes," she added dramatically

"All children feel hostile. But *they* don't teach them any different," Grace Harley said. She was a rosy, plump woman—someone it would be nice to look like when one was in the sixties. "Of course we think it's perfectly horrible, but they don't care what *we* think."

"It is a question of manners," Frank Harley said. Small and precise, the prototype of a professor, he was the only man here with a hat on. "Manners are held to be artificial by these young people. I understand they do not feel manners proceed from the heart."

"Rubbish," Grace said heartily. "Of course they proceed from the heart. They proceed from wanting to be liked, that's where they proceed from. Nobody's going to like you if you're rude to them. It's as simple as that."

"I suppose the parents just haven't got the time," Phebe said uneasily. "I suppose they're so tired at the end of the day, with everything else they've had to do. It must be staggering, all the work You and I always had *somebody*, Miss Grace."

Girl Scout Week
March 7-13, 1965

"Doesn't *take* time," Mrs. Har said. "Takes standards. It's just as e when a child answers you back 'Y to make him say 'Yes, ma'am.' It's time it takes, it's caring. These yo people don't seem to care if their c dren do grow up into absolute li monsters that everybody is going loathe."

With the virtuosity of long pract Mrs. Harley let smiles wreathe her f for an instant, as she spoke to a pass student whose field was Anglo-Saxo

"There won't be anybody left think they *are* monsters," Phebe s "if they're all that way. If manners h been forgotten, nobody will know difference."

"Let's face it," Mrs. Harley s "What's going to happen to old peop What's going to happen to us, in a f years, if nobody can act decently a more? All right, let's be hard-boi about it. Manners were invented par to protect old people."

They were silent. Melancholy en oped Phebe, a sadness like a mist, ve ing the party from her. She felt al and afraid.

"Of course, I used to be fearfully ru myself, when I was young," she s with a kind of desperation. "I'll ne forget, Miss Grace; once, Mrs. Hist Department Dudley gave a lunche for me, and *I forgot to go*. Maybe m ners are things that come to you as y get older. I'm quite a polite person no she said, smiling.

"Rubbish, Phebe. You know bet than that. You were raised to be poli These children aren't being taught, a they won't know, and the world is goi to be a jungle. A jungle!" Grace Harl said

"I suppose in a way it doesn't rea matter," Phebe said drearily. "O people never can remember what's ha pened to them, or what anybody d say, anyway."

"But they recognize politenes Frank Harley said. "And even th young people will be old, someday."

"Aren't you going to have a ha burger? They're awfully good," Ho Watts said, joining them with a year- baby on her arm.

"What a beautiful child!" Gra Harley cried with instant affabilit "Your own?"

"The youngest," Hope said, gazing it with adulation. "Jacob Effingha Watts Junior, aged eleven months t very day."

Automatically Phebe's hand went o to the baby's. "How do you do, Jac Effingham Watts Junior," she said.

The baby bounced in its mothe arms and, gurgling, whirled to gaze ba over her shoulder. Hope continued smile timelessly down at her child.

"No, no," Phebe heard herself sa "Shake hands with me, Jacob. Come o Hope. Tell him he must shake hands wi me." She took the minute pad of a han with its infinitely delicate skin, in he "How–do–you–do, Jacob," she enun ated.

The baby stopped bouncing and stare transfixed. A bubble burst from his li Phebe had to laugh.

The mother took the tiny fat arm a moved it up and down within Phebe grasp. She glanced up and gave Phebe matter-of-fact smile. "His grandfath used to tell the children that," she sai "To shake hands Before he died." S hugged the baby and kissed its dow head. "Yes, he did!" she crooned.

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MAIL-ORDER GUNS

continued from page 75

The files of the Juvenile Delinquency Subcommittee of the Senate Judiciary Committee contain records of children 10 and 11 years old who have ordered and received delivery of mail-order guns. With the savings from their piggy banks and the ability to fill out a simple form, they have bought guns that were on a par with those used by their local police departments, and in some cases superior.

It was with these things in mind that the subcommittee, early in 1961, began a detailed investigation of the mail-order gun business. From the very beginning we drew upon the vast knowledge and resources of the nation's gun industry; organized sportsmen's groups, such as the National Rifle Association and the National Shooting Sports Foundation; law-enforcement organizations; the Justice and Treasury departments and others who could make a significant contribution to the solution of the problem. In short, I sought and received the help of those, legitimately involved with firearms, who were most affected by the gunrunners' inroads into the industry.

We examined the facts methodically and prepared a profile of a multimillion-dollar gunrunning operation that has provided a mother lode of pistols, rifles, bazookas, antitank guns, knives, sabers, ammunition and bombs, a ready-made arsenal for extremists of all kinds—the Minutemen, the Black Muslims, the Rangers, and the sick and twisted of the nation.

On January 29, 1963, we opened our public hearings, and the American people had their first glimpse of this traffic.

Ten months later, three of the firms we pinpointed during these hearings were to play important roles in the crime of the century — the assassination of the President of the United States.

Successive subcommittee hearings during 1963 outlined the activities of these three mail-order houses. The first was Seaport Traders, a firm operating out of Los Angeles, Calif. We traced a .38-caliber revolver that was sent to a 16-year-old boy who used it to kill his 14-year-old friend. We revealed how this gun came through the mails to an immature, disturbed youth who had falsified his age. Subcommittee investigators who interrogated Mr. George Rose, the owner of Seaport Traders, testified that he said, "I didn't break the law, did I? If they have the money, I sell them the gun."

This weapon was identical to the one that Seaport Traders sold to Lee Harvey Oswald on March 20, 1963; the gun he used to kill Officer Tippit.

Next we turned the spotlight on the case of a man who decided to rob the Lehigh Valley Trust Company of Allentown, Pa. Knowing that under Pennsylvania's Uniform Firearms Act he would have to report any over-the-counter gun purchase to the local police, he used the anonymity of the mails and ordered his gun from Klein's Sporting Goods in Chicago, Ill.

One month later, Lee Harvey Oswald covered his identity in a similar manner and ordered, from this same firm, the Italian Carcano with which he murdered President Kennedy.

Another of the major Los Angeles mail-order gun dealers is Martin B. Retting, president of Weapons, Inc. According to Chicago police, 27 percent of the weapons Retting sent to Chicago customers in 1961, 1962 and 1963, were sent to persons with criminal records. Chicago requires a permit to buy a gun, but Mr. Retting sold 2,964 guns to people who had no such permits. He also produces, in Japan, a telescopic "sniper-scope" which he imports into the United States and sells by mail order.

One of Mr. Retting's sniperscopes, sold to Klein's Sporting Goods, was attached to the gun with which Lee Harvey Oswald murdered President Kennedy and severely wounded Governor Connally.

The result of more than two years of effort by the subcommittee and the legitimate elements of the gun industry was a piece of legislation I proposed to Congress on August 2, 1963. It became known as Senate Bill 1975.

The bill, designed to amend the Federal Firearms Act, would:

1. Prevent the shipment in interstate commerce and delivery by common carrier of "mail-order" firearms to persons under the age of 18.

2. Increase the fee for a federally required dealer's license from one to 10 dollars.

3. Require that an applicant for a federal dealer's license be at least 21 years old.

4. Provide that manufacturers and dealers give common and contract carriers written notice that firearms are being shipped.

5. Provide that a purchaser of a "mail-order" gun enclose, with his purchase order, a notarized affidavit establishing his bona fide age, name, address, felony convictions and the fact that he has complied with local and state firearm laws. This was a key provision.

Later, the bill was amended to cover all firearms, regardless of shape, size or description, and to require that the purchaser's affidavit must contain the name and address of the principal law-enforcement official in his community. The amendment would also require the seller to forward, by registered letter, a copy of the purchaser's affidavit and a description of the gun to the law-enforcement official named in the affidavit.

It is a fair and reasonable bill that has the official support of the National Rifle Association and all the principals in the gun industry. It was supported, and indeed sought, by law-enforcement groups at all levels.

The public, fearful of this arsenal being shoveled out to juveniles, trouble-makers, drug addicts and convicts gave strong support to the proposal. My mail reflected that.

After its introduction, however, the bill came under heavy fire. Pressure against it and, indeed, against any legislation that appears to pose a threat to the right "to keep and bear arms" guaranteed in the Second Amendment to the Constitution, came from:

- A sizable number of the estimated 20,000,000 hunters and trapshooters in the United States; the Minutemen, an anti-Communist guerrilla organization, claiming 25,000 members and obtaining much of its armament through members who are also members of the National Rifle Association; publications serving the gun industry, sportsmen and gun enthusiasts; a number of wildlife groups that are linked in one way or another with the gun industry.
- Politically influential sportsmen; a small but loud and well-organized minority consisting of legitimate sportsmen; decent people who were misled and misinformed; crackpots and vigilantes; and the hard core—those with a vested interest in gunrunning.
- The extremists (some of whom said I and the committee were Communist dupes), and a group of lobbyists with their own financial interests at heart, campaigned to discredit the law.

To date, their efforts have succeeded, and the mail-order gun bill has still not become law.

One hundred and twelve days after I introduced this law, the crime of the century was committed in Dallas, Texas, with a *mail-order gun.* An hour later Oswald committed a second murder, this time with another *mail-order gun.* Both guns were purchased under cover of a false name and a false address by a known malcontent with a long history of emotional instability. Oswald was a man who had been discharged from the Marine Corps because of his quirks; who had twice attempted to give up his birthright as an American citizen; who could not hold a job, and was under investigation by the FBI. Yet, under the laws of this country, he could purchase deadly weapons as easily as tickets to a ball game.

The law I proposed to keep guns out of the hands of the Oswalds of the world has yet to be adopted. The gunrunners and lobbyists have had their day. By distorting the issue, confusing the public about the intent of the bill and contriving emotional but illogical interpretations of the Bill of Rights, the gunrunners have maintained their wide-open American market for untold millions of the world's surplus guns.

On January 6 of this year, I reintroduced my original bill, now known as Senate Bill 14. I will ask the 89th Congress for the authority to conduct a deep investigation of the entire firearms problem. I will look for answers to such questions as:

Why is the United States the dumping ground for 75 percent of the world's surplus military weapons?

Why is there such a flood of surplus Soviet-bloc military weapons being peddled via the mail-order route in the United States?

Why are extremist groups able to obtain free ammunition under the Federal Government's program to support civilian interest in marksmanship?

In addition, I intend to identify and expose activities of the powerful lobbyists who have stopped gun legislation from being passed in every Congress.

We are planning a detailed inquiry into the activities of the major firms which import foreign weapons into the United States; and an investigation of the mail-order firms which traffic in these weapons in violation of state laws.

I am sure the Congress will give us the tools to expose this situation and that, at length, Congress will act to remedy it.

The American people will not forget the assassination of President Kennedy with a weapon fraudulently obtained through the mails, nor can they forget needless tragedies that they read about every day, inflicted by the millions of mail-order weapons that are sold each year to all comers, sight unseen.

The bill that I propose is only a beginning. It must be followed by appropriate laws and regulations in our states and in our communities.

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JOURNAL

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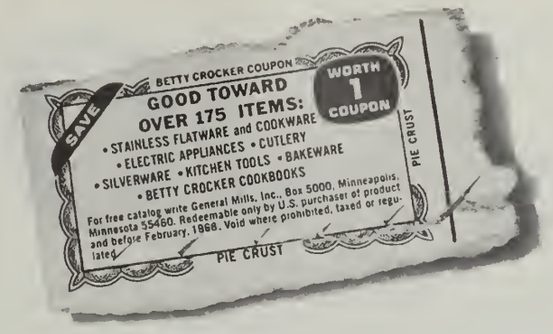
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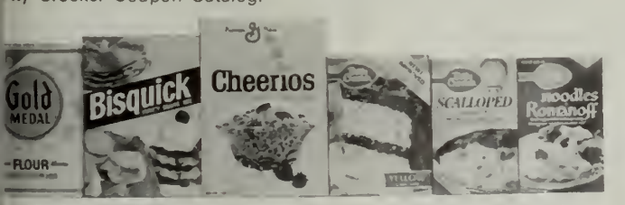

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Betty Crocker

SAVE ON MORGANTOWN CRYSTALWARE

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Aluminum outside for even heating, stainless inside for easy cleaning Cover and handle in easy-to-care-for bronze color Also 1½ qt. saucepan, only $3.75 and 1 coupon. 3½ qt. saucepan, only $5 25 and 1 coupon. Choose one. See new Betty Crocker Coupon Catalog for eight pieces in beautiful Decor Cookware made of Duranel*

*Trademark of Aluminum Company of America (ALCOA)

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Your choice of Range size 4½" or Table size 3⅜". Satin finish. Stainless steel. Contemporary design.

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I enclose $_____(check or money order preferred) and____ Betty Crocker coupons.
Please send me the items checked below. Limit one of each item per family.

☐ 6 Iced Drink Spoons in (check one) My Rose Stainless____; Twin Star Stainless____; Winsome Silverplate____, Enchantment Silverplate____for 1 coupon and $1.75

☐ Morgantown Crystalware (check one) 4 Tumblers____ for 1 coupon and $2.55; 4 Goblets____ for 1 coupon and $3.95

☐ Scissors, Shears (check one) 5½" Sewing Scissors____ for 1 coupon and $1.95; 8" Bent Shears ____ for 1 coupon and $2.95

☐ Stainless Salt and Peppers (check one) Range Set____ for 1 coupon and $2.25; Table Set____ for 1 coupon and $1.50

☐ Decor Saucepan in (check one) 1½ qt. size____for 1 coupon and $3.75; 2½ qt. size____for 1 coupon and $4.75; 3½ qt. size____ for 1 coupon and $5.25

☐ Free! Send me catalog only.

Name_____

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Offer limited to U.S. only; expires June 14, 1965. Void where coupons prohibited, taxed, or regulated.

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THE MAGAZINE WOMEN BELIEVE IN / APRIL, 1965 VOL. LXXXII NUMBER 4

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ARTICLES
30 Tell Me, Doctor *M. E. DeBakey, M.D.*
39 Night Eating *Peter Wyden*
44 Medicine Today *Victor Cohn*
56 How America Lives *John Gunther*
76 Infidelity: A Growing Problem in American Marriages *June Callwood*
122 John le Carré: Will His Success Spoil David Cornwell? *Joseph Wechsberg*

FICTION
63 The Looking-Glass War, Part I *John le Carré*
126h Victoriana *Norah Lofts* (Journal Fiction Extra)

REGULAR FEATURES
8 Our Readers Write Us
12 Contributors and Editors
16 Have You Heard? *Lois Benjamin*
19 Journal's Journal
26 Art Buchwald
28 Amy Vanderbilt
32 Can This Marriage Be Saved? *Dorothy Cameron Disney*
127 Journal Shopping Center

FASHIONS AND PATTERNS
24 Journal Original: 22
78 The Great Easter Egg Hunt *Trudy Owett*
90 To All Lengths with Lace *Nora O'Leary*

BEAUTY
20 Project: You
74 Skin: A Thirst for Beauty *Susan Harney*

FOOD
50 Table for Two
52 Green-Up Time
84 In the Pot
86 Spring Weekend Brunches *Diane Durham*
94 Sunday Night Supper
100 Party File: Number One

HOME MANAGEMENT
46 The Way of the Waffle
128 The $500 Spring Housecleaning *Margaret Davidson*

DECORATING
68 Bedrooms: Emphasis On . . . *Margaret White*

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Lady Pepperell

111 WEST 40TH STREET N Y

You probably didn't know Hoover now makes things
that shine shoes, wash clothes, shampoo carpets, fry eggs, and even open cans.
But you do know Hoover.
We're the same company that makes the vacuum cleaners.

Aren't You Too Young To Feel So Tired?

You notice it day in, day out...even the simplest chores seem to be just too much for you. You get up tired and you go to bed tired. And your mirror tells you that you *look* as tired as you feel. Because fatigue shows up fast on your face, and those lines of tiredness make you look older than you are—older than you *should* look.

There Is Always A Reason Why You Feel And Look Tired

Of course, there's no single reason for that tired look and feeling. But if you're one of the 40 million women between the ages of 15 and 45 who have a period every month, here is one of the most common reasons why you can have that needless tired feeling. Doctors have proved this beyond doubt: As a woman, you may lose much more blood-iron every month than you replace through the foods you eat. Thus, without being aware of it, you can lose energy-producing iron. It is this loss of precious blood-iron that can leave you always looking and feeling tired.

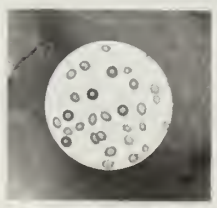
Medical Authorities Say: Women Need Twice As Much Iron

Yes, even if you're only 5 feet 2, you need twice as much iron every day in your diet as your 6-foot husband. It isn't likely that you eat as much iron-rich foods, so you may develop the kind of iron deficit that drains you of your energy and youth. Why risk having the kind of iron-poor blood that can make you very much less than the woman and wife you could be?

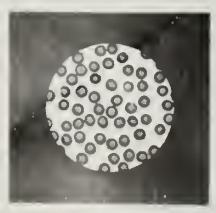
Erase That Tired Look From Your Face And Get Rid Of That Tired Feeling

Don't let the periodic drain of precious blood-iron rob you of a full measure of living, when it's so easy to replace any iron that is lost. Put extra iron in your blood by taking Geritol regularly to make up for your monthly losses. Remember, if you've been taking vitamins and still feel tired, vitamins alone can't restore blood-iron. But Geritol *can*. Just two Geritol tablets, or two tablespoons of Geritol liquid, contain *twice* the iron in a pound of calves' liver. In only one day Geritol iron is in your bloodstream carrying strength and energy to every part of your body.

Check with your doctor, and if iron-poor blood is your problem, get the iron you need by taking Geritol. Feel stronger fast...in seven days, or money back from the makers.



Pale, Iron-Poor Blood When you're tired and without, your trouble may be due to pale, iron-poor blood like this.



Geritol Iron-Rich Blood Geritol, with its important supply of iron can change iron-poor into good, rich, red blood.

Our Readers Write Us

Lunch Is a Matter of Taste

Dear Editors: Phyllis McGinley's similes sing and her metaphors make music (FOR BETTER, FOR WORSE, BUT NOT FOR LUNCH, February, 1965), but would she be equally full of expression in an empty house where her footsteps echo to her own will? No husband calling out "Come and see" and no daughters coming home with little bright-eyed fellows shouting "Grandmother" as they run into her arms?

MRS. DONALD STEWART
Vancouver, Wash.

Anniversary Gift for Wyoming

Dear Editors: I must write to thank you and Muriel Rukeyser for the story, LITTLE (February, 1965). It is so accurate in most details as to seem more fact than fiction; even the people really are as decent as she indicates.

Since this year is Wyoming's Diamond (75th) Anniversary, the bit of pleasant publicity is a lovely anniversary gift—no doubt South Dakota appreciates it too.

MRS. DAVID B. MORRIS
Riverton, Wyo.

Dear Editors: I read your story of LITTLE and cried. My husband taught his first year in Newcastle, Wyo. The people and the area are really as Muriel Rukeyser depicted them. We have lived since in Boston and Minneapolis and have friends everywhere, but the people in Newcastle have a deep feeling for life that is surpassed by none. These people *would* help a stranger with a lost kitten.

MRS. JOHN MCDONALD
Minneapolis, Minn.

Mothers and Sons

Dear Editors: I have just finished reading the article MOTHERS AND SONS in your February issue. Although I have never written to any magazine before, I feel this is one time a letter of congratulations is definitely in order.

This is a topic which has too long been hush-hush or just the subject of a dirty joke. I believe we desperately need the deeper understanding of such social problems through proper public education.

As a mother with the tremendous task of rearing three sons alone, all of them under eight years of age, this fine article held special interest for me.

A SUBSCRIBER OF LONG STANDING
Atlanta, Ga.

Dear Editors: Your article MOTHERS AND SONS was absolutely *disgusting!*

MARGARET ANN EDDY
Canton, Ohio

Webster Specialties

Dear Editors: I noticed that Ray Turnepseed (OUR READERS WRITE US, February, 1965) mentioned the *only* "two words in which the five vowels appear in order as being 'abstemious' and 'facetious.'"

Recently, my classes browsed through the dictionary and found three more words with this unusual pattern—"arsenious," "caesious," and "abstentious."

DENNIS F. BRITTAIN,
English Teacher
Powell, Wyo.

At Issue: Issue

Dear Editors: Concerning the letter from Miss C. D. (OUR READERS WRITE US, February, 1965), I feel that it will be quite interesting to hear from her again after she has had her first child. I'm sure that with time, maturity and a childbirth experience of her own, there will be a decided change of view. Time cures all, even adolescence—thank goodness!

MRS. ROBERT K. WALLAN
Duarte, Calif.

M O V I N G ?

The Ladies' Home Journal offers a new Curtis publication, New Home Journal, to every subscriber who is moving. If you will let us know your new address eight weeks before you move, you won't miss an issue and we'll send you the New Home Journal free. It helps you plan your move, saves time, trouble and money. For others, it costs $1. So please, to keep your Journal coming, send us your new address and a label from a back copy. For service adjustment requests send your latest mailing labels, including those from duplicate copies, to: Journal Subscription Service, Phila., Pa. 19105. Postmaster: send form 3579 to Subscription Service Division, Ladies' Home Journal, Independence Square, Phila., Pa. 19105.

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looks like new... guaranteed to wear like new!

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What makes a one-season shoe an any-season shoe? Lady Esquire Instant Shoe Coloring. Easy as coloring your nails and... guaranteed* not to crack or peel!

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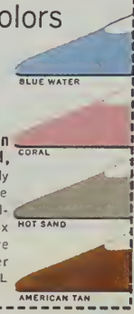
Instant Shoe Coloring

Any One of 4 New Cool, Cool Colors

FREE

Take this coupon to any store participating in this offer and get any one of the 4 new "cool, cool" colors ($1.00 value) FREE. Dealer: Lady Esquire will give you (dealer) 2 free $1.00 size bottles of Instant Shoe Coloring to cover handling. Send coupon to Knomark, Inc., P. O. Box 41, Jamaica, New York 11434. Offer void where prohibited, taxed or regulated. Consumer offer expires June 30, 1965. Valid in Canada. L



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*MONEY BACK GUARANTEE if New Formula Lady Esquire Instant Shoe Coloring is used as directed and shoes crack or peel. Return unused portion plus insert containing guarantee to Knomark, Inc. P. O. Box 41 Jamaica N.Y. within one year of purchase date for refund

New Concertina* comes in more than a dozen versions from lightweights to styles with front and back panels, high tops and extra long legs. $5.95 to $15.00. Shown below in "Lycra" Spandex with long legs, $10.00. Power Net Elastic: Nylon, Acetate, "Lycra" Spandex. Satin Elastic: Acetate, Cotton, "Lycra" Spandex, Nylon. *Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. © 1964 by Maidenform, Inc., makers of bras, girdles, and active sportswear.

You'll never yank at a girdle again! Maidenform's new Concertina girdle can't creep up, can't ride down. Revolutionary "action insert" stretches open when you sit or bend, closes when you stand up. That's why Concertina always stays so comfortably in place.

New Coral Sizzle on lips and fingertips

AVON'S ROMANTIC NEW FASHION LIPSTICK SPARKLES WITH COLOR!

Avon's new Spring Lipstick Shades and Nail Enamels. Avon's Fashion Lipstick with matching Cameo Compact.

Avon accents Spring with a touch of romance and a brand-new lipstick, the new Fashion Lipstick. And Avon's many, many colors—the vivid ones, the subtle ones, the newest ones become warm and tender. Avon also has a remarkable nail enamel to match or harmonize with every Avon lipstick shade. When your Avon Representative calls, she'll show you this new Fashion Lipstick with the matching Cameo Compact—Avon's charming romantics to take everywhere you go.

AVON CALLING with the new Fashion Lipstick in romantic colors—which only your Avon Representative can bring to you.

AVON cosmetics
RADIO CITY, NEW YORK
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Yes, even lipstick spots

At last! A dishwasher detergent that really does both! (1) cleans difficult food stains (2) ends water spots

You need a dishwasher detergent that does more than stop water spots. Now it's here!

No matter what the stain—dried-in grease, sticky chocolate, gooey syrup, filmed-in milk, stubborn tea stains, dried-up egg—even lipstick spots—now you can have glasses, silver, dishes, pots that are cleaner, brighter than any other dishwasher detergent can make them—and without water spotting.

Electrasol's even-flow formula *cleans without clinging*. This is due to an extraordinary wetting agent that makes water "wetter" so it cleans even the most difficult stains—then rolls right off your dishes. Will not spot, film or streak...no matter how hard the water...no matter what make your dishwasher. No wonder Electrasol is recommended by every leading dishwasher manufacturer.

ELECTRASOL for dishwashers

By the world's largest maker of dishwasher detergents

Send stamped, self-addressed envelope for your FREE 12-page colorful booklet, "How to Make the Most of Your Electric Dishwasher". Write to Electrasol, Dept. 36-D, P.O. Box 1225, Grand Central Post Office, New York 17, New York.

Contributors and Editors

Dear Readers:

As we read your many letters (and we read them all), we take particular pride in one confidence which you share with us again and again: "I practically grew up on the *Journal*." Then, often you go on to tell us the things you like about the magazine. Our pleasure in sharing your opinions about the *Journal* leads us to think that you might like to hear how *we* feel about our favorite magazine.

Our cover claims, **THE MAGAZINE WOMEN BELIEVE IN.** Women always have believed in the *Journal*, because for 82 years it has kept faith with its readers, from the publication of Eleanor Roosevelt's autobiography to *Song of Bernadette* to *Good Morning, Miss Dove* to *Can This Marriage be Saved?* Today, we feel there are more reasons than ever why the *Journal* deserves the trust of women. Because we believe in . . . **LOVE,** as the moving force in family life. . . . **PEOPLE:** Women understand, better than men, the importance of people above things, and look long at other faces in search of genuineness. . . . **WARMTH:** Human warmth is a value too often missing in today's casual life. It is the difference between an acquaintance and a friend. . . . **SHARING:** We believe in intimacy in the *Journal*, not in a sensational way but in a deeply personal sense that comes as close as ink and paper can come to the touch of a hand. . . . **SERVICE:** Through food pages you can trust, decorating pages you can copy, beauty pages that can change your life.

In brief, we believe in the *Ladies' Home Journal* you "practically grew up on."

JOHN MACK CARTER
Editor

Fourteen years ago, **Art Buchwald,** a native of Mount Vernon, N.Y., a veteran of World War II, and a near-graduate of the University of Southern California, ran out of money in Paris and began writing a humorous column for the European edition of the *New York Herald Tribune*. Now, ten books, a wife and three children later, he is one of America's best-read humor columnists, makes his home in Washington, D.C., and is syndicated in 150 newspapers. Mr. Buchwald's regular contributions to *Ladies' Home Journal* begin with an essay on the subject of "School Sickness" in this issue, page 26.

Amy Vanderbilt, whose new *Journal* column makes its debut in this issue (page 28), describes herself as "a journalist in the field of etiquette." If she is only that—which she isn't—she is certainly the chief journalist. In the 13 years since Miss Vanderbilt's *Complete Book of Etiquette* was first published, manners-minders have bought more than 1,500,000 copies of the guide, her *Complete Cookbook* has become a best seller, and 141 newspapers have contracted to carry her syndicated comments on contemporary decorum. Miss Vanderbilt says she's a "fifth generation Staten Islander," claims descent from Jan Aoertsen van der Bilt, the first Vanderbilt to settle in America, and is a cousin of Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt, the shipping and railroad tycoon. Miss Vanderbilt is the mother of three, makes her home in New York City. Her hobby is collecting etiquette books.

John Gunther, author of the popular "Inside" books—*Inside Europe*, *Inside Asia* and *Inside U.S.A.*, to name only three of the seven—is one of America's best-known writers on national and international affairs. In addition, he has written many other books, including *Death Be Not Proud*, a moving memoir of his son, and a widely read biography of Franklin D. Roosevelt. Born in Chicago in 1901, Mr. Gunther has traveled nearly everywhere, met almost all of the world's leaders for the past three decades, worked as a reporter and commentator for several leading broadcasting companies, and written for almost all American magazines. In this issue, on page 56, Mr. Gunther probes the tenor of life in his homeland to bring back one of the *Journal*'s warmest, liveliest and best-read regular features, HOW AMERICA LIVES.

WHY DO SOME FAMILIES SEEM TO GET MORE OUT OF LIFE?

Some families glow with the pure enjoyment of life. Everyone who knows them is warmed by their vitality and friendliness. For such a family, life is good and fun and exciting.

And every day, their lives grow more interesting . . . more productive . . . more meaningful.

Typically, both parents and children take a deep interest in each other and the ever-changing world around them. They work together as a team, sharing interests and opinions to strengthen the bonds of understanding and respect that help build a happy home.

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Where you find a family that enjoys life, you'll usually find the Britannica helping parents and children fulfill their desires for knowledge, self-improvement, and a better way of life.

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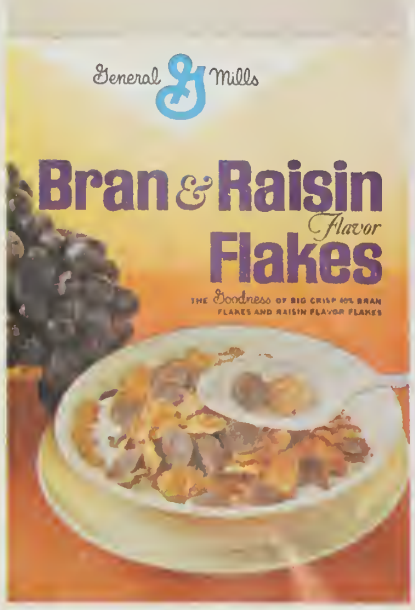

HAVE YOU HEARD?

By LOIS BENJAMIN

AND NOW, DR. WHO'S WHO

Monsters, like Beatles, seem to grow bigger, bushier and much more fascinating in England. Latest evidence: The entire population of a shockingly successful science-fiction TV show called *Dr. Who*. British TV executives planned the series for 11- to 14-year-old kids; it's been running on Saturday afternoons. To everybody's amazement, *parents* are absolutely mesmerized. The show introduces such spectacular Things From Outer Space as Zarbies (giant beetles), Menoptera (butterfly men), Daleks (ruthless mechanical creatures), Koquillion (all eyes, tusks, and antennae) and Sensorites (evil beings who can't stand noise or darkness). They are all such marvels of engineering and/or design, that the audience can't even stand to see them destroyed. Dr. Who himself is a sweet old grandfather who happens to have a private time-and-space machine called a Tardis. He doesn't drive it very well, so when he, his 15-year-old granddaughter Susan, and her two nice schoolteachers go for Tardis rides, they keep getting lost in other centuries, other planets.

Sensorites, from Beatle Land

The show's producer, a Sorbonne-educated young woman named Verity Lambert, admits modestly that "there isn't anything like Dr. Who on TV anywhere"—not even, presumably, in Outer Space.

. . . AND INTRODUCING

Julie Christie, a marvelously fresh-faced English actress, who, along with Susannah York, Sarah Miles and Diane Cilento, is busy proving that first-rate dramatic talent and smashing looks go fabulously well together, and ought to be encouraged. Miss Christie, last seen here in *Billy Liar*, playing a delightfully free-spirited British wench, vintage 1964, is now to be seen again, as an equally delightful Irish wench, circa 1900. The picture is *Young Cassidy* (alias Sean O'Casey), a quite beautiful tribute to the O'Casey genius for life, if not to his genius for playwriting. Rod Taylor is perhaps too nice a guy for the role—you just can't believe he'd be a cantankerous, hot-blooded, fork-tongued rebel. But there's Miss Christie, and there's beautiful green Ireland, and some genuine Irish street-fighting and—better go see it.

Christie: Cassidy's Delight

Hope Ryden, girl TV producer, and member of the new breed of "living camera" artists who are currently making the biggest ripple on the film scene since the New Wave itself. Living camera, also known as *cinéma vérité*, involves documentary-style reporting of real events, with the reporter and/or photographer actually on the scene, camera and sound equipment in hand, ready to record whatever happens. There are no rehearsals, no staging, no retakes, and no tricks. Miss Ryden, a pretty, brainy and fearless blonde, produced *Mission to Malaya*, April 10 on ABC. It's the stirring true-adventure story of two young Peace Corps nurses, one ending a tour of duty, the other starting one, on a small primitive island off the coast of Malaya.

Miss Ryden and a cameraman followed one girl from the Peace Corps Training Center at De Kalb, Ill., and covered what turned out to be an incredibly dramatic first day on the job as the only nurse—and the only white woman—on Langkawi Island. Miss Ryden's next mission, if she has her way, will be to the jungles of Surinam, where there is a man trapping wild animals in order to save their lives.

BOOK MARKINGS

Just out—for curling up with: Two collections of unforgettable characters—some live, some dead, some geniuses, some merely peculiar.

Extraordinary People ($4.95), by master thumbnailer Hesketh Pearson, nails some of history's most intriguing eccentrics—up to and including Bernard Shaw, Henry Fielding and Frank Harris (the liver and lover).

The Overreachers ($4.95), by Gay Talese, focuses on the contemporary scene—via celebrities great and small, all of whom are "overreaching" for success or fame to make up for their pasts, their psychoses, or both. Among his targets, neatly skewered and done to a turn: fighter Floyd Patterson (overreaching to escape a slum childhood); Peter O'Toole (reaching for action; and the Jet Set (reaching for kicks. Both collections Harper & Row.

BITS AND PIECES

SSSHHH: April in Paris may be a lot quieter this year. For tired tourists who can't even stand the sound of bubbles in their French champagne there's a new Guide to *Silent* Hotels just published on the Q.T. by the French Anti-Noise League. A slim volume of 166 pages, which hardly rustle when they're turned, the guide even tells where the quietest *rooms* are in the quietest hotels. Monaco, where the chips fall all night, isn't included in the guide. . . .

In Spain, it's getting so a señorita can't even get an old-fashioned serenade anymore. These days, love-sick young men still loiter around under balconies, but instead of strumming mandolins, they carry transistor radios or portable phonographs—with long-playing rock 'n' roll. Thousands of girls have complained to the police; three towns have now passed laws prohibiting the playing of "electronic devices in the street between 10 P.M. and 7 A.M. . . .'

In the Soviet Union, culture authorities are putting the squeeze on "cultural defectors" such as the famous ballet star Rudolf Nureyev. Under orders from Moscow, Soviet ballet companies are letting it be known that they won't dance—with anybody who dances with a defector.

PUZZLE: FIND THE REFRIGERATOR IN THIS PICTURE

Answer: It's that overstuffed pop art telephone booth on the left. The fun value of what was once just a box to keep ice in should reach its all-time high this spring, thanks to 33 way-out refrigerator designs by Kelvinator—of which this is the wildest. A 10-cubic-foot, comic-strip tribute to the classic college sport of phone-booth cramming, it will sell for about $375. Only problem: How are you going to stick to that diet, now that you can't take your eyes off the refrigerator? ■

Forget everything you knew about macaroni and cheese

Instead, think of golden elbow macaroni deep in cheddar flavor (a whole can of creamy cheese sauce) – that's Kraft Macaroni and Cheese Deluxe Dinner

Deluxe is different—rich with enough cheddary sauce to melt all through the tender, smooth macaroni . . . fresh with flavor because you do the cooking. Tonight, have a Kraft Macaroni and Cheese Deluxe Dinner. There's no other like it!

Kraft Home Cooked Dinners

The quick kind you cook up fresh

What do you want with detergent hair when you can have beautiful hair by Breck.

Breck, the only leading shampoo that doesn't have a synthetic detergent base.

Special invitation to a lifetime of manageable hair.

SAVE 10¢

This coupon worth 10¢ on your next purchase of any size Breck Shampoo.

Comes in three formulas, because not all hair is alike.
There's one for dry, normal or oily hair.

MR. DEALER: You are authorized to accept this coupon for 10¢ only on the purchase of any size Breck Shampoo. This coupon will be redeemed for 10¢ plus 2¢ handling. For redemption, mail coupons to: John H. Breck, Inc., P. O. Box 1377, Clinton, Iowa. Coupons are limited to one per person, and are nontransferable. Offer void in any state or locality where prohibited, taxed, or restricted by law. Customer must pay any sales tax. Cash value 1/20 of 1¢. Invoices showing purchase of sufficient stock to cover all coupons redeemed must be shown upon request. Offer expires Dec. 31, 1965. **Offer good only in Continental United States, Alaska or Hawaii.**

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April Fooling—
-year-old Johnny just wrote
original fairy tale, all by
self. Must get delightful
Let's Write a Story Book
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o'd like to become authors'
ore they can read.

l 2
d out what dreadful things
happen when a man gets
used to fabulous cooking.
ird and wild new novel,
Cook, by Harry Kressing,
ll about a master chef who
s his art as black magic,
ds up fatter, richer and
re powerful than all the
ple who gobbled up
marvelous, dangerous food
ndom House, $4.95).

il 5
k an Oscar nominee to root
; 37th annual Academy
ards presentation tonight,
nta Monica (Calif.)
ditorium. *Everybody* will
there; if you just can't
eeze it in, stay home and
tch the fun (ABC-TV).

il 6
ust-see TV report—NBC's
hite paper" study of the
lence around us. Called
rror in the Streets,
gram digs into reasons for
reasing U.S. crime rates,
d the frightening sidelight
ue—public apathy.

ril 7
o more shining TV hours:
lie Harris playing Florence
ghtingale in a colorful
mes Lee drama about the
termined angel of mercy
o went to war with a lamp
d a roll of bandages, came
t a legend. *The Holy Terror*,
Hallmark Hall of Fame
or special (NBC), also stars
itain's Denholm Elliott, as
e secretary of war who just
ght have loved Florence.

April 9
Ready for *The Truth About Spring*? It's a movie—a Hayley Mills movie, filmed in Spain, with lots of boats, a nice teen-aged romance, a little high adventure, and lots of good, clean, wholesome family fun. Milestone: John Mills, Hayley's father, plays Hayley's father—a movie first.

April 17
It's Lite-A-Bike time; National Safety Council and Veterans of Foreign Wars campaign for safer bike riding. Kids roll bikes down to local V.F.W. post for free reflective tape; shiny stuff shows up at 1,500 feet in headlights of oncoming cars.

April 18
Never mind *what* he said about your new hat; it's Easter Sunday. And there are approximately 4,728 bonnets just like yours, bobbing in the breeze on New York's paradeground: Fifth Avenue.

April 19
Hear that marvelous music? New Frank Loesser musical opens tonight on Broadway. *Pleasures and Palaces*, with a book by Loesser and Sam Spewack, is set in Catherine the Great's Russia, with Hy Hazell as Catherine, Alfred Marks as Potemkin.

April 21
Send good-luck telegram to New York; World's Fair's second season starts today. More restaurants, a few more shows, a couple of new exhibits—and longer lines than last year's outside Ford, General Motors and Johnson's Wax. See you there.

April 28
Happy days are here again; Barbra Streisand's first TV special lights up CBS for a whole glowing, funny-girlish hour.

How to get professional hairdrying results without leaving home:

New "Consolette" by Schick... sits on a table... stores on a shelf...packs up and goes. Filtered conditioned air dries evenly with no hot spots so you need no ear pads. No net. 4 drying speeds. Curl up under the *professional* hairdryer: quick, quiet Consolette.

PAIN is the test that BAYER® meets best

What's more, here's how Bayer Aspirin meets the test of competition.

Reporting on a government-financed study of five leading pain relievers, an article in *The Journal of The American Medical Association* shows:

For *speed* and *strength* of relief, Bayer Aspirin is unsurpassed by any product tested, including the so called "extra-strength" one that claims to be 50% stronger.

Of special concern, the product that claims to be 50% stronger than aspirin does upset the stomach with significantly greater frequency than Bayer Aspirin.

In fact, Bayer Aspirin is as *gentle to the stomach* as any product tested, including the higher-priced buffered product.

For fast relief from headaches, muscular pains, or the pains and fever of a cold, get Bayer Aspirin, the world's favorite brand of pain reliever.

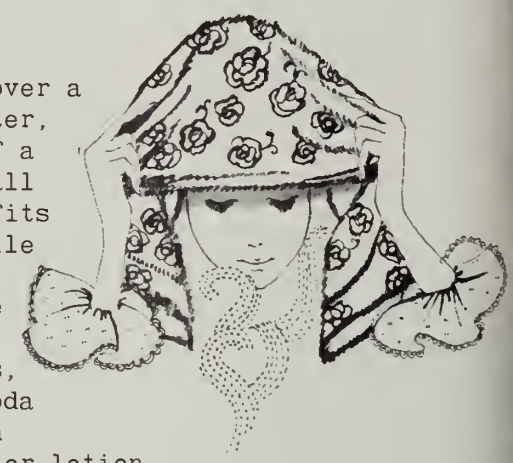
PROJECT: YOU

Follow this simple plan twice a week to help keep your skin clean, and pretty as well.

CREAMING

Cover your face with a creamy cleansing cream or lotion. Be sure to include your throat and the back of your neck. Massage gently, working fingers in light upward, outward motions: chin to cheekbone, upper lip to under eyes, eyebrows to temple. Gently circle eyes. Smooth cleanser down in long strokes from chin to collarbone. Tissue off and repeat.

STEAMING



Hold your face over a basin of hot water, making a tent of a towel to catch all the steamy benefits (3 minutes). While skin is warm, apply paste made with cosmetic cleansing grains, or mix baking soda or cornmeal with cleansing cream or lotion and massage on in up-and-out pattern followed for creaming. (Skip eye area.)

REFRESHING

Finish home facial by closing the pores. If skin is dry, pat face and neck with cotton pad soaked with skin freshener; if oily, use an astringent product. Once a week use a mask suited to your skin type to rev up circulation. A homemade substitute can be as simple as the white of an egg (apply, let dry). Rinse off with cool water.

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nd what breathtaking blondes they are. Pale. elicate. Natural as life. There are gay young londes, like Champagne Parfait. Delicate blondes ke Ivory Chiffon. There are blondes as soft nd pale as White Beige. Blondes as mysterious as Sterling Pearl. No one else gives you shades of blonde like this. No one else has so many to choose from. Only Clairol Creme Toner. First your hair needs lightening with Ultra-Blue Lady Clairol Lightener. Then look once. Look twice.

Look 32 times, at Clairol Creme Toner's collection of blondes. Then pick the blonde you want to be. Your hairdresser will help you choose it. You'll know it the minute you see it...your own special shade of blonde by Clairol Creme Toner.

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Baby is wearing a
sacque set and
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In Carter's new LITTLE ANGELS print. They are a gift from mama's mama.

Sleeping bag

Brothers, sisters, aunts, uncles and ever-lovin' friends bring gifts of Carter's to baby.

Sleep-play set

Gown

That is very clever of them. They know what everybody knows. Little things mean a lot more when they're Carter's.

Carter's
100th BIRTHDAY COLLECTION

Baby's "Little Angels" print in azure, blue, pink or yellow. Sacque set, $2.50. Blanket of "Acrilan"® acrylic with "Little Angels" print nylon binding, 36 x 50, $6.00; 40 x 60, $8.00. Sleeping bag, $3.75. Gown, $1.75. Sleep-play set, $2.50. Gift set—shirt, sacque set, towel, washcloths and receiving blanket, $6.00. In Carter's own special gift box. Brother is wearing Carter's classic tennis cardigan, $2.50, and polo shirt, $2.29. The William Carter Co., Needham Heights, Mass. 02194.

JOURNAL ORIGINAL 22

Note these totes: They're colorful, spacious, carry all your favorite miscellanea with great style. The basis for each is a basic black tote with a slim center zipper compartment and plenty of space at either side. You can slipcover it with professional results in the four different ways shown here—one combination to a kit. Contents of each kit are listed in the coupon below. These easy-to-make JOURNAL ORIGINAL totes are our own exclusive designs—an incomparable value at $8.98.

Fill out coupon, enclosing personal check or money order (no stamps, please). New York City residents add 4 percent sales tax. Sorry, we are unable to handle Canadian, foreign or C.O.D. orders. Please allow approximately three weeks for handling and mailing.

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Please send me the following items, for which I enclose $_____.

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____Beige with black grosgrain and poodle tote-bag kit, JMA-22/D.....$8.98
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Each kit includes a 9-in.-high tote-bag form covered in black taffeta with center zipper compartment and necessary items to finish a bag: handles, chains, brass feet, felt, mohair and wool embroidery floss, grosgrain belting ribbon, decorative emblems, and easy-to-follow instructions. Kits only available as shown.

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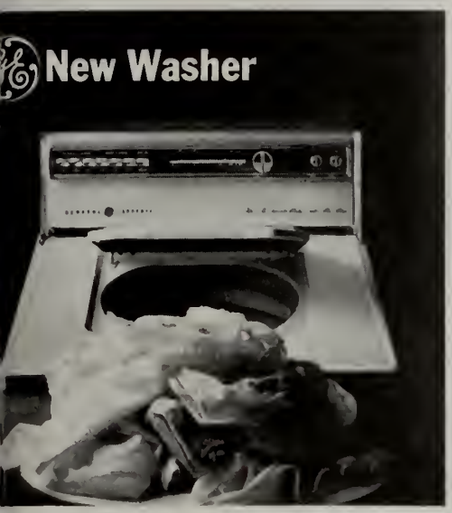

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for nuisance loads and leftovers...

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them truly *clean*. The exclusive extra is MINI-BASKET—does small loads up to 2 pounds. Delicates, synthetics, leftovers. And last-minute emergency needs.

MINI-BASKET saves you money. You use less water—only about one-third the amount of water you'd use in the big wash basket, even at its smallest load setting. Less detergent also—just a tablespoon or two.

General Electric's Filter-Flo® washing system traps lint fuzz in both the MINI-BASKET and the big washtub, not on your clothes.

Your General Electric dealer has this new washer ready for you to see. See him now!

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

I started
feeling cool,
clean,
fresh
early this year

Last summer, that's all Tampax seemed to be saying "Feel cool, clean, fresh."

Cool, clean, fresh.

But I hesitated, I sweltered through summer.

Now I'm a Tampax® user.

I'm feeling cool, clean, fresh early this year.

After all, I can bathe now—wearing Tampax.

I'll swim later.

Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

Invented by a doctor—now used by millions of women

ART BUCHWALD

PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN COWAN, PIX

"Calling Professor Applebaum! The mice in your laboratory can't do their homework! Professor Applebaum. . . . Emergency!"

In the annals of medical science, no virus has given doctors as much trouble as the *Scholastis Adolescum*, otherwise known as school sickness.

The *Scholastis Adolescum* has been known to attack children of all ages and on every economic and social level. The symptoms are always the same. The child wakes up in the morning and says he has a "pain in the stomach," a "headache," a "sore throat" or he "just doesn't feel well." In rare cases he might also have a "slight" fever.

What has puzzled scientists for years is that the virus only attacks on weekdays and never on weekends or during summer vacations. It lasts only 24 hours and, while it has no serious aftereffects, it keeps returning during the school year and even builds up in intensity just before testtime.

Very little was known about the *Scholastis Adolescum* until Professor Heinrich Applebaum, in charge of virology at the Dropout Institute of Technology, did some unbelievable experiments in his laboratory.

Professor Applebaum used white mice for his experiment. He built a large cage with a tiny schoolhouse with tiny classrooms. In the back was a play yard with swings, ropes and colored tubes, to play in. On top of the schoolhouse was a tiny bell. When Professor Applebaum rang the bell once, that meant the mice had to go to "school." When he rang it twice, school was "out" and the mice could play.

At first Professor Applebaum let the mice play in the schoolyard. They were chipper, frisky and jumped all over one another. Then he rang the school bell. As soon as the bell rang, indicating class was ready to start, the virus attacked, the mice became sluggish and ill-tempered. They pushed and shoved into the schoolhouse. Some held their stomachs as if they had an ache. Others started coughing fits, and still others rolled over on their backs pretending they couldn't move.

After two hours Professor Applebaum rang the bell again, indicating school was out and it was playtime. The ailing mice suddenly came alive, all their ill symptoms seemed to disappear, and they were their old selves again.

Encouraged, the professor tried a further experiment. He assigned the mice "homework," such as putting tiny pieces of wood into a box or sticking shreds of paper in a row. Once again the virus struck, the mice complained of headaches, nausea and in two cases of toothaches.

Professor Applebaum then placed a television set in front of the mice and turned it on. The mice immediately rushed toward the set, jumping up and down in joy. They seemed to forget their aches and pains and sat entranced watching *The Addams Family* and *Gomer Pyle*. All fatigue disappeared, and they refused to go to bed, even though a few hours previously they could hardly sit up.

In his final experiment Professor Applebaum announced he would give the mice a "test" on the following morning, and told them all to study.

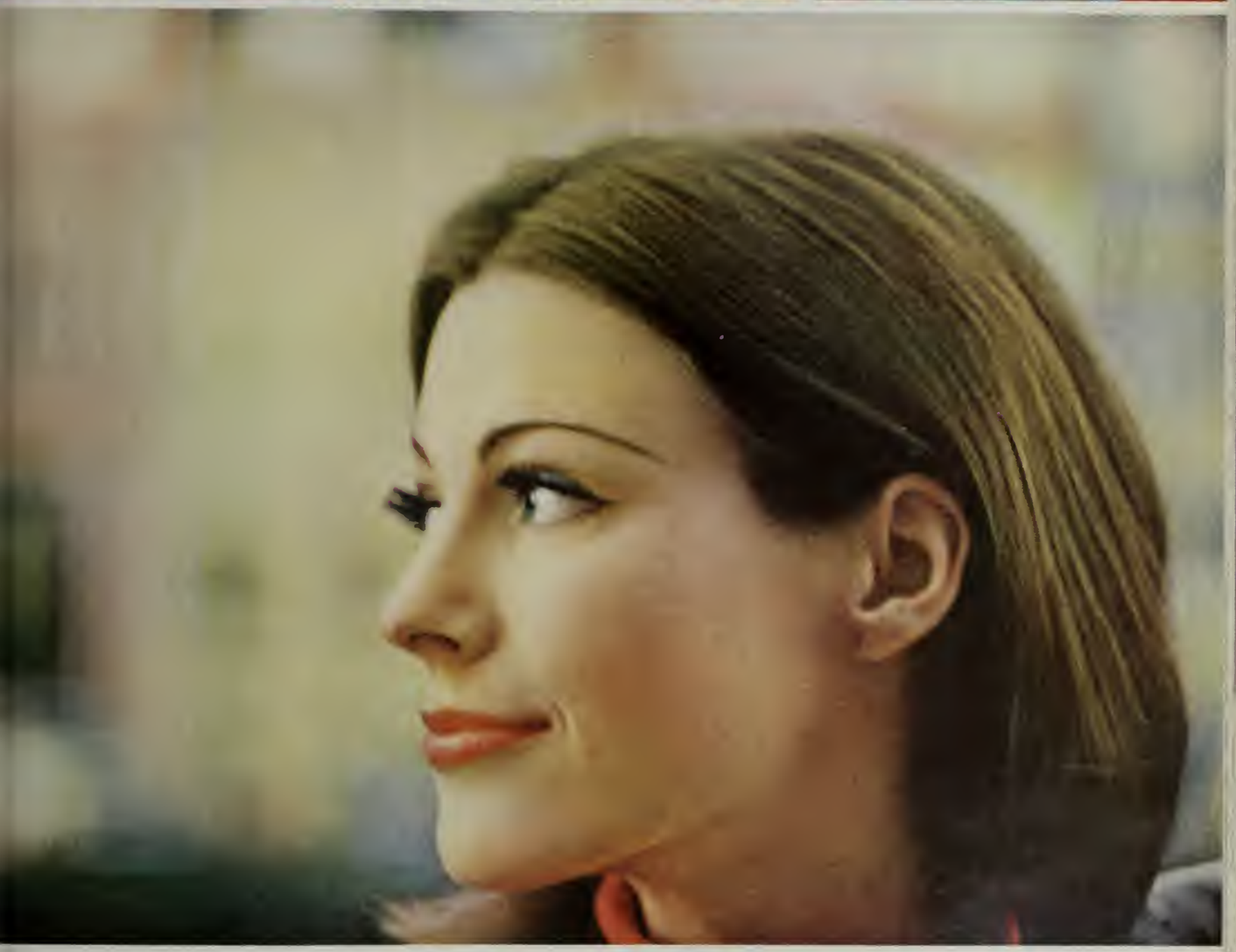
The next morning when the professor came into his laboratory he found every mouse, without exception, on his back with his feet in the air. The virus had struck again!

He then called off the test, and the mice rolled over and started playing happily in the school playground.

On the basis of these experiments Professor Applebaum concluded the *Scholastis Adolescum* was connected with the nervous system, and would attack at any time the mice had to go to "school," do "homework" or face "tests." It would only disappear if the mice were assured they could play or watch television.

The mice in his experiment have by now all had offspring, and the offspring have all suffered from *Scholastis Adolescum*, showing conclusively that school sickness is inherited and passed on from one generation to another.

Doctors have taken Professor Applebaum's findings and are now trying to apply them to children. If a cure for *Scholastis Adolescum* can be found, millions of days of absenteeism can be saved, and one of the major health menaces in America can be licked. ■



Why do women look younger in Copenhagen?

This is Dorthe Halmjensen. She's 32 years old...yet she has a younger look, through regular Palmolive® care. Now, almost any woman can look younger. Here in America, we've created new continental Palmolive with moisturizing Crème de Bain. A one-minute facial, twice a day with its richer, softer lather makes your skin refreshingly clean, wonderfully alive. Try it. See why Palmolive cares for more complexions than any other soap in the world.

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AMY VANDERBILT

THE ETIQUETTE OF ENTERTAINING

Brunch or Luncheon?

Q. "I gather that you don't entirely approve of the term 'brunch.' Here in the Midwest this type of party is popular; I would like to know what you think about the custom. When a party is being given at 12 noon, what should it be called? If before noon, should it be termed breakfast? If it is after noon, should it be a luncheon?"

A. "Brunch" is a coined word that has found its way into the dictionary. It means, of course, a meal that serves as both breakfast and lunch. There is nothing wrong in using this term for an informal party, but it should never be used, for example, for a meal served after a wedding—even though it may be near or after the noon hour. Such a formal occasion is always called a breakfast. Interestingly enough, a brunch might be served at three or even four P. M., although it is usually thought of as a morning party. Luncheon occasionally begins at noon, but more often at 12:30 or later.

Children's Parties

Q. "Is it obligatory to send written thank-you notes for gifts received at a child's birthday party? I have always done this for my daughters, aged three and four, but many of my friends think it unnecessary. Also, is it ever proper not to open gifts brought to a child's party? What is the best way to ensure that accompanying cards do not get separated from the gifts?"

A. Verbal thanks for gifts presented to a child at a party are usually considered enough. On the other hand, it is very nice to write notes in your child's name, explaining to him what you are doing. Then, when he is old enough, he can write or print his own thank-you notes on suitable children's paper. We really cannot begin too early with such social training.

I cannot imagine a child's birthday party at which the gifts are *not* opened—by the child himself, if he is old enough to manage it with the necessary adult supervision. One gift should be opened at a time (small guests should *never* be allowed to assist), and the adult should write on each card just what the gift is, so that appropriate thanks may be offered either by the child or his mother. If parents permit enormous birthday parties for their children, I can understand that it might prove unwise, if not impossible, to open all the gifts during the course of the party. But a child who takes a gift to a party and then does not have the pleasure of seeing it opened will certainly feel cheated. I believe in very small parties for very small children, for this and other obvious reasons.

Hostess Gifts

Q. "I would like to know what a hostess is expected to do with gifts brought by a dinner guest. I would be inclined to open candy or nuts, but some gifts such as wine or a cake can be embarrassing."

A. Candy taken as a hostess gift is usually opened during the evening and passed about for all to enjoy. Other gifts—cakes, cookies, and especially wine—may properly be saved by the hostess for another occasion, since she has already planned her meal and these things may not be suitable. If the hostess gift is perishable (a fine French cheese, for instance), the guest should bring this fact to her attention. Otherwise the gift may be left in the hostess's bedroom, in the hall, or handed to a servant. A card, of course, should be attached. When some guests bring gifts and others do not, the hostess never makes a great show of opening a particular gift; to do so might make nongivers uncomfortable. Of course, one need not take a hostess gift every time one visits or dines with friends.

Silent Friends

Q. "We have not heard from certain friends in almost six months, and we extended the last invitation to them. Should we wait for them to invite us? If they have lost interest in us, we certainly do not wish to intrude."

A. My advice is that you do not stand on ceremony. If you want to see your friends, even though they owe you an invitation, extend an invitation to them. It may be very happily accepted. Every family has periods during which, for one reason or another, it is impossible to entertain. When there is such a lull, it doesn't necessarily mean that they don't want to see their friends. On the contrary, this may be the time they most need reassurance.

Cocktail-Party Questions

Q. "Is it correct to serve cocktail-party food in silver dishes on a cherry table without a cloth? I have been in lovely dining rooms, in Williamsburg, for instance, where no cloths were used. The wood by candlelight looked lovely. Also, is it proper to wear a long black skirt and a white long-sleeved blouse for this kind of entertaining?"

A. Yes, to both questions. Of course, if the dishes are hot, you should use place mats to protect the wood of your table.

Q. "My husband and I are planning a cocktail party for a hundred people. In addition to cocktails, tomato juice, coffee and wine, we plan to serve ham and biscuits, sliced turkey, seafood Newburg, and sufficient hors d'oeuvres that the guests may make a light supper if they wish. I am puzzled about how to convey this on the invitations. If I write, 'cocktails and buffet,' they might expect a more elaborate meal than I am prepared to serve. Yet I know many wives would appreciate knowing in advance that they will not have to give their husbands dinner after the party."

A. I suggest that you adopt the New England custom of calling such an occasion a "cocktail buffet." Most people do understand, however, that an invitation to cocktails implies the presence of some food, although nothing resembling a full meal.

The Overnight Guest

Q. "Should an overnight guest make his bed in the morning, leave it in disarray, or unmake it, leaving sheets and pillowcases folded and the bedspread up? Our last overnight guest took off her sheets, and insisted on laundering them herself before leaving the house. Isn't this going too far?"

A. If possible, the guest should ask the hostess what to do about the bed. I am sure no one likes to have a guest make up a bed that will only have to be remade with fresh sheets. If fresh sheets are provided and you have the go-ahead on making the bed, by all means do so. If in doubt, the best procedure is to remove the sheets, fold them neatly, then cover the bed with blankets and bedspread. Certainly no guest should drop sheets in the washing machine unless asked to do so. ■

Comments and questions addressed to Miss Vanderbilt will be welcomed in this space. She cannot answer questions personally, but will use those of general interest each month.

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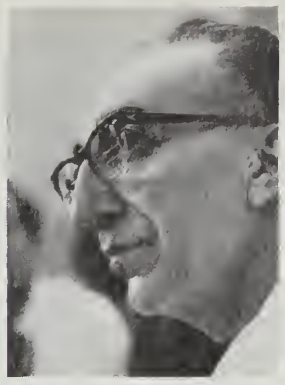
TELL ME, DOCTOR



By M. E. DeBakey, M.D.

Candid talk between physician and patient is the best insurance for the finest family medical care

The physical examination is over, for which you are glad. You have tidied your hair and retouched your makeup. The office nurse shows you into your doctor's consulting room and quietly closes the door. He looks up from his desk. You try to read the expression in his eyes, and then you say, "Tell me, doctor . . ."

Those are the most important words you will ever say for the preservation of your health and your family's. If you say them at the right time and place, you can save yourself and those you love from pain, disability and even untimely death.

Let me admit that you may not always get the answer you need the first time you say, "Tell me, doctor." Twenty-five or even 15 years ago physicians often dreaded those words. So many times there was little they could say to express hope or encouragement. I think many physicians formed the habit of being somewhat evasive and excused themselves on the grounds that patients could not understand complex problems in physiology and anatomy. Or they answered in medical terminology and were secretly relieved that the patient did not know that the big words meant: "We do not know the cause of your pain, and do not know what to do about it."

In 1965, it is different. And by 1970 it will be even more different. *There is almost no ill that besets human beings for which there is not some kind of help—if you get the help early enough in the course of the disease.* Yet thousands of people still die far short of the 70 or 80 years of enjoyable life they could have.

The best that medicine can do for them (and you) starts with an informed, responsible, alert patient. It does not start with you unconscious on a stretcher, your only hope the medical miracle.

Because, after all, you provide your own first line of defense, and, as a wife and mother, you are also your family's first line of defense. That unusual gray look of fatigue on your husband's face, the immunizations for your children, grandmother's sudden dizzy spell, the tiny lump in your breast—you are on sentry duty to watch for these. The annual physical examinations also are your responsibility. You must be well informed in order to discharge these responsibilities.

I wish I could convince you how vital this sentry role is. I have seen children die of tetanus, one of the most painful and hopeless diseases, because they had not had the routine shots that would have protected them. I remember operating on a 41-year-old mother for breast cancer only to find that it was too late. I remember the drawn face of a 50-year-old father whose heart was dying; he had insisted with misguided male pride that his earlier warning pains were "just indigestion." I remember a speechless, stumbling 62-year-old stroke victim and knowing that, had he been seen three months earlier, perhaps he could have had surgery to preserve the circulation of blood to his brain and prevent his stroke. In short, the wonders of every gleaming laboratory and operating room in the world can do nothing for the person who does not come for help in time.

The average physician in family practice knows that many patients have nothing wrong with them. And he knows that a few of them will have something so serious that his trained eye will immediately recognize the gravity of the illness. As for the others, he decides, for example, that Mrs. Jones will *probably* feel less exhausted when the baby starts to sleep through the night, so he lets the situation rock along for a while. But this kind of judgment is never final. If the circumstances of her life improve, but Mrs. Jones still feels she cannot make it to the end of the day, he will look further for the cause. He will, *if* Mrs. Jones understands that his first judgment was tentative and *if* she comes back and reports to him again.

In fact, medical judgment in any case is seldom final. And that is what patients so often fail to understand. That is another of the reasons why good doctors often seem hard to pin down when you say, "Tell me, doctor."

Now that I have used the words "good doctor," I have brought up a hard question. What is a good doctor? How does a patient know? As a physician, I know that a judgment based on hindsight is no way to determine his competence. That is why physicians do not like to be Monday-morning quarterbacks and make judgments about what another doctor has decided and recommended.

But you as a patient cannot avoid making judgments; you have to decide whether or not you have confidence in a particular doctor. I suspect that one of the best ways to judge him is by how he answers when you say: "Tell me, doctor." If you are a reasonable, level-headed person and he is a good doctor, he will respond candidly to your desire to know about your situation. He will respect your sense of responsibility about dealing with your own problem, and respect the intelligence you show in seeking reliable information about it.

Even more important is his reaction to questions after a period of treatment. If you ask him why you have not improved, an ethical, conscientious physician will give you an answer. If his answer is that there is nothing else to do for your condition, then you must be straightforward enough to say to him, "Tell me, doctor, is there someone else who specializes in this kind of problem who might be able to do more for me?"

I do not know why patients hesitate to say this to their doctors. Both doctor and patient know that medical knowledge is too vast for any one person. They know that at the great research centers in this country new knowledge is coming of age all the time. They know that for every disease there are some clinicians with exceptional knowledge and skill. Sometimes the doctor hesitates to suggest a referral because he does not want to put the patient to unnecessary expense. But if *you* suggest it, a good doctor will respond without hesitation and help you to obtain additional advice.

Do not pack your bag and show up at the specialist's office with no appointment, no medical records, no X rays. If you do, the chances are that you will just have to retrace your steps. Eventually the specialist will probably want you to return to your own doctor with recommendations for your follow-up treatment. So, do not sneak off to the specialist. Go to your own doctor, who is willing to help you get the most that medicine can offer. Then, be frank and open with him about what you want, as you expect him to be frank and open with you.

I look forward to the day when all patients and their doctors will have this kind of free, candid communication. A healthier America depends on it. When that day comes, you will have helped to bring it about by your intelligent use of the words, "Tell me, doctor." ■

M. E. DeBakey, M.D., is professor of surgery, Baylor University College of Medicine, Houston. He is also chairman of the President's Commission on Heart Disease, Cancer and Stroke. His recent patients included the Duke of Windsor and Whitey Ford.

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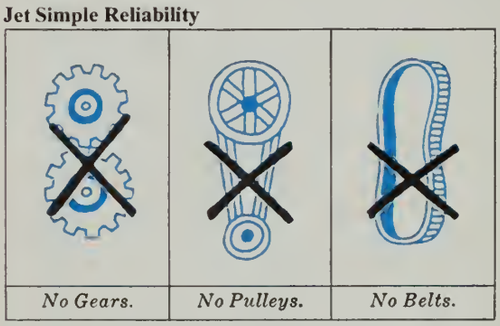

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CAN THIS MARRIAGE BE SAVED?

Jan had an angry husband

By DOROTHY CAMERON DISNEY

Are women persons? The question was raised so often, when women were seeking the right to vote, that it was worn out; but some husbands still have not considered it. Ted, for instance, who is described in this case, did not think his wife Jan was a person, with ideas, plans, even rights of her own. She was, to him, merely a sort of robot annex to himself, for whom he must provide all ideas and plans. Since he had a quick temper and was prone to fly into a rage if she did not accept his procedure, their marriage was definitely combatable, not compatible. Both had to learn what partnership means. The counselor was Nicholas A. Merlo.

PAUL POPENOE, Sc.D.,
Founder and administrator of
The American Institute of Family Relations

"My second husband wants a second chance," said 22-year-old Jan, a doll-sized brunette with an uncertain smile. "Ted has promised to reform if the children and I will come back to him. I left Ted two weeks ago because of his bossiness and jealousy, his ungovernable temper.

"Ted's jealousy is ridiculous. He operates on the theory that I am always on the lookout for a chance to be unfaithful, and at the same time he complains that I'm cold and sexually unresponsive. Often I wish I could be more affectionate. But, truthfully, I cannot bring myself to believe that sex is as all-important as men seem to think. Am I frigid? I don't think so. But about Ted's temper . . .

"We were married eighteen months ago. On our honeymoon trip the beach attendant smiled flirtatiously as he handed me a towel, and Ted threw him in the pool; we checked out of the motel at the manager's request.

"Not long afterward Ted bought a house without consulting me—I didn't even see the place until he signed the deed—and was so disagreeable to our neighbors that most of the other wives stopped speaking to me.

"Next, he got me fired from my job, a job I thoroughly enjoyed. When he bawled out the big boss for keeping me overtime and working me too hard, I was off the payroll. At that point I found I was pregnant, and Ted wouldn't hear of my looking for another job.

"Ted is twenty-nine years old and much smarter than I am—he worked his way through college and earns nine thousand dollars a year as a salesman—but he fights constantly with my Billy, who has just turned five. Our baby is only eight months old, but in Ted's opinion the baby should be perfectly toilet trained and spotlessly clean at all times. Little Ralph is now staying with my parents, and Billy and I are staying with my best girl friend, Ellen.

"Yesterday morning, after Ellen went to work—she is always cantankerous in the mornings—I got to thinking. I decided that maybe I should forgive and forget and try again with Ted. I woke Billy, who has to bunk on the sofa, and told him to gather up his things and put them in our bag. He kicked me in the shins and said he wouldn't. Billy was terribly spoiled in the years he and I were living with my parents—I was divorced at seventeen—and is a hard child to manage.

"In the middle of the packing, I changed my mind about a reconciliation. I realized that I could probably forgive Ted, since I've made millions of mistakes myself and very seldom have done anything right. However, I doubted I ever could *forget* the last evening we spent together.

"All through supper he yelled at Billy about his table manners until the boy wouldn't eat and I couldn't. Ted then yelled at both of us for not eating the good food his money had bought and my 'bum cooking' had ruined. The baby, of course, cried steadily. I jiggled him to sleep, put him in the crib and hurried for the dessert. While I was in the kitchen Ted attempted to force-feed Billy, and as I arrived at the table Billy bit him on the thumb. The dessert was knocked out of my hand, the water pitcher was upset, a cup was broken, and eventually Billy gave in.

After supper Ted invited him to watch a TV baseball game as a reward. It was past Billy's bedtime, he was at the tantrum stage, and he doesn't understand or enjoy baseball. Neither do I. I hustled Billy to bed. Once that mission was accomplished—I wasn't quick enough to avoid the tantrum—I was frantic to escape the house and do something pleasant. Go dancing, say, or take in a movie. But nothing will induce Ted to unglue himself from the television set if a baseball or football game is scheduled.

"I said I ought to drive over and see my parents. Ted looked a little surprised, but then he scowled and said OK. He told me what route to take. He followed me to the garage to check on the gas and got furious when he discovered the tank was nearly empty. Finally he handed me two dollars and told me to stop at the filling station that gives trading stamps.

"I bought the gas, but I didn't go to my parents'. It was Friday night and all the stores were open. There was only 50 cents in my purse—I had overspent both my grocery and clothes allowances—and I didn't intend to buy anything when I went into the specialty shop. But I spotted a pair of green stretch pants at half price, and I couldn't resist the bargain. The credit manager reopened my old charge, which Ted had closed.

"On the way home I passed Ellen's apartment. Ellen is a fashion model and has a marvelous sense of style. I popped in on her to ask how she thought I looked in my pants. She told me I'd made a sensational buy, and put on a pot of coffee.

"It was barely eleven o'clock when I reached home; the television set was still blaring away. Suddenly I decided it would be a poor idea to interrupt Ted at his baseball game. I parked and tiptoed in the back door. Unhappily, Ted had telephoned my parents and was listening for me. He shot into the kitchen like a rocket off a launching pad. He grabbed my shoulder, shook me and demanded to know where I had spent the evening. Then he accused me of stepping out on him. Yelling like a banshee, he started a cross-examination.

I was too scared to say a word. In the uproar the children woke and began to scream. I tried to pull loose, and my elbow struck Ted's cheek. His face turned a peculiar gray-white color. He caught me by the waist, deliberately ripped off my new stretch pants, and pushed me, half-naked, right out of the house. As he slammed the door I heard a siren down the block. One of our neighbors had called the police.

"I let Ted handle the policemen, crept inside and went to bed on the floor in the children's room. Next morning I packed our things and left.

"When I married Ted, I had high hopes of a happy marriage, but I also had doubts. Although I have always wanted to be a warm and loving person, I realize that I'm not. I honestly believe that Billy, my own son, merely tolerates me and prefers Ted, despite his terrifying rages.

"My parents were in their forties when I was born. They didn't beat me or yell at me, but they didn't hug and kiss me either. I was treated like a nothing, a zero. They let me know that I was an expense and a great, big, continuing worry.

"My first husband, a high-school boy of seventeen, never loved me, and I didn't love him. But Jack was willing to break my family's ironclad rules—I lacked the courage to disobey on my own—and so I considered him sophisticated and brave. Jack cried when I found out I was pregnant and even cried at our marriage ceremony. Mother didn't cry; she looked straight ahead. Our divorce (less than a year after we were married), which my father paid for, was a relief to everybody. Instead of attending college, I took a business course.

"When I landed a job, I was thrilled to death. For the *(continued on page 35)*

This series is based on information from the files of The American Institute of Family Relations of Los Angeles, a nonprofit educational, counseling and research organization which has a staff of 70 counselors and is the oldest and largest marriage-counseling center in the world. The true stories reported here are drawn from interviews with the couples and counselors involved. Names, geographic locations and other minor details have been altered to conceal the identity of the couples who sought counseling.

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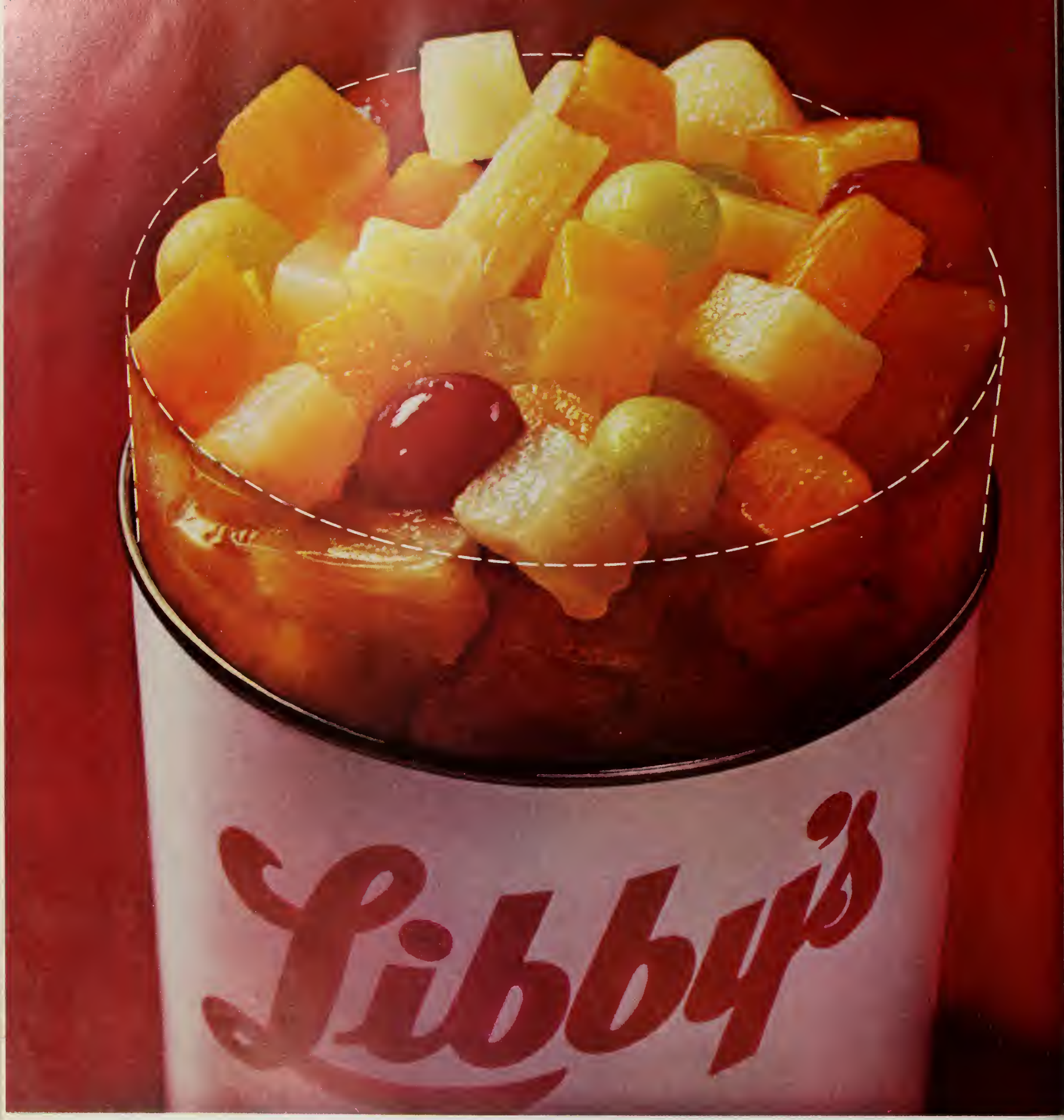

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CAN THIS MARRIAGE BE SAVED?

continued from page 32

first time I expected to be allowed some independence. No such luck. I paid board at home, but I wasn't allowed to have my own key. Mother never let me forget I'd made an awful mistake and might make another unless she stood guard. Strangely enough, she was crazy about Billy; he almost seemed like her baby instead of mine. She mixed his formula, she bathed him, she and my father spoiled him. But she was my jailer. She read my mail, listened in on my phone calls and chose my friends.

"She chose Ted. He had a good job, and his mother was a member of her church. Ted made out fine with my family. He talked baseball with Dad, bullied Mother and laughed at her orders. Our courtship was all merry and bright. We danced and dined out, and no nightclub was too expensive. Anything I admired in a shopwindow Ted bought for me.

"After marriage Ted changed completely, and I discovered I had acquired another jailer. He jumped on me for being sloppy, although he was incredibly sloppy himself. He shouted and banged doors until my nerves were shattered. He told me how to bathe the baby and how often to shampoo Billy's hair; he told me how to cook and how to clean.

"I hate our house and our furniture, which Ted selected, and I'm always behind with the cleaning, dusting, polishing. The monthly payments on the house and furniture are so large Ted says we can't afford to run around and waste money on needless recreation.

"Yet at the same time he spends for his own pleasures. On Tuesdays and Thursdays he goes bowling. I'm supposed to stay home. During the two weeks of our separation I've got in more dancing than in eighteen months of marriage.

"My friend Ellen is popular, has loads of men friends, and entertains a lot. My present living arrangements are temporary, of course, and inadequate. Billy can't camp on the sofa indefinitely and little Ralph can't stay with my parents forever. By now I had hoped to be settled in my own apartment and in a job, but I've made the rounds of the employment agencies and haven't turned up anything. Ellen has begun to hint that Billy and I should think of making a change.

"My parents have got in the act, and once again are trying to lead my life for me. My parents are on Ted's side. The three of them want to force me back into prison. What I want at the age of twenty-two is to be treated like a grown woman instead of an untrustworthy juvenile delinquent."

"I blame my foul temper for my messed-up marriage," said 29-year-old Ted, a stocky man with a pugnacious jaw. "It's no excuse, I guess, but the particular evening that led to Jan's walkout was the grand climax of a rotten day for me.

"I'm a graduate engineer, but in the selling end, which means I'm obliged to explain the intricate to the ignorant and be patient with fools. In the morning I got involved in a trivial argument with one of my best customers; he took offense and threatened to call in a competitor. I talked him out of it, but not until I had apologized and crawled and humiliated myself.

"I prefer to spare Jan my business worries, which she wouldn't understand in any event. During the afternoon I telephoned to remind her to iron my shirts and to tell her I'd had chop suey for lunch and wanted steak for supper. The line was busy.

"On the way home I recalled she had been chipping her teeth for several weeks about the dullness and monotony of her existence. I stopped and bought her a bunch of flowers. When I went in the house, the baby was howling and Jan was on the phone. She hung up in a great rush. I wondered how long she had been talking and whom she had been talking to. She didn't say.

"I had expected a kiss for the bouquet. All I got was a perfunctory thank you. My shirts weren't ironed. We had supper late, and we had chop suey. I've provided Jan with a whole library of cookbooks, but she can't heat a can of chop suey and make it palatable

"After the usual bedtime struggle with Billy, Jan vanished into our room. I followed her. She was painting her fingernails and waved me off; she painted her fingernails three times before she was satisfied with the effect. Then she put on eye shadow and lipstick. And then she left the house, saying she wanted to visit her parents.

"Three hours later she returned and reported that her parents were fine. Her hairdo was mussed; I jumped to the wrong conclusion and blew up. If I'd waited for her explanations, I'd have found out she mussed her hair and smeared her lipstick trying on clothes she doesn't need and we can't afford.

"I've been popping off ever since I was a boy. I was the third of five brothers, and the smallest. My youngest brother, David, the smartest and my mother's favorite, could usually outfight and outfox me. One time I remember I was sent away from the dining room to wash my hands; my father was a stickler for good manners and cleanliness. David sneaked upstairs after me and locked the bathroom door from the hall.

"Nobody heard me hammering. Eventually I got up my nerve, squeezed through the window and jumped to the ground. I limped into the dining room just as David, with a smug grin, polished off my portion of the dessert. I jerked out his chair and, when he hit the floor, I broke the cake plate over his head.

"My mother was furious. My father was tickled, ignored her demands that I be punished, and took me downtown for ice cream. My father was tough on all us boys, but he was fair. One time he was arguing with Mother and I put in my two cents' worth; he hit me so hard he knocked out a tooth and had to rush me to the dentist. Both my parents were hot-tempered. My father roared, and when my mother answered back, she screeched like a peacock. Frequently when she was in a rage I would run and hide in the garage. Sometimes Dad would find me, and the two of us would drive around, and he would warn me to beware of the female sex, and he would promise to put me through college, if I didn't marry young When he died of a coronary—I was then eleven—I felt the string to my future had been cut. Maybe it isn't sensible, but I was haunted for years by the idea he would have lived longer with a sweet-natured, soft-spoken wife who didn't scream and screech, slam doors and stamp her feet.

"I finally got to college on my own, attended classes by day and held a factory job at night. When I met Jan, I was fairly well established and shared a large apartment with three others. My rent was forty dollars a month, I had a sizable bank account, and I intended to remain a bachelor until I was thirty.

"I first saw Jan the Sunday my mother conned me into picking her up at church. Jan was stalled with a flat tire. By the time I changed her tire I had a hunch my bachelor days might be over. To me Jan's helplessness was appealing. My mother and her mother brayed instructions, but Jan watched me as though I were performing a miracle.

"Nightclubs bore me stiff, but for the next few months I got a bang from showing Jan around. She was impressed by everything. With her soft, sweet voice and naïveté she was a refreshing change from the kind of girls who had prowled our bachelor apartment. I knew she had a son, but very soon I knew I wanted to look after both Jan and Billy.

"We were married on her twenty-first birthday. Our troubles began on our honeymoon trip. A friend of mine lent us a mountain cabin, but Jan didn't want to go there. We transferred to an expensive motel because Jan had heard it had a floor show with a famous orchestra and a heated swimming pool. There, she seemed less interested in me than in showing off her bathing suits. Jan is sexy-looking and likes to attract masculine admiration, but unless the circumstances are exactly to her taste she really isn't interested in sex. For no reason I can fathom, she will suddenly put me in a deep freeze, and weeks may pass before a thaw sets in.

"Jan has often complained that her parents overindulged Billy, but when I tried to pound some discipline into the youngster, she complained to them about me. When she became pregnant with Ralph—we hadn't planned to start a family so soon—she hardly spoke to me for weeks. Her pregnancy meant she had to quit a two-bit job, which she grandly referred to as a business career. I couldn't laugh or argue her out of her gloom. She was in such despair that I decided to buy a house, hoping to surprise her and cheer her up. She didn't like the house; she called it a prison. No prison warden, as I've often told her, would stand for the way she keeps it.

"My mother and my mother-in-law have their faults, but they can swing a broom and recognize the business-end of a vacuum cleaner. And they know the purpose of a diaper pail.

"I guess you get the picture. My life with Jan was no bed of roses. But the point is, I want her and the boy and my baby to come back. Jan needs me, and I need her. Maybe I can send her to a cooking and housekeeping school, if there is a school like that. I'll make concessions. I'll try to close my eyes to her sloppiness, and I'll stop yelling and blowing my top. I didn't put off marriage until I was twenty-eight with the intention of flopping as a husband."

"This," said the counselor, "was a classic case of the marriage of immature people. Oh yes, I know Ted married at twenty-eight. But he came to marriage as unprepared to deal with the responsibilities of marriage as twenty-one-year-old Jan. His demands were completely unrealistic.

"He expected Jan to be as efficient at domestic tasks as his (*continued*)

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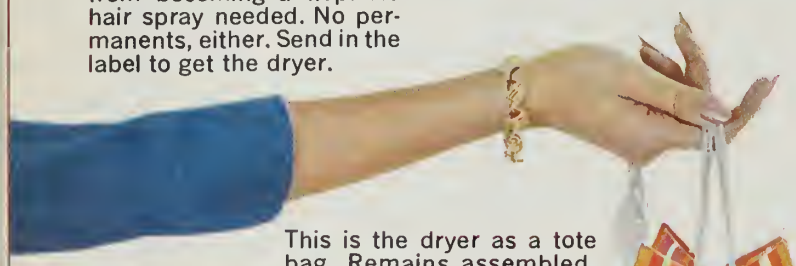

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mother and mother-in-law, who had several decades of experience behind them. He expected Jan to be philosophical about her almost immediate pregnancy, although they had planned to wait five years before starting a family. He expected her to handle money wisely, although she had never done so, and he expected bumptious, indulged Billy to effect an instant transformation in manners and behavior.

"Soon after our counseling began, the couple went back together on a trial basis. Ted was a fighter, unwilling to admit defeat and lose his family. His determination prevailed. It also saved face for Jan, who was relieved to end her shaky living arrangements, collect the youngsters and return to Ted, even though she was pessimistic about their future together.

"Once Jan and Ted were under the same roof again, the three of us sat down to explore the reasons for their differences and their constant personality clashes and to find ways to improve matters. Eighteen months of marriage had taught them as little about each other as their brief courtship.

"Jan, an only child born belatedly to middle-aged parents, was convinced her birth came as an unwelcome surprise, that her rearing was unusually severe and strict, that nothing she desired, said or thought counted with her elders. She grew up with the feeling that she was unloved and mistrusted. Her teen-age revolt, her sexual adventures and hurry-up wedding were almost inevitable. By breaking the rules with Jack, she simultaneously defied her parents and justified the low esteem in which (she felt) they held her. As the old saying goes, since she had the name, she might as well have the game. By punishing her parents, of course, Jan also punished herself and further diminished her already skimpy self-respect.

"Although Ted decried his bad temper, he was secretly proud of it. He regarded his temper as a heritage from his father, whom he had idealized and taken for a model. In a clamorous, crowded household Ted had felt overwhelmed and overshadowed by his brothers. He also felt overwhelmed and underestimated by his mother, who had no time, or, perhaps, no inclination to single out the third of her five sons for special notice. Without being consciously aware of it, Ted developed a deep antipathy toward the female sex as a whole. During his freewheeling bachelor era, this antipathy sharpened to contempt. In the old-fashioned phrase, he was a woman hater. I bluntly told him so. I told him that he would never succeed in his marriage if he continued to treat Jan as he once would have liked to treat his neglectful mother. So long as he stormed at Jan, ridiculed and pushed her around, he couldn't win as her husband. I told him why. When Ted laid down the law to Jan, pestered her with nagging criticisms and baseless suspicions, he created the emotional climate of her girlhood. She reacted in the same way she had reacted to her parents as a child. Too timid to fight back, she sulked and brooded in silence, putting Ted in the deep freeze many times. Eventually she ran away.

"In a matter of time, I told Ted, it was more than likely Jan would repeat the past and run to another man—unless he learned to control his outbursts, turn his wrath away from Jan, cut down on the daily stream of criticisms. Since Ted was what we call an 'angry' man, born of angry, quarrelsome parents, it was clear he would continue to have angry feelings. I suggested that whenever he felt angry at Jan, the children, his boss or a business associate, he should pick out some inanimate object or violent activity that would help him vent his rage. I mentioned a previous bad-tempered client of mine who attacked the weeds and crabgrass on his property and acquired a fine lawn while acquiring self-control.

"Now, as to Jan. She had no conception of the obligations every husband is entitled to ask a wife to assume. She was greedy for fun, selfish, lazy. She had followed office routine without difficulty—she was happy in her job because nobody picked on her—yet she had no routine whatever for operating her home and caring for her youngsters. When she and Ted were able to talk calmly about her lapses—my job was to arbitrate and direct their discussions into constructive channels—she acknowledged she could be a better cook and housekeeper if she tried. She promised to try.

"The couple's unsatisfactory sexual relationship was frustrating to Jan as well as to Ted. She *wanted* to be responsive, feminine, warmer than she was. In frank discussions among the three of us, we discovered why she consistently failed. She was subconsciously fearful of being rebuffed as, during her formative years, she felt she had been rebuffed by cool, undemonstrative parents. I suggested to Jan that she cuddle, hug and kiss her two sons on every possible occasion—despite her hesitancy to show physical affection.

"Very few normal children reject gestures of love. Jan's affection made Billy and little Ralph blossom, and she could see it. She then felt more relaxed and free in her love-making with Ted. When their sexual relationship improved, it became easier for Ted to praise a clean room or a well-cooked dish instead of searching around for something to criticize.

"I haven't seen Ted or Jan for some months. Recently, however, Ted telephoned to tell me there was now a third child in the family, a baby girl. There was such pride in his voice that I thought it safe to ask how things were going otherwise. He said that Jan had learned to bowl, still disliked baseball heartily, and that they had joined a dancing club.

"Her cooking, he reported, was pretty fair, but her housekeeping fell far short of perfection, and there were occasions when he still got very angry. But he had adopted my suggestion and found an inanimate object to get mad at.

"Whenever he wanted to yell or strike out at Jan, Ted told me, he promptly left the house, went to the alley and kicked the trash can.

"In the beginning, or so Ted told me, he had kicked the can for as long as thirty minutes, and he had been obliged to wear his hiking boots, to avoid breaking a toe. Since the arrival of his baby daughter, Ted assured me solemnly, his temper has become so subdued that he can wear a pair of tennis shoes without hazard, kick the can a couple of times and go back inside in a sunny frame of mind."

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NIGHT EATING

What psychiatrists have discovered about dieters who fail after 10 P.M. From the new book, "The Overweight Society"

By PETER WYDEN

A new dimension has been added to the American dream. It is the yearning to be thin. It is an important ambition, for we have come to associate it with health, beauty, sexual vigor and the capacity to capture something close to permanent youthfulness. It is also an elusive ambition. Indeed, for a majority of Americans it is, although we have yet to admit it, a mirage.

We pursue it in an astonishing variety of ways: Some are ludicrous; some are worse; some are costly not only in money but in self-respect. Yet the stakes are quite incalculable. For when we diet, or try, we are not merely engaging in what one psychiatrist has termed a "cosmetic conceit." We are wrestling with mankind's biggest killer, heart disease. We are tantalizing America's largest industry, the food business. We are providing a playground for profiteers and quacks. We are tinkering with our international image as a nation of flabby, self-indulgent gorgers. And we are toying with what has become a key to personal happiness.

An estimated 79,000,000 adult Americans are overweight, and about 9,500,000 of them are dieting at any one time. But while the majority of the U.S. population is probably willing to concede that overweight is undesirable and dangerous, the road to trimness is almost invariably paved with excellent intentions and very poor results. When Dr. Albert J. Stunkard, now chairman of the Department of Psychiatry at the University of Pennsylvania, analyzed the eight most careful scientific weight-reducing studies conducted in the last 35 years, he found that only 29 percent of the 1,368 patients who were studied managed to lose 20 pounds or more. And *keeping* weight off proved to be just about impossible. In one of Doctor Stunkard's own studies of 97 women and three men, who were constantly counseled by nutrition experts, only *six* maintained a 20-pound weight loss after a year, and only *two* were still clinging to a respectable weight loss after two years.

The reasons for this doleful record are many and complex, but one of its manifestations is an abnormality which Doctor Stunkard came to call "the night-eating syndrome." It was this syndrome which, along with other pioneering findings in his studies of obesity, caused him to make a remarkable statement on a television show not too long ago. He said, "Sometimes a person is better off just staying overweight than going through all the grief and turmoil that attempts at weight reduction may bring."

Doctor Stunkard first encountered the plight of the unhappy night eaters in 1950. "I kind of stumbled on it," he told me. He was one of five or six psychiatric residents at Johns Hopkins University who frequently gathered for informal sessions to discuss cases they had in therapy, and he happened to be treating an obese girl. Her eating pattern appeared to be unusual. She overate enormously, yet she was never hungry in the morning, and she ate moderate lunches and dinners. After nightfall, however, she kept eating prodigiously. She was agitated and tried to sleep, but she couldn't. Instead, she ate still more. And her insomnia persisted.

As Doctor Stunkard described these symptoms, one of the doctors in the group, a young woman, became so upset that he had to stop the discussion. The young lady psychiatrist was herself obese. When she had composed herself, she told the group that her agitation had welled up for very personal reasons. Her own eating pattern, she said, was much too uncomfortably like that described by Doctor Stunkard's patient.

In 1952, after he had joined the staff of New York Hospital-Cornell Medical Center in New York, Doctor Stunkard began encountering more such cases. Twenty-five patients who were from 22 to 137 percent overweight were referred to Doctor Stunkard's special clinic by other departments of the hospital because their obesity had been difficult to manage. He found the night-eating syndrome in 16 of the cases and with minor variations in another four. All the night eaters suffered sleeplessness. They were awake beyond midnight more than half of the time. None wanted more than a cup of coffee and a small glass of orange juice for breakfast, if that much. And all consumed at least one fourth of their daily calories *after* they had had their evening meal.

Two other characteristics of the night eaters were notable: They underestimated what they ate, often by as much as 800 calories daily; and their eating pattern was clearly related to periods of stress in their lives.

One of the patients whose case history was reported by Doctor Stunkard and his associates in the *American Journal of Medicine* was Mrs. E.S., a 29-year-old housewife of Irish ancestry. The eighth of 10 living children, she remembered her childhood as a time of hardship. She was bitter toward her mother, who, she felt, had exploited her. At 18 she had married the neighborhood alcoholic in order to escape from the stress of life with her family. Instead, she had found her life even more unpleasant. During the following eight years she gained 100 pounds. At five feet eight inches, she had weighed 280 pounds for three years before she was admitted to Doctor Stunkard's clinic.

When Mrs. E.S. was upset, which was very often, she ate no breakfast and little lunch. Her dinner was large, but it did not satisfy her. She kept nibbling on any available food that was sweet. Frequent quarrels with her husband made her eat even more. Her insomnia and eating often kept up until two and three A.M. While she was in treatment she rarely slept more than four hours. After seven months of psychiatric interviews, however, she developed phlebitis and finally had to be hospitalized.

"She greeted this development with relief and gladly laid down her domestic responsibilities," Doctor Stunkard wrote. "Within a day there was a striking change in the eating pattern. The morning after admission the patient awoke with a desire to eat breakfast for the first time in months, went on to consume a small lunch and supper, and had no desire to eat during the evening or night."

Mrs. E.S. slept well when she was hospitalized and got along nicely on a diet of only 800 calories a day. In 31 days she lost 28 pounds. She liked her hospital roommate and said, "Mrs. C. keeps me feeling good in the evening by talking to me, so I don't feel like eating."

This patient made every effort to prolong her hospitalization. Her reasons were obvious, and her suspicions of what would happen after her return to her family were promptly confirmed. Doctor Stunkard wrote: "The morning after her arrival home she awoke anorexic (not hungry), did not begin to eat until evening and stayed up until three A.M. nibbling. Her husband, who had stopped drinking while she was in the hospital, began again soon after her return, and relations between them, which had improved during her hospitalization, deteriorated rapidly. During the first month following her discharge the patient gained weight at the rate of two pounds a week."

Despite psychotherapy, only two of Mrs. E.S.'s fellow night eaters lost more than one third of their excess weight. By contrast, of the five patients in the study group who did not suffer from the night-eating syndrome, four managed to lose an average of 61 pounds, which was 67 percent of their excess weight.

By the time his study on the night eaters was published in 1955, Doctor Stunkard knew that attempts at dieting had led to severe emotional upsets in nine of the original group of 25. None had been mentally disorganized before they went on their diets. A variety of diets had been used, and none in particular seemed implicated in the patients' new difficulties. One patient became ill after two weeks and losing only 12 pounds; another did not break down until she had lost 150 pounds over a period of a *(continued on page 40)*

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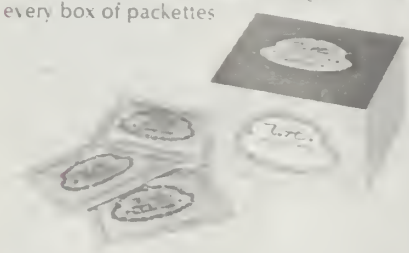

NIGHT EATING

continued from page 39

year. The patients' ages ranged from 17 to 42. Doctor Stunkard decided to investigate these upsets. The resulting report was called "The Dieting Depression" and was published by the *American Medical Journal* in 1957.

Incredible as it seems, all of Doctor Stunkard's probing into the psychology of overweight people was pioneer ground breaking. It had long been known, of course, that some people who went on diets never felt better in their lives while others became so weak that they could hardly keep going. But no one had pinned down how often such adverse reactions occurred and whether they amounted to anything more than research curiosities.

For Doctor Stunkard's study, dietitians at the Nutrition Clinic of New York Hospital interviewed 100 consecutive patients who came in to request reducing diets. The dietitians questioned the patients in detail about previous attempts at dieting.

It turned out that many of the patients had given up their diets before they had lost even 10 pounds, yet 59 percent had experienced what the researchers called "untoward reactions." These included weakness (21 percent), anxiety and restlessness (21 percent), irritability (8 percent), fatigue (5 percent) and nausea 4 percent).

Doctor Stunkard thereupon returned to the group of 25 patients who included his night eaters. This time he studied their diet-induced depressions in greater detail. "They were not typical depressions," he wrote. "The closest parallel is perhaps those curious periods of apathy and sadness which occur during the adolescence of schizoid people. . . . The predominant complaints were of futility and hopelessness, and the patients were often preoccupied with thoughts of deprivation, not only of food but also of affection and personal interest."

Normally, depressions are accompanied by weight loss. Not the dieting depression, though. Of the patients who suffered from it, in Doctor Stunkard's initial group, only one kept losing weight. Eight actually gained from 15 to 75 pounds during their depressions. Although all stopped dieting, this did not stop their illnesses. It required anywhere from six weeks to one year of psychotherapy to clear them up.

It developed that the dieters who turned depressive had much in common. Most of them had nursed unusually close ties to someone whom they considered a source of all security—a fiancé, a husband, a mother—or to an entire family. The depression was usually preceded by an attempt at liberation from the bondage of the relationship. The dieting generally began at the breaking-off point—much like a demonstration of exultation at having experienced a liberation. A mild elation appeared at this stage.

"Many of the patients had long cherished secret dreams of the extravagant benefits to be achieved by weight reduction," wrote Doctor Stunkard. "When, after years of indecision, they sought to live out this fantasy, it was in an atmosphere of excited anticipation. This heightened mood persisted for weeks and even months."

Then followed a brief spell of anxiety—and then the long period of depression, with moodiness, crying spells and insomnia. "In each case the disorder was of such severity as to interfere with ability to work," Doctor Stunkard reported. He concluded with a warning to physicians not to encourage patients too freely to embark on diets, especially when in the process of making drastic changes in personal relationships.

Bit by bit Doctor Stunkard was beginning to build links between emotions and eating habits. In 1959 came his next step, the detailed analysis of the "binge eater," who gorged wildly but irregularly.

A typical binge eater was A.A., a 30-year-old insurance salesman. When his wife did something that could have been expected to make him angry, he went about his business without blowing up. Shortly afterward, without knowing how he got there, he found himself in a grocery store buying huge quantities of food. "I don't know what happens," he told Doctor Stunkard. "All of my good intentions seem to fade away; I just say, 'What the hell!' and start eating. And what I do then is an absolute sin."

After gobbling up his groceries just as quickly as he could, the patient set out on a round of local restaurants. He dreaded the idea of discovery. At each stop he ate just a little and stayed a short time. "I don't enjoy it at all," he reported.

"It's like part of me blacks out, just isn't there anymore. And when that happens, there's nothing except the food and me—all alone."

Since A.A. often gained as much as six pounds in 24 hours, Doctor Stunkard calculated that this patient might have consumed as many as 20,000 calories during a one-day spree. Nevertheless, the doctor discovered that he could achieve remarkable success in giving binge eaters helpful insight into their problems. "They're very disturbed," he said, "but if they stay in treatment they can be helped quite frequently." As is usual with obesity, there is a doleful drawback: According to Doctor Stunkard's best guess, only 1 to 2 percent of all overweight people belong in this category.

The truth is that psychiatrists are just as frustrated by the problem of overweight as everybody else: some of them are rather bored by it. As one successful New York psychoanalyst interpreted the ennui of his colleagues: "It's a symptom, and psychiatrists are no longer interested in symptoms. Also, it's not glamorous."

Furthermore, the diet decision for a patient is not always easily arrived at. Should he diet or shouldn't he? If he does, how strongly should the therapist insist on his sticking to it? When should the patient stop trying? If a patient is grossly obese, it is urgent that he reduce for his physical health, but his obesity is probably symptomatic of so much "self-defeating" behavior that he is a poor diet risk for emotional reasons, and dieting might even damage his mental health. Who is to strike the balance between physical and emotional well-being, and how?

"I had a patient in here the other day, a man who was five feet eight inches and weighed two hundred and ten pounds," Doctor Stunkard said recently. "He'd been down to one hundred and eighty pounds on fifteen occasions. He said, 'To hell with you! I'm obese and I'll always be obese.' I told him that sounded like a smart reaction to me."

continued

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NIGHT EATING *continued*

By now, Doctor Stunkard was again involved in the investigation of basic phenomena which had attracted his attention when obesity first began to fascinate him: the relationship between hunger and satiety and, specifically, why some obese patients are not really hungry when they are experiencing "hunger pangs." These and other puzzling mysteries, he believed, are deeply rooted in early human learning processes. He hoped to study just how children learn to like and dislike their early experiences. "Food is probably the major motivator in infancy," he said. "Contact with the mother is also important, but it's hard to separate from food, especially when food serves as a reward."

Heredity also plays a major role, for studies in England and the United States have shown that fewer than 10 percent of the children of normal-weight parents were fat. When one parent was fat, chances were 40 to 50 percent that their babies would be fat too. When both parents were fat, chances rose to 80 percent. The best authorities believe that fatness of many children is perhaps due to nothing more than the misconception of many mothers that only a fat baby is a healthy baby; that this old-fashioned myth is responsible for the pride which many mothers feel in the accumulation of empty formula bottles which they can wash each day (the experts call this the "empty-bottle syndrome"); and that the same myth also accounts for the mothers' zeal in coaxing their offspring to clean up every plate at every meal ("clean-plate syndrome").

It is naïve, then, to expect individual renunciations of the rich life to solve a calorie crisis of the already prevailing magnitude and to depend on individual conversions to bring about a better national balance between calorie input and energy output. Each adult can indeed make such a decision for himself and, given rare determination, enforce it. Such decisions are likely to remain few and impermanent, however, and for the best of reasons. The emotions, habits and other factors that have caused an adult or even a teen-ager to have a diet problem in the first place are, in many and possibly in most cases, frozen into his personality long before he has the power to decide things for himself. The abundance of our environment only makes matters worse, and the environment of the future is bound to push the problem even further into the category of a lingering and astoundingly neglected national crisis.

If our travels through Dietland demonstrate anything, they point to a remarkable lack of dignity and consistency of purpose in dealing with this crisis. It is strange that this should be so. Americans are supposedly the most health-conscious of hypochondriacs. Every other major disease is the ward of foundations, institutes and task forces. Every other health threat is investigated by high-echelon committees. Once scientific opinion is mobilized and effectively directed, there usually is hope for action. Thus, the Surgeon General's report on smoking at least yielded the prospect that the next generation might be weaned away from cigarettes.

The case for diet and exercise, however, remains riddled with charlatanism, commercialism, racketeering, professional jealousies and indifference. When Dr. Paul Dudley White years ag called for a new government institute t investigate nutrition problems, who wa listening? And while physical-fitnes programs in the schools have improved the cause of exercise for adults ha brought forth little more than one brie madcap epidemic of 50-mile hikes.

The immediate problem is, first o all, a problem in communications. Th most authoritative guide to diet an exercise is the sixth revised editio (1964) of Publication 1146 of the Foo and Nutrition Board of the Nationa Academy of Sciences–National Researe Council. It is called *Recommended Di etary Allowances* and is every ounce a technical as it sounds. Its technical styl aside, Publication 1146 also does no come close to reflecting all that is know in its field and is helpful *and* interestin to eaters.

Placing the best facts and counsel o the American living-room table, wher they belong, will require the best ex perts, under Presidential sponsorship to pause in their study of fragments o the problem, discuss all of its element at the summit level and then issue a least a progress report to demolish un necessary public uncertainties. The re

"And now get me my bubble pipe."

port should, at a minimum, answer such questions as these:

How solid is the evidence that exces sive calorie intake substantially shorten life?

How solid is the evidence that exces sive fat intake substantially shorten life?

How solid is the evidence that lack o exercise substantially shortens life?

Which diet aids are helpful and whic are useless or worse?

What should consumers do about fats?

Who are the people who shouldn' diet at all?

What can mothers do to help preven obesity of their children from birth?

What is the most urgent diet-and exercise research needed and how should it be organized?

It belabors the obvious to point ou that the breakup of the caloric avalanch can come only from the best combine efforts of parents, physicians, educators researchers, industrial interests and th government guardians over our health and food. There can be no such effor until the problem is recognized and pub licized in its full ramifications; unti there is coordinated organization t attack it; until worthwhile existing in formation and counsel are unified standardized and made comprehensible and until there exists a state of mind that lifts the diet-and-exercise problem out of its still-common stereotype as a hobby for vain ladies and proclaims it as a priority health requirement in our national life. ■

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MEDICINE TODAY

More physicians want abortion laws liberalized

Too much Vitamin D may be dangerous

What if your doctor doesn't keep up-to-date?

More doctors are advocating laws to permit abortions for women whose children are likely to be born with serious defects or whenever a mother's or a child's health is threatened. *Medical Tribune* questioned 1,300 doctors. Fifty-six percent said abortion should be permitted for justifiable medical, social or economic reasons. Another 37 percent wanted to permit it for any valid medical reasons. Many felt that the decision should be made by a medical or hospital board. "The health of the fetus must be considered," said a Kansas doctor; "a child has a right to be born normal." At present, 42 states allow abortion only to save the mother's life. But even now, doctors at some liberal-minded hospitals estimate that the majority of abortions they perform are probably illegal because they are done for psychiatric or other health reasons.

To help avoid birth defects, a Johns Hopkins University research team warns against excessive intake of vitamin D during pregnancy. The researchers believe that excess D vitamin can cause serious retardation, as well as facial, heart, blood and kidney defects in the babies of some mothers. The recommended intake is 400 units daily, about the amount in a quart of milk. Dr. Robert E. Cooke, Johns Hopkins' chief pediatrician, says many mothers have mistakenly been urged to drink large amounts of milk; eat vitamin-D-fortified bread and other foods; *and* take vitamin D as well as calcium (vitamin D encourages calcium deposit for bone-building). Many mothers-to-be also sunbathe, which adds to their vitamin-D overload. Doctor Cooke and his colleagues urge "a definite review" of vitamin-D requirements. Meanwhile, they urge pregnant women to review their vitamin-D needs with their doctor.

Women seem generally far more sensitive than men to drugs and chemicals. Dr. Leighton E. Cluff studied 1,000 Johns Hopkins Hospital patients for three months. Only 49 percent of the group were women, but they experienced 73 percent of all adverse drug reactions.

Doctors and medical educators are increasingly concerned about physicians who fail to keep up with the latest developments in medicine. There is an "alarming" and widening gap between the kind of care that is now possible and the kind that is actually practiced by some doctors, reports Dean Seymour Farber of the University of California Medical Center in San Francisco. Doctors who fail to keep up should be ousted from a hospital staff, says Dr. Edward C. Rosenow, executive director of the American College of Physicians. This is sometimes done, but Dr. Herman Hellerstein, of Western Reserve University, and Dr. Leland Blanchard, at Stanford University, believe that less-than-competent doctors are likely to obtain other hospital appointments and would continue to treat patients in their offices.

The time is near "when society will expect to see a doctor's licensure reviewed periodically, because it wants to be assured of quality," says Dr. Warren L. Bostick, dean of the California College of Medicine in Los Angeles. If a doctor fails, he "may have to take refresher courses, then go back for review again."

Teen-agers are far from immune to cancer, and Dr. Arnold F. Jones, a Montreal surgeon, urges that high schools teach even young teen-age girls how to conduct regular self-examinations to guard against breast cancer. Dr. Raymond Kaufman and his colleagues at Houston's Baylor University believe that early diagnosis of cervical cancer should also begin in the teen years. They performed "smear" tests with 1,200 girls aged 13 to 19 and discovered two cases of cancer as well as four possibly precancerous conditions.

Don't underestimate the possible significance of fainting. It is often a symptom of hidden disease, Dr. Henri Rémy told Paris doctors. Among possible causes: heart, nerve and metabolic ills. If someone faints even once, call the doctor.

Women are staying young longer, reports a British researcher, Dr. D. J. Frommer. The average woman's menopause now begins at 50 in Britain, compared with age 46 a century ago and 40 in ancient times. The average onset of menstruation has also dropped, from age 15.5 in 1855 to 13.1 now. This may mean that the process of aging has slowed down for many women, according to the *Journal of the American Medical Association*. The changes, however, come slowly. "Most American women still stop menstruating between forty-five and fifty," a Mayo Clinic gynecologist comments. "But there *are* many exceptions."

The cause of dishpan hands may not be in the dishpan alone, Dr. Leonard Vinson, chief biologist at Lever Brothers Research Center, discovered. If chemicals in cleansers and cosmetics make your skin vulnerable, then dishwashing water and chemicals penetrate it. Doctor Vinson says that this applies only to relatively few women with unusually sensitive skin. However, it may help doctors explain difficult cases of "housewife's dermatitis" where skin tests of dishwashing chemicals yield negative results.

For husband-watching: Pulmonary emphysema (the lung disease that chokes off breathing) is becoming more prevalent every year. It is most common among men, especially cigarette smokers, and is now exceeded only by heart disease and schizophrenia as the most frequently reported diagnosis in Social Security Administration disability claims. In 1962 it was listed as the primary cause of death on 12,350 death certificates, compared with 1,914 such listings in 1952. A Midwest doctor began giving all his male patients a lung test as part of their physical checkups. In five years he found 34 emphysema cases in men aged 26 to 59—more cases of disease than were turned up by chest X rays. In every case the diagnosis came early enough to arrest emphysema when the patients stopped smoking.

It may be an unsettling prospect, but the day of test-tube human embryos, grown by scientists, may be as little as 10 to 20 years away. It should mean new help for the barren because a childless wife may then be implanted with an embryo whose growth was started outside her womb, whenever possible with her husband's sperm. This will raise moral questions so grave that leaders in religion, science and medicine should soon start to consider them.

These are the striking views of Dr. H. Bentley Glass of Johns Hopkins University, one of the world's leading geneticists. Similar predictions have been heard before, but seldom with such urgency and from such an eminent authority. Scientists now talk of "biological engineering" and "controlled reproduction," and while such terms sound shocking, their goal is to (1) reduce birth defects and diseases, (2) give "reliably healthy" babies to those who might have to remain childless otherwise.

Doctor Glass believes that before too long male sperm cells and female ova or egg cells will be grown in laboratory cultures. The next step would be joining the two to produce the series of dividing cells that form a human embryo.

The egg cells used could be the wife's. The sperm—if the husband is infertile, which is common—could come, for example, from a sperm bank controlled by a hospital. The resulting embryo could then be implanted into the womb and become a healthy baby. Indeed, this technique might be far more reliable than present-day artificial insemination, with the donor chosen by a doctor.

Is creating life in this way ethical? Doctor Glass would like to know the answer. He adds: "Would it be murder to dispose of embryos when an experiment is done? Or are we justified in refraining from such studies when they might lead to advances of enormous benefit?" Doctor Glass's mind is not made up. The likely next consequence of this dilemma is still another major debate between science and religion. ■

By VICTOR COHN

Ladies prefer Modess... *because*

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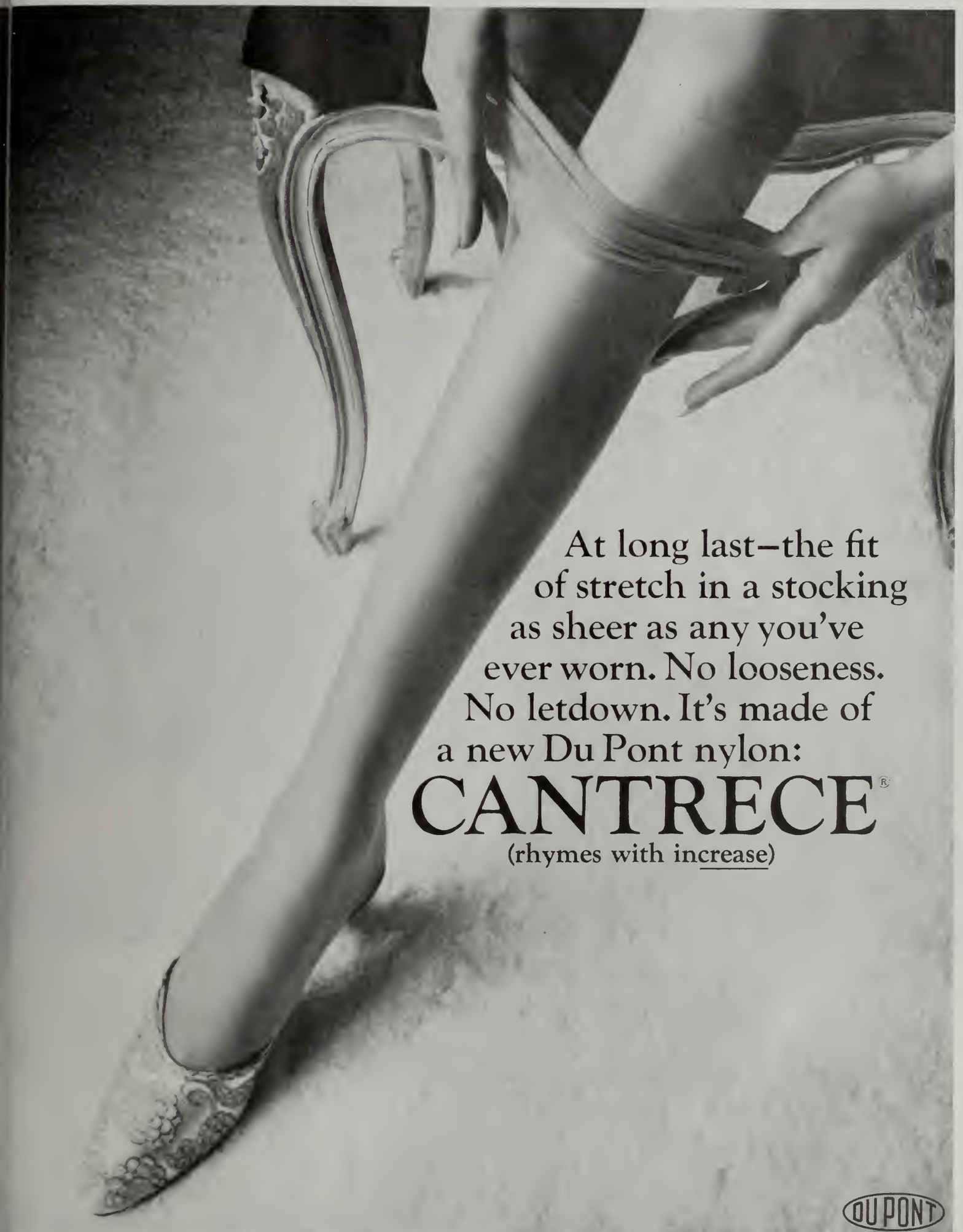
PHOTOGRAPH BY NORMAN KARLSON

TOASTMASTER WAFFLE MAKER

THE WAY OF THE WAFFLE

In the good old days, waffles were made only by the bravest cooks, in waffle "irons" that pressed to perfection only under optimum conditions. But, with today's marvelous new waffle makers and mixes, everyone's an expert, and the waffle is on its way to becoming a favorite food around the clock. Since experts love to experiment, all kinds of delicious variations are being cooked up, such as Waffles Flambé, above, with mandarin orange sections in a fruit and brandy sauce. The waffle maker has nonstick grids and an ingenious rim to keep batter from running over. Recipes and more about waffles on page 49.



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THE WAY OF THE WAFFLE *continued*

In the new world of waffle makers, there are many new shapes and patterns. Here, clockwise from top left: the Dominion, which turns batter into Florentine-tile designs; the Westinghouse, which makes four square waffles (both these have nonstick grids); the oblong General Electric waffle maker; cousin to the waffle maker, the Sunbeam Party Grill, which specializes in filled sandwiches and hot breads; H & K Industries' nonelectric hot-dogger, which cooks batter-dipped franks; Dormeyer's waffle maker, which also has a grid for shaping hot breads in playing-card suits.

asic to good waffles is, of course, a good basic recipe. Mixes are fastest way. Remember that bis- t and pancake mixes often include ecipe for waffles. If you prefer to ke your own batter, the following ipe for plain waffles can serve as ur basis for many variations:

PLAIN WAFFLES

ups flour	2 eggs
bsp. baking	1⅓ cups milk
owder	⅓ cup cooking
tsp. salt	oil, melted
bsp. sugar	butter or
	margarine

t together flour, baking powder, t, sugar. Beat egg yolks until ck and lemon-colored, blend in lk and fat. Add dry ingredients. at egg whites until soft peaks form; d into batter. Bake in hot waffle aker. Serves 4.

WAFFLE VARIATIONS

eese Waffles: Add 1 cup of grated eddar cheese to dry ingredients of r basic recipe or to 2 cups of dry gredients of a buttermilk-pancake ix and complete the recipe as usual. ake at a slightly lower temperature an plain waffles. Good topped with eamed asparagus, curried chicken served as hot bread with fruit salad.

pice-Apple Waffles: Add ½ tea- oon cinnamon and ¼ teaspoon oves to dry ingredients of basic cipe. Stir in 1 cup coarsely grated rt apples. Complete recipe as usual. ood with maple syrup.

lueberry Waffles: Fold one cup of ll-drained fresh or frozen blue- rries into basic waffle recipe. Good ith Sweet-Sour Blueberry Sauce.

affle Sticks: Cut waffles in strips d serve as hot breads with soups salads.

erb-Seasoned Waffle Sticks: Add ⅓ tsp. each of crushed basil and oregano leaves to dry ingredients of basic waffle recipe.

Cornmeal Sticks: Use a corn-muffin mix (following directions on package).

Seeded Waffle Sticks: Stir 2 tbsp. of poppy seeds or toasted sesame seeds into dry ingredients of our basic waffle recipe. Good with fruit salad or poultry.

SAUCES AND SYRUPS FOR VARIETY

Mocha Maple Sauce: Heat ½ cup maple-blended syrup, stir in ½ tsp. instant coffee and simmer 3 minutes. Remove from heat; stir in 1 tbsp. butter or margarine and ½ cup chopped pecans. Serve hot.

Orange Marmalade Sauce (shown on page 46): Combine and heat ½ cup orange marmalade and ¼ cup orange juice. Mix 1 tbsp. cornstarch with ¼ cup of red grenadine syrup and stir into hot mixture; heat and stir until it thickens. Top hot waffle with 1 can (11 oz.) drained mandarin orange sections; pour hot sauce over them. If desired, add 2 tbsp. warm brandy and flame.

Sweet-Sour Blueberry Sauce: Heat 3 cups fresh or frozen blueberries and ½ cup water until berries pop and are tender. Combine ½ cup sugar (¼ cup if berries are sweetened) and 2 tbsp. cornstarch and stir into hot sauce. Heat and stir until mixture thickens, add juice of half a lemon. Serve hot or cold. With blueberry waffles it makes a double treat.

WAYS WITH WAFFLES

Don't peek. Bake waffles until steaming stops, a sure sign they're completely cooked.

For nontreated or old grids, season by brushing both sides with cooking oil. Close the baker and bring to baking heat; open and cool. Wipe off surface fat with paper towels. ■

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Chicken Cacciatore: Brown 2½ to 3-lb. frying chicken (cut up) and 1 thinly sliced onion in 1 to 2 tablespoons oil in heavy skillet. Combine 1 envelope French's Spaghetti Sauce Mix with 1 can (6-oz.) tomato paste and 1½ cups water; pour over chicken. Cover and cook slowly about 45 minutes or until chicken is tender. Add 1 can (4-oz.) mushrooms, if desired. Makes 4 servings.

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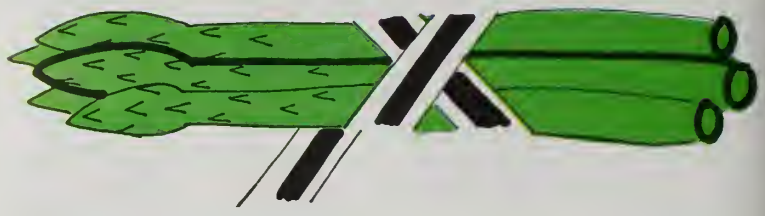
Table for Two



Jellied Madrilene

Roast Artichoke-Stuffed Leg of Lamb

Oven-Roasted New Potatoes **Buttered Asparagus**

Endive Salad **Cloverleaf Rolls**

Strawberries Cardinal

Coffee

Jellied Madrilene: Chill madrilene overnight in refrigerator so that it will be jellied. Empty into bowl; break up with fork. Serve in soup cups garnished with spoonful of dairy-fresh sour cream on each and a sprinkling of chopped chives.

Roast Artichoke-Stuffed Leg of Lamb: Order half a leg of lamb, boned (about 2½ lbs.) from your butcher. Rub inside and out with garlic clove, salt and pepper. Prepare stuffing: In skillet sauté ⅓ cup chopped onion in 3 tbsp. butter or margarine until onions are golden. Add ½ cup coarsely chopped artichoke hearts; cook 1 minute. Add 1 cup fresh bread crumbs, 2 tsp. chopped parsley, ¼ tsp. salt and ⅛ tsp. each of thyme, marjoram, chopped fresh dill and pepper. Mix thoroughly. Place stuffing inside lamb; secure with skewers and string. Place on rack in open roasting pan. Roast at 325° F. about 35 minutes per pound or until meat thermometer registers 170° F. for rare or 180° F. for medium done. Baste lamb with consommé 20 minutes before meat is done. Remove lamb to hot platter and make gravy. Skim all but 2 tbsp. fat from pan drippings. Blend in 2 tbsp. flour, mix until smooth. Add 1 cup consommé, stirring constantly until gravy is smooth and thick. Season to taste with salt and pepper.

Oven-roasted New Potatoes: Peel 6 new potatoes. Make thin slashes about ¾ through potatoes, leaving bottoms whole. Roll in melted butter or margarine; sprinkle with salt and place in roasting pan about 1 hour and 10 minutes before lamb is done. Roast until golden brown, basting with melted butter or margarine occasionally.

Buttered Fresh Asparagus: Snap off tough ends of asparagus stalks with your fingers. Trim off all the spines; wash well. Crumple aluminum foil at one side of skillet, prop tips on foil and pour about an inch of salted boiling water over stems. Cover; cook until lower parts of stalks are crisp tender. Drain asparagus; place on warm serving dish. Melt ¼ cup butter or margarine; lightly brown. Pour over asparagus; season with salt and pepper and a grating of nutmeg.

Endive Salad: Crisp endive in ice water; drain and gently dry with paper toweling. Cut endive in half lengthwise, starting at root end. Top with bottled spicy-sweet French dressing.

Cloverleaf Rolls: Prepare 1 package brown-and-serve rolls, following package directions. Serve hot.

Strawberries Cardinal: Wash and hull strawberries; drain. Sprinkle with sugar to sweeten; chill. Puree thawed frozen raspberries; strain to remove seeds. Divide puree in half. (Store one half in covered container in refrigerator to use at a later date.) Add 1 tsp. lemon juice and 2 tbsp. sugar to raspberry sauce; chill. To serve: arrange strawberries in glass dishes; add 1½ tsp. Grand Marnier to raspberry sauce and pour over strawberries. Top with a dollop of sweetened whipped cream.—**Theodora Poulos**

Shopping List: chives, fresh dill, parsley, 1 lb. asparagus, 2 Belgian endives, 6 new potatoes, 1 pt. strawberries, half a leg of lamb, boned (about 2½ lbs.), 10-oz. pkg. frozen raspberries, ½ pt. heavy cream, 8-oz. dairy-fresh sour cream, 12½-oz. can madrilene, 10½ oz. can consommé, 8-oz. bottle spicy-sweet French dressing. 15-oz. can artichoke hearts, whole nutmeg, Grand Marnier, brown-and-serve cloverleaf rolls. HAVE ON HAND: garlic bud, onion, white bread, thyme, marjoram, flour, butter or margarine, lemon, sugar.

What a treat for your bunch at Easter brunch—or any time! Try this light-hearted, melting good coffee cake and taste the delicious new flavor and appetizing new texture Karo adds to food. Karo Chatterbox Coffee Cake: Prepare your favorite rolled biscuit dough using 4 cups flour or biscuit mix. Form the dough into 1-inch balls. Mix 1 cup of sugar and 1 teaspoon of cinnamon; sprinkle 1/3 of mixture on bottom of greased 9 or 10-inch solid tube pan. Add 1/2 cup chopped nuts to remaining sugar mixture. Dip half the dough in 1/3 cup melted margarine; place on bottom of pan, just touching. Sprinkle with half the nut mixture. Repeat for second layer. Drizzle 1/3 cup Karo Crystal-Clear Syrup over dough. Bake in 350° F. oven 1 hour. Remove from pan at once and invert. Drizzle 1/4 cup Karo over top. Break into spicy "conversation pieces" and serve warm.

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Dr. Scholl's FOOT POWDER

GREEN-UP TIME

The arrival of early spring vegetables is one of the rites of spring. Here, fresh ways to prepare them from the *Journal* kitchens.

WATERCRESS-ANCHOVY SPREAD

1 pkg. (3 oz.) cream cheese
1 tbsp. anchovy paste
1½ tbsp. lemon juice
1 bunch watercress, chopped

Allow cream cheese to soften at room temperature. Mix well with remaining ingredients. Chill. Spread on crackers or small toast rounds. Makes about ¾ cup.

CREAM OF WATERCRESS SOUP

½ cup chopped onion
2 tbsp. butter or margarine
1 tbsp. flour
2 cups milk
1 bunch watercress, chopped
1 tsp. celery salt
1½ tsp. salt
2 cups light cream

In saucepan sauté onions in butter or margarine until golden. Stir in flour; add milk, stirring. Add chopped watercress, celery salt and salt; simmer gently 10–15 minutes. Add cream; heat. Taste for seasoning. Serves 6.

HERBED PEAS WITH WATER CHESTNUTS

3 lbs. peas
¼ cup water
½ tsp. basil
1½ tsp. salt
⅛ tsp. pepper
3 tbsp. butter or margarine
1 can (5 oz.) water chestnuts, thinly sliced
1 tbsp. chives, chopped

Shell peas. Bring water to boil in a large skillet. Add peas, basil, salt and pepper. Simmer 10 minutes, or until peas are just tender. Meanwhile, melt butter or margarine in small skillet; add water chestnuts and chives, sauté until water chestnuts are golden in color. Pour over peas and serve immediately. Serves 6.

PEAS, FRENCH STYLE

3 lbs. peas
1 small head Boston lettuce
¼ cup water
¼ cup butter or margarine
⅛ tsp. sugar
1 tsp. salt
6 scallions (white parts only) cut in ¼-inch pieces
4 sprigs parsley, tied
¼ tsp. pepper
2 tbsp. melted butter or margarine

Shell peas. Wash and drain lettuce; cut in shreds. Arrange lettuce on bottom of large skillet, add peas, water, butter or margarine, sugar, salt, scallions, parsley sprigs and pepper. Cover tightly and cook slowly until peas are tender, about 15 minutes. Shake pan occasionally. When peas are tender, liquid should have almost entirely evaporated. Remove parsley. Pour melted butter or margarine over peas. Serves 6.

ENDIVE AU GRATIN

6 Belgian endive
1 can (13¾ oz.) chicken broth
2 slices onion
1 lemon slice
4 tbsp. butter or margarine
¼ cup flour
2 cups milk
1½ tsp. seasoned salt
1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
½ tsp. monosodium glutamate
Dash cayenne pepper
¼ cup grated Swiss cheese
2 tbsp. grated Parmesan cheese
½ cup buttered bread crumbs

In a large skillet, steam endive in chicken broth, adding onion and lemon, about 10 minutes. Drain; arrange in shallow baking dish. Melt butter or margarine in saucepan, add flour and mix well until smooth. Stir in milk, seasoned salt, Worcestershire sauce, monosodium glutamate, cayenne pepper and Swiss cheese. Continue stirring until sauce is smooth and thickened. Pour over endive. Mix Parmesan cheese with bread crumbs; sprinkle evenly over top. Broil until crumbs are lightly browned and sauce is bubbly. Serve immediately. Serves 6.

(continued)

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COOKING WITH NESTLÉ'S

chocolate scotcheroos

You make 'em crunchy with Kellogg's® Rice Krispies and frost 'em smooth with Nestlé's® Morsels

1 cup sugar
1 cup light corn syrup
1 cup peanut butter
6 cups KELLOGG'S RICE KRISPIES

1 cup (6-oz. pkg.) NESTLÉ'S SEMI-SWEET CHOCOLATE MORSELS
1 cup (6-oz. pkg.) NESTLÉ'S BUTTERSCOTCH MORSELS

1. Combine sugar and syrup in 3-quart saucepan. Cook over moderate heat, stirring frequently, until mixture begins to bubble. Remove from heat. Stir in peanut butter; mix well. Add RICE KRISPIES; stir until well-blended. Press mixture into buttered 13x9-inch pan.

2. Melt NESTLÉ'S CHOCOLATE and BUTTERSCOTCH MORSELS together over very low heat or over hot but not boiling water, stirring until well-blended. Remove from heat; spread evenly over RICE KRISPIES mixture. Cool until firm. Cut into bars.

Yield: 48 bars, 2 x 1 inches

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ENDIVE SALAD

6 Belgian endive
¾ cup mayonnaise
2 tbsp. chili sauce
1 tsp. grated onion
1 tbsp. finely chopped India relish
¼ tsp. prepared horseradish
¾ tsp. lemon juice
¼ tsp. salt.
Dash liquid hot-pepper seasoning
Pinch sugar
1 tbsp. chopped chives, garnish

Crisp endive in ice water about 15 minutes before using. Drain; gently dry in paper towels. Cut endive heads in half lengthwise, starting at root ends. Combine remaining ingredients except chives; mix well. Spoon dressing over endive; sprinkle chopped chives on top. Serves 6.

LEEKS STUFFED WITH TUNA

6 leeks
1 can (3¼ oz.) tuna, drained
2½ tbsp. mayonnaise
1 tbsp. capers
2 tsp. lemon juice
⅛ tsp. Worcestershire sauce

Discard outer leaves and green tops of leeks. Wash white portions in several waters; cut in 2-inch lengths. Parboil 2 minutes in salted water; drain. Cut leeks in two lengthwise; refrigerate. Flake tuna; combine with remaining ingredients. Spread on leeks; serve chilled. Makes about 12 hors d'oeuvres.

COCK-A-LEEKIE SOUP

1 chicken (3½ lb.)
2 qts. water
1 onion stuck with 2 cloves
3–4 stalks celery with leaves
1 carrot, whole
1 small white turnip, peeled and quartered
4 sprigs parsley
1 bay leaf
Pinch thyme
2½ tsp. salt
¼ tsp. white pepper
6 leeks
¼ cup barley
Chopped parsley, garnish

Place all ingredients, except leeks, barley and chopped parsley in kettle. Bring to boil and simmer for 2 hours or until chicken is tender. Remove chicken, cool, bone and cut meat into cubes; set aside. Strain broth. Discard outer leaves and green tops from leeks; wash thoroughly. Cut into 1-inch pieces. Add leeks and barley to broth; simmer gently 20 minutes. Add chicken cubes; heat. Serve each portion topped with chopped parsley. Serves 6.

ASPARAGUS VINAIGRETTE

3 lbs. asparagus
½ cup salad oil
4 tbsp. wine vinegar
1 tsp. salt
1 tsp. dry mustar
1 tsp. grated onio
1 tbsp. chopped pimiento
4 crisp bacon slices, crumble

Cook asparagus, drain, arrange o plate, let cool. Combine remainin ingredients except bacon. Pour ha of dressing over asparagus; refriger ate 30 minutes. To serve: shake an pour remaining dressing over aspara gus; sprinkle bacon on top. Serves 6

ASPARAGUS WITH ROQUEFORT BUTTER SAUCE

3 lbs. asparagus
⅓ cup butter or margarine
2 tbsp. crumbled Roquefort cheese
1 tbsp. cider vinegar

Snap off tough ends of asparagus stalks with your fingers. Trim off all the spines; wash well. Cook either tied in bunches, standing stalks in about an inch of salted water in deep kettle, or crumple aluminum foil at one side of large skillet, prop tips on foil so that spears steam while stems cook in about one inch of salted water. Cover; cook 10–15 minutes or until crisp tender. Drain asparagus; place on warm serving dish. Combine remaining ingredients in saucepan; simmer 2 minutes to blend flavors. Pour over asparagus. Serves 6.

DANDELION GREENS

2 qts. dandelion greens
1 tsp. salt
⅛ tsp. pepper
Olive oil
Lemon wedges, garnish

Wash the leaves thoroughly; remove tough roots or stems. Boil in salted water for a few minutes until tender. Drain very thoroughly. Season with salt and pepper. Serve garnished with lemon wedges. Have a cruet of oil on the table. Serves 4–6.

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HOW AMERICA LIVES

Just 25 years ago, the Journal *began what became an American institution. It was the series* How America Lives. *Some of the nation's finest writers visited families all over the land. They wrote of real people: their joys and sorrows, their budgets and their dreams—the essence of our country. Now, as all of us are engulfed in change as never before, the* Journal *is proud to begin this series afresh in the May issue. Meanwhile, one of America's great reporters talks below about the many urgent tasks that are ahead for all of us.*

BY JOHN GUNTHER

A good many years ago I wrote a book called *Inside U.S.A.*, which sought to describe this prodigious, multiform country of ours with special attention to its wealth of color, vitality and variety, its immense constellation of issues and problems, its rainbowlike arc of virtues, defects, satisfactions, humiliations, uncertainties and challenges.

It took me almost a thousand pages to cram in the most salient features. This country is a huge cornucopia endlessly pouring out treasures, endlessly being replenished.

Recently I returned from a trip abroad and tried to look at the glittering panorama of our national scene with a fresh eye. Two or three things struck me the moment I stepped off the plane. Airports are alike everywhere, but, within a few moments, I realized once more that this America of ours is dramatically different from any other country on earth. One point to make is the number and extent of our national contradictions. They hit you right in the eye. During the 40-minute drive into Manhattan I saw again that we were at once rich, poor, orderly, disorderly, beautiful, ugly, sane and demented—as witness the way youngsters handle dilapidated motorcars, as if they were flinging themselves off into outer space on two wheels.

Two other preliminary impressions in the realm of the superficial: By and large this is a cheerful country. And by and large it has snap, bite and zip.

How *does* America live? This is the question I began to ask myself. What, if any, are the common denominators in our marvelously complex society, our incomparably diversified breadth of mood and scene?

America lives well. We have indeed become "the affluent society." Our income per capita is greater than that of any country in the world; our society has the highest standard of living in the world. We spend sums fantastic beyond belief for objects or services which give us comfort or luxury beyond basic needs—jewelry, cosmetics, furs. And as to our necessities (citizens of Libya, Paraguay, Ceylon and even large parts of Western Europe might not think of them as "necessities"), just think of this: there are 82,000,000 motor vehicles pullulating on our roads today, and three-quarters of them have radios.

Not only is America rich; it is fantastically productive. Our blessings include geography, an immeasurably varied bedrock of raw materials, and, in the human realm, men and women with drive, inventiveness, diligence, a love for gadgetry (in all dimensions), competitiveness, and a delight in success both for its own sake and as a badge of wealth and power. The results include everything from wild extravagances in children's toys to the latest moon shot; to such dizzying financial items as A.T.&T.'s profits of more than $1.7 billion last year; and our Gross National Product, which now exceeds $600 billion.

Status symbols differ strikingly, it seems, in different countries. In England the major one is still birth, that is to say, class, aristocracy; in France, the intellect; in Italy, sex; in the Soviet Union and its satellites, political power; in surviving feudal countries, land. In the United States almost all of our status symbols, from a house in the best section of town to an Ivy League school to a new mink coat, relate to money—excluding such somewhat goofy symbols as a low license plate on your automobile.

America lives by buying and selling, by barter and exchange. This was true when I wrote *Inside U.S.A.* in the 1940's, and it is still true today. Salesmanship is the greatest occupation in the land. People in illimitable profusion not only buy and sell goods and services in illimitable amounts but in bewildering variety. A good index of this is the classified advertisement section of your newspaper, with its lists of needs and offers from secondhand dishwashers to a new job—all embedded in those small-type pages which, with their grayish ink and neatly articulated spacing, will be waste (*continued on page 58*)

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NEW LIGHT MAZOLA® ENDS OILY COOKING ODORS

and of all leading national brands...

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- No odor in the bottle—No odor in the pan.
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Crispier on the outside, juicier on the inside – frozen sea food tastes much more delicious when you pan-heat it in a skillet with just a little Mazola 100% corn oil.

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Tastes as good as it looks. ONLY 2½¢ A BOWL. Wyler's has a way with Chicken Noodle Soup. Generous helpings of egg noodles float in rich chicken stock made from tender roasted chickens. Each envelope makes 4 big servings.

"How on earth does Wyler's® do it at the price?"

Shown: Wyler's top favorites, Chicken Noodle and Chicken Rice. Also try Vegetable, Potato, Bean, Beef Noodle.

Wyler & Company, Division of The Borden Company

HOW AMERICA LIVES

continued from page 56

paper the next day. But they do their job on the day when they appear. Another index is the classified section of your telephone directory. It tells a lot about the remarkable variety of our opportunities and enterprises.

America lives with exhilarating variety. Obviously the coal miner in Appalachia and the research biologist at Cal Tech represent different realms of society. Geography, tradition, education and earning power all play a role in our sectional differences, and these exist on every level. The gamut is long between *tournedos chasseur* at Le Pavillon restaurant in New York (which many connoisseurs consider to be the best restaurant in the world) and a stale meat loaf served in a dog-eared lean-to behind a filling station in an Arkansas village. So is the gamut—just to pick another example from another level—between a lace-bound slip out of a boutique in one of the chic New York shops and blue jeans on a girl working on a Montana ranch. But the very distance between these extremes represents the American scene, so copious, profuse, exuberant.

America lives by movement. This is still the country of the frontier, of vast inner migrations, of incessant shifts in population—and not merely of people, but of styles, modes of behavior, institutions. Once the major direction was from east to west, but now I should say, it goes more from west to east. Ranch houses, casual sports clothes, open-air life, better standards in schools, have spread from California all over the nation. In any case, we are an extremely restless nation. One out of every five American families moves every year. The average New York City family moves once every 18 months. Then, too, think of our mobility within social or economic categories. This is the most volatile nation in the world. The sharecropper's son goes to Harvard. And a Harvard professor's son can become a longshoreman. The rich are constantly in danger of becoming poor and the poor often get rich. This is one of the most distinctive of all American characteristics. You won't find it in Pakistan or Uganda.

America lives fast. Our pace is dizzying. Buildings get torn down, it seems, almost before they have the roof on. Americans want to get ahead urgently, urgently. This is a youthful country, and youth likes speed. Details beyond count are part of this theme. Consider our thirst for novelties; what was good yesterday is not good enough today. Consider our birthrate, which adds three million to the population every year. Or, on a different level, consider our scientific and technical advances alone. We have pushed further into the frontiers of the unknown in the past brace of decades than in the previous brace of centuries.

It's time now to turn to the less favorable sides of the picture.

America lives well, yes—but not well enough. A generation ago the catch phrase was that one third of the nation was ill-clothed, ill-housed, ill-fed. The figures today are better than that, but we should not forget that the income of the average American family is $6,200 a year. These are days of blazing prosperity for many, but the unemployment rate over the nation at large is 5.2 percent, which means that, as of the moment, we have 3.7 million wage earners without jobs, a shameful figure for country as rich as ours. But—even c sidering this—we live as a whole bet than anybody on earth, and Presid Johnson's campaign against pover may bring further real improvement.

America lives from hand to mou Statistics could be provided by the c load to adduce our vast natural holding savings banks, insurance, and stocks a bonds, but the fact remains that this not basically a thrifty country, as Fran (as an example) is. Live for the day, p tomorrow, comes close to being American maxim. Look at the way t United States leads the world in inst ment buying and our mad delight credit cards proliferating all over t place and covering practically all realr of human endeavor. They hang out o businessman's wallet like wampum.

America lives wastefully. No countr it seems to me, wastes as much as t United States does. Waste is symbolic American wealth, devil-may-care-is and carelessness. Every Frenchm Greek and Chinese saves every piece string, every slab of old cardboard. O impulse is to throw it all away. Of cour one reason why we live hand to mou and indulge in waste is that, fortunatel we can afford the loss. Maybe our wast fulness would be lessened if we went more for organized, unified planning the national as well as personal level, most countries do. But Five-, Seve Nine-Year Plans are not for us.

America lives uniformly. We do li variously, yes, but we are also conspic ous for a deadening impulse to conform ity. The basic patterns are the same most everywhere. The life of a salm fisherman in the Pacific Northwe clearly differs from that of a shoe sal man in New England, but trends towa uniformity and standardization becom more marked decade by decade, year year. Highways, supermarkets, cha stores, snarled traffic, police sirens, t ubiquitous hold-all drugstore, make identical imprint from coast to coa Drop me without warning in the midd of any average American city and won't be able to say (climate asid whether I'm in Des Moines, Cincinna or Duluth. Suburbias in particular are t same almost all over the country, staple on to their cities with a maddening sam ness. The United States is immense various, but also immensely one. T best three-word description of o country ever made is our nation motto—*E Pluribus Unum.*

America lives dangerously. This is country where a great many citizens li to take long chances (even in foreig policy); welcome unknowns (in politi and otherwise); love to gamble (our n tional gambling bill is estimated \$50 billion); and cross the street again red lights. None of us is far from t heritage of frontier days with its tr dition of free-for-all swashbuckling.

We even live lawlessly. Maybe this also a heritage, sometimes submerge from frontier days. In any case, t United States is—even today—probabl the least law-abiding country in t world, as well as the most careless abou human lives. We killed an estimated 48 000 men, women and children in moto vehicle accidents last year, and no civ lized country is as defaced as we are b such phenomena as the Mafia, murde by professional racketeers, and teen-ag gangs. I don't know any city in Europ with a park like Central Park in Ne York, where it is actively (*continue*

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unsafe to walk alone at night. I would rather tramp all the way across New Guinea than penetrate some of the streets of the Brooklyn waterfront for five minutes.

Generalizations are risky, but let me proceed.

Does America live thoughtfully? Hardly. One of our less admirable characteristics is to act first, think later.

Does it live obediently? On the whole, no. Even though many of us are conformists, we are likely to do what we want to do (if possible) when conflict arises between duty and desire.

Does it live morally? Yes and no. The Puritan strain is still strong in many of us, but the amorous high jinks of our youngsters are well known, and one out of every four American marriages ends in divorce.

Reverently? Again yes and no. Church attendance may be high, but spiritual values are often scant.

Gallantly? To some degree. We are not a craven people.

Complainingly? Of course—even though cheerfulness is a major national trait. Most Americans love to gripe.

Colorfully? Yes! Think of the bizarre sport shirts we go in for, or the rainbow colors we give to packaged foods.

Justly? No—not while a state like Mississippi and others in the South continue to be quagmires of backwardness, cruelty and intolerance.

And to conclude—

America lives openly. This is probably the most outspoken, the most candid country in the world. We are not, like the Spanish or Japanese, an essentially private people. We love gossip. We don't even mind gossip about ourselves, if it is not too scurrilous. Almost everybody wants to get his name in a column, trade personalities over the back fence with a neighbor (yes, there are still back fences and still neighbors in America), answer questionnaires of the most shocking intimacy, and say to the taxi driver, "How much you make, Mac?" Nobody in a foreign country ever asks anybody what his income is. It is the last word in what is taboo. In larger spheres this instinct to openness can be a valuable national asset. Problems are admitted, not concealed, which makes progress easier.

America lives vicariously. I do not need to go into this. Ever heard of TV?

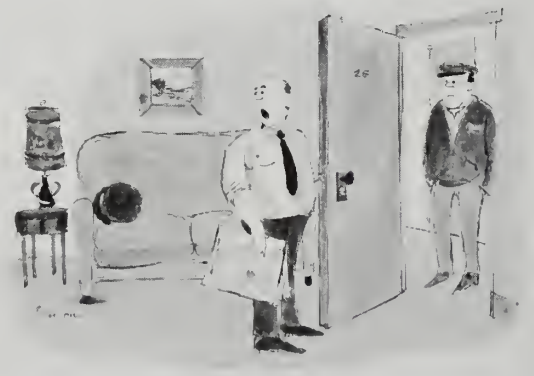
America lives handsomely. I do not mean that every youngster on a beach in Maine or around an eccentrically shaped swimming pool in California is necessarily good-looking, but, in spite of all our manifest deficiencies in medical care, most of our young people are fresh, vigorous and reasonably healthy. Boys and girls have eyeglasses when they need them. By and large they have good teeth, and are taught to take care of them. Think by comparison of teen-agers you might see in Portugal or Bolivia. Americans make a national fetish of hygiene—perhaps we overdo it—and also of decoration and embellishment. A little less money spent on hairdos and other artifices and more on teachers' salaries would do us good, but at least our physical presence and posture are often a joy to witness. What sight in the world can match that of the pretty girls walking crisply and luxuriously down Fifth Avenue at dusk on an autumn afternoon?

Finally, **America lives constructively.** This is above all a practical-minded country, and we like concrete results. The United States can make mistakes and there are plenty of blots on our national record, but it is capable of feats of constructive energy almost beyond measure. "This country," I wrote in *Inside U.S.A.* so many years ago, "is a nation at once bull-shouldered and quick as a ballet dancer on its feet. It is supple and full of nerves and fiber and it is capable of the most immense and formidable achievements."

Then, too, most Americans are, I think, people of goodwill, a friendly people, generous, gregarious, given naturally to good works. I think of neighbors out in the Middle West, where I grew up as a child, and farmers and townsmen in Vermont, where I spend the summers when I am lucky enough to be able to get there. This is a country which has, above everything, a quality of heart. We are not a cynical people. We are not pretentious. One of our basic merits is an appealing and unconquerable simplicity—almost innocence. We live decently for the most part, with an ingrained and ingrown sense of responsibility to ourselves, our children and the community. Almost all of us feel that we have a share in the American dream—of a free society based on individual dignity and equality, faith, aspiration, clarity of vision and the honorable meeting of honest minds after honest argument.

But are we all that we ought to be? Hardly! Do we live to full physical and intellectual capacity? No.

And that is probably the most exciting of all the elements in the question of how America lives. "America was promises," Archibald MacLeish once wrote in a well-known poem. Promises imply challenge, and we in our country today are facing some of the greatest challenges ever known. But this is a country with a rich experience of challenges successfully met. We have power, energy and a *liking* for accomplishment. There is no reason why our promises to ourselves should not come true. ■



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THE LOOKING GLASS WAR

You are about to share a literary event of 1965. It is the sequel to the phenomenal best seller, "The Spy Who Came In From the Cold." On the next page, the Journal begins a haunting tale of men caught in the cruel world of espionage. But it is more than that. It is a story of one lonely man who meets his ultimate crisis—and his destiny—with a woman.

By John le Carré

A secret agent passed the word to London: the East Germans had a hidden missile base. It was Cuba all over again, but this time the duel between East and West was being fought in silence by professional spies who were supposed to live without emotion—but never could. First of two parts.

Snow covered the airfield. It had come from the north, in the mist, driven by the night wind, smelling of the sea. There it would stay all winter, threadbare on the gray earth, an icy, sharp dust; not thawing and freezing, but static like a year without seasons.

It was a scene of no depth, no recession and no shadows. The land was one with the sky; figures and buildings locked in the cold like bodies in an iceflow.

Beyond the airfield there was nothing; no house, no hill, no road; not even a fence, a tree; only the sky pressing on the dunes, the running fog that lifted on the muddy Baltic shore.

A group of children in school caps had gathered at the long observation window, chattering in German. Some wore ski clothes. Taylor gazed dully past them, standing at the bar with a glass in his hand. A boy turned round and stared at him, blushed, and whispered to the other children.

He looked at his watch, making a wide arc with his arm, partly to free the sleeve of his overcoat and partly because it was his style; a military man, he wished you to say, decent regiment, decent club.

Ten to four. The plane was an hour late. They would have to announce the reason soon over the loudspeaker. He wondered what they would say: delayed by fog, perhaps; delayed takeoff. They probably didn't even know—and they certainly would not admit—that she was two hundred miles off course, and south of Rostock. He finished drinking his Steinhäger, turned to get rid of the empty glass.

The loudspeaker blared suddenly, faded out and began again, properly tuned. The children stared expectantly at it. First the announcement in Finnish, then in Swedish, now in English. Northern Air Services regretted the delay to their charter flight two-nine-zero from Düsseldorf. No hint of how long, no hint of why. They probably didn't know themselves.

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ILLUSTRATIONS BY AUSTIN BRIGGS

But Taylor knew. He wondered what would happen if he sauntered over to that pert little hostess in the glass box and told her: two-nine-zero will be a bit of time yet, my dear, she's been blown off course by heavy northern gales over the Baltic.

Outside it was already growing dark. Now the ground was lighter than the sky; the swept runways stood out against the snow like dikes, stained with the amber glow of marking lights. The girl's voice began again on the loudspeaker. The arrival of flight two-nine-zero would be delayed at least another hour.

Pushing open the swing door, Taylor made his way downstairs to the reception hall. Near to the main entrance he recognized the yellow pennant of Northern Air Services. The girl at the desk was very pretty.

"What's happened to the Düsseldorf flight?" His style was confiding; they said he had a knack with little girls.

"They will tell it on the loudspeaker," she said, "as soon as they know."

"Who's the skipper, dear?"

"Captain Lansen."

Lansen. It was odd to hear a name spoken out like that. In the outfit they simply never did it. They favored cover names: our flying friends, our friend up north, the chappie who takes the snapshots; never in any circumstances the name.

Taylor felt the outside of his overcoat pocket to make sure the envelope was still there. Five thousand dollars for one flight; eighteen hundred pounds, tax free, to lose your way over the Baltic. Mind you, Lansen didn't do that every day. This was special; Leclerc had said so.

He went upstairs again to the bar. The barman was getting to know him. Taylor pointed to the bottle of Steinhäger on the center shelf and said, "Give me another, d'you mind?"

He opened his wallet and took out a bank note. In the cellophane compartment there was a photograph of a girl, perhaps nine years old, wearing glasses and holding a doll. "My daughter," he explained, and the barman gave an appreciative smile.

He had to admit: he was nervous. It was an eerie situation for a man of his experience and age, going over from routine pickups to operational stuff. This was a job for those swine in the Circus, not for his outfit at all. A different kettle of fish altogether, this was, from the ordinary courier stuff he was used to; stuck out on a limb, miles from nowhere. *(continued)*

Taylor was frightened. He had been walking about five minutes when the car began to overtake him, the sound of its engine deadened by the snow.

It beat him why they ever put an airport in a place like this.

Leclerc had said it was big, and Taylor believed him. They had got him a passport with another name. Malherbe. Pronounced "Mallaby," they said. Taylor couldn't even spell it; made a botch of the hotel register when he signed in that morning. The subsistence was fantastic, of course: fifteen quid a day operational expenses, no vouchers asked for. He'd heard the Circus gave seventeen. He could make a good bit on that, buy something for Joanie.

He'd told her, of course: he wasn't supposed to, but Leclerc didn't know Joanie. How the hell was he supposed to push off to Scandinavia without telling his wife?

He suddenly realized that everything had gone silent. The barman was standing still, listening. Then he heard the sound of an aircraft, still far away, but approaching. He made quickly for the window, was halfway there when the loud-speaker began. At last the English. Lansen was coming in.

The bar had emptied. Taylor ordered a drink. He knew his drill: stay put in the bar, Leclerc had said, Lansen will meet you in the bar after he has coped with his flight documents, cleared his cameras. Taylor heard the children singing downstairs, a woman leading them. Why did he have to be surrounded by kids and women? He was doing a man's job, wasn't he, with five thousand in his pocket and a phony passport. *(continued on page 102)*

BEDROOMS: EMPHASIS ON

. . . your own personal taste. No more holding back timidly and anonymously with pale pastels and discreet pattern. The trend today is to express yourself openly and confidently—with a cleverly planned clash of colors (if that's your preference); with patterns in bold juxtapositions; with discriminate clutter; with nostalgia; with anything, in fact, that means something special to you. Here are six highly personal bedrooms; with them, colorful examples of how sheets and pillowcases have kept pace.

BY MARGARET WHITE
Decorating Editor

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GUERRERO

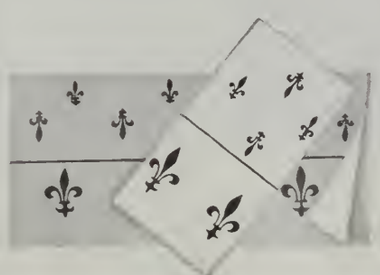
Emphasis on: Using one pattern generously (an Everfast cotton), to cover almost everything—walls, bed, furniture. Apart from personal preference, this is an excellent device for making a small room look bigger. You can use it, too, to smooth out a roomful of angles, to cover imperfect walls, or to compensate for architectural dullness. One note of contrast: the early-American quilt. One color accent: bright red. Room decorated by David Eugene Bell of Bloomingdale's. "Brittany" stripe sheet and pillowcase by Cannon Mills.

Emphasis on: A completely personal approach to nostalgia—a way to achieve great charm without unbalancing the budget. This bedroom belongs to English actress Hermione Gingold. She furnished it with inexpensive Victorian finds, painted everything white and added little touches of carefully chosen clutter, including her blue-

glass collection and old lithographs at either side of the bed. Spread and canopy are eyelet organdy over flowered cotton. Fieldcrest's "Desert Flower" sheet and pillowcase could have been used under the organdy.

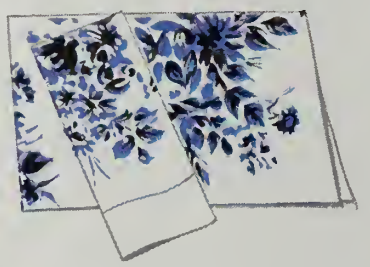
Emphasis on: Seeing beyond a room's actual boundaries. Within the tiny space of this bedroom, three bold black-and-white patterns and a large canopy bed have been used to create new dimensions for the eye. Largest of the patterns is the black-and-white ceiling-to-floor wallpaper. In juxtaposition with it, two small-scale black-and-white cotton fabrics: a houndstooth-check chair seat, gingham-check bedspread

and canopy. Mirrors at head of bed play more tricks with space. Photographed in the house of Mrs. Daniel Buchsbaum. Room decorated by John FitzGibbon of Yale Burge. Sheet and pillowcase are Pepperell's "Fleur-de-Lis."

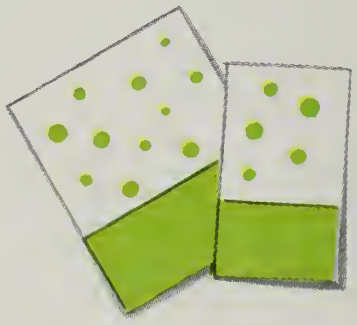


Emphasis on: Color and practicality. This nursery side of a divided room (top) for two children is filled with the brilliant colors children adore; the practical materials mothers depend on: vinyl floor, shelves that adjust to growing needs, Formica-surfaced cupboard. Acrylite panel screen provides privacy with filtered light. Sheet and pillowcase are Fieldcrest's "Puppet Show."

Emphasis on: A young, feminine mood (bottom). High point of high ceiling is gingham-check wallpaper with repeating bows. These are handpainted in larger scale on scalloped window shades. Along the wall behind beds is 10-year-old owner-artist Lizzie Meyer's private gallery of watercolors. Bedroom decorated by David Barrett. Flowered sheet and pillowcase are Wamsutta's "Milles Fleurs."



Emphasis on: Romantic simplicity (opposite). Framed by a sweep of parrakeet-green glossy stained floor (DuraSeal), the focal point of this bedroom is a high canopy bed, the canopy attached to the ceiling, with graceful turned posts that spiral to the floor. Photographed in the house of Mr. and Mrs. Wingate Paine. Decorated by John FitzGibbon of Yale Burge. Sheet and pillowcase are Springmaid "Echotone Dots."



SKIN: A THIRST FOR BEAUTY

We'll bet you, like most fresh-air-minded Americans, have a favorite sport—tennis, skiing, sailing or golf—that happily takes every spare second you have. And, when indoors, don't you take it for granted that you can make your own climate with the twist of a dial? But, did you know that all these good things—the fresh air you can't get enough of, the steam heat and air conditioning that make the living so easy—are constantly robbing your skin of its most precious possession: moisture? Moisture is what keeps skin smooth and young. Your own built-in humidifying system feeds it to your skin as you require it—until your teens, when the system slows down naturally and can't always keep pace with the demands of our American environment. This is why moisturizers—which help you hold onto the skin's natural moisture—have become / continued on page 136

By SUSAN HARNEY *Beauty Editor*

PHOTOGRAPH BY GEORGE BARKENTIN

Is infidelity becoming more common in American marriage—and increasingly accepted?
Is sexual satisfaction the real goal of an unfaithful spouse?
Are marital partners who have had extensive premarital relations more vulnerable to extramarital experiences?
Do some husbands want *their wives to be unfaithful?*
Is there an automatic "danger age" for infidelity?

infidelity

The questions listed above are raised by a remarkable new investigation of marital unfaithfulness in America, its reality and its alarming portents. The results of this survey are by no means the last word on this delicate and explosive problem of family life. But they represent the best combined observations of some of the most experienced marriage counselors across the nation.

Infidelity has always been the most secret, guilt-ridden and lied-about aspect of American marriage. The very furtiveness of infidelity has confounded many serious inquiries into the problem; unfaithful husbands and wives are seldom candid with survey takers.

In recent years, however, an increasing number of wives and husbands have discussed their own infidelities frankly with the social workers in the more than 300 Family Service Association of America agencies. These counselors have spent much of their working lives listening to distraught wives and tormented husbands pour out their most intimate problems. Though sympathetic, they are deeply experienced in cutting away the emotional underbrush which often obscures the root causes of infidelity. They have the patience and the skill to see through surface excuses, such as "My wife doesn't love me" or "We just fell in love."

The *Journal*, therefore, in seeking to shed light upon this threat to the American family, turned to the Family Service Association, whose member agencies serve more than 400,000 families a year. The result is what may well be the most candid appraisal that has yet been possible of the sad and surprising nature of modern infidelity.

At the *Journal*'s request, the authoritative Opinion Research Corporation of Princeton, N.J., in cooperation with the Family Service Association, designed a comprehensive 23-point questionnaire. The questionnaire elicited an extraordinary response from 154 of the association's agencies employing a total of more than 500 participating counselors. In city after city, agency directors and their caseworkers worked individually and in groups to distill the answers from the depth and breadth of their experience.

To some questions, the answers varied widely. A Jewish agency in Hartford, Conn., for example, declared that *none* of its cases involved infidelity, while an agency in Portland, Oreg., estimated that infidelity was a factor in "between 90 and 100 percent" of all of its marriage-counseling cases. The overall tabulation of results, however, indicated that in one out of every four cases counseled by the Family Service agencies, infidelity is part of a broader problem troubling a marriage. More than half the agencies that answered this question felt that infidelity is more common today than it was five years ago, and 64 percent felt it more prevalent today than 10 years ago. (Some counselors suggested that some of the increase may be only apparent, because part of the rise in the number of infidelity cases may reflect the fact that more people now trust in the discretion of social-work counselors and are willing to speak honestly with them about sex.)

Why this tragic incidence of infidelity? Of the many reasons identified by the marriage counselors, one stands out as particularly poignant. As the counselors in Youngstown, Ohio, succinctly put it: "Infidelity is so often merely a continuation of premarital excursions." And the staff of the Pittsfield, Mass., agency wrote that "if sex is used as a medium for draining off anxiety prior to marriage, then it is probable sex will be used in the same manner . . . during marriage." When the purpose of sex is not love but release, the Pittsfield counselors pointed out, the sex partner becomes secondary; what matters is not so much *who* supplies a sexual outlet—the spouse or someone else—but merely that it be supplied.

Many of the agencies felt that infidelity will become an even more serious problem in years to come. The Camden, N.J., agency commented: "We can anticipate an even greater increase in promiscuity, since parents who are engaging in promiscuous acts have a

A pioneering survey on a growing problem of American families, prepared for Ladies' Home Journal *by 154 marriage counselors of the Family Service Association of America.*

By JUNE CALLWOOD

different attitude about this and will be communicating this freer attitude to their children. They will not be able to carry over the traditional moral values." One young client explained to her counselor in bewilderment that she had never expected that she would ever follow her mother's pattern of casual affairs, "but here I am."

When they were asked to rank all factors influencing the increase in adultery, 71 percent of the agencies reporting put the most severe blame on what might be called "changing social attitudes." As the counselors in Alexandria, Va., said: "The current stress on looking sexy is influencing our young people more and more. This in itself gives unwritten permission to freer sexual activities. An individual growing up exposed to this does not make a sudden shift once he is married." Perry J. Gangloff, executive director of the Broome County, N.Y., agency, said: "The large part of our experience has been with middle-class couples, and we feel that in this segment of society there has been a real change in moral behavior. The middle class has always represented strong moral character, the strength and security of the family. Yet it is our opinion that infidelity is now taken as a matter of course in a number of [middle-class] marriages where couples are under thirty. This kind of behavior is no longer considered a deviation from the norm by an increasing number of young persons." Gangloff's staff pointed out in its replies to the questionnaire that some women are peculiarly tolerant of infidelity. "If the man carries on within the family as usual," they wrote, "so that the family *appears* intact, the wife often accepts the situation."

Sixteen percent of the agencies remarked that the higher proportion of working wives in recent years provided "opportunity and temptation" not found in the home. Others mentioned the tendency for American families to move more than they used to; the uprootings seem to produce a sense of "nonbelonging" that some husbands and wives try to relieve with a sexual affair. Some family counselors also guessed that improvements in contraception have removed what was for some people the single real deterrent to infidelity—fear of unwanted pregnancy.

No question about it: Despite the condemnation of adultery in the Ten Commandments; despite the warnings in marriage ceremonies, most of which stress some version of the time-honored injunction to "forsake all others"; despite the laws that insist that adultery is the primary (and sometimes only) ground for divorce—infidelity is a severe problem in the society of the '60's.

Reading through the yard-high stack of completed questionnaires, one senses the struggle of the counselors, faced with the need to explain a phenomenon as multifaceted as American life itself. The Cincinnati counselors observed that people "seem less able to contain their anxieties today, less able to tolerate frustrations than was true when children were reared according to more rigid codes of behavior." Others blame the approval with which books and movies depict all manner of sexual behavior. Still others deplore the extraordinary prevalence of the romantic fantasy that for each of us a "perfect mate" exists somewhere.

Further complicating the task of obtaining a fully accurate picture of infidelity as a national phenomenon is the fact that many clients of the Family Service agencies may not be "typical" Americans. To begin with, family counselors see only those troubled persons who are intelligent and hopeful enough to seek professional help; unhappily, millions of Americans never think of asking for professional advice, and millions more don't require it (or think they don't). In addition, the F.S.A.A. finds that, despite the extensive work its agencies do among low-income families, the majority of its clients are from the middle-income level. The wealthy, on the other hand, usually prefer to see psychiatrists or get along without assistance. The Family Service (*continued on page 132*)

THE GREAT EASTER EGG HUNT

By TRUDY OWETT, *Fashion Editor*

ILLUSTRATIONS BY EVA LEFFERTS

Follow the rabbit in the rowboat," was the first mysterious clue. So Emily, Elsie and Elizabeth, whose names all begin with E (like Easter and egg), ran after the rabbit and discovered a cave by the sea (but, alas, no Easter eggs).

Elsie's blue cotton dress with white polka dots, $8, and Elizabeth's white cotton dress with blue polka dots, $11, are by Borgenicht. Both 3–6x.

"Climb a tree and see," said the clue they found in the cave. High places make Elsie dizzy, so she waited. But Elizabeth and Emily climbed up and searched near and far. Suddenly, Elizabeth spied some hopeful signs.

Elsie's flowered dress by Suzy Brooks, of Dacron-and-cotton dotted Swiss, 3-6x, $11. Emily's flounce dress by Alyssa, of cotton organza, 3-6x, $11; 7-14, $13. Elizabeth's pleated dress by Young Sophisticates, of Dacron-and-cotton dotted Swiss, 3-6x, $16; 7-14, $20.

All three girls ran to the signs. But now, which way to go was the question, for all the signs pointed to eggs. Then and there, Elizabeth decided to put a bloodhound on the trail. Elsie and Emily chose the forest path.

Elizabeth's pink tier-pleated dress is by Shepardess, of Dacron/cotton double-dotted Swiss, 3-6x, $11; 7-12, $13. Elsie's blue, tier-pleated dress is by Kate Greenaway, of Dacron/cotton voile, 3-6x, $11. Emily's pink pleated dress, by Cinderella, of Arnel piqué 3-6x, $9.

When Emily and Elsie were in the middle of the forest, Elsie said in a frightened voice, "Maybe we should go back before it gets dark." Emily took Elsie's hand and said bravely, "Come on, I'm not scared."

Emily's rayon dress, Shepardess, 3–6x, $8; 7–12, $9. Elsie's blouson dress, RAR Moppets, Dacron/cotton broadcloth, 3–6x, $9; 7–14, $11.

Elizabeth's bloodhound led her to a spooky house, then ran away. Even though she heard all kinds of noises, she searched everywhere. Then, a rabbit in a wing chair said, "I can take you to the eggs in a hop, skip and jump."

Elizabeth's blue-pink-white cotton dress is pleated from a high yoke, has overlapping organza collars. Youngland, 3–6x, $9; 7–12, $11.

ALL FASHIONS AT LORD & TAYLOR, NEW YORK, AND AT STORES ON PAGE 127.

Where do you think the rabbit took Elizabeth? And where do you think the forest path took Elsie and Emily? To the library of Elsie's house, where the eggs were hidden behind a picture of a grandfather rabbit.

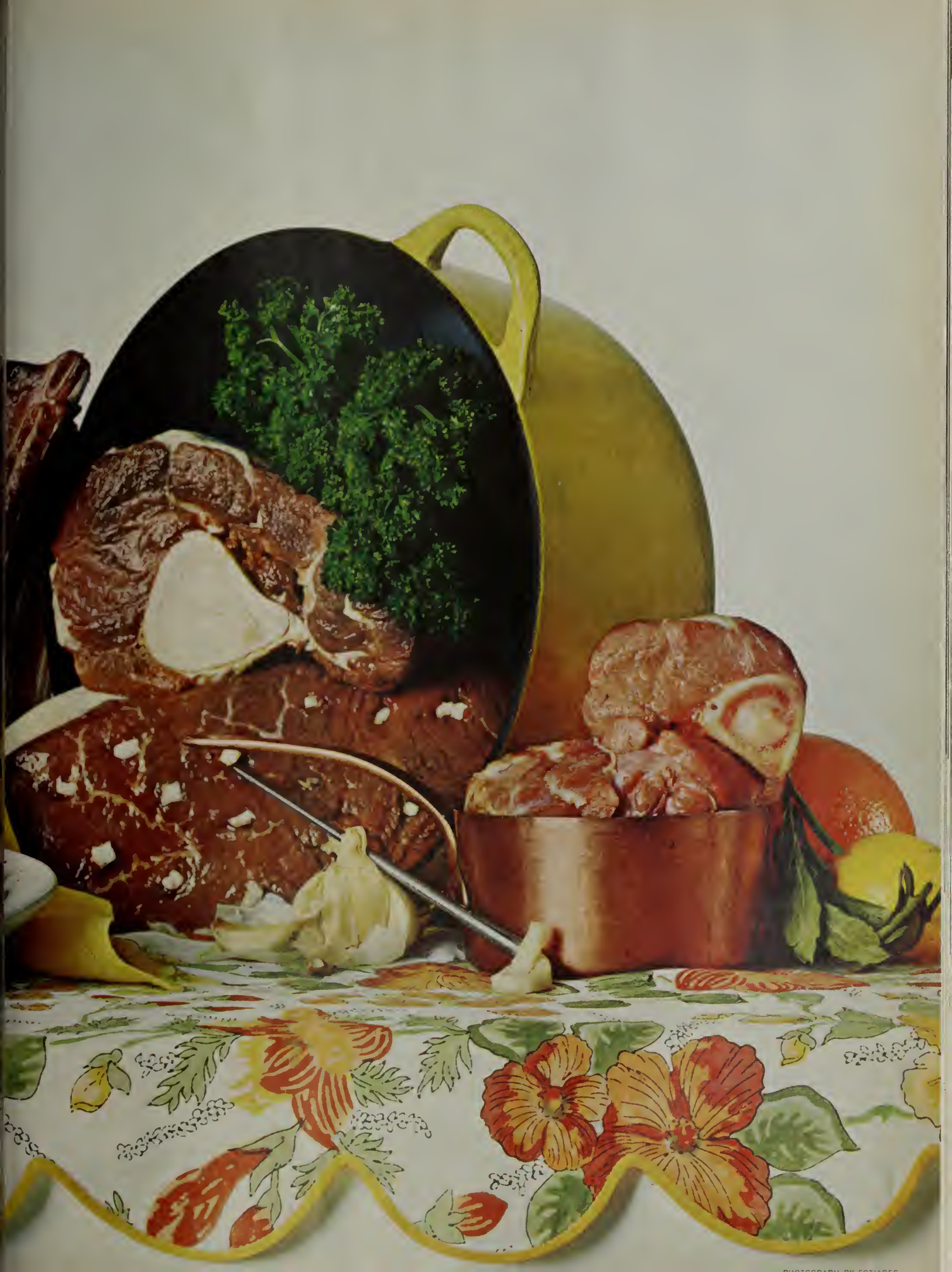
Emily's dress of Dacron/rayon linen has a detachable cotton eyelet collar, 3–6x, $9; 7–12, $11. Elsie's is of Dacron poplin, has a Dacron organza collar, 3–6x, $8; 7–14, $9. Elizabeth's has a middy collar. Of Dacron/rayon linen, 3–6x, $9; 7–14, $11. All by Joseph Love.

IN THE POT

Some to be served hot, some cold (and all from the freezer 90 days old), these hearty beef dishes owe their rich flavor to long back-of-the-stove simmering.

Every country has its own favorite recipe for beef in the pot. In the United States we have Yankee Pot Roast; in France it's *Daube Provençal* (pictured below) and the Italians call their potted beef *Stufato*. Whatever the nationality, the cooking techniques are the same the world over for in-the-pot cooking. They start with an inexpensive cut of beef that is seared and browned in a bit of fat—oil, butter, or margarine—then set to simmer gently in a small amount of liquid—stock, water or wine—along with herbs, vegetables, fruit, spices (the combination varies according to the dish), which, during the long cooking process (2–4 hours) add their own flavors to that of the meat. A sauce is made from the natural juices in the pot, or tomato paste; sour cream or flour and butter are added for seasoning and thickening. In-the-pot recipes are given on page 98.

FROM THE JOURNAL KITCHENS



SPRING WEEKEND BRUNCHES

Brunch is a purely American invention—and a delightfully characteristic one, so typical of our American love for informality. This hybrid form of lunch and breakfast is a wonderful way to entertain on weekends, when calendars are clear during the day and everyone feels rested and unrushed. On these leisurely occasions, hostesses get a chance to display their creative flair, for brunch is a meal that can be full of surprises. And it's economical entertaining. On these pages are three special-occasion brunches; our menus planned for the nondisappearing hostess: almost everything can be prepared well in advance. Recipes on page 97.

By Diane Durham Associate Food Editor

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALBERT GOMMI

EASTER BRUNCH

TOMATO ROCKER
CRÊPES PREMIÈRE
MUSTARD SAUCE • GRILLED TOMATOES
DATE-NUT BREAD • CHEESE-JAM MOLD
ORANGE DANISH • COFFEE

BEGINNER'S BRUNCH

GRAPEFRUIT BASKETS
BAKED EGG NESTS • CRISP BACON
PINEAPPLE-CHEESE LOAF
EASTER-EGG BISCUITS
MILK • COFFEE

PARTY BRUNCH

MINTED ORANGES
SHERRIED SWEETBREADS IN RICE BASKETS
SAUSAGE LINKS • PINEAPPLE CHUNKS
BRIOCHE BUTTER CURLS • ALMOND TWISTS
DRY WHITE WINE • COFFEE

TO ALL LENGTHS WITH LACE

What's more bewitching than a little lace this spring? Lace that goes to all lengths. As we did with the skirts we made here and on the next page. They're so easy to sew, you don't even need a pattern. Just gather your favorite lace to a waistband, let it skirt over a brightly colored petticoat. (Sewing details are on page 127.) Skirt, left, of cotton Venice lace by Janice, banded in grosgrain. Right, of cotton Nottingham Cluny-like lace by Janice, interlaced with ribbon. We stretched the point from neck to toe with stretch lace jumpsuits by Bewitching. / **By NORA O'LEARY,** Patterns Editor

PHOTOGRAPH BY LILLIAN BASSMAN

*We went to more lengths with these pretty laces: To-the-knee skirt, left, of cotton Cluny lace by Samuel Ehrman, appliquéd in bands to its petticoat. Above-the-ankle skirt, center, of cotton, nylon and rayon Chantilly galloon lace. To-the-knee skirt, right, of nylon Irish lace. Both by Stern & Stern. All shoes on these pages by Herbert Levine. Makeup created for Elizabeth Arden by Gerard, with Arden's new spring Sun Gold.**/Sewing details, page 127.*

New! Chicken Crunch!

Soup'n stuffing make chicken a new taste treat

1 Dip chicken parts in soup mixture.

2 Roll in crushed seasoned stuffing.

3 Drizzle with melted butter; bake.

CHICKEN CRUNCH

Soup's the secret of the crust and the smooth rich sauce!

- 1 can Campbell's Cream of Mushroom Soup
- ¾ cup milk
- 1 tablespoon finely chopped onion
- 1 tablespoon chopped parsley
- 2 pounds chicken parts
- 1 cup finely crushed packaged herb-seasoned stuffing (or bread crumbs*)
- 2 tablespoons melted butter or margarine

Mix ⅓ cup soup, ¼ cup milk, onion, and parsley. Dip chicken in soup mixture; then roll in stuffing. Place in shallow baking dish (12x8x2"). Drizzle butter on chicken. Bake at 400°F. for 1 hour. Meanwhile, combine remaining soup and milk; heat; stir now and then. Serve over chicken. 4 to 6 servings.

*Bread Crumbs: Omit herb-seasoned stuffing. Substitute 1 cup fine dry bread crumbs, ½ tsp. poultry seasoning, and ½ tsp. salt.

They always eat better when you remember the soup

SUNDAY NIGHT SUPPER

When you're feasting on baked ham during the week, remember to save some for Sunday-night supper. Combined with peas and new potatoes, it can become the basis for a delicious Springtime Casserole. You can make your casserole a day ahead, be prepared on Sunday. With it, serve spiced peaches, corn sticks, relishes and your favorite cake-mix dessert.

SPRINGTIME CASSEROLE

8 slices cooked ham (1½ lbs.)
4 lbs. cooked, fresh peas, or 2 pkgs. (10 oz. ea.) frozen peas
2 lbs. cooked, peeled new potatoes
½ cup butter or margarine
½ cup flour
5 cups milk
1 cup cream
⅓ cup grated Cheddar cheese
1 tsp. salt
¼ tsp. white pepper

Preheat oven to 350° F. In saucepan melt butter or marga blend in flour, then milk and cream, stirring until mixture i smooth and thickened. Add Cheddar cheese, salt and pepper. Continue cooking and stirring until cheese is me Add peas, potatoes and ham spoon mixture into 3-quart casserole. Bake 30 minutes un golden and bubbly

FROM THE JOURNAL KITCHENS

PHOTOGRAPH BY ALBERT GO

u'll never lose a drop of flavor
th this new Westinghouse way to broil:
ars on both sides at once.

a well-done steak taste as juicy as a rare steak? It can
u broil it on both sides at once. Because there's no turning, meats
seared both top and bottom so you capture all the flavor.

iling's faster, too. Steaks well done? 10 minutes. Chops? 8 minutes.
aning? No minutes. You can broil time after time without touching
oven. And when it does need cleaning, removable chrome
n panels make it easy.

we forget anything? Oh yes, the name: No Turn Speed-Broil.®
used inside that handsome new electric range to your right—
only at your Westinghouse dealer's.

u can be sure if it's Westinghouse

The Minute Maid Company Humbly Announces: We've Improved On The Orange.

The old form.
No fruit
can touch it
for nutrition
and flavor.
But it does
squash easily,
won't keep forever,
and frankly,
it tends to roll.

The new form.
New Minute Maid...
doesn't squash,
keeps beautifully.
All frozen orange juice
starts with 100%
orange juice. But
for years no concentrate
(not even Minute Maid)
captured more than
33% of the essence of
fresh orange flavor.
Now, at last, we've
developed a secret new
process that actually
gives you up to 91%
of the natural flavor.
Incredible?
So's the taste.

SPRING WEEKEND BRUNCHES

continued from page 89

BEGINNER'S BRUNCH

TOMATO ROCKER

- 1 can (46 oz.) tomato juice
- 2 tbsp. lemon juice
- 2 tbsp. Worcestershire sauce
- 1½ tsp. salt
- 2 dashes liquid hot-pepper seasoning
- Vodka, optional

Combine ingredients, adding 1½ oz. of vodka for each glass, if you like. Shake well with crushed ice. This recipe makes 6 8-oz. glasses.

CRÊPES PREMIÉRE

Crêpes:

- 2 eggs
- 1 cup milk
- 1 cup sifted flour
- 2½ tbsp. melted butter or margarine
- ¼ tsp. salt

Filling and Sauce:

- 2 pkg. (3½ oz. ea.) chipped beef
- 4 hard-cooked eggs, chopped
- ¼ cup butter or margarine
- 5 tbsp. flour
- 1 qt. milk
- ¼ tsp. dry mustard
- Salt
- Pepper

For the crêpes, beat the eggs slightly. Stir in the milk and flour; beat until smooth. Add butter or margarine and salt. Beat smooth. Let stand an hour. Brush a 6-inch skillet lightly with a little butter or margarine. When pan is hot, add 3 tbsp. batter to skillet, tipping skillet quickly so batter will run around pan thinly and completely cover bottom of pan. Turn heat down and let cook through; they need not be turned, but bottom should be golden. If crêpes are too thick, use less batter. Stack crêpes, cover with foil and keep warm in 200° F. oven. Makes 12 crêpes.

Filling: Tear beef into bite-size pieces. In a large saucepan melt 3 tbsp. butter or margarine. Blend in the flour to form a smooth paste. Add milk, stirring constantly until sauce is smooth and thickened, about 5 minutes. Remove 1 cup sauce and set aside. Add mustard to reserved sauce. Blend beef and chopped egg into cream sauce; heat. Taste for seasoning; add salt and pepper. Fill each crêpe with ¼ cup filling, roll up and place on warm serving plate. To serve: heat mustard sauce, ladle some over crêpes and pass the rest. Serves 6.

GRILLED TOMATOES

- 3 ripe tomatoes
- 2 tbsp. softened butter or margarine
- ¼ tsp. prepared mustard
- ¼ tsp. celery seed
- Salt and pepper to taste

Wash, dry and halve tomatoes. Mix remaining ingredients; spread on tomatoes. Place on baking sheet; broil until tops are bubbly and slightly browned. Serves 6.

CHEESE-JAM MOLD

- ½ cup milk
- 1 envelope unflavored gelatin
- ¼ cup warm water
- 2 tsp. sugar
- 1 tsp. grated lemon rind
- ¼ tsp. salt
- 4 pkg. (3 oz. ea.) cream cheese, softened
- 2 tsp. lemon juice
- 1 cup heavy cream, whipped
- Raspberry jam (garnish)

Scald milk. In large bowl, soften gelatin in water; stir in scalded milk until gelatin dissolves. Add sugar, lemon rind, salt; let cool. Stir milk mixture into cheese; add lemon juice and beat until smooth. Gently fold in whipped cream. Pour into 1-qt. mold and chill until firm. To serve: unmold on chilled plate; garnish top with raspberry jam.

DATE-NUT BREAD

- 1 pkg. (14 oz.) date-muffin mix
- 1 cup chopped pecans
- Whole pecans, garnish
- Confectioners' sugar

Prepare date-muffin mix following package directions. Add chopped pecans, pour batter into 8½x4½x2½-inch loaf pan. Garnish top of loaf with whole pecans. Bake for 50 minutes, or until inserted cake tester comes out clean. Remove from pan and cool on wire rack. Sprinkle top with confectioners' sugar.

ORANGE DANISH

- 2 pkg. (9½ oz. ea.) refrigerated orange-Danish rolls

Prepare rolls, following package directions. Makes 16 rolls.

EASTER BRUNCH

GRAPEFRUIT BASKETS

- 3 small grapefruits
- 1 can (12 oz.) thawed, frozen mixed fruit

Cut grapefruits in half; cut out sections. Remove seeds; place grapefruit sections in bowl. Chill. Remove membrane and pith from shells. With sharp knife or scissors, pink rim of shell to decorate edge. Put shells in freezer to firm. Combine mixed fruit with grapefruit. To serve: arrange fruit mixture in grapefruit shells. Serve immediately. Serves 6.

BAKED-EGG NESTS

- 6 slices round bread, toasted
- 1 can (4½ oz.) deviled ham
- 6 eggs
- Dash salt
- Dash white pepper

Preheat oven to 350° F. Separate egg whites and yolks, keeping yolk in eggshell. Beat egg whites with salt until soft peaks form. Spread each slice of toast with a tablespoon of deviled ham. Mound beaten egg whites on toast. Using back of spoon, make indentation in center. Gently drop in egg yolk. Bake 20 minutes or until yolks are set and whites golden. Serve with crisp bacon. Serves 6.

PINEAPPLE-CHEESE LOAF

- 2 cups sifted flour
- ¾ cup sugar
- 1 tbsp. baking powder
- ½ tsp. salt
- ½ cup grated sharp Cheddar cheese
- ½ cup chopped walnuts
- 1 cup drained, crushed pineapple
- 2 tbsp. melted butter or margarine
- 1 egg, beaten

Preheat oven to 350° F. Sift together the flour, sugar, baking powder and salt. Add cheese and nuts and toss together. Stir pineapple and butter or margarine into the beaten egg and add to dry ingredients. Blend well and pour into a well-greased 8½x4½x2½-inch loaf pan. Bake for 1 hour. Turn out onto a wire rack to cool. Flavor is better the next day, so wrap cooled loaf well and store overnight. Makes 1 loaf.

EASTER-EGG BISCUITS

- 1 pkg. (8 oz.) refrigerated buttermilk biscuits
- Confectioners' sugar
- Milk
- Pink and green food coloring

Separate biscuits, press each one into an egg shape. Bake according to package directions. Make a stiff frosting by combining confectioners' sugar with a little milk or water. Divide frosting into two small custard cups and tint with food coloring. Decorate biscuits, using a frosting gun with small tip. Makes 10 biscuits.

PARTY BRUNCH

MINTED ORANGES

- 8 navel oranges
- 2 tsp. white crème de menthe
- 2 tsp. sugar
- Fresh mint, garnish

Peel oranges, removing outside white membrane; section oranges. Sprinkle with sugar and crème de menthe. Cover and chill. To serve, arrange orange sections in individual dishes, garnish with sprig of mint. Serves 8.

SHERRIED SWEETBREADS IN RICE BASKETS

Rice Baskets:

- 1½ cups uncooked rice
- 2 eggs, beaten
- ¾ cup Cheddar cheese grated
- 3 tbsp. butter or margarine

Sherried Sweetbreads:

- 2 pair sweetbreads
- 1 tsp. lemon juice or vinegar
- 1½ tbsp. salt
- 7 tbsp. butter or margarine
- ½ cup toasted slivered almonds
- ⅓ cup sherry
- 4 tbsp. flour
- 1 cup light cream
- 1 cup chicken broth
- 8 bacon curls
- Watercress, garnish

Preheat oven to 300° F. Cook rice in boiling salted water, until fluffy; drain. Add beaten eggs, cheese and butter or margarine to rice. Press ½ cup rice mixture evenly over bottom and sides of 10 6-oz. greased custard cups. Bake 15 to 20 minutes. Cool slightly. Invert cups; gently remove rice baskets. Fill with Sherried Sweetbreads. *For Sherried Sweetbreads:* Soak sweetbreads in ice-cold water 1 hour; drain. Simmer sweetbreads in saucepan 15 minutes with enough water to cover, adding lemon juice or vinegar and salt. Remove sweetbreads; plunge into ice water to chill. Dry; remove skin and fibrous parts. Cut sweetbreads into bite-size pieces. Sauté in skillet in 3 tbsp. butter or margarine until light brown. Add almonds and sherry; set aside. Melt remaining butter or margarine in saucepan; blend in flour until smooth. Add cream, chicken broth and remaining salt; continue stirring until sauce is smooth and thickened. Add sweetbreads; heat. Spoon sweetbread mixture into rice baskets; garnish tops with bacon curls. Serve with sausage links; garnish with watercress. Serves 8.

PINEAPPLE CHUNKS

- 1 can (1 lb. 4½ oz.) pineapple chunks
- Brown sugar

Drain pineapple; roll in brown sugar. Broil until sugar melts and pineapples are glazed. Serves 8.

ALMOND TWISTS

- ¾ cup milk
- ⅓ cup sugar
- 2 tsp. salt
- 1⅓ cup butter or margarine
- 2 pkg. active dry yeast
- ¼ cup warm water
- 3 eggs, beaten
- 4½ cups flour

Filling:

- ½ cup sugar
- ¼ cup chopped toasted almonds
- 2 tbsp. grated orange rind

Scald milk, stir in sugar, salt and ⅓ cup of the butter or margarine. Pour into a large mixing bowl; cool to lukewarm. Dissolve yeast in warm water; let stand 5 minutes. Add to milk mixture and stir in beaten eggs. Gradually add flour, beating well after each addition, until dough is smooth. Place in greased 13x9-inch pan. Chill 2 hours. On lightly floured board, roll chilled dough out into a rectangle (*continued*)

And speaking of flavor, don't forget to pick up Minute Maid® Orange Delight, the orangey energy pick-me-up. It's in your grocer's freezer. But it should be in yours.

(So should: Minute Maid Grapefruit Sections, Tangerine Juice, Banana-Orange, Lemonade, Pink Lemonade and Grape Juice.)

SPRING WEEKEND BRUNCHES
continued

about 21x15 inches. Spread ⅓ cup softened butter or margarine on ⅔ of dough surface. Fold unspread portion over half of buttered portion. Fold third section over other two. Roll dough to original size and repeat this process twice, using remaining softened butter or margarine. Return to pan; cover with damp cloth and chill overnight. Roll out on lightly floured board to about 21x15 inches. Spread center third of dough with half of the filling. Fold one side of dough over filling; spread remaining filling on top of it. Fold unspread portion of dough over this. Cut filled dough into 1-inch horizontal strips. Cut each strip in half. Twist each strip and place on lightly greased baking sheet. Brush twists with mixture of egg yolk and water; sprinkle with chopped almonds. Cover; let rise until rolls double in size, about 40 minutes. Bake at 375° F. 10–15 minutes. Makes about 2 dozen twists. ■

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IN THE POT
continued from page 85

In-the-pot cooking is most successful in a heavy, tightly covered kettle, Dutch oven or deep skillet that is only slightly bigger than the cut of beef. Inexpensive cuts of brisket, chuck, round, short ribs and shin respond well to this slow, moist method of cooking. Select cuts that are well-marbled or have your butcher lard them. Brown well on all sides, then add enough liquid to cover bottom of pot one or two inches; cover and bring it to a boil. Reduce heat to a simmer. Turn beef occasionally to keep it moist. Pot roasting takes almost no pot-watching and can cook on top of the stove at just a simmer or in a slow oven at 225° F. After removing beef, allow sauce to cool five minutes. You'll find the fat will be easier to skim off. Sauce will be thin (the French way). If you wish, thicken the sauce slightly with instant-type flour.

QUICK DAUBE PROVENÇAL

- 2 lbs. beef chuck, cut in 3x3x3½-inch squares
- 2 tbsp. olive oil
- 1 4-inch square piece of bacon or ham rind
- ¼ lb. diced salt pork
- 2 medium onions, sliced thin
- 2 medium carrots cut in 2-inch lengths
- 2 tomatoes, peeled and sliced
- 2 cloves garlic, crushed
- 3 sprigs parsley
- 1 bay leaf
- ½ tsp. dried orange peel
- ¼ tsp. dried thyme
- 1 tsp. salt
- ⅛ tsp. pepper
- 1 cup dry red wine
- ½ cup black pitted olives, drained
- Strips of orange peel, garnish
- Chopped parsley, garnish
- Anchovy fillets, garnish

In bottom of Dutch oven or heavy kettle, place the olive oil, bacon or ham rind, half of the salt pork, onions, carrots and tomatoes. Add meat, overlapping slices in neat layers; sprinkle with garlic, parsley, bay leaf, orange peel, thyme, salt, pepper and remaining salt pork. Add the wine; cover. Simmer gently, or bake at 225° F., 2 hours, or until meat is fork-tender. Remove meat and carrots to warm serving dish. Skim fat; strain sauce. Add the olives; salt and pepper to taste. Reheat sauce; pour over meat. Garnish with strips of orange peel, chopped parsley and anchovy fillets. Serves 4–6.

For Aspic Daube Provençal

Prepare as above. Skim and strain sauce. Dissolve 2 tbsp. unflavored gelatin in ¼ cup sauce. Stir into warm sauce until completely dissolved. Pour ¼ inch sauce in bottom of 1-qt. mold; chill until set. Add meat, carrots and remaining sauce; chill 3 hours or until set. Unmold on chilled platter. Serves 4–6.

YANKEE POT ROAST

- 1 lean brisket of beef, chuck or round roast (4–6 lbs.)
- 2 tbsp. butter or margarine
- 2 tbsp. pure vegetable oil
- 1 cup beef broth
- 4 carrots cut in 1-inch lengths
- 2 medium onions, halved
- 1 parsnip, sliced
- 1 turnip, sliced
- 1 celery root, peeled and sliced, or 1 celery heart, sliced
- 8 peppercorns
- 4 whole cloves
- 2 whole allspice
- 1 whole nutmeg
- 1 bay leaf
- Salt

In Dutch oven or deep heavy kettle, heat the butter or margarine and the oil; brown the roast well on all sides. Pour in half of the beef broth; reduce heat. Add the carrots, onions, parsnip, turnip, celery, peppercorns, cloves, allspice, nutmeg, and bay leaf; cover. Simmer 4 hours or until meat is fork-tender, turning roast once. Add remaining broth if necessary. Remove roast to warm platter; serve with the vegetables and boiled potatoes. Skim fat from sauce; season with salt to taste. Serves 6.

HUNGARIAN POT ROAST

- 1 lean brisket of beef, chuck or round roast (4–6 lbs.)
- 2 tbsp. butter or margarine
- 2 tbsp. pure vegetable oil
- 1 cup beef broth
- 2 whole cloves
- 1½ tbsp. paprika
- 1 tsp. nutmeg
- 1 tsp. salt
- ½ tsp. cinnamon
- Dash cayenne pepper
- 1 cup dairy-fresh sour cream

In Dutch oven or deep heavy kettle, heat the butter or margarine and the oil; brown the roast well on all sides. Pour in half of the beef broth; reduce heat. Add the cloves, paprika, nutmeg, salt, cinnamon and cayenne; cover. Simmer 4 hours or until meat is fork-tender, turning roast once. Add remaining broth if necessary. Remove roast to warm platter. Skim fat from sauce; stir in sour cream; heat gently. Serves 6.

ITALIAN POT ROAST (Stufato)

- 1 lean brisket of beef, chuck or round roast (4–6 lbs.)
- 4 tbsp. olive oil
- 1 cup dry white wine
- ½ cup canned Italian tomatoes
- 5 small cloves garlic, crushed
- 2 medium onions, halved
- 3 sprigs parsley
- 2 bay leaves
- 2 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. pepper
- 1 tsp. dried basil
- ½ tsp. dried thyme

In Dutch oven or deep heavy kettle, heat the olive oil; brown the roast well on all sides. Pour in the wine; reduce the heat. Add the tomatoes, garlic, onion, parsley, bay leaves, salt, pepper, basil, thyme; cover. Simmer 4 hours or until meat is fork-tender; turn roast once. Remove to warm platter. Skim fat from sauce. Serves 6.

GREEK SHORT RIBS

- 5 lbs. uncut short ribs
- 3 tbsp. butter or margarine
- ½ cup brandy
- 1 can (10½ oz.) beef broth
- ¼–⅓ cup lemon juice
- Freshly ground black pepper to taste

In Dutch oven or deep heavy kettle melt butter or margarine; brown ribs well on all sides. Warm the brandy in small saucepan; ignite ¼ cup at a time and pour over ribs. When flame dies add the beef broth; cover. Simmer slowly, or bake at 225° F. 2 hours or until meat is fork-tender. Remove ribs to warm platter. Skim fat from sauce; stir in lemon juice and pepper to taste. Serves 4–5.

RUSSIAN SHORT RIBS WITH DILL

- 5 lbs. lean short ribs
- 2 tbsp. butter or margarine
- Salt and pepper
- 2 medium onions, sliced
- ¼ cup chopped fresh or 3 tbsp. dry dill
- 1 cup chicken broth

Sauce:

- 1 cup dairy-fresh sour cream
- ¼ cup chopped dill
- 2 tbsp. meat-extract paste
- ¼ cup lemon juice
- Freshly ground black pepper

In Dutch oven or heavy kettle, brown ribs well in butter or margarine. Season with salt and pepper. Add onions and dill; cook 2 minutes. Add chicken broth; reduce heat. Cover; simmer slowly or bake at 225° F. for 2 hours until meat is fork-tender. Remove ribs to warm platter. Skim fat from sauce. Combine sour cream, dill, meat-extract paste, lemon juice and freshly ground black pepper with sauce; simmer 15 minutes. Serves 4–5. ■

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fine Italian touch!

No doubt you already know what a savory partner Kraft Grated Parmesan is of soups, vegetables, salads, pasta. But now, see what it does for shrimp.

For 4 servings, sauté 1 cup green pepper in ⅓ cup Kraft Italian Dressing. Combine 1 pound cooked shrimp (2½ cups) with mixture of 2 tablespoons flour and ¼ cup Kraft Grated Parmesan; add to green pepper and heat thoroughly. Top with a thick shower of Kraft Grated Parmesan Cheese (aged at least 14 months for finest flavor). Buon appetito!

TUNE IN KRAFT SUSPENSE THEATRE THURSDAY NIGHT NBC-TV

THE PARTY FILE: NUMBER ONE

DINNER FOR SIX CLOSE FRIENDS

Spring's here—why not celebrate with a dinner party built around the fresh spring tastes? Because you'll want to be with your guests—there's much to catch up on after a snowbound winter—our in-kitchen time has been cut to a minimum.

SPECIAL EFFECTS

Just a few flowers used in an imaginative way can help make your whole house reflect springtime. Arrange two or three tulips in front of a fan shape of blue spruce or juniper. Support a single hyacinth bloom with short clips of yew in a demitasse cup, and for maximum effect, put it near a lamp. The heat and light of the lamp will diffuse the fragrance. For your table use a sunny cloth. We've made ours of ABC polka-dot cotton from the dress-fabric department. In front of each place setting plant a tulip or daffodil or even a giant pansy. We've used votive candleholders as containers, but small wine glasses will do just as nicely. The single bloom will stand upright if you plant it in wet sand—the kind you buy for aquariums.

MENU

Consommé Arlene*

Chicken Kiev* **New Potatoes**

First Spring Peas

Avocado-and-Orange Salad (oil-and-lemon dressing)

Ruby Rhubarb Mold*

*See our recipes

SHOPPING LIST

three whole chicken breasts
tiny new potatoes
fresh peas, dill
chives, avocados
navel oranges
rhubarb
strawberries
heavy cream

TIMETABLE

Make Ruby Rhubarb Mold day before party. Prepare chicken breasts on morning of party. Chill. Before guests arrive, whip and chill cream, fill coffee maker.

THE PARTY FILE

CONSOMMÉ ARLENE

2 cans (10½ oz. ea.) beef consommé or bouillon
Dairy-fresh sour cream
2 tbsp. fresh, chopped dill or chives

Serve in coffee cups in living room as first course. Heat consommé according to directions on can, and just before serving stir a dollop of sour cream into each cup of consommé. Garnish with dill or chives.

CHICKEN KIEV

3 whole chicken breasts, boned and halved
¼ lb. butter or margarine cut in thirds and halved
Salt and pepper Flour 1 egg slightly beaten with 2 tbsp. water
1 cup bread crumbs Fat for deep frying
2 tbsp. chopped chives

Pound chicken breasts thin between pieces of waxed paper. Place a finger of butter in the middle of each breast, sprinkle with salt, pepper and chives and firmly roll the chicken, tucking in the sides like an envelope.
Dredge each roll lightly with flour, dip into egg mixture, then roll in bread crumbs. Refrigerate at least 4 hours.
Use enough fat in a fryer to completely cover the breasts. Heat until hot (360° F.). Add chicken gradually and brown on all sides, about 7–9 minutes.

RUBY RHUBARB MOLD

2½ lbs. rhubarb cut in 1-in. pieces
½ cup water
2 cups sugar
3 pkgs. strawberry-flavored gelatin
1 to 2 tbsp. lemon juice
1 cup ginger ale
1 tbsp. Cherry Heering (optional)
1 qt. strawberries, washed and hulled
Whipped cream

Cook rhubarb with water and sugar until tender; puree. Add gelatin and heat, stirring constantly, until gelatin is dissolved. Cool slightly; add lemon juice, ginger ale and Cherry Heering. Chill. When mixture begins to thicken, stir and pour into a 1½-qt. mold; cover and chill 6–8 hours. Turn out into serving dish and garnish with strawberries and whipped cream.

THE KNOW-HOW

Have a mental run-through of your party, including the timing and serving of your menu, even before you shop for the food. Decide on the tablecloth, china and glass the day before the party and shine up any silver, including serving pieces, that needs regleaming. Set the table and arrange flowers the morning of the party. Find a way to have all dishes piping hot at serving time. Enlist the aid of your dishwasher or oven; even hot tap water will warm up the cups for the first course. If yours is a midweek party, be sure to offer your guests a choice of regular or decaffeinated coffee.

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THE LOOKING-GLASS WAR

continued from page 67

"There are no more flights today," the barman said. "They have forbidden all flying now." He unbuttoned his white jacket.

Taylor made no move.

"Well," said the barman, "we have to go home now."

"What do you mean, *we?*" Taylor asked, tilting back his head. "What do you mean?" He'd take on anyone now; Lansen had landed.

"I have to close the bar."

"Go home indeed! Give us another drink, come on. You can go home if you like. I happen to live in London." He was still smiling, but it was the short, angry smile of a nervous man losing his temper. "And next time you pour me a drink ——"

The door opened and Lansen came in.

This wasn't the way it was supposed to happen; this wasn't the way they'd described it at all. Stay in the bar, Leclerc had said, sit at the corner table, have a drink, put your hat and coat on the other chair as if you're waiting for someone. Lansen always has a beer when he clocks in. He likes the public lounge, it's Lansen's style. There'll be people milling about, Leclerc said. It's a small place, but there's always something going on at these airports. He'll look around for somewhere to sit—quite open and aboveboard—then he'll come over and ask you if anyone's using the chair. You'll say you kept it free for a friend, but the friend hadn't turned up: Lansen will ask if he can sit there. He'll order a beer, then say, "Boyfriend or girlfriend?" You'll tell him not to be indelicate, and you'll both laugh a bit and get talking. Ask the two questions: height and airspeed. Research Section must know the height and airspeed. Leave the money in your overcoat pocket. He'll pick up your coat, hang his own beside it and help himself quietly, without any fuss, taking the envelope and dropping the film into your coat pocket. In the morning you fly home.

Leclerc had made it sound so simple.

Lansen strode across the empty room, a tall, strong figure in a blue mackintosh and cap, and spoke to the barman: "Jens, give me a beer." Turning to Taylor, he said, "What's yours?"

Taylor smiled thinly. "Some of your local stuff."

"Give him whatever he wants. A double."

The barman buttoned up his jacket, unlocked the cupboard and poured out a beer and a large Steinhäger.

"Are you from Leclerc?" Lansen inquired. Anyone could have heard.

"Yes." He added tamely, far too late: "Leclerc and Company, London."

Lansen picked up his beer and took it to the nearest table. His hand was shaking. They sat down. "Then you tell me," he said fiercely. "Which damn fool gave me those instructions?"

"I don't know." Taylor was taken aback. "I don't even know what your instructions were. It's not my fault. I was sent to collect the film, that's all. It's not even my job, this kind of thing. I'm on the overt side—courier."

Lansen leaned forward, his hand on Taylor's arm. "I was on the overt side too. Until today. There were kids on that plane. Twenty-five German schoolchildren on winter holidays. A whole load of kids on charter."

"Yes." Taylor forced a smile. "Yes, we had the reception committee in the waiting room."

Lansen burst out, "What were we looking for, that's what I don't understand. What's so exciting about Rostock?"

"I tell you I've nothing to do with it." He added inconsistently: "Leclerc said it wasn't Rostock but the area south."

"The triangle south: Kalkstadt, Langdorn, Wolken. You don't have to tell me the area."

Taylor looked anxiously toward the barman. "I don't think we should talk so loud," he said.

Lansen made a gesture as if he were brushing something away from his face. "It's finished," he said. "I don't want any more. It's finished. It was OK when we just stayed on course photographing whatever there was; but this is too damn much, see?" His accent was thick.

"Did you get any pictures?" Taylor asked. He must get the film and go.

Lansen put his hand in his raincoat pocket and, to Taylor's horror, extracted a zinc container for thirty-five-millimeter film, handing it to him across the table.

"What was it?" Lansen asked again. "What were they after in such a place? I went under the cloud, circled the whole area. I didn't see any atom bombs."

"Something big, that's all they told me. It's got to be done, don't you see? You can't make *illegal* flights over an area like that." Taylor was repeating what someone had said. "It has to be an airline, a registered airline."

"Listen. They picked us up as soon as we got into the place. Two MIG fighters. Where did they come from, that's what I want to know? As soon as I saw them I turned into cloud; they followed me. I put out a signal, asked for bearings. When we came out of the cloud, there they were again. I thought they'd force me down, order me to land. I tried to jettison the camera, but it was stuck. The kids were all crowding the windows, waving at the MIGs. They flew alongside for a time, then peeled off. They came close, very close. It was bloody dangerous for the kids." He hadn't touched his beer. "What the hell did they want?" he asked. "Why didn't they order me down?"

"I told you: it's not my fault. This isn't my kind of work. But whatever London are looking for, they know what they're doing." He seemed to be convincing himself; he needed to believe in London. "You've done a good job, Lansen. We all have to do our bit . . . take risks. We all do. I did in the war, you know. You're too young to remember the war. This is the same job: we're fighting for the same thing." He suddenly remembered the two questions. "What height were you doing when you took the pictures?"

"It varied. We were down to six thousand feet over Kalkstadt."

"It was Kalkstadt they wanted most," Taylor said. "That's first-class, Lansen, first-class. What was your airspeed?"

"Two hundred . . . two forty. Something like that. There was nothing there, I'm telling you, nothing." He lit a cigarette. "It's the end now, however big the target is." He stood up.

Taylor got up too; he handed over the envelope. "Will there be trouble about this? About the MIGs, I mean?"

Lansen shrugged. "I doubt it, it hasn't happened to me before. They'll believe it was the weather."

"What about the navigator? The crew? What do they think?"

"That's my business," said Lansen sourly. "You can tell London it's the end."

Taylor looked at him anxiously. "You're just upset," he said. "After the tension."

"Go to hell," said Lansen softly. "Go to bloody hell." He put a coin on the counter and strode out of the bar, stuffing carelessly into his raincoat pocket the long buff envelope full of money.

After a moment Taylor followed him outside. Like the thrust of a sword the cold cut through his clothes. He looked round hastily for a taxi. He was drunk. He suddenly realized: the fresh air had made him drunk. He hurried back through the swing doors.

"I want a cab," he said to the girl. He was mad to have drunk so much.

She shook her head. "They have taken the children," she said. "We don't have many taxis in winter." She smiled. "You could walk. The hotel is ten minutes, straight down the road."

The limitless sky curved downward to the snowbound fields, its destiny broken here and there by films of mist. Taylor was frightened, like a landsman frightened by the sea. He hastened his uncertain step, swaying as he went.

He had been walking about five minutes when the car began to overtake him. There was no footpath. He became aware of its headlights first, because the sound of its engine was deadened by the snow, and he only noticed a light ahead of him, not realizing at first where it came from. He was walking on the right, stepping briskly along the edge of the icy rubble that lined the road. He observed that the light was unusually yellow and he guessed the headlamps were masked according to the French rule.

He didn't look over his shoulder because he was a shy man in his way and did not want to give the impression of asking for a lift. But it did occur to him, a little late perhaps, that on the continent they actually drove on the right, and that therefore, strictly speaking, he was walking on the wrong side of the road, and ought to do something about it.

The car hit him from behind, breaking his spine. For one dreadful moment Taylor described a classic posture of anguish, his head and shoulders flung violently backward, fingers extended. He made no cry. It was as if his entire body and soul were concentrated in this final attitude of pain, more articulate in death than any sound the living man had made.

The car carried him for a yard or two, then threw him aside, dead on the empty road, a stiff, wrecked figure at the fringe of the wilderness. His hat lay beside him. A sudden blast seized it, carrying it across the snow. The shreds of his pebble-weave coat fluttered in the wind, reaching vainly for the zinc capsule of film as it rolled down the slope.

It was three in the morning.

Avery put down the telephone, woke Sarah and said, "Taylor's dead." He shouldn't have told her, of course.

"Who's Taylor?"

A bore, he thought; he only remembered him vaguely. A dreary English bore, straight off Brighton pier. "A man in courier section," he said. "He was with them in the war—rather good."

"That's what you always say. They're all good. How did he die?" She had sat up in bed.

"Leclerc's waiting to hear." He wished she wouldn't watch him while he dressed.

"And he wants you to help him wait?"

"He wants me in the office. You don't expect me to turn over and go back to sleep, do you?"

"I was only asking," Sarah said. "You are always so considerate to Leclerc."

"Taylor was an old hand. Leclerc's very worried." He could still hear the triumph in Leclerc's voice: "Come at once, get a taxi; we'll go through the files again."

"You're not to tell anyone," said Avery. "You're not even to say I've gone out in the middle of the night. Taylor was traveling under another name." He added, "Someone will have to tell his wife." He was looking for his glasses.

She got out of bed and put on a dressing gown. "The secretaries know; why can't the wives? Or are they only told when their husbands die?"

There was anxiety in her expression, an incipient discontent, as if tomorrow would only be worse. They had met at Oxford; she had taken a better degree than Avery. But somehow marriage had made her childish; dependence had become an attitude, as if she had given him something irredeemable, and were always asking for it back. Her son was less her projection than her excuse; a wall against the world and not a channel to it.

"Where are you going?" Avery asked. She sometimes did things to spite him, like tearing up a ticket for the concert. She said, "We've got a child, remember?" He heard Anthony crying. They must have woken him. He went to the front door. As she reached the nursery she looked back, and Avery knew she was thinking they hadn't kissed.

"You should have stuck to publishing," she said.

"You didn't like that any better. Have you got any money? I seem to have run out."

"What for?"

"Just money, that's all! I can't run around without a penny in my pocket." She gave him ten shillings from her bag. Closing the door quickly behind him he went down the stairs into Prince of Wales Drive.

Avery found a taxi up the street. He was quite young, belonging to that intermediate class of contemporary Englishman which must reconcile an arts degree with an uncertain provenance. He was tall and bookish in appearance, with a self-effacing manner which endeared him to his elders. The motion of the taxi comforted him, as rocking consoles a child.

He reached St. George's Circus, passed the eye hospital and entered Blackfriars Road. Suddenly he was upon the house, but told the driver to drop him at the next corner. "Just here," he called. "This will do fine."

The Department was housed in a crabbed, sooty villa of a place with a front door that was never opened. By day anonymous vans occasionally passed down the shabby drive, but they transacted their business in the backyard. The neighbors, if they referred to the place at all, spoke of the Ministry House. It had that unmistakable air of controlled dilapidation which characterizes government hirings all over the world. For those who worked in it, its mystery was like the mystery of motherhood, its survival like the mystery of England. It shrouded and contained them, cradled

and, with sweet anachronism, them the illusion of nourishment. llowing the path to the back, Avery the bell and waited for Pine to the door.

lovely moon, sir," said Pine.

es." Avery stepped inside. Pine ved him in, locking up behind him. ime was, the boys would curse a like this."

es indeed." Avery laughed.

lue lamp glowed from the hall ceil- ke the night-light in a Victorian tal. Avery climbed the staircase. rc was waiting for him; the room n half darkness.

Ve need a man," he said.

was sleek, small and very bland; a se cat of a man, clean-shaven and ned. His jackets had twin vents, he his handkerchief in his sleeve. On ys he wore suede shoes, and they e was going to the country. No one d to know where he lived.

Ve can't do another overflight," rc said. "This was the last; they ed me at the Ministry. We'll have t a man in. I've been going through ld index cards, John. There's one l Leiser, a Pole. He would do."

ery went to the door and switched e main light. "What happened to r? Who killed him?" They looked ch other awkwardly. "Sorry. I'm alf asleep," Avery said.

clerc spoke up suddenly. "Your all right?"

he's fine."

he didn't mind my calling you out?"

f course not."

ey never talked about Sarah. It was they shared a single relationship to y's wife, like children who are able are a toy they no longer care for. rc said, "Well, she's got that son urs to keep her company."

held a photograph directly under ight, studying it. "John. What do nake of a face like that?"

don't know. It's hard to tell from graphs."

was the head of a boy, round and , with long, fair hair swept back. eiser. He *looks* all right, doesn't he?

was twenty years ago, of course," rc said. "We gave him a very high g." He lit a cigarette. "Well," he briskly, "we seem to be up against thing. I've no idea what happened aylor. We have a routine consular t, that's all. A car accident appar- . A few details, nothing informa- The sort of thing that goes out to of kin. The Foreign Office sent us eleprint as it came over the wire. knew it was one of our passports." ushed a sheet of flimsy paper across lesk to Avery.

Ialherbe? Was that Taylor's cover e?"

es. I'll have to get a couple of cars the Ministry pool," Leclerc said. te absurd not having our own cars. Circus has a whole fleet." And then, haps the Ministry will believe me Perhaps they'll finally accept we're an operational department."

Did Taylor collect the film?" Avery l. "Do we know where he got it?"

've no inventory of his possessions," rc replied indignantly. "At the mo- , all his effects are impounded by Finnish police. Perhaps the film is g them." And casually, so that y knew it mattered, "The Foreign e is afraid there may be a muddle."

h dear," said Avery automatically.

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It was their usual remark in the Department: antique and understated.

Leclerc looked directly at him now. "The resident clerk at the Foreign Office spoke to the assistant half an hour ago. They refuse to involve themselves. They say we're a clandestine service and must do it our own way. Somebody's got to go out there as next of kin; that is the course they favor. To claim the body and effects. I want you to go."

"But this is operational," said Avery uncertainly.

"Of course. And I know you'll make a good job of it. We're an operational department, you know." A little buck of the head. "You are entitled to operational subsistence. All you have to do is collect Taylor's stuff. You're to bring back everything except the film, which you deliver to an address in Helsinki. You come back and you can help me with Leiser ——"

"Couldn't the Circus take it on? I mean, couldn't they do it more simply?"

This smile came slowly. "It's our show, John. The whole operation is within our competence. A military target. I would be shirking our responsibility if I gave it to the Circus. Their charter is political, exclusively political."

His small hand ran over his hair, a short, concise movement. "So it's our problem. I can send someone else if you prefer—Woodford or one of the older men. It's an important job, you know; something new for you to tackle."

"Of course. I'd like to go . . . that is, if you trust me." *(continued)*

Leclerc enjoyed that. He pushed a piece of blue draft paper into Avery's hand. It was covered with Leclerc's own writing, boyish and rounded. In the left-hand margin were his initials, all four, and the word UNCLASSIFIED.

"If you read it carefully," he said, "you'll see that we don't specifically state that you *are* next of kin; we just quote from Taylor's application form. That's as far as the Foreign Office people are prepared to go. They've agreed to send this to the local consulate via Helsinki."

Avery read:

"Following from Consular Department. Your teleprint re Malherbe. John Somerton Avery holder of British passport No.——, half-brother of deceased, is named Malherbe's passport application as next of kin. Avery informed and proposes fly out today take over body and effects. NAS flight 201 via Hamburg, ETA 1820 local time. Please provide usual facilities and assistance."

"I didn't know your passport number," Leclerc said. "The plane leaves at three this afternoon. It's only a small place; I imagine the consul will meet you at the airport. There's a flight from Hamburg every other day. If you don't have to go to Helsinki, you can take the same plane back."

"Couldn't I be his brother?" Avery asked lamely. "Half-brother looks fishy."

"There's no time to rig the passport. The Foreign Office are being very sticky about passports. We had a lot of trouble about Taylor's. A *lot* of trouble. It would mean calling *you* Malherbe as well, you see. I don't think they'd like that."

Avery said, "What about Lansen? Shouldn't someone contact him?"

"I'm attending to that." Leclerc hated questions, and always replied cautiously, as if he were afraid that he might be quoted.

"And Taylor's wife?" It seemed pedantic to say widow. "Are you attending to her?"

"I thought we'd see her first thing in the morning," Leclerc said. "She could make it awkward for us, you know. If she decided to. If she knew he was abroad."

"He might have told her."

"Not Taylor. Taylor's an old hand. She must have a pension, that's most important. Active service." He made a brisk, finite gesture with his hand.

"And the staff; what will you tell them?"

"I shall hold a meeting this morning for heads of sections. As for the rest of the Department, we shall say it was an accident."

"Perhaps it was," Avery suggested.

Leclerc was smiling again; a little iron bar of a smile carrying neither warmth nor conviction. "In which case we shall have told the truth; and have more chance of getting that film."

"You were looking at Gorton's report," Avery said.

Leclerc shook his head, wistfully touched a file, revisiting a favorite album. "There's nothing there. I've read it over and over again. I've had the other photographs blown up. Haldane's people have been on them night and day. We just can't get any further."

Sarah had been right: he was there to help Leclerc wait.

Leclerc said it seemed suddenly the point of their meeting—"I've arranged for you to have a short talk with George Smiley at the Circus after this morning's conference. You've heard of him?"

"No," Avery lied. This was delicate ground.

"He used to be one of their best men. Typical of the Circus in some ways—they say he drinks a good deal. Smiley has the north European desk. He can brief you about dropping the film. Our own courier service is disbanded, so there's no other way. The F.O. don't want to know us; after Taylor's death I can't allow you to run around with the capsule in your pocket. How much do you know about the Circus?" He might have been asking about women, wary, an older man without experience.

"A bit," said Avery. "The usual gossip."

Leclerc stood up and went to the window. "They're a curious crowd. Some good, of course. Smiley was good. But they're cheats," he broke out suddenly. "That's an odd word, I know, to use about a sister service, John. Lying's second nature to them." He was inclining his head studiously this way and that to catch sight of whatever moved in the waking street below. "There was a lot of rivalry between us during the war, you know."

"I heard."

"That's all over now. I don't grudge them their work. The Circus has more money and more staff than we have. They do a bigger job. However, I doubt whether they do a better one. Nothing can touch our Research Section, for example. Nothing." Avery suddenly had the feeling that Leclerc had revealed something intimate, a failed marriage or a discreditable act, and that now it was all right.

"When you see Smiley, he may ask you about the operation. I don't want you to tell him *anything*, do you see, except that you are going to Finland and you may be handling a film for urgent dispatch to London. If he presses you, suggest it's a training matter. The background, Gorton's report—none of that concerns them in the least. A training matter."

"But he'll know about Taylor, won't he?"

"Leave that to me. And don't be misled into believing the Circus has a monopoly on agent-running. We have the same right. We just don't do it unnecessarily."

Avery watched Leclerc's slim back against the lightening sky outside; a man excluded. Sooner or later he would have to telephone Sarah.

They breakfasted at the Cadena.

"I can't remember him," Leclerc said. "That's the absurd thing. He's a trained radio operator apparently. Or was in those days."

Avery realized he was talking about Leiser. "How old did you say he was?"

"Forty, something over. A Danzig Pole. They speak German, you know. After the war he drifted for a couple of years, pulled himself together and bought a garage. He must have made a nice bit."

"Then I don't suppose he'll ——"

"Nonsense. He'll be grateful."

As they left the restaurant, Leclerc said, "Your air ticket is booked. We'd better make you an advance for expenses. There'll be the business of having Taylor's body sent—you'd better have him flown. We'll do a postmortem over here."

"I've never seen a dead man before," Avery said.

They were standing on a street corner in Kennington, looking for a taxi. Leclerc said, "You've to keep very quiet about putting a man in. No one's to know, not even in the Department, no one at all. I thought we'd call him Mayfly."

"All right." *(continued)*

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"It's very delicate. There'll be opposition, within the Department as well as outside."

"What about my cover and that kind of thing?" Avery asked. "I'm not quite ——"

"You're traveling under your own name. You can use your own address. Call yourself a publisher. After all, you *were* one. The consul will show you the ropes. What are you worried about?"

"Well—just the details. How far is it to the town," Avery asked, "from the airport?"

"About three miles. It feeds the main ski resorts. Heaven knows what the consul does all day."

"And to Helsinki?"

"I told you. A hundred miles. Perhaps more."

Avery proposed taking a bus, but Leclerc wouldn't queue, so they remained standing at the corner. He began talking about official cars.

"It's utterly absurd," he said. "In the old days we had a pool of our own, now we have two vans and the Treasury won't let us pay the drivers' overtime. How can I run a department that way?"

They had to walk. Leclerc had Taylor's address in his head; he made a point of remembering such things.

"It would be a good thing," he said suddenly, "if you shared the handling of Mayfly."

"I'd like to."

"When you're back."

They had found the address on the map. Thirty-four Roxburgh Gardens; it was off Kennington High Street, a wretched place. The road led downward into a line of dingy, eyeless houses; above them rose a single block of flats.

Roxburgh Gardens was a large building, very ugly in its way, the beginning of a new world, and at its feet lay the black rubble of the old: crumbling, oily houses, haunted by sad faces which moved through the rain like driftwood in a forgotten harbor.

Leclerc's frail fists were clenched. "There?" he said. "Taylor lived there?"

"What's wrong? It's part of a scheme, redevelopment . . ." Then Avery understood. Leclerc was ashamed. Taylor had disgracefully deceived him. This was not the society they protected, these slums with their Babel's Tower. To think that a member of Leclerc's staff should daily trudge from the stink of such a place to the sanctuary of the Department: had he no money, no pension? Had he not a little bit besides, as we all have, just a hundred or two, to buy himself out of this squalor?

"What number?" Leclerc asked.

"You said thirty-four."

They came to a concrete entrance with cartons of milk on the step. The air smelled of food and that liquid soap they give in railway lavatories. Somewhere a radio played. They continued up two flights, and stopped before a green door, half-glazed: number thirty-four. Avery was suddenly very frightened. He glanced at Leclerc and thought, *This is your show; you tell her.*

"Why did you call him Malherbe?" Avery asked suddenly.

Leclerc pressed the bell. From inside the flat they heard a light, reluctant tread; a bolt was slid from its housing, a spring lock disengaged. The door opened a few inches and Avery saw a child, a frail, pallid rag of a girl not above ten years old. She wore steel-rimmed spectacles, the kind Anthony wore. In her arms, its pink limbs splayed stupidly about, was a doll.

"Where is your mother?" Leclerc's voice was aggressive, frightened.

The child shook her head. "Gone to work."

"Who looks after you, then?"

"Mum comes back teatimes. I'm not to open the door."

"Where is she?"

"Work."

Then Avery asked, "Where's your father?"

And she smiled and put a finger to her lips. "He's gone on an airplane," she said. "To get money. It's a secret."

Neither of them spoke. "He's bringing me a present," she added.

"Where from?" said Avery.

"From the North Pole, but it's a secret." She still had her hand on the doorknob. "Where Father Christmas comes from."

"Tell your mother some men were here," Avery said. "From your Dad's office. We'll come again teatime."

"It's important," said Leclerc.

Avery felt in his pocket and gave her two half crowns.

The meeting was called for 10:45, in Leclerc's office. It was a drab place. Maps lay sprawled over the trestle table, not in threes or fours but dozens. A bed had been put in one corner with a counterpane over it. The walls were filthy. Here and there the cream paint had peeled, showing dark green beneath.

Avery watched them come in; Woodford first, then Sandford, Dennison and McCulloch. They had all heard about Taylor. It was easy to imagine the news going round the Department, a small and gratifying sensation, passed from room to room, lending a briskness to the day's activity. There would not be a man or woman in the Department but knew they had been called in the middle of the night, and that Leclerc was sleeping in the office.

They settled themselves at the table, putting their cups in front of them noisily like children at a meal, Leclerc at the head, the others on either side, an empty chair at the farther end. Haldane came in, and Avery knew as soon as he saw him that it would be Leclerc versus Haldane.

Looking at the empty chair, Haldane said, "I see I'm to take the draftiest place." He coughed, just as he coughed all year. The others looked uncomfortably at their hands. Haldane glanced at the fire. "Is that the best the Ministry of Works can manage?" he asked.

Haldane was a lean man with long, restless fingers; a man locked in himself, slow in his movements, balding, spare, querulous and dry; a man seemingly contemptuous of everything, always keeping his own hours and his own counsel.

Carol came in with files and maps, putting them on Leclerc's desk. They waited awkwardly until she had gone. The door securely closed, Leclerc passed his hand cautiously over his dark hair; and they waited for him to begin.

"Taylor's been killed. You've all heard it by now. He was killed last night in Finland traveling under another name. We don't know the details. He appears to have been run over. I've told Carol to put it about that it was an accident. Is that clear?"

Yes, they said, it was quite clear.

"He went to collect a film from . . . a contact, a Scandinavian contact. You know whom I mean. We don't normally use a courier for operational work, but this was different; something very special indeed. I think Adrian will back me up there."

He made a little upward gesture with his open hands, as if praying for Haldane's support.

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"Special?" Haldane's voice was culti-
ted, without emphasis and without af-
tation; an enviable voice. "It was
ferent, yes. Not least because Taylor
d. We should never have used him,
ver," he observed flatly. "We broke a
st principle of intelligence. We used a
n on the overt side for a clandestine
. Not that we have a clandestine side
ymore."

"Shall we let our masters be the
lges of that?" Leclerc suggested de-
rely. "At least you'll agree the Minis-
is pressing us daily for results." He
ned to those on either side of him,
w to the left, now to the right, bring-
them in like shareholders. "It is time
u all knew the details. We are dealing
h something of exceptional security
ssification, you understand. So far,
ly Adrian Haldane and one or two of
staff in Research have been initiated.
d John Avery as my aide. I wish to
phasize that our sister service knows
thing whatever about it. The opera-
n has the code word Mayfly."

Abruptly Leclerc rose and went to a
p of Europe on the wall. There were
all flags pinned to it. "We're having
pot of trouble with the Germans." A
le laugh went up. "In the area south
Rostock; a place called Kalkstadt,
t here." His finger traced the Baltic
astline of Schleswig-Holstein, moved
st and stopped an inch or two south
Rostock.

"To put it in a nutshell, we have three
licators which suggest—I cannot say
ve—that something big is going on
re in the way of military installa-
ns." He swung round to face them.
would remain at the map to show he
l the facts in his memory.

"The first indicator came exactly a month ago when we received a report from our representative in Hamburg, Jimmy Gorton. An East German refugee crossed the border near Lübeck, swam the river; a railwayman from Kalkstadt. He went to our consulate and offered to sell them information about a new rocket site near Rostock. The consulate threw him out. However, by a stroke of luck, Gorton got to hear of the man and went to Flensburg to see him."

Implicit in Leclerc's account was an assumption that Gorton was the only intelligent man among a lot of fools. He crossed to his desk, and picked up a file folder. "This is Jimmy's report," he said. "It's a first-class bit of work by any standard." He added inconsequentially, "The defector's name was Fritsche."

"Defector?" Haldane put in quickly. "The man's a low-grade refugee, a railwayman. We don't usually talk about men like that *defecting*."

Leclerc replied defensively, "The man's a bit of a mechanic too, and a bit of a photographer."

McCulloch opened the file and began methodically turning over the serials. Sandford watched him through his gold-rimmed spectacles.

"On the first or second of September—we don't know which because he can't remember—he happened to be doing a double shift in the dumping sheds at Kalkstadt. One of his comrades was sick. He was to work from six till twelve in the morning, and four till ten at night. When he arrived to report for work there were a dozen Vopos, East German people's police, at the station entrance. All passenger traffic was forbidden. They checked his identity papers against a list, and told him to keep away from the sheds on the eastern side of the station. They said," Leclerc added deliberately, "that if he approached the eastern sheds he was liable to be shot."

This impressed them. Woodford said it was typical of the German.

"He's an odd fish, our man. He seems to have argued with them. He told them he was as reliable as they were, a good German and a party member. He showed them his union card, photographs of his wife and heaven knows what. It didn't do any good, of course, because they just told him to obey orders and keep away from the sheds. But he must have caught their fancy because when they brewed up some soup at ten o'clock they called him over and offered him a cup.

"Over the soup he asked them what was going on. They were cagey, but he could see they were excited. Then something happened. Something very important," he continued. "One of the younger ones blurted out that whatever they had in the sheds could blow the Americans out of West Germany in a couple of hours. At this point an officer came along and told them to get back to work."

Haldane coughed a deep, hopeless cough, like an echo in an old vault.

What sort of officer, someone asked, was he German or Russian?

"German. That is most relevant. There were no Russians seen at all."

Haldane interrupted sharply. "The refugee saw none. That's all we know. Let us be accurate." He coughed again. It was very irritating.

"As you wish. . . . He went home and had lunch. He was disgruntled at being ordered around in his own station by a lot of young fellows playing soldiers. He had a glass of schnapps and sat there. . . . Adrian, if your cough is troubling you? . . ." Haldane shook his head. "He remembered that on the northern side it abutted with an old storage hut, and that there was a shutter-type ventilator let into the partition. He formed the notion of looking through the ventilator to see what was in the shed. As a way of getting his own back on the soldiers."

Woodford laughed.

"Then he decided to go one further and photograph whatever was there."

"He must have been mad," Haldane commented. "I can't believe this part."

"He was cross because they wouldn't trust him. He felt he had a right to know what was in the shed. He had a single-lens reflex fitted with a good wide-angle lens. The difficulty was the light. His next shift didn't begin till four, by which time dusk would be falling."

He paused, more for effect than for questions. Haldane asked, "Why didn't he wait till next morning?"

"In the report," Leclerc continued blandly, "you'll find a very full account by Gorton of how the man got into the hut, stood on an oil drum and took his photographs through the ventilator. He was bracketing an estimated exposure time of one second. Only the last three frames show anything. Here they are."

Leclerc unlocked the steel drawer of his desk and extracted a set of high-gloss photographs twelve inches by nine.

Something was there.

You could see it if you looked quickly; something hid in the (*continued*)

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disintegrating shadows; but keep looking and the dark closed in and the shape was gone. Yet something was there; the muffled form of a gun barrel, but pointed and too long for its carriage, the suspicion of a transporter, a vague glint of what might have been a platform.

"They would put protection covers over them, of course," Leclerc commented, studying their faces hopefully, waiting for their optimism.

Avery looked at his watch. It was twenty past eleven. "I shall have to go soon, Director," he said. He still hadn't rung Sarah.

"Stay another ten minutes," Leclerc pleaded.

And Haldane asked, "Where's he going?"

"To take care of Taylor. He has a date at the Circus first."

Haldane coughed. "What do you mean, take care of him? Taylor's dead."

There was an uncomfortable silence.

"You know very well," Leclerc replied, "that Taylor was traveling under an alias. Somebody has to collect his effects; recover the film. Avery is going out as next of kin. The Ministry has already given its approval; I wasn't aware that I needed yours."

"To claim the body?"

"To get the film," Leclerc repeated hotly.

"That's an operational job; Avery's not trained."

"He can look after himself."

"Taylor couldn't. What will he do when he's got the film; bring it back in his pocket?"

"Shall we discuss that afterwards?" Leclerc suggested, and addressed himself once more to the others, smiling patiently, as if to say, old Adrian must be humored.

"That was all we had to go on till ten days ago. Then came the second indicator. The area round Kalkstadt had been declared a prohibited area." There was an excited murmur of interest. "For a radius of thirty kilometers. Sealed off; closed to all traffic. They brought in frontier guards." He glanced round the table. "I then informed the Minister. I cannot tell even you all the implications. But let me name one." He said the last sentence quickly, at the same time flicking upward the little horns of graying hair that grew above his ears.

Haldane was forgotten.

"What puzzled us in the beginning"—he nodded at Haldane, a conciliatory gesture at a moment of victory—"was the absence of Soviet troops. They have units in Rostock, Wismar, Schwerin." His finger darted among the flags on the map. "But none—this is confirmed by other agencies—none in the immediate area of Kalkstadt. If there *are* weapons there, weapons of high destructive capacity, why are there no Soviet troops?"

McCulloch made a suggestion: Might there not be technicians, Soviet technicians in civilian dress?

"I regard that as unlikely." A demure smile. "In comparable cases where tactical weapons were being transported we have always identified at least one Soviet unit. On the other hand, three weeks ago a few Russian troops *were* seen at Gustweiler, farther south." He was back to the map. "They billeted for one night at a pub. Some wore artillery flashes; others had no shoulderboard at all. They moved away southwards early next morning. One might conclude they had brought something, left it and gone away again."

Woodford was becoming restless. What did it all add up to, he wanted to know, what did they make of it over at the Ministry?

Leclerc adopted his bullying academic tone. "The overall length of the object in these photographs—research can compute it pretty exactly—is equal to the length of a Soviet middle-range rocket. On present information"—he lightly tapped the map with his knuckles—"the Ministry believes it is *conceivable* we are dealing with Soviet missiles under East German control. Research," he added quickly, "are not prepared to go so far. Now if the Ministry view prevails, if they are right, that is, we would have on our hands"—this was his moment—"a sort of Cuba situation all over again, only"—he tried to sound apologetic, to make it a throwaway line—"more dangerous."

He had them.

"It was at this point," Leclerc explained, "that the Ministry felt entitled to authorize us to arrange an overflight. We selected the best pilot we could find on our books: Lansen." Someone looked up in surprise; agents' names were never used that way. "Lansen undertook, for a price, to go off course on a charter flight from Düsseldorf to Finland. Taylor was dispatched to collect the film; he died at the landing field. A road accident, apparently."

Sandford half-raised his hand. Were the Americans to be alerted?

Leclerc reacted quickly. "Of course not," he said. "The Minister was anxiou that we shouldn't alarm them prema turely. One only has to *suggest* rocket to the Americans to get the most drasti reaction. Before we know where we ar they'll be flying U-two's over Rostock."

Encouraged by their laughter, Lecler continued. "The Minister made anothe point: The country which comes unde maximum threat from these rockets— they have a range of around eigh hundred miles—might well be our own It is certainly not the United States Politically, this would be a bad momen to go hiding our faces in the Americans skirts. After all, as the Minister put it we still *have* teeth of our own."

Someone asked what they would d next: Suppose Avery didn't find Taylor' film? Suppose it just wasn't there Could they mount another overflight

"Out of the question," Leclerc replied "Too dangerous. We may have to put man in. It seems to be the only way."

"This Department?" Haldane asked incredulously. "Put a man in? Th Ministry would never tolerate such thing. You mean, surely, you'll ask th Circus to do it?"

"I have already told you the position Heaven knows, Adrian, you're not goin to tell me we can't do it?" An appealin look round the table. "Every one of u here, except young Avery, has been i the business twenty years or more. Yo yourself have forgotten more abou agents than half those people in th Circus ever knew."

"Hear, hear!" Woodford cried.

"Look at your own section, Adrian look at Research. There must have bee half a dozen occasions in the last fiv

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ars when the Circus actually came to
u, asked you for advice, used your
ilities and skills. The Ministry granted
an overflight. Why not an agent too?"
"You mentioned a third indicator.
lon't follow you. What was that?"
"Taylor's death," said Leclerc.

Avery walked upstairs to the flat,
ondering how Sarah would react. It
ver worked, turning up without phon-
g ahead. She took fright as if she had
pected him to have done something
eadful.

He pressed the bell and heard Anthony
lling, "Mummy, Mummy." She opened
e door without looking at him. She
as wearing a cotton nightdress and a
rdigan.

"God, you took your time," she said,
rned and walked uncertainly back to
e bedroom. "Something wrong?" she
ked over her shoulder. "Someone else
en murdered?"

"What's the matter, Sarah? Aren't
u well?"

Anthony was running about shouting
cause his father had come home.
rah climbed back into bed. "I rang
e doctor. I don't know what it is,"
e said.

She had put a bowl of cold water and
e bathroom flannel beside her. He
ung out the flannel and laid it on her
ad. "You'll have to cope," she said.
'm afraid it's not as exciting as spies."

"When's the doctor arriving?"

"He has surgery till twelve. He'll turn
after that, I suppose."

He went to the kitchen, Anthony fol-
wing. The breakfast things were still
the table. He telephoned her mother
Reigate and asked her to come at once.

It was just before one when the doctor arrived. A fever, he said; some germ that was going the rounds.

He thought she would weep when he told her he was going abroad; she took it in, reflected for a while and then suggested he go and pack.

"Is it important?" she said suddenly.

"Of course. Terribly."

"Who for?"

"You, me. All of us, I suppose."

"And for Leclerc?"

"I told you. For all of us."

He promised Anthony he would bring him something.

"Where are you going?" Anthony asked.

"In an airplane."

"Where?"

He was going to tell him it was a great secret, when he remembered Taylor's little girl.

He kissed Sarah good-bye, took his suitcase to the hall and put it on the mat. There were two locks on the door for Sarah's sake and they had to be turned simultaneously. He heard her say: "Is it dangerous too?"

"I don't know. But it's very big."

"You're really sure of that, are you?"

He called almost in despair, "Look, how far am I supposed to think? It isn't a question of politics, don't you see? It's a question of fact. Can't you believe? Can't you tell me for once in my life that I'm doing something good?"

He went into the bedroom, reasoning. She held a paperback in front of her, pretending to read. "We all have to, you know, we all have to draw a line round our lives. It's no good asking me the whole time, 'Are you sure?' It's like asking whether we should have children, whether we should have married. There's just no point."

"Poor John," she observed, putting down the book. "Loyalty without faith. It's very hard for you." She said this with total dispassion, as if she had identified a social evil. The last kiss was like a betrayal of her standards.

Haldane watched the last of them leave the room; he had arrived late, he would leave late, never with the crowd. He turned to Leclerc. "What was that you said about putting a man in?"

Leclerc went to the basin and poured himself a glass of water. "I'm seeing the Minister again this afternoon."

"You've sent Avery already. You shouldn't have done that, you know."

"Somebody had to go. Did you want me to ask the Circus?"

The rain was running in the gutters, tracing gray tracks on the dingy panes. Leclerc seemed to want Haldane to speak, but Haldane had nothing to say.

"Suppose I asked you to form an operations section, make the research, prepare papers and equipment; suppose I asked you to find, train and field the agent. Would you do it?"

Haldane stared. "Without telling the Circus?"

"Not in detail."

"It isn't our work." Haldane shook his head. "We're just not equipped. Give it to the Circus and help them out with the military stuff. Give it to an old hand, someone like Smiley——"

"No," Leclerc said firmly, putting his glass on the table. "No, Adrian. You've been in the Department as long as I have, you know our brief. *Take all necessary steps*—that's what it says—*all necessary steps for the procurement, analysis and verification of military intelligence in those areas where the requirement cannot be met from conventional military resources.*" He beat out the words with his little fist as he spoke. "How else do you think I got authority for the overflight?"

"All right," Haldane conceded. "But things have changed. It's a different game now. In those days we were top of the tree—rubber boats on a moonless night; a captured enemy plane; wireless and all that. You and I know; we did it together. But it's changed. It's a different war; a different kind of fighting." He added, "And don't place too much trust in the Circus; you'll get no charity from those people."

They looked at each other in surprise, a moment of recognition. Leclerc said, his voice scarcely above a whisper: "It began with the networks, didn't it? Do you remember how the Circus swallowed them up one by one? The Ministry would say: 'We're in danger of duplication on the Polish desks, Leclerc. I've decided Control should look after Poland.' When was that? July, 'forty-eight. Year after year it's gone on. Why do you think they patronize your Research section? Not just for your beautiful files; they've got us where they want us, don't you see? Satellites! Non-operational! It's a way of putting us to sleep! You know what they call us in Whitehall these days? The Grace and Favor Boys."

There was a long silence. Haldane said, "I'm not an operational man."

"You *used* to be operational, Adrian."

"We're not accustomed to people anymore. Handling them I (*continued*)

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mean." Haldane had become unusually diffident. "I'm a research man. I work with files."

"We've had nothing else to give you until now. How long is it? Twenty years."

"Do you know what it means, a rocket site?" Haldane demanded. "Do you know how much mess it makes? They need launch pads, blast shields, cable troughs, control buildings; they need bunkers for storing the warheads, trailers for fuel and oxidizers. And those things come first. Rockets don't creep about in the night; they move like a traveling fair; we'd have other indicators before now; or the Circus would. As for Taylor's death ——"

"For heaven's sake, Adrian, do you think Intelligence consists of unassailable philosophical truths? We have to deal with things as they are. We have to deal with people, with events!"

"Very well, events then: how did this railwayman Fritsche *really* take the pictures of the rocket—if it is a rocket? Why isn't there any trace of camera shake? He'd been drinking, he was balancing on tiptoe, they're long exposures. Why did he give Gorton for nothing what he'd offered elsewhere for money? Why did he risk his life at all, taking those photographs?"

His eyes drifted to the model airplane and the files on Leclerc's desk. "You shouldn't have sent Avery. We've no business to use a desk man for a job like that."

Leclerc said, "I went through the file cards last night. We've got a man who'd do. Trained wireless operator, German speaker, unmarried."

Haldane stood quite still.

"Age?" he asked at last.

"Forty. A bit over."

"He must have been very young in the Hitler war."

"He put up a good show. The Gestapo caught him in Holland, and he got away."

"How did he get caught?"

The slightest pause. "It isn't recorded."

"Let's see what the Ministry says."

Avery sat in the airplane remembering the Department's better days. Even now the Department had for its servants a religious quality. Like monks, they endowed it with a mystical identity far away from the hesitant, sinful band which made up its ranks. While they might be cynical of the qualities of one another, contemptuous of their own hierarchical preoccupations, their faith in the Department burned in some separate chapel; they called it patriotism.

For all that, as he glanced at the darkening sea beneath him, at the cold sunlight on the waves, Avery felt his heart thrilling with love. Woodford, with his pipe and his plain way, became part of that secret elite to which Avery now belonged; Haldane, Haldane above all, with his crosswords and his eccentricities, fitted into place as the uncompromising intellectual, irritable and aloof. He saw Dennison and McCulloch as the matchless technicians, quiet men, not articulate at meetings, but tireless and, in the end, right. He thanked Leclerc, thanked him warmly, for the privilege of knowing these men, for the excitement of this mission; for the opportunity to advance toward experience and maturity, to become a man, tempered in the fire of war. He imagined that when his son Anthony grew up he, too, might be led into those dowdy corridors, and be presented to old Pine, who with tears in his eyes would warmly grasp Anthony's hand. It was a scene in which Sarah played no part.

Avery lightly touched a corner of the long envelope in his inside pocket. It contained his money: two hundred pounds in a blue envelope with the government crest. He had heard of people in the war sewing such things into the lining of their clothes, and he rather wished they had done that for him. It was a childish conceit, he knew; he even smiled to discover himself given to such fancies.

The Consul was waiting beside the Immigration Officer; he came forward without a smile. "Are you Avery?" Avery had the impression of a tall man in a soft hat and dark overcoat; red-faced and severe. They shook hands.

"You're the British Consul. Mr. Sutherland."

"H.M. Consul, actually," he replied, a little tartly. "There's a difference, you know." He spoke with a Scottish accent. "How did you know my name?"

"It's kind of you to come all this way," Avery said.

"It's only three miles from the town."

They got into the car. "Your name *is* Avery, isn't it?"

"Of course it is; you saw my passport at the desk." Avery rather wished he hadn't said it. Sutherland started the engine and pulled into the center of the road. He pointed straight ahead through the windscreen.

"That's where your brother died. Up there on the brow. The police reckon the driver must have been drunk."

Avery stared at the flat reaches of snowbound country and thought of Taylor struggling along the road, his weak eyes streaming from the cold.

"We'll go to the police afterwards," said Sutherland. "They're expecting us. They'll tell you all the details. I've got you a room at the Regina. Your brother was walking to the hotel. The Regina, just here." Avery caught sight of the hotel's lights across the valley.

"Where does your mother live?" Sutherland asked.

The question took Avery by surprise.

"Woodbridge, in Suffolk." There was a by-election going on there; it was the first town that came into his head.

"Why didn't he put her down?"

"I don't understand."

"As next of kin. On the passport application. Why didn't Malherbe put his mother's name down instead of yours?"

It was unnerving. Avery was still strung up from the journey; he wanted to escape interrogation. He realized, too, that he had not sufficiently worked out the supposed relationship between Taylor and himself. What had Leclerc written in the teleprint; half-brother or stepbrother? Hastily he tried to visualize a train of family events, death, remarriage or estrangement, which would help him to answer Sutherland's questions.

"She's old," Avery replied at last. "It's a question of protecting her from shock. I expect that's what he had in mind when he filled in his passport application. She's been ill; a bad heart."

"Ah."

They had reached the outskirts of the town.

"There has to be a postmortem," Sutherland said. "It's the law here, I'm afraid, in the case of violent death."

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re was going to be angry about very said, "I thought I'd have ly flown back."
turned off the main road into the square, and he asked casually, as d no personal interest in the out- 'What about his effects? I'd bet- them with me, hadn't I?"
oubt whether the police will hand over until they've had the go- from the public prosecutor. The rtem report goes to him; he gives ce. Are you an executor of your 's will?"
no idea."
erland gave a dry, patient laugh. of kin is not quite the same as or," he said. "It gives you no legal I'm afraid, apart from the dis- f the body." He paused, looking er his seat while he reversed the o a parking space. "Even if the hand your brother's effects over I'm not allowed to release them ve had instructions from the Of- d *they*," he continued quickly, for was about to interrupt him, issue such instructions to *me* un- nt of probate has been made or a of administration issued." He at Avery sideways, as if wonder- ether he stood to inherit anything. was that you said?"
hing."
ther they climbed the steps to the tation. "We'll be seeing Inspector n," Sutherland explained. "He's ell disposed. You'll kindly let me him."

er Secretary," Leclerc began dif- , "I shall have to ask the Minis- another overflight."
n'll be wasting your time. He's de- here'll be no more."
en with a target like this?"
ticularly with a target like this." Under Secretary lightly touched ners of his in-tray. "You'll have k of something else," he said.
erc smiled as if he would like to friend, but could not work mir- "An agent. In and out: a week her perhaps."
Under Secretary said, "But who you find for a job like that? These

o indeed? It's a very long shot." Under Secretary's room was large rk, with rows of bound books. A e burned in the marble fireplace. e wall hung an oil painting of a at sea.
lkstadt's pretty close to the bor- Leclerc suggested. "We wouldn't o use a scheduled airline. We could raining flight, lose our way. It's one before."
ecisely," said the Under Secretary. "This man of yours who died." ylor?"
was murdered, was he?"
ere's no proof," Leclerc said.
t you assume it?"
erc smiled patiently. "I think we know, Under Secretary, that it is angerous to make broad assump- when decisions of policy are in- l. I'm still asking for another over-

Under Secretary colored. "I told 's out of the question. No! We talking of alternatives. You sug- putting an agent in."
ly tentatively. We've no one in "
ok," said the Under Secretary, he finality of a man sorely tried. "If your report is true, it alters our entire defense position. I really detest sensation ——"

Leclerc said, "If I found a man to go in, there's the problem of resources. Money, training and equipment. Extra staff perhaps. Transport. Whereas an overflight ——"

"Why do you raise so many difficulties? I understood you people existed for this kind of thing."

"We have the expertise, Under Secretary, but some of our functions have lapsed: one must be honest. I have never tried to put the clock back. This is, after all"—a delicate smile—"a slightly anachronistic situation."

The Under Secretary glanced out of the window at the lights along the river.

"It seems pretty contemporary to me. Rockets and that kind of thing. I don't think the Minister considers it anachronistic."

"I'm not referring to the target but the method of attacking it: the crash operation at the border. That has scarcely been done since the war. Although it is a form of clandestine warfare with which my department is traditionally at home. Or used to be."

"What are you getting at?"

"I'm wondering whether the Circus might not be better equipped to deal with this. Perhaps you should approach Control."

"You mean you don't think you can handle it?"

"Not with my existing organization. Control can. As long, that is, as the Minister doesn't mind bringing in another department. Two, really. I didn't realize you were so worried about publicity."

"Two?"

"Control will feel bound to inform the Foreign Office."

"If *those* people know," the Under Secretary said with contempt, "it'll be round every damned club by tomorrow."

"There is that danger," Leclerc conceded. "More particularly, I wonder whether the Circus has the *military* skills. A rocket site is a complicated affair: launch pads, blast shields, cable troughs; all these things require proper processing and evaluation. Control and I could combine forces, I suppose ——"

"That's out of the question. You people make poor bedfellows. Even if you succeeded in cooperating, it would be against policy: no monolith."

"Ah, yes. Of course."

"Assume you do it yourself, then; assume you find a man, what would that involve?"

"A supplementary estimate. Immediate resources. Extra staff. A training establishment. Ministerial protection: special passes and authority." The knife again: "And *some* help from Control—we could obtain that under a pretext."

A foghorn echoed mournfully across the water.

"If it's the only way ——"

"Perhaps you'd put it to the Minister."

Silence. Leclerc said, "In practical terms we need thirty thousand pounds." He couldn't resist adding: "The Circus would ask twice as much."

"Thirty thousand pounds, then, and our protection?"

"And a man. But I must find him for myself." A small laugh.

The Under Secretary said abruptly: "There are certain details the Minister will not want to know. You realize that?"

"Of course. I imagine you will do most of the talking. Incidentally," Leclerc said, "Mrs. Taylor's pension. I'm making an application to the Treasury. They feel the Minister should sign it."

"Why, for God's sake?"

"It's a question of whether he was killed in action."

The Under Secretary froze. "That is most presumptuous. You're asking for ministerial confirmation that Taylor was murdered."

"I'm asking for a widow's pension," Leclerc protested gravely. "He was one of my best men."

"Of course. They always are."

The police inspector rose from his chair, a short, plump man with a shaven neck. He wore plain clothes. Avery supposed him to be a detective. He shook their hands with an air of professional bereavement, sat them in modern chairs with teak arms, and offered cigars.

First, he related the circumstances of the accident, praised in tiresome detail the efforts of the police to track down the car, referred frequently *(continued)*

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to the personal concern of the President of Police, whose Anglophilia was a byword, and stated his own conviction that the guilty man would be found out, and punished with the full severity of Finnish law. He dwelt for some time on his own admiration of the British, his affection for the Queen and the Prime Minister, the charms of Finnish neutrality, and finally he came to the body.

The postmortem, he was proud to say, was complete, and Mr. Public Prosecutor (his own words) had declared that the circumstances of Mr. Malherbe's death gave no ground for suspicion despite the presence of a considerable amount of alcohol in the blood.

"There is one difficulty. About the identification," Inspector Peersen said.

"Identification?" Avery repeated. "Of my brother?"

"You saw his passport," Sutherland put in, "before you sent it up to me. What's the difficulty?"

The policeman nodded. "Yes, yes." Opening a drawer he took out a handful of letters, a wallet, some photographs.

"His name was Malherbe," he said. He spoke fluent English with a heavy American accent which somehow suited the cigar. "His passport was Malherbe. It was a *good* passport, wasn't it?"

"Of course," Sutherland said.

Inspector Peersen began to sort through the letters, putting some in a file before him and returning others to the drawer. Every now and then, as he added to the pile, he muttered: "Ah, so," or "Yes, yes." Avery could feel the sweat running down his body; it drenched his clasped hands.

"And your brother's name was Malherbe?" Peersen asked again, when he had finished his sorting.

Avery nodded. "Of course."

Peersen smiled. "Not 'of course,'" he said. "All his letters, his clothes, driving license, all belong to a Mr. Taylor. You know anything of Taylor?"

A dreadful block was forming in Avery's mind. The envelope with the Government crest, what should he do with the envelope? Go to the lavatory, destroy it now before it was too late? Peersen and Sutherland were waiting for him to speak, and all he could think of was the envelope weighing so heavily in his inside pocket.

He managed to say, "No, I don't. My brother and I . . ." Stepbrother or halfbrother? ". . . he was older. We didn't really grow up together. He had a lot of different jobs, he could never quite settle down to anything. Perhaps this Taylor was a friend of his . . . who . . ." Avery shrugged, bravely trying to imply that Malherbe had been something of a mystery to him also.

"How old are you?" Peersen asked. His respect for the bereaved seemed to be dwindling.

"Thirty-two."

"And Malherbe?" he asked conversationally. "He was how many years older, please?"

"Twelve," Avery hazarded. "My brother was forty-four." Why did he have to say so much?

Peersen raised his eyebrows. "Only forty-four? Then the passport is wrong as well."

Peersen turned to Sutherland, poked his cigar toward the ceiling, and said, "Now you are seeing why I have a problem about identification."

Sutherland was looking very angry. He said, "Inspector Peersen. The identity of Mr. Malherbe has been established from his passport. The Foreign Office in London has ascertained that Mr. Avery's name was quoted by Mr. Malherbe as his next of kin. You tell me there is nothing suspicious about the circumstances of his death. The customary procedure is now for you to release his effects to me for custody pending the completion of formalities in the United Kingdom. Mr. Avery may presumably take charge of his brother's body."

Peersen turned away. He telephoned somebody and spoke in Finnish. After some minutes an orderly brought in an old leather suitcase with an inventory which Sutherland signed. Throughout all this, neither Avery nor Sutherland said a word.

Peersen accompanied them all the way to the front door. Sutherland insisted on carrying the suitcase and papers himself.

Sutherland's house was a small building with a picture window full of potted plants. "I have an office at the back," he said, as if to emphasize that the place was not wholly given over to luxury. "I shan't keep you long." He was telling Avery he needn't expect to stay to supper. "How do you propose to get the body back to England?"

They sat down either side of the desk. Behind Sutherland's head hung a water color of mauve hills reflected in a Scottish loch.

"I should like it flown home."

"There is a firm of undertakers in the town, Barford and Company. One of the partners is English, married to a Swedish girl. In the circumstances I would prefer you to return to London as soon as you can, and empower me to use Barford."

"All right."

"He will expect some payment in advance. I suggest you leave the money with me against a receipt. As regards your brother's effects, I take it that whoever sent you wished you to recover these letters?" He pushed them across the table.

Avery muttered, "There was a film, an undeveloped film." He put the letters in his pocket.

Deliberately Sutherland extracted a copy of the inventory which he had signed at the police station, spread it out before him and ran his finger down the left-hand column, suspiciously.

"There is no film entered here. Was there a camera too?"

"No."

"Ah."

He saw Avery to the door. "You'd better tell whoever sent you that Malherbe's passport was not valid. The Foreign Office sent out a circular about a group of passport numbers, about twenty. Your brother's was one of them. There must have been a slip-up. I was about to report it when a Foreign Office teleprint arrived empowering you to take over Malherbe's effects." He gave a short laugh. He was very angry.

Avery took a cab to the hotel and asked for a room with a bath. They gave him the register to sign. He had actually put his pen to the page when he saw, not ten lines above, done in a laborious hand, the name Malherbe, broken in the middle as if the writer could not spell it. His eye followed the entry along the line: address, London; profession, Major (retired); destination, London. His last vanity, Avery thought, a false profession, a false rank, but little English T- lor had stolen a moment's glory. W not Colonel? Why not give himse peerage and an address in Park La Even when he dreamed, Taylor known his limits.

The hotel room was carefully plann but bleak and without sympathy. ran a bath and undressed. As he about to get into the water, he reme bered Taylor's letters in his pocket. put on a dressing gown, sat on the and looked through them. One from bank about an overdraft, one from mother, one from a friend which be *Dear Old Wilf*, the rest from a wom They were dangerous, insecure. Lett like that could compromise him. He termined to burn them all.

There was an extra washbasin in bedroom. He put the letters into it a held a match to them. Later he ran ter on the ashes. He was gathering dressing gown more closely about h when there was a knock on the do Paralyzed with fear, he stared at t door handle, heard another knock, call watched the handle turn. It was t man from Reception.

"Mr. Avery?"

"Yes?"

"I'm sorry. We need your passpo For the police."

He found his passport and handed over. As he did so, he saw the ma gaze fixed upon the basin, on the bro mark and the small flakes of ashes whi still clung to the sides.

It was nearly midnight when he ra Leclerc at the Department. He answer straight away. Avery could imagine hi sitting up on the steel bed, the Air For blankets thrown back, his small, ale face anxious for the news.

"It's John," he said cautiously.

"Yes, yes, I know who you are Leclerc sounded cross that Avery ha mentioned his name.

"The deal's off I'm afraid," Aver said. "They're not interested . . . neg tive. You'd better tell the man I saw; t little, fat man . . . tell him we shan need the service of his friend here."

"I see. Never mind." Leclerc sounde utterly uninterested.

Avery didn't know what to say; h just didn't know. He needed desperatel to go on talking to Leclerc. He wante to tell him about Sutherland's contem and the passport that wasn't right. "Th people here, the people I'm negotiatin with, are rather worried about the whol deal. The representative here, the ma who looks after our interests . . . h seems to have guessed."

"You stressed it was confidential?"

"Yes, of course." How could he eve explain about Sutherland?

"Good. We don't want any troubl with the Foreign Office just now." In a altered tone Leclerc continued, "Thing are going very well over here, John, ver well. When do you get back?"

"I've got to cope with the . . . witl bringing our friend home. Tomorrow."

"I'll send a car to meet you at Heath row. A lot's happened in the last few hours. And well done, John, well done."

"All right."

He expected to sleep heavily that night, but after an hour he woke, alert and watchful. He looked at his watch; it was ten past one. He found himself thinking, for the first time since he had left the flat that morning, of Sarah and Anthony. Tears came suddenly to his tired eyes when he recalled his boy, the steel-rimmed spectacles (*continued*)

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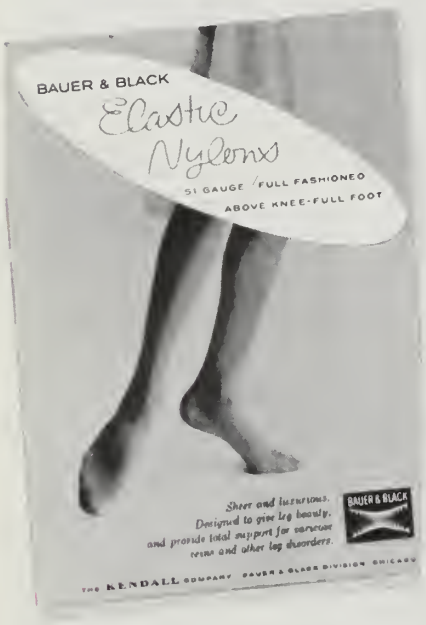
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like tiny irons; he wanted to hear his voice, he wanted Sarah, and the familiarity of his home.

Try as he might, he could not sleep. Once, shortly before dawn, he heard a footfall outside his room, a single tread in the corridor, not imagined but real, and he lay in chill terror waiting for the peremptory knocking of Inspector Peersen's men.

Putting on the light, he caught sight of something white on the floor. It was a photograph of Taylor's child carrying a doll; she was wearing glasses, the kind Anthony wore. It must have been among Taylor's papers. He thought of destroying it, but somehow he couldn't. He slipped it into his pocket.

Leclerc was waiting at Heathrow, as Avery knew he would be, standing on tiptoe, peering anxiously between the heads of the waiting crowd. This is the life we lead, Avery thought; the same airport with different names; the same hurried, guilty meetings. He was desperately tired. He wanted Sarah. He wanted to say sorry, make it up with her, get a new job, try again.

"I'll just make a telephone call. Sarah wasn't too well when I left."

"Do it from the office," Leclerc said. "Do you mind? I have a meeting with Haldane in an hour." He led Avery toward a black Humber standing in the privilege car park, a driver at the wheel.

"This is a change," Avery said, indicating the car.

Leclerc nodded in a familiar way, as if the acquisition were no longer new. "How are things?" he asked.

"There was a hell of a mess in Finland," Avery observed brutally. "Our friend's papers—Malherbe's—weren't in order. The Foreign Office had canceled his passport."

"We know all about that. The usual jealousy. Control sent round to apologize. We've a lot of people on our side, now, John, you've no idea. The Ministry's woken up to us in a big way. We're to form a special operational unit to mount the next phase."

"Next phase?"

"Of course. The man I mentioned to you. I've revived Special Section; do you know what that is?"

"Haldane ran it during the war; training ——"

Leclerc interrupted quickly for the driver's sake: "Training the *traveling salesmen*. And he's going to run it again now. I've decided you're to work with him. You're the two best brains I've got." A sideways glance.

Avery said, "I want to talk to you about the whole operation—about Gorton. I'll come to your office after I've rung Sarah."

"Come straight away, then I can put you in the picture."

"I'll phone Sarah first."

Again Avery had the unreasonable feeling that Leclerc was trying to keep him from communicating with Sarah.

"She *is* all right, isn't she?"

"So far as I know," Leclerc said.

Avery sank back into the cushions of the car, and turned his attention to the pink, healthy villas drifting past in the light rain.

Leclerc was talking again, his committee voice. "I want you to start tomorrow. We've got your room ready. There's a lot to be done. This man Haldane has him in play. We should hear something when we get home. Our masters have agreed to provide you with a special Ministry pass, the same kind of thing that they have in the Circus."

Avery was familiar with Leclerc's habit of speech; there were times when he resorted entirely to oblique allusion, offering a raw material which the consumer, not the purveyor, must refine.

"I want to talk to you about the whole thing," Avery said. Stubbornly: "When I've rung Sarah."

"That's right," Leclerc replied nicely. "Come and talk to me about it. Why not come now?" He looked at Avery, offering his whole face; a thing without depth, a moon with one side. "You've done well," he said generously. "I hope you'll keep it up." They entered London. "We're getting some help from the Circus," he added. "They seem to be quite willing. They don't know the whole picture, of course. The Minister was very firm on that point."

They rounded St. George's Circus and entered Blackfriars Road. As they approached the building, Avery sensed that things had changed. Somehow he knew that a new spirit had infected the Department. It had reached the most humble members of the staff. Pine, impressed no doubt by the black staff car and the sudden passage of busy people, looked spruce and alert. The staircase was daubed with wax polish.

In the corridor they met Woodford, hurrying. He was carrying a couple of files with red caution notices on the covers.

"Hullo, John! You've landed safely, then? Good party?" He really did seem pleased to see Avery. "Sarah's all right now?"

"He's done well," said Leclerc quickly. "He had a very difficult run."

"We shall need you in the new section. Your wife will have to spare you for a week or two."

"What was that about Sarah?" Avery asked. Suddenly he was frightened. He hastened down the corridor. Leclerc was calling, but he took no notice. He entered his room and stopped dead. There was a second telephone on his desk, and a steel bed like Leclerc's along the side wall. He sat down and rang his home.

Sarah answered the telephone herself. "Oh, thank God, it's you." Then she burst out, "John, for *God's* sake, what *have* you been doing? We had the police here, detectives; they want to talk to you about a body that's arrived at London Airport; somebody called Malherbe. They say it was sent from Finland on a false passport."

He wanted to put down the receiver; he held it away from his ear, but he still heard her voice, saying, John, John. "They say he's your brother; it's addressed to *you*, John; some London undertaker was supposed to be doing it all for you . . . John, John, are you still there?"

"Listen," he said, "it's all right. I'll take care of it now."

"I told them about Taylor: I had to."

"Sarah!"

"What else could I do? They thought I was a criminal or something; they didn't believe me, John! They asked how they could get hold of you; I had to say I didn't know; I didn't even know which country or which plane; I was ill, John, I felt awful, I've got this damn flu. They came in the middle of the night, two of them. John, why did they come in the night?"

"What did you tell them? For God's sake, Sarah, what else did you say?"

"Don't swear at me! I should be swearing at you and your beastly Department! I said you were doing something secret; you'd had to go abroad for the Department—John, I don't even know its *name!*—that you'd been rung in the night and you'd gone away. I said it was about a courier called Taylor."

"You're mad," Avery shouted. "You're absolutely mad. I told you never to say!"

"But John, they were *policemen!* There can't be any harm in telling them." She was crying, he could hear the tears in her voice. "John, *please* come back. I'm so frightened. You've got to get out of this, go back to publishing; I don't care what you do but ——"

"I can't. It's terribly big. More important than you can possibly understand. I'm sorry, Sarah, I just can't leave the office." He added savagely a useful lie, "You may have wrecked the whole thing."

There was a very long silence.

"Sarah, I'll have to sort this out. I'll ring you later."

When at last she answered, he detected in her voice the same flat resignation with which she had sent him to pack his things. "You took the checkbook. I've no money."

He ran into Leclerc's room. Haldane was standing behind the desk, his coat still wet from the rain. They were bent over a file. The pages were faded and torn.

"Taylor's body!" Avery blurted out. "It's at London Airport. You've messed the whole thing up. They've been on to Sarah! In the middle of the night!"

"Wait!" Haldane was furious. "You have no business to come running in here. Just wait."

He returned to the file, ignoring Avery. "None at all," he muttered, adding to Leclerc: "Woodford has already had some success, I gather. Unarmed combat's all right; he's heard of a wireless operator, one of the best. I remember him. The garage is called the King of Hearts; it is clearly prosperous. We inquired at the bank; they were quite helpful, if not specific. He's unmarried. He had a reputation for women; the usual Polish style. No political interests, no debts, no complaints. They say he's a good mechanic. As for character . . ." he shrugged, "what do we know about anybody?"

"Did you take a look at the garage?"

"I propose to call there this evening. I don't see that we have any other choice. After all, the man's been on our file cards for twenty years."

"Is there nothing more you can find out?"

"We would have to do the rest through the Circus."

"Then let John Avery clear up the details." Leclerc seemed to have forgotten Avery was in the room. "As for the Circus, I'll deal with them myself." He turned to Avery and said, "Now, John." They were waiting for him to speak.

"The police have been round to Sarah," Avery said. "They woke her in the middle of the night. Two men. Her mother was there. They came about the body at the airport: Taylor's body. They knew the passport was phony and thought she was involved. They woke her up," he repeated lamely.

"We know all about that. It's straightened out. I wanted to tell you, but you wouldn't let me. The body's been released."

"It was wrong to drag
rah in."
Haldane lifted his head
ickly: "What do you mean
that?"
"We're not competent to
ndle this kind of thing. We
ouldn't be doing it. We
ght to give it to the Circus.
iley or someone—they're
e people, not us." He strug-
d on. "I don't even believe
at report about rocket bases.
don't believe it's true! I
uldn't be surprised if that
ugee Fritsche never ex-
ed; if Gorton made the
ole thing up."
"Is that all?" Haldane de-
nded. He was very angry.
"It's not something I want
go on with. The operation, I
an." He laughed a little stu-
lly. "It's easy here, in the
eam factory—but they're
ople out there, real people!"
Leclerc touched Haldane
htly on the arm as if to say
would handle this himself.
o to your room, John,
u're suffering from strain."
"But what do I tell Sarah?"
spoke with despair.
"Tell her she won't be trou-
d anymore. Tell her it was a
stake—tell her whatever
u like. Get some hot food
d come back in an hour.
en we'll hear the rest of
ur news." Leclerc was smil-
, his neat, bland smile.

ne Humber dropped Hal-
ne at the garage. He picked
way past the yellow petrol
mps and the advertisement
elds rattling in the wind. It
s evening; there was rain
ut. The garage was small,
t very smart; showrooms
end, workshops the other,
the middle a tower where
nebody lived. Haldane went
o the office. It was empty.
rang the bell and began
ughing wretchedly. A boy
ne in, about eighteen, his
gers black with engine oil.
"Good evening," said Hal-
ne. "I'm looking for an old
quaintance; a friend. We
ew one another long ago. A
. Leiser. Fred Leiser. I won-
ed if you had any idea——"
"I'll get him," the boy said.
Haldane waited patiently,
ndering who the boy was.
e door opened a second
e. It was Leiser. Hal-
ne recognized him from his
otograph. There was really
y little change. The twenty
rs were not drawn in force-
lines, but in tiny webs be-
e the eyes, in marks of dis-
line around the mouth. It
s a face which at first sight
orded nothing but loneliness.
"What can I do for you?"
iser asked, standing almost at attention.
Haldane smiled. "Hullo, I wonder if
u remember me?"
Leiser looked as if he were being asked
name a price, blank but wary. "It
ist have been a long time ago," he said
last. "I don't often forget a face."
"Twenty years." Haldane coughed
ologetically.

"In the war then, was it?"

He was a short man, very straight: unlike Leclerc. He wore a gold ring; a golden wristband to his watch. He took great care of his appearance; Haldane could smell the lotion on his skin. His long brown hair was full, the line along the forehead straight. Bulging a little at the sides, the hair was combed backward. He wore no parting; the effect was definitely Slav. He looked, despite himself, a practical man, handy in the house or starting the car on a cold day; and he looked an innocent man, but traveled.

"Surely you remember me?" Haldane pleaded.

Leiser stared at the thin cheeks, touched with points of high color, at the hanging, restless body, and there passed across his face a look of painful recognition, as if he were identifying the remains of a friend.

"You're not Captain Hawkins?"

"That's right."

"God," said Leiser, without moving. "You're the people who've been asking about me." *(continued)*

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"What do you want him for, sir?"

It was very hard to tell what he was thinking. His eyes were fixed on Haldane.

"To do a job, one job."

Leiser smiled, as if it all came back to him. He nodded toward the window. "Over there?" He meant somewhere beyond the rain.

"Yes."

"What about getting back?"

"The usual rules. It's up to the man in the field. The war rules."

Leiser gave himself a cigarette and lit it, his hands cupped round the flame as if there were a high wind.

"God," he repeated, "twenty years. I was a kid in those days, just a kid."

Haldane said, "You don't regret it, I trust. Shall we go and have a drink?" He handed Leiser a card. It was newly printed: CAPTAIN A. HAWKINS. Written underneath was a telephone number.

Leiser read it and shrugged. "I don't mind," he said, and fetched his coat. "But you're wasting your time, Captain."

There was a pub on the other side of the avenue, Tudor, with new horse brasses and a polished ship's bell. Leiser asked for a White Lady. He never drank anything else, he said. "Stick to one drink, that's my advice."

"It's got to be someone who knows the tricks," Haldane observed. "They pay far more than in the war." He gave a gaunt smile. "They pay a lot of money these days."

"Still, money's not everything, is it?" A stiff little phrase, borrowed from the English.

"They remembered you. People whose names you've forgotten, if you ever knew them." An unconvincing smile crossed his thin lips: it might have been years since he had lied. "You left quite an impression behind you, Fred; there weren't many as good as you."

"They remember me then, the old crowd?" He seemed grateful for that, but shy, as if it were not his place to be held in memory. "I was only a kid then," he repeated.

Haldane sipped his whisky. "Are you married, by the way?"

Leiser grinned, held his hand out flat, tipped it briskly to left and right, like a man talking about airplanes. "So, so," he said. "How about you, Captain?"

Haldane shook his head. The bar was filling up.

"I wonder whether you know of a different place where we might talk?" Haldane inquired. "We could eat, chat about some of the old gang. Or have you another engagement?" The lower classes eat early.

Leiser glanced at his watch. "I'm all right till eight," he said. "You want to do something about that cough, sir. It can be dangerous, a cough like that."

They went to one of those restaurants which rely on empty Chianti bottles for their charm. Leiser had steak and sat primly while he ate it, his elbows firmly at his side.

At first Haldane pretended to ignore the purpose of his visit. He referred to the training courses Leiser had attended; had he kept up his interest in radio at all? Well, no, as a matter of fact. How about unarmed combat? There hadn't been the opportunity, really.

"You had one or two rough moments in the war, I remember," Haldane prompted. "Didn't you have some trouble in Holland?"

A stiff nod. "I had a spot of trouble," he conceded. "I was younger then."

He had been caught, he had escaped, he had lived for days without food, he had killed, and been smuggled back to England. He told it well; but as with a Latin widow relating the manner of her husband's death, the passion had gone out of his heart and into the telling.

Haldane listened courteously. When it was over, he asked, "How did they pick you up, do you know?"

"They never told me," he said blankly, as if it were not proper to inquire.

"Of course you *are* the man we need," Haldane observed at last. "You've got the German background, if you understand me. You know them, don't you; you have the German experience."

"Only from the war," Leiser said.

They talked about the training school. "How's that fat one?" Leiser asked. "George somebody. Little sad bloke."

"Oh . . . he's well, thank you."

"He married a pretty girl." Leiser laughed obscenely, raising his right forearm in an Arab gesture of sexual prowess. It was an extraordinary lapse.

Haldane watched him coolly for a long time. The silence became remarkable.

"Do you mind not saying that? George Smiley happens to be a friend of mine."

He called the waiter and paid the bill, stalked quickly from the restaurant, leaving Leiser bewildered and alone, his White Lady held delicately in his hand.

It was shortly before eleven when Haldane returned to the Department. Leclerc and Avery were waiting for him. Carol was typing in the private office.

"I thought you'd be here earlier," Leclerc said.

"It's no good," Haldane said. "Leiser wouldn't play. I think you'd better try the next one yourself. It's not my style anymore."

They stared at him incredulously.

"Did you offer money?" Leclerc asked finally. "We have clearance for five thousand pounds."

"Of course I offered money. I tell you he's just not interested. He was a singularly unpleasant person."

They could hear the tapping of Carol's typewriter. Leclerc said, "Where do we go from here?"

"I have no idea." Haldane glanced restlessly at his watch.

"There must be others, there must be."

"Not on our file cards. Not with his qualifications. There are Belgians, Swedes, Frenchmen. But Leiser was the only German speaker with technical experience. We'd better ask the Circus. They'll have someone."

"We can't do that," Avery said.

"What kind of man was he?" Leclerc persisted, reluctant to abandon hope.

"Common, in a Slav way. Small. Unattractive." He was looking in his pockets for the bill. "He dresses like a bookie, but I suppose they all do that. Do I give this to you or Accounts?"

"And you spoke about the urgency? New loyalties and all that?"

"He found the old loyalties more attractive." He put the bill on the table.

"And politics—some of these exiles are very ——"

"We spoke about politics. He's not that sort of exile. He considers himself integrated, naturalized British." Again he looked at his watch.

"You never wanted to recruit him!" Leclerc cried, suddenly angered by Haldane's indifference. "You're pleased, Adrian, I can see it in your face! Good God, what about the Department! Didn't that mean anything to him? You don't believe in it anymore!"

"Who of us does believe?" asked Haldane with contempt. "You said yourself: We do the job."

"I believe," Avery said.

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Haldane was about to
eak when the green tele-
none rang.
"That will be the Minis-
y," Leclerc said. "Now what
I tell them?" He picked up
ie receiver, put it to his ear,
ien handed it across the
able. "It's the exchange.
hy on earth did they come
rough on green? Somebody
king for Captain Hawkins.
hat's you, isn't it?"
Haldane listened, his thin
ce expressionless. Finally he
id, "I imagine so. We'll find
meone. There should be no
fficulty. Tomorrow at eleven.
indly be punctual," and
ng off.
"That was Leiser. He's de-
ded he'll do the job. He
ants to know whether we
n find someone to take care
his garage while he's away."
Leclerc looked at him in
stonishment. Pleasure spread
mically over his face. "You
pected it!" he cried. He
retched out his small hand.
I'm sorry, Adrian. I mis-
dged you."
"Why did he accept?"
very asked excitedly. "What
ade him change his mind?"
"Why do agents ever do
ything? Why do any of
s?" Haldane sat down. He
oked old but inviolate, like
man whose friends had al-
ady died. "Why do they
nsent or refuse, why do they
e or tell the truth? Why do
ny of us?" He began cough-
g again. "Perhaps he's un-
eremployed. It's the Ger-
ans: he hates them. That's
hat he says. I place no value
n that. Then he said he
uldn't let us down. I assume
e means himself."

They chose Oxford, as they
ad done in the war. The
ariety of nationalities and
ccupations, the constant com-
g and going of visiting aca-
emics and the resultant
nonymity, all suited their
eeds. Avery went ahead to
nd a house. The following
ay he telephoned Haldane
o say he had taken one for a
onth in the north of the
own, a large Victorian affair
ith four bedrooms and a
arden. It was to be known in
he Department as the May-
y house, and carded under
ive Amenities.
Leiser was pleased when he
eard it was Oxford. At his
uggestion it was agreed that
e should put it about that
e was attending a course in
he Midlands.
"Don't give any details,"
Haldane had said. "Have your
ail sent *post restante* to
Coventry. We'll get it picked up."
Leclerc and Woodford had searched
esperately for someone to run the ga-
age in Leiser's absence; suddenly they
hought of McCulloch. Leiser gave him
ower of attorney and spent a hasty
norning showing him the ropes. "We'll
ffer you some kind of guarantee in re-
urn," Haldane said.

"I don't need it," Leiser replied, ex-
plaining quite seriously: "I'm working
for English gentlemen."
Haldane was to supervise his training,
Avery to act as Haldane's assistant.
Woodford would remain in London.
Among his tasks was that of assembling
instructional material on the external
specifications of short- and medium-
range rockets, and, thus provided, come
himself to Oxford. Leclerc was now at
the Ministry to report on progress, now
at the Treasury to argue the case for
Taylor's widow, now, with Woodford's
aid, locating former instructors in wire-
less transmission, photography and un-
armed combat. Such time as remained to
Leclerc he devoted to Mayfly Zero: the
moment at which Leiser was to be infil-
trated into East Germany.
When all was ready, Haldane and
Avery traveled to Oxford first class on a
Ministry Warrant. At dinner on the
train they had a table to themselves.
For a time they sat in silence. At last
Avery said, "Leiser's a professional,
isn't he?" *(continued)*

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"Leiser is not one of us. We touched him long ago, that's all."

"What sort of man is he?"

"He's an agent. He's a man to be handled, not known."

He returned to his crossword.

"He must be loyal," Avery said. "Why else would he accept?"

"I mistrust reasons. I mistrust words like loyalty. And, above all," Haldane declared, "I mistrust *motive*."

They took a taxi to North Oxford and got out at the corner of their road. The evening was spent preparing the house. Haldane had sent some academic books in advance, a typewriter and some imposing files. These he unpacked and arranged on the dining-room table to deceive the landlord's housekeeper, who would come each day. "We shall call this room the study," he said. In the drawing room he installed a tape recorder.

Above Avery's bed hung a light shade of blue china; there were lace covers on the bedside tables and a small enameled notice saying, "God's blessing on this house." Beside the window hung a picture of a child saying its prayers.

Avery went to bed at midnight, lying awake, wondering what Leiser would be like; it was like waiting for a girl. From across the passage he could hear Haldane's solitary cough, on and on, like a machine.

Two days later, Leiser arrived at Oxford. They waited anxiously f on the platform, Haldane peering the hurrying faces in the crowd. Avery, curiously, who saw him motionless figure in a camel-hair the window of an empty compar

"Is that him?" Avery asked.

"He's traveling first class. He have paid the difference." H spoke as if it were an affront.

Leiser lowered the window and h out two pigskin cases shaped f trunk of a car. They greeted one a briskly, shaking hands for every see. Avery wanted to carry the l to the taxi, but Leiser preferred t it by himself, a piece in each han it were his duty. He walked a littl from them, shoulders back, star the people as they went by, start the crowd.

Avery, watching him, felt su disturbed. He was a man, not a sh A man with force to his body an pose to his movement, but so theirs to direct.

They climbed into the taxi, last because he insisted. It wa afternoon, a slate sky behind the trees, stained by the smoke from Oxford chimneys. When they dis the taxi at the corner of the street noticed a smell of leaf mold in t The three men walked to the Leiser, his eyes on the house, put his suitcases.

"Nice place," he said, and tur Avery: "Who chose it?"

"I did."

"That's nice." He patted his sh "You did a good job." Avery, p smiled and opened the gate; Leiser was determined that the should pass through first. They to upstairs and showed him his roo still carried his own luggage.

"I'll unpack later," he said. "I make a proper job of it."

He walked through the house critical way, picking things u looking at them; he might have c bid for the place.

"It's a nice spot," he repeated f "I like it."

"Good," said Haldane, as if he give a damn.

Avery went with him to his ro see if he could help.

"What's your name?" Leiser He was more at ease with Avery.

"John."

They shook hands again.

"Well, hullo, John; glad to mee How old are you?"

"Thirty-four," he lied.

A wink. "Damn, I wish I wa thirty-four. Done this kind of thi fore, have you?"

"I finished my own run last

"How did it go?"

"Fine."

"That's the boy. Tell me, wh charge here?"

"Captain Hawkins."

"Anyone else?"

"Not really. I shall be around."

He began unpacking. Avery wa He had brushes backed with le hair lotion, a whole range of litt tles of things for men, an electric of the newest kind and ties, so tartan, others in silk, to match his shirts. Avery went downstairs. H was waiting. "Well?"

Avery shrugged, too big a gestu felt elated, ill at ease. "What d make of him?" he asked.

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"I hardly know him," Haldane said drily. He had a way of terminating conversations. "I want you to be always in his company. Walk with him, shoot with him, drink with him if you must. He's not to be alone."

"What about his leave in between?"

"We'll see about that. Meanwhile, do as I say. You will find he enjoys your company. He's a very *lonely* man. And remember he's British: British to the core. One more thing—this is most important—do not let him think we have changed since the war. The Department has remained exactly as it was: that is an illusion you must foster."

They began next morning. Breakfast over, they assembled in the drawing room and Haldane addressed them.

The training would be divided into two periods of a fortnight each, with a short rest in between. The first was to be a refresher course; in the second, old skills, now revived, would be related to the task which lay ahead. Not until the second period would Leiser be told his operational name, the nature of his mission, the target area and the means by which he was to be infiltrated.

Haldane explained all this with a certain pedagogic acrimony while Leiser listened carefully, now and then briskly nodding his assent. Avery found it strange that Haldane took so little care to conceal his distaste.

"In the first period we shall see what you remember. We shall give you a lot of running about, I'm afraid. We want to get you fit. There'll be small-arms training, unarmed combat, mental exercises, tradecraft. We shall try to take you walking in the afternoons."

"Who with? Will John come?"

"Yes. John will take you. You should regard John as your adviser on all minor matters. If there is anything you wish to discuss, any complaint or anxiety, I trust you will not hesitate to mention it to either one of us."

"All right."

"The wireless instructor, when he comes, will not know your name. That is a customary precaution: please observe it. The cleaning woman believes we are participating in an academic conference; remember that. You should not telephone without my consent. Then there will be other visitors; photographers, medical people, technicians. Most of them believe you're here as part of a wider training scheme."

"OK," said Leiser.

Haldane looked at his watch. "Our first appointment is at ten o'clock. Have you no other clothes? Those are scarcely suitable for the firing range."

As they went upstairs to change. Leiser smiled wryly at Avery. "He's a real boy, isn't he? The old school."

"But good," Avery said.

Leiser stopped. "Of course. Here, tell me something. Have you used this place for many people?"

"You're the first," Avery said.

"Look, I know you can't tell me much. Is the outfit still like it was—people everywhere . . . the very same setup?"

Avery hesitated. "I don't think you'd find much difference. I suppose we've expanded a bit."

"Are there many young ones like you?"

"Sorry, Fred."

Leiser put a hand on Avery's back. "You're good too," he said. "Don't bother about me. Not to worry, eh, John?"

They went to Abingdon: the Ministry had made arrangements with the parachute base. The instructor was waiting.

"Used to any particular gun, sir?"

"Browning three-eight automatic, please," Leiser said, like a child ordering groceries. (*continued*)

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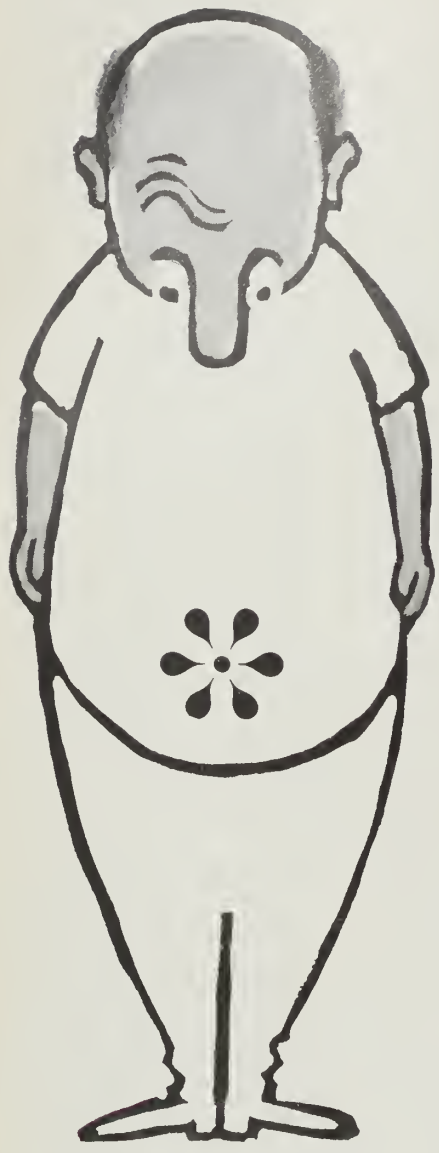

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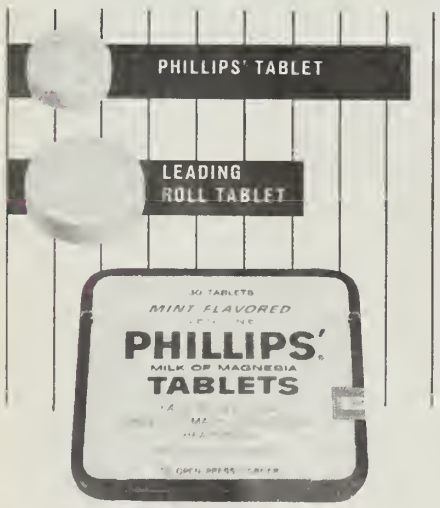

NO WATER NEEDED

"We call it the nine millimeter now. You'll have had the Mark One."

Avery stood beside Haldane, while Leiser, his long back toward them, waited in the empty range, facing the plywood figure of a German soldier. The target was black, framed against the crumbling whitewash of the walls; on its chest a heart had been crudely described in chalk, its interior extensively repaired with fragments of paper.

"Thought any more about him?" Haldane asked quietly.

"I still can't make him out," Avery said.

"Why not? He's an ordinary Pole."

The range was vibrating with the sound of Leiser's shooting—he shot fast, standing very stiff, his left hand holding the spare magazine precisely at his side like a grenade. He shot angrily, a mute man finding expression. Avery could feel with rising excitement the fury and purpose of his shooting; now two shots, and another two, then three, then a long volley, while the haze gathered round him and the plywood soldier shook and Avery's nostrils filled with the sweet smell of cordite.

"Eleven out of thirteen on the target," the instructor said. "Very nice, very nice indeed. Next time, stick to two shots at a time, please, and wait till I give the fire order."

At lunch they played the tapes.

The tapes were to run like a theme through the first two weeks of his training. They were made from old phonograph records. Together, they comprised a massive parlor game in which things to be remembered were not listed but mentioned casually, obliquely, often against a distracting background of other noises, now contradicted in conversation, now corrected or contested. There were three principal voices, one female and two male.

In the first tape the woman read from lists, quickly; first it was a shopping list, two pounds of this, one kilo of that; without warning she was talking about colored skittles—so many green, so many ocher; then it was weapons, guns, torpedoes, ammunition of this and this caliber; then a factory with production figures. In the second tape strange voices distracted her and led the dialogue into unexpected paths.

Every few minutes a voice shouted, "Break!"—it might have been a referee—and Haldane stopped the tape and made Leiser talk about football or the weather, or read aloud from a newspaper for five minutes by his watch (the clock on the fireplace was broken). The tape recorder was switched on again, and they heard a young voice, deprecating and unsure, not unlike Avery's: "Now here are the four questions. Discounting those eggs which were not sound, how many has she bought in the last three weeks? How many skittles are there altogether? What was the annual overall output of proved and calibrated gun barrels for the years 1937 and 1938? Finally, put in telegraph form any information from which the length of the barrels might be computed."

Leiser rushed into the study—he seemed to know the game—to write down his answers. As soon as he had left the room, Avery said accusingly, "That was your voice speaking at the end."

"Was it?" Haldane replied.

There were other tapes too, and they had the smell of death; the running of feet on a wooden staircase, the slamming of a door, a click and a girl's voice asking—she might have been offering lemon or cream—"Catch of a door, cocking of a gun?"

Leiser hesitated. "A door," he said. "It was just the door."

"It was a gun." Haldane retorted. "A Browning nine millimeter automatic. The magazine was being slid into the butt."

In the afternoon Leiser and Avery went for their first walk, through Port Meadow and into the country beyond. They walked fast, striding over the whip grass, the wind catching at Leiser's hair and throwing it wildly about his head.

"Tell me something, John," he said. "When the captain turned up my card . . . what happened?"

"What do you mean?"

"What does it look like, an index for so many? It must be a big thing in an outfit like ours."

"It's in alphabetical order," Avery said helplessly. "Just cards. Why?"

"He said they remembered me: the old hands. I was the best, he said. Well, *who* did?"

"They all did. There's a special index for the best people. Practically everyone in the Department knows Fred Leiser. Even the new ones. You can't have a record like yours and get forgotten, you know." He smiled. "You're part of the furniture, Fred."

For the unarmed combat they had rented a small gymnasium near Headington. An instructor had come by train. They called him Sergeant.

"Will he be carrying a knife at all? Not wanting to be curious," he asked respectfully. He had a Welsh accent.

Haldane shrugged. "It depends what he likes. We don't want to clutter him up."

"There's a lot to be said for a knife, sir." He had brought some knives in a handcase. He selected one and held it up. "You can't do much better than this." It was wide and flat like a laurel leaf, the blade unpolished, the handle crosshatched to prevent slip. Leiser was walking toward them, smoothing a comb through his hair.

"Used one of these, have you?"

Leiser examined the knife and nodded. The sergeant looked at him carefully. "I know you, don't I? My name's Sandy Lowe. I'm a bloody Welshman."

"You taught me in the war."

"By God," said Lowe softly, "so I did. You haven't changed much have you?" They grinned shyly at each other, not knowing whether to shake hands. "Come on then, see what you remember." They walked to the coconut matting in the center of the floor.

Lowe wore a jacket of torn tweed, very old. He stepped quickly back, took it off, and with a single movement wrapped it round his left forearm, like a man preparing to fight a dog. Drawing his own knife, he moved slowly round Leiser, keeping his weight steady, but riding a little from one foot to the other. For a time they feinted back and forth; once Leiser lunged and Lowe sprang back, allowing the knife to cut the cloth of the jacket on his arm. Once Lowe dropped to his knees, as if to drive the knife upward beneath Leiser's guard, and it was Leiser's turn to spring back, but too slowly, it seemed, for Lowe shouted, "Halt!" and stood upright.

"Remember that, sir?" He indicated his own belly and groin, pressing his elbows in as if to reduce the width of his body. "Keep the target small."

When it was over, Lowe said: "We'll just have a spot of unarmed combat, and that will do nicely."

Haldane glanced at Leiser. "Have you had enough?"

"I'm all right."

Lowe took Avery by an arm and stood him in the center of the gym mat. "You sit on the bench," he called to Leiser, "while I show you something."

He put a hand on Avery's shoulder. "We're only concerned with five marks. What are they?"

"Groin, kidneys, belly, heart and throat," Leiser replied wearily.

"How do you break a man's neck?"

"You don't. You smash his windpipe at the front."

"What about a blow on the back of the neck?"

"Not with the bare hand. Not without a weapon."

"Correct. Now for the strangleholds. All from behind, remember? Bend the head back, so, hand on the throat, so, and *squeeze*." Lowe looked over his shoulder: "Look this way, please, sir, I'm not doing this for my own benefit . . . come on, then, if you know it all, show us some throws!"

Leiser stood up, locking arms with Lowe, and for a while they struggled back and forth, each waiting for the other to offer an opening. Then Lowe gave way, Leiser toppled, and Lowe's hand slapped the back of his head, thrusting it down so that Leiser fell face forward heavily onto the mat.

"You fall a treat," said Lowe with a grin, and then Leiser was upon him, twisting Lowe's arm savagely back and throwing him very hard so that his little body hit the carpets like a bird hitting the windshield of a car.

"You play fair!" Leiser demanded, "or I'll damn well hurt you."

"Never lean on your opponent," Lowe said shortly. "And don't lose your temper in the gym, sir."

He called across to Avery. "You have a turn now; give him some exercise."

Avery stood up, took off his jacket and waited for Leiser to approach him. He felt the strong grasp upon his arms, and was suddenly conscious of the frailty of his body when matched against this adult force. He tried to seize the forearms of the older man, but his hands could not encompass them; he tried to break free, but Leiser held him; Leiser's head was against his own, filling his nostrils with the smell of hair oil. Putting his hands on Leiser's chest, he forced himself back, throwing all his energy into one frantic effort to escape the suffocating embrace. As he drew away, they caught sight of each other, it might have been for the first time, across the heaving cradle of their entangled arms; Leiser's face, contorted with exertion, softened into a smile; the grip relaxed.

Haldane walked over to Lowe. "What's he like?"

"I'd say he was quite a fighter in his day. Nasty. He's a good build. Fit, too, considering." He looked past Haldane's shoulder. "Not really English, is he?"

"A Pole," Haldane said. It seemed that Poles were expendable.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

EDITOR'S NOTE: *For an appraisal of John le Carré and his success, please turn to page 122.*

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John le Carré: Will his success spoil David Cornwell?

Only yesterday, he was a minor civil servant. Today he is a celebrity—rich, adored by women and able to spend his life precisely as he wants.

By JOSEPH WECHSBERG

Cornwell—alias Le Carré—says: "Money is sexy. It is very easy to become its prisoner."

Once upon a time (just over a year ago, to be exact), a quiet, anonymous $2,478-a-year British civil servant who had a wife, three small boys and no savings whatsoever, dreamed that he'd suddenly become rich and famous. No more humdrum life. Plenty of money to pay all the bills. Ann would get her Georgian dream house. He might get himself a pair or two of those fancy metal skis. . . .

The dream of glory has come true, and author John le Carré (alias David Cornwell) has discovered that it's sometimes not easy to live with one's own success.

The shockingly realistic spies in Le Carré's thrillers are constantly guessing other people's price, and in the end wind up knowing their own. Cornwell himself has come to know his own price. When I met him recently, high up in the Austrian Alps where avalanches often block the roads, he was fighting to keep his head above the avalanches of fame and money, long cables and big deals, interviews and visitors, letters from unknown girls offering various comforts, Hollywood-on-the-phone. Luckily, millionaires are a dime a dozen in Lech am Arlberg, a picturesque ski resort. And so only the outside world paid attention to the shy, boyish Englishman who looks like (and was) an Eton schoolmaster. Cornwell enjoys the sweet uses of pseudonymity.

His life is a riches-to-rags-to-riches story. He was born on October 19, 1931, in Dorset, the son of a fairly well-to-do businessman, but the money was gone by the time David had finished public school. He went to Bern, Switzerland, to study German. To earn money, he took a job with a traveling circus, washing the elephants at night. Dipping a long brush into a bucket with water, trying (*continued*)

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ERICH HARTMANN, MAGNUM PHOTOS

To her quiet dismay, Ann Cornwell has found that being the wife of a famous writer involves being ignored while her husband is lionized. But she's not flattered by men who flirt with her because they think she's left out in the cold.

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Feeding his youngest, Timothy, Cornwell opens his own mouth—as a fatherly example. He treats his three sons with "enduring permission," hoping they will discover the virtues of self-discipline. But his wife is stricter.

to scrub the elephant, David would bump into the tent behind his back. He must have looked like a latter-day Marx Brother. He returned to England, studied in Oxford, once had a job in a big department store, selling towels.

"We had a summer sale, and when the doors opened at nine, the women rushed in like a football squad. Out of the scramble there emerged a Hungarian woman with a sort of brown derby, shouting at me, 'I *vant* a towel for a guest!' Something made me shout back, 'Vat-sized guest?' She complained to the floor manager, who came to me and said, with a wink, 'You're sacked.' That started pandemonium. The woman shouted, 'Don't you see he's a college boy? You can't sack a college boy!' *Every*body was shouting. After lunch I was sent down in disgrace to the rug department. We had a supply of used carpets from the liner *Queen Elizabeth*. A little man who looked as if he were eating something all the time bought one hundred seventy pounds' worth of the carpets. He paid and left. Later I looked at the back of one of the carpets and saw a small sign, SOLD. They'd all been sold when I sold them for cash to the little man. I don't know what happened—I quit."

During his military service Cornwell was assigned to the Intelligence Corps—not as a spy, but interrogating refugees in Graz, Austria, after the war. Then he went back to Oxford, got a first-class degree. In 1954 he married a dark-haired, slim English girl named Ann Sharp, who had been born in Pakistan, where her father was stationed with the Air Force. (*continued*)

Stephen, 4, and Timothy, 2, conspire over cards. They and their older brother Simon, 8, love to play spy games with their father.

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JOHN LE CARRÉ

continued from page 124

They'd met five years earlier one day in St. Moritz where both were skiing. She was 17, David a year older. They didn't have a penny when they got married, lived in a little house that had one tap, no sanitation, drains outside the front wall. The rent was 15 shillings a week. Ann had been working as a secretary at the British Embassy in Washington and for the British Information Service. Later she had a job with the *Sunday Companion*, a religious magazine in London. David became a schoolmaster at Eton, teaching modern languages. The school found them a little house. His annual salary was £650 [$1,820] and out of that he had to pay £90 for rent and also British income tax.

"We lived on ten pounds [$28] a week, but Ann was very good about things, always cheerful, even if we had only soup for dinner. Then Simon was born, and I tried to earn a little extra money by doing book jackets and illustrations. I didn't write. We just kept our heads above water. One day I saw an advertisement for public examinations to the Foreign Office and decided to try."

He was accepted as a second secretary in 1960, spent a year in Whitehall, was assigned to the British Embassy in Bonn and then to the consulate general in Hamburg. His job was German internal affairs. No espionage.

While he worked in Whitehall, Cornwell began to write a book, in the morning and at night, mostly on the suburban train, and he continued in Bonn. The British Foreign Service is a good writing school. "The ambassador would have to make a report, and the first draft was usually done by the youngest secretary. You tried to put yourself into the ambassador's way of thinking. Then the senior officers would make their marginal notes and the draft came back to me. Some of the best things in English literature are in the archives of the Foreign Service."

Cornwell isn't too happy now with his first two books, *Call for the Dead* and *A Murder of Quality*. "Early books are like badly brought-up children," he says. "One likes their independence, but doesn't admire their style." Yet *Call for the Dead* got a prize in London and was translated into eight languages. Naturally, he had to show his manuscripts to the Foreign Service, but only the top people and a few close friends knew the real identity of John le Carré. All were pleased with the success of the second secretary.

Shortly after Ulbricht's Wall went up in Berlin, in 1961, Cornwell was sent there. He'd been thinking about a new book idea—the simulated defection of a British agent to East Germany. Berlin seemed the perfect scene of the book: a new war was being built on the ashes of the last one. Agents, propaganda, counter-propaganda on both sides of the Wall.

"There exists a community of spies everywhere. They have a fraternal feeling for each other—almost like doctors, bookies, diplomats. I saw spies as the infantry of the cold war, and its no-man's land. The world of espionage reflected the battle between expediency and humanity."

He found his characters everywhere—in airports, on buses, walking the streets. "Think of Balzac, who on his deathbed inquired about the characters he had created. They were alive to him. The good conjurer adds a quality to his trick that goes beyond the movements of his hands. Something he can't describe himself. All my characters are bewildered men negotiating reluctantly toward some kind of moral standard."

The Spy Who Came In From the Cold was written in four months, published in England in September, 1963. One day the phone rang on Cornwell's embassy desk, in Bonn. It was Paramount, out in Hollywood. They wanted to buy the film rights.

"I talked it over with Ann. Financially it was stupid; today I could have got much more for it. But last year it seemed a fortune, and now we have Martin Ritt as director, and Richard Burton as Alec Leamas. . . . It was a great day. Ann and I went into town and bought a large white china cat-and-dog, like an English Staffordshire that she'd always wanted, and a few pictures."

Some people become confused by success, and others are corrupted by it. Absolute success corrupts absolutely. Cornwell is still bewildered by it, but mostly amused. He remembers the short trip to New York last spring, after *The Spy* had become America's top best seller. Cornwell landed in Manhattan's celebrity circuit straight from his hideout in Crete, where he'd left his wife and children. It was a traumatic experience—one long, lavish party, caviar and champagne, noise and confusion, charming hostesses and scheming tycoons, the luxurious suite at the Plaza, always more TV and radio appearances, always the same questions. "Are you a well-adjusted person?" ("What to?" was Cornwell's answer.) Did he type or dictate his books? (He writes them in longhand.) And so on.

"The worst part of it was that I couldn't sleep, what with the change of time and my stomach upside down," he told me. "I spent one night talking to sleepless people on an A.M. book program, feeling a warm wave of emotion for my fellow insomniacs. The next night I slipped out of the Plaza at three in the morning, hailed a cab, told the driver to take me through Central Park."

Tall, dark-blond and handsome, with a twinkle in his eyes that belies his subdued diplomat's countenance, Cornwell, 33, couldn't help impressing American womanhood. Some members reacted immediately. He was invited to come up and look at etchings. Gracious hostesses asked whether there was *any*thing they could do for him. Some who considered attack the best defense made bold moves across the dinner table. Cornwell gained the impression that this was an invitation into "a sort of gymnasium where they practice their own kind of sport. It seemed almost an un-American thing to turn them down."

Unfortunately, a man wants to have the illusion of being the hunter. In France, there would be an invitation to lunch, with three different wines. Such endeavor was lost on Cornwell, who compares a casual affair to "deliberately producing an insufficient book." He hopes he will never write one.

The central theme of his books is a search for moral values, the conflict between loyalty and reason, a sort of journey into nothing that made him discover things he wants to say. His heroes abandon the Western viewpoint in order to defend it. Cornwell doesn't think it possible for a man in a corrupted business to remain uncorrupted. In *The Looking-Glass War*, partly conceived before *The Spy*, he writes about the evil, self-perpetuating quality of war. Each war is a continuation of the earlier one; inherited attitudes are powerful motives; old spies never die, they're being sacrificed.

Sometimes he has almost a guilty feeling about the wages of success. "No one ever overpaid an unsuccessful writer, but a best-selling author is terribly overpaid. Sometimes I meet writers I really admire and wish I could exchange a little of my success for a little of their talent."

In West Germany, the Cornwells have seen the awful spectacle of *nouveau* richness. They want no part of it. They still travel second class. No Bentley, Cartier, yacht for them. In Lech they stayed in a modest mountain inn with their three boys, the boys' nannie and Cornwell's secretary. The boys are blond, noisy and happy. Simon, the oldest, who is eight, enjoys being the son of a celebrity and does a little clowning for the photographers, but his parents don't like it and keep the publicity business down to the absolute minimum. Stephen, four, told me when he grows up he will *not* drive a fire engine. He wants "to write books." Timothy, two, has announced no plans for the immediate future.

Cornwell likes to have the boys around, except when he writes, and is very good with them. They play mysterious spy games together. He doesn't believe in discipline, but in "enduring permission," hoping the kids will discover the value of self-discipline. His wife is much stricter, as wives are. So they compromise.

"Want your coffee now?"

The Cornwells now make their home in Vienna, living in a large rented apartment, in the beautiful Hohe Warte district. The previous tenant was the conductor Herbert von Karajan. There is a big garden, a pool and a lovely view over Vienna, with the giant Ferris wheel, an important requisite in an earlier best-selling thriller, *The Third Man*. Cornwell says the view makes up for the heavy, "peasant-baroque" furniture, and the dark, pasty colors. The Cornwells prefer "more courage" in interior decorating. David works in a secluded upstairs study, writing on a simple rosewood table that his wife gave him as an anniversary gift. They live quietly, see few people, sometimes go to the movies. In the fall they will move back to England.

"We're going to buy a house in the country," says Ann. "A Georgian or Queen Anne house, a place for the children, where they can break things without fear of the landlady, where we can come back to from our travels."

Ann Cornwell has a healthy down-to-earth detachment about money that may be her part-Scottish heritage. "I think it's silly to spend money foolishly. I often think how happy we were with very little money. It's so easy to lose old friends who think they cannot 'afford' you anymore. The problem is not to be beguiled by money, and to care more for real people."

She is efficient about the house, copes with the children, minor domestic crises, overcharging plumbers and other details that irritate her husband, who would rather pay an excessive bill and not argue about it. She has learned that it's not easy to be the wife of a writer. ("A writer's wife makes me think of a husband living with a woman who is permanently pregnant," says David.) It's even less easy when the writer gets famous. No wife likes to stand around, being ignored while her husband is lionized.

"One tries to have a sense of humor about it, but it thins out as the evening goes on," Ann says. She is not flattered by men making passes at her because they think she's being left out in the cold. A realistic person, she makes a distinction between their old friends and some new people "who wouldn't have looked at us before." She has no use for people who read her husband's book and think they have a claim on him, and she does *not* like to be called "Mrs. Le Carré." The strange pseudonym has puzzled many readers. Cornwell, who is vague about dates and always catches the wrong bus, one gloomy afternoon found himself in London's East End, where he saw a small shoemaker's shop with the name Le Carré. That was it.

David Cornwell has become a clinical student of the anatomy of success. He is shocked by the amount of money he has to pay to people who help him to save money. The more people you employ to make decisions for you, the more decisions you have to make yourself. He agrees with his wife that it is absurd to spend money for no good reason. Nothing wrong with traveling second class. Ann was just trying to get a new dress for Vienna's Opernball; not from a famous local *couturier* who charges a thousand dollars, but at a small London designer, for about 60 pounds.

After Cornwell resigned from the Foreign Office last spring, they moved to a big house in Crete, where Ann cooked large meals for lots of people. She is a good cook. She would prepare enormous casserole dishes that a neighboring baker would put into his oven. Later they moved to the island of Spetsai, but they felt cut off. David likes stimulating friends at night.

"A lovely thing of success," says Cornwell, "is that interesting people like to meet you. The problem is to relate your new standards of living to the standards you were used to. Most of our old friends come from my schoolmastering and embassy days, and we want to keep them. It's not affectation or puritanism that I want to stay that way but a matter of taste and common business sense. I've always written under pressure, with both feet firmly on the ground. I couldn't create in the air-conditioned safety of the Waldorf-Astoria. A creative person must never let money become his master. Money is sexy. I guess sex is much better when properly financed. But it is so easy to become the prisoner of money. The other night Ann said money was a very useful thing—but somehow she wouldn't mind terribly if it were gone. . . . I think I know what she meant."

Will Le Carré's success spoil David Cornwell? I don't think so. ■

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WATER DROPS—See what happens when even clean water is sprayed on dishes. Drops form, and as dishes dry, these water drops turn into ugly spots and streaks.

CASCADE—Because of Cascade's "sheeting action," water slides off, drops don't form. Cascade with Chlorosheen does it—and only Cascade has Chlorosheen!

Cascade's amazing "sheeting action" eliminates drops that spot!

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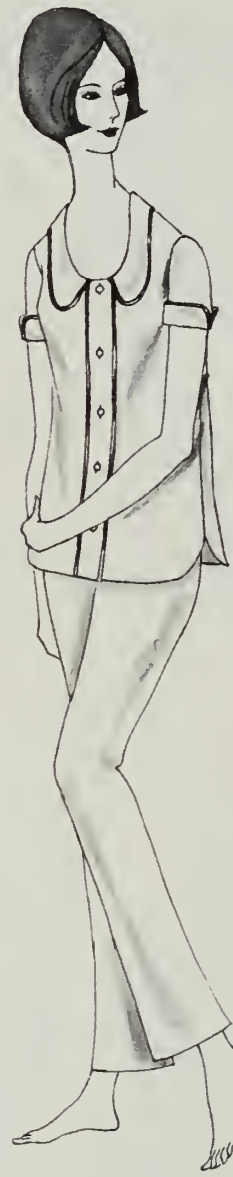
Nothing's safer! Endorsed for safety to patterns by the American Fine China Guild . . . recommended by every leading dishwasher manufacturer . . . Cascade is America's best-selling dishwasher detergent.

Now! Try Cascade in the convenient new giant size.

DESIGNED FOR DREAMING

On warm spring nights, and later for midsummer-night dreaming, these six Vogue patterns for light and airy lingerie will brighten your beauty sleep.



For the very feminine, the very demure dreamer: this pretty young nightdress in pastel dotted swiss with touches of cotton lace. Vogue Design 6354, $1, sizes 10–18.

Choose classic simplicity for clear-cut dreams and color them with your choice of fabric, perhaps bright yellow and orange. Vogue Design 6493, $1, sizes 10–18.

Retire elegantly to dreams of glory in this toga made in rayon crepe with bows at the shoulders, slit high at the sides. Vogue Design 6184, $1, sizes 10–16.

Ruffles for the romantic daydreamer border this knee-length peignoir, shown here in crisp chintz covered with a brilliant bold print of the freshest spring flowers. Vogue Design 6354, $1, sizes 10–18.

When the party's over, kick off your shoes and dance on in your dreams in this waltz-length nightgown. Make it in the filmiest of fabrics with a bodice of lace. Vogue Design 6430, $1, sizes 10–18.

Perfect for jumping out of bed and right into your favorite morning-exercise routine, jumpsuit pajamas covered with dots and trimmed around the edges with eyelet lace. Vogue Design 6429, 75c, sizes 10–18.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MARY SUZUKI

"I like grapefruit because I get to split one with my dad."

Robert Moore, Age 5

FLORIDA GRAPEFRUIT IS GREATFRUIT

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For your free copy of "101 Ways to Enjoy Grapefruit," write "GREATFRUIT," Dept L4, Box 148, Lakeland, Fla.

If all we made were blankets, we wouldn't need to advertise (mothers do it for us). But have you seen the 1965 towel collection from St. Marys?

All the towels we've collected here sell for around $1.00 apiece. But you'd never guess it from the way they look and feel. We're pretty new in the towel business so we're coming on strong. (Even though mothers have loved us for our blankets for 100 years.)

Towels, blankets, sheets, bedspreads and automatic blankets. In stores where you expect the best value for your money.

St. Marys

The Jelly Roll

The old-fashioned jelly roll Grandmother served with lemonade in the summer and hot tea in the winter has been the inspiration for many glamorous desserts. While a jelly filling is as popular as ever, almost all the good things you like for dessert can be adapted into fillings—fruit, chocolate, ice cream; the list rolls on and on. These recipes, from the *Journal* kitchen.

OLD-FASHIONED JELLY ROLL

1 cup sifted cake flour
¾ tsp. baking powder
¼ tsp. salt
5 eggs, separated
1 tsp. grated lemon rind
2 tbsp. lemon juice
1 cup sugar
Confectioners' sugar
1 cup red currant jelly

Sugar Glaze:
1 tbsp. lemon juice
2 tsp. light cream
¾ cup sifted confectioners' sugar
Chopped nuts, garnish
Candied fruit, garnish

Preheat oven to 400° F. Sift together flour, baking powder, salt. In a large bowl, beat egg yolks until thick and lemon-colored. Stir in grated lemon rind and lemon juice; beat well. Gradually add sugar; beat until very thick. Beat egg whites until soft peaks form. Add flour mixture to egg-yolk mixture alternately with egg whites in three additions; fold in gently and thoroughly. Grease a 15½x10½x1-inch jelly-roll pan; line with waxed paper; grease waxed paper. Spread batter evenly over top. Bake 12–14 minutes or until cake springs back when touched. Turn cake out onto cloth that has been dusted with confectioners' sugar. Quickly remove paper and trim crisp edges. Sprinkle cake lightly with confectioners' sugar; roll up in cloth and cool. Unroll cake; spread with red currant jelly, leaving ½ inch of cake along end unspread. Reroll; place seam-side down on serving plate. Sprinkle with confectioners' sugar or spread with Sugar Glaze. *For Sugar Glaze:* combine lemon juice, light cream and confectioners' sugar; beat until smooth. Spoon over jelly roll; garnish with nuts and fruit.

BUTTERSCOTCH ROLL WITH CARAMEL FILLING

4 eggs
¾ tsp. baking powder
¼ tsp. salt
¾ cup sugar
1 tsp. vanilla
¾ cup sifted cake flour
1 tsp. cinnamon
½ tsp. powdered cloves
Confectioners' sugar

Caramel Filling:
½ cup brown sugar
¼ cup melted butter or margarine
2 tbsp. milk
2 tbsp. chopped walnuts
2 cups confectioners' sugar

Preheat oven to 400° F. Beat eggs with baking powder and salt in bowl set over (not in) hot water. Beat until eggs are thick and lemon-colored. Gradually beat in sugar; remove bowl from over the hot water; stir in vanilla. Sift together flour, cinnamon and powdered cloves. Fold into egg mixture. Grease a 15½x10½x1-inch jelly-roll pan; line with waxed paper; grease waxed paper; spread batter evenly over top. Bake 15 minutes or until knife inserted in center comes out clean. Turn cake out onto cloth that has been dusted with confectioners' sugar. Quickly remove waxed paper and trim off crisp edges. Sprinkle cake lightly with confectioners' sugar; roll up in cloth; let stand a few hours. Unro cake; spread with Caramel Filling, lea ing ½ inch of cake along end unsprea Roll up again and place seam-side dow on serving plate. *For Caramel Fillin* Combine in small saucepan brown sug and melted butter or margarine; simm until sugar is melted. Blend in milk an walnuts. Beat in confectioners' sugar.

PECAN NUT ROLL WITH MAPLE FILLING

3 eggs, separated
½ cup sugar
Pinch of salt
¾ cup finely ground pecans
½ tsp. baking powder
Confectioners' sugar

Maple Filling:
¾ cup maple-flavored syrup
2 egg whites

Preheat oven to 350° F. Beat egg yol until thickened; gradually beat in suga Add salt, pecans and baking powde Beat egg whites until soft peaks forn gently fold into egg-yolk mixtur Grease a 15½x10½x1-inch jelly-ro pan; line with waxed paper; grea waxed paper; spread batter evenly ov top. Bake 15 minutes or until golde brown. Remove cake from oven; tur out onto cloth that has been duste with confectioners' sugar. Quickly r move waxed paper and trim off cris edges. Sprinkle cake lightly with co fectioners' sugar; roll up in cloth; l stand a few hours. Unroll cake; sprea with Maple Filling, leaving ½ inch cake along end unspread. Roll up agai and place seam-side down on servin plate. *For Maple Filling:* cook mapl flavored syrup until it is thick enough t spin a thread (238° F). Beat egg whit until soft peaks form. Gradually po into the hot syrup, beating constantl until filling is very thick and glossy.

STRAWBERRY ANGEL ROLL

1 pkg. (15 oz.) angel-food cake mix
Confectioners' sugar

Strawberry Cream Filling:
1 pkg. (10 oz.) thawed, frozen strawberries
1 cup heavy cream
2 tbsp. sugar

Strawberry Glaze:
Strawberry syrup
1 tsp. lemon juice
1 tbsp. cornstarch

Preheat oven to 375° F. Grease a 15½ x10½x1-inch jelly-roll pan; line wit waxed paper; grease waxed paper. Pr pare angel-food cake mix, followin package directions. Pour half of the ba ter into pan; spread evenly. (Bake th rest in loaf pan for another dessert Bake 15–20 minutes or until cake spring back when touched. Remove cake fro oven; turn out onto cloth that has bee dusted with confectioners' sugar. Quickl remove waxed paper and trim cris edges. Sprinkle cake lightly with co fectioners' sugar; roll up in cloth; l stand a few hours. Unroll cake; sprea with Strawberry Cream Filling; ro cake up again. Place seam-side down o platter and refrigerate until ready t serve. Serve topped with Strawberr Glaze. *For Strawberry Cream Filling* Drain the strawberries; reserve straw berry syrup. Whip the cream with tbsp. sugar until soft peaks form; fold i drained strawberries. *For Strawberr Glaze:* Combine in saucepan th reserved strawberry syrup, lemon juic and cornstarch. Simmer, stirring con stantly until clear and thickened.

:HOCOLATE-CAKE ROLL WITH STACHIO CREAM FILLING

ggs, separated
up sugar
:up cocoa
:up water
tsp. instant coffee
up sifted cake flour
sp. baking powder
tsp. salt
tsp. vanilla
nfectioners' sugar

tachio Cream Filling:
cups heavy cream
sp. mint flavoring
up chopped pistachio nuts

heat oven to 350° F. Beat yolks until thick; grad-ly beat in sugar. Continue ting until pale in color and ck enough to form a ribbon. ssolve cocoa in water; stir coffee. Sift together flour, king powder and salt. nd flour alternately with oa mixture into egg-yolk xture. Stir in vanilla. Beat whites until soft peaks m; fold into batter. Grease $5\frac{1}{2}$x$10\frac{1}{2}$x1-inch jelly-roll ; line with waxed paper; ase waxed paper; spread ter evenly over top. Bake 20 minutes or until cake ings back when touched. move cake from oven; turn onto cloth that has been ted with confectioners' ar. Quickly remove waxed per and trim off crisp edges. inkle cake lightly with fectioners' sugar; roll up cloth; let stand a few rs. Unroll cake: spread h Pistachio Cream Filling, ving $\frac{1}{2}$ inch of cake along unspread. Roll up again place seam-side down on ving plate. Refrigerate un-ready to serve. *For Pis-io Cream Filling:* whip vy cream and mint flavor-; blend in chopped pis-hio nuts.

colate-Ice-Cream Roll: Pre-e Chocolate-Cake Roll rec-above. When cake is cool, roll and spread with 1 pint ened vanilla ice cream. ll up again; freeze. Serve h chocolate sauce.

PICED-CAKE ROLL WITH RANGE CREAM FILLING

up sifted cake flour
sp. baking powder
sp. salt
sp. cinnamon
sp. powdered cloves
sp. nutmeg
sp. ginger
sp. allspice
ggs, separated
sp. grated lemon rind
osp. lemon juice
up sugar
nfectioners' sugar

nge Cream Filling:
cup butter or margarine
kg. (1 lb.) confectioners' sugar
cup light cream
osp. orange juice
osp. grated orange rind
sp. salt

heat oven to 400° F. Sift together ur, baking powder, salt, cinnamon, powdered cloves, nutmeg, ginger and allspice. In a large bowl, beat egg yolks until thick and lemon-colored. Stir in grated lemon rind and lemon juice; beat well. Gradually add sugar, beat until very thick. Beat egg whites until soft peaks form. Add flour mixture to egg-yolk mixture alternately with egg whites in three additions; fold in gently and thoroughly. Grease a $15\frac{1}{2}$x$10\frac{1}{2}$x1-inch jelly-roll pan; line with waxed paper; grease waxed paper. Spread batter evenly over top. Bake 12–14 minutes or until cake springs back when touched. Turn cake out onto cloth that has been dusted with confectioners' sugar. Quickly remove paper and trim crisp edges. Sprinkle cake lightly with confectioners' sugar; roll up in cloth and cool. Unroll cake; spread with Orange Cream Filling, leaving $\frac{1}{2}$ inch of cake along end unspread. Reroll; place seam-side down on serving plate. *For Orange Cream Filling:* Cream butter or margarine. Slowly beat in confectioners' sugar, light cream, orange juice, orange rind and salt.

—THEODORA POULOS

Win your wings

If you are a homemaker between the ages of eighteen and twenty-nine (just your word will do, no birth certificate necessary)...

If you would like to dazzle friends, family, acquaintances with a perfect angel...

An angel so simple to make because there's no tricky folding-in by hand...

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New blue Ajax with Bluclorin

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Picture Yourself

By SKY WILSON

Every woman wants to give her favorite man a photograph of herself that will deserve a special place on his desk or his bureau. Begin by scouting out a photographer whose technique you like—look at pictures friends have had taken and watch your local paper's society section. And remember: This is not an everyday adventure, so don't shop for a bargain price. The following tips we've gathered from reliable sources will help you get the very best results from your photographic sitting.

Looking natural, and therefore familiar, is the most endearing and enduring quality a photograph can have, so don't rush out the day of the sitting and have a fancy, never-before-never-again hairdo. Wear your usual hairdo, but make sure that it's absolutely perfect—the perfect length and every hair in place. Hair acts as a soft frame for your face, and a simple daytime hairdo will date more slowly than an extreme evening style.

A top makeup man advises that you use the same makeup you ordinarily use (familiarity in this case promoting expertise), with these changes in application: If you're being photographed in color, wear a pale shade of lipstick (a natural browned rose or coral) because color film accentuates blues and reds and can record your smile too dominantly. For black-and-white pictures, lipstick should be of medium tone. In either case, use a brush to get an even lip line. Take special care to block out all spots and shadows on your face with an erasing stick or a covering foundation. Put the camouflage over the offending areas, blot with a tissue and powder lightly to set, then put on your regular foundation. You can go heavy with the latter—it won't show up on film except as a flawless complexion Be sure to bring your foundation down to the neckline of your outfit. Powder your face and front lightly, then pat with a damp sponge or tissue.

Define your eyes carefully—use a little eye shadow the color of your eyes, eyeliner (if you're adept at it), and mascara. So that no one feature will dominate, eye makeup should be underplayed rather than overplayed. Best results are to be had with dark-brown mascara and eyeliner.

Use rouge very sparingly, if at all. Color film can pick it up as disastrous blotches. Eyebrows should be neat and with no stray hairs. Pencil lightly to fill in sparse areas, brush with eyebrow brush to remove powder.

Wear a dress or blouse with a simple neckline. Solid colors are the best bet; but soft, muted textures can also be quite effective. Choose something that doesn't define a season, and because of the caprice of fashion wear something classic. Who wants to be dated? A scooped neckline makes a neck seem longer and gives better balance to the head in a portrait. It's wise to take along two outfits and wear the one the photographer prefers. Whatever you wear, be sure it's something you like and feel comfortable wearing.

As for jewelry, pearls are generally the most flattering. However, a family heirloom or a piece of jewelry that has special significance to you is always acceptable.

Be cooperative and put yourself in the photographer's hands. Don't close your mind to his ideas. If you freeze at the mere sight of a camera, as many do, a photographer who has a marvelous knack of putting people at ease has this to say: "Think of the sitting as your only chance to express yourself. Let yourself go and have fun doing it. Think of the things you love. Think of anything but the camera."

If your face begins to feel strained, an enormous yawn between pictures, stretching your mouth open as wide as you can, is a great relaxer.

If you can't decide which picture to choose (because they're all so good), don't pick the one with the grin even though your teeth are perfect—it will soon become tiresome. The one with a little mystery is more fascinating (remember the *Mona Lisa*). ■

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Gets you out of the kitchen fast!

Only new Blue Ajax Cleanser contains Bluclorin—the brand new speeded up bleach formula! Bluclorin makes new blue Ajax more stubborn than stains—gets you out of your kitchen fast! Now also available in the new plastic decorator size.

nore stubborn than stains!

FOR THE BIRDS

By LEE PETTEE

Have a birdhouse in your yard—you'll enjoy it as much as the birds will.

Success in attracting birds to your own garden often depends on how well its man-made shelters meet birds' needs. Whether you choose a duplex apartment for martins or a wren house made from a coconut shell, you will find wide variety in birdhouses that are harmonious with your house and grounds and, most important, are designed for specific birds. Learn which birds you may hope to attract and what kind of house to put up for your favorite birds from The National Audubon Society, your state university extension service or local bird-watching groups. It may save you time and disappointment to remember that there are tree nesters, such as the Baltimore oriole or cardinal, that do not occupy houses. There are also cavity nesters, such as bluebirds and wrens, that do. A few birds, such as the robin, phoebe or barn swallow, may build nests on the platforms of shedlike, open shelters.

A good birdhouse affords protection from weather, animals and other birds. Construction should be sturdy and the roof tight, preferably with an overhang to protect the entrance. Drain holes in the bottom and ventilation slits or holes near the roof are essential. Fledglings would drown if water accumulated, and unventilated birdhouses can become very hot. The birdhouse material most often recommended by experts is soft wood, such as white pine, spruce or cedar, left unfinished; sometimes with bark on, sometimes weathered or stained. This is the natural dwelling material for many birds; it conducts heat and cold slowly and dries quickly. Outside color, if not left natural, should be dull. Bright colors may frighten birds. (An exception is white for martin houses: These birds seem attracted to white, perhaps because it keeps the nests cooler.) The inside should be left rough for toeholds. Avoid painted or stained interiors that may chip or be toxic. Ceramic birdhouses are cool in summer and may be intriguingly designed. Outside surfaces should be glazed or sealed, and inside surfaces should be roughened. Good ceramic houses provide ventilation and drainage to avoid condensation problems.

The entrance hole of a birdhouse is vital to its occupants' safety. It should be minimum size for the birds you wish to house. That will prevent larger birds or animals from entering. For instance, a $1\frac{1}{4}$-inch diameter hole is large enough for a wren; $1\frac{1}{2}$-inch for a bluebird; $2\frac{1}{2}$-inch for a flicker, and 6-inch for a barn owl.

Incidentally, experts agree that holes should be round, not square or rectangular, to conform to a bird's body. Also, except for martins, birdhouses should not be storied or compartmented; other birds do not nest together, even those of the same species.

Locate birdhouses, if possible, where you can watch without frightening the birds. A sunny spot with shade from the hottest sun is usually best. However, birds such as nuthatches, chickadees or tufted titmice seldom occupy a house unless it's in a thicket or wooded area. *Turn the entrance hole away* from prevailing winds and be careful not to tilt the house so that the hole catches rain. Place the house high enough from the ground and far enough from branches so that cats, squirrels and other animals cannot reach the house. Mounting birdhouses in the open is often safer, but equip posts with animal guards. A collar of funnel-shaped metal about 20 inches deep and 10 inches in diameter at the bottom is usually effective. Birdhouses should be securely supported, but remember to protect the tree when hanging houses from its branches. One way is to tie a piece of hose or tubing firmly around the limb. Minimize garden care by placing houses and feeders away from walks, terraces and windows. Gravel and other ground covers underneath houses or feeders may be raked or hosed to keep the space tidy.

Once a season, clean birdhouses thoroughly. Most birds will not enter where there are old nests, spiders and dirt. But be sure the houses are vacant. Birds resent anyone poking around in their nests. Houses with hinged lids or removable panels are easy to brush out, but a brisk hosing speeds the job.

Just putting up a birdhouse doesn't guarantee a tenant. Although more than 50 species will occupy man-made houses or shelters, birds must first be induced to come into your garden. Their basic requirements, even before houses, must be met. Food must be nearby, water and materials for nests should be easily accessible. Also, more birdhouses aren't always merrier. Three or four per acre are usually plenty. Birds may avoid a garden where too many others nest. And don't be discouraged if birds avoid your houses during the first season. If they come for food, water and the shelter of your trees and shrubs, the houses will probably be full next year. Spring is an ideal time to get ready for birds because the trees, shrubs and flowers you plant, such as hawthorns, dogwoods, or garden pinks, may be chosen for bird as well as eye appeal. As summer ends and natural foods become scarce, offer birds full feeders and winter berries.

Water, as important as food, should be in open view in sunny locations away from cat-concealing shrubs. Bird baths should be shallow but ample. Nesting materials, such as pieces of string, cloth strips, feathers, yarn and straw are good, but limit lengths to 8 inches to avoid entangling birds. Hang these in plain view, but don't attach them to birdhouses. Visiting birds may feel that the house is occupied. ■

The Danes have a word for it

They say, "Danablu." We say, "Danish Blue Cheese." This marvelous contribution to the art of good eating is unmatched for its delectable flavor and texture. Delicately laced with blue-green veins and rich, creamy smoothness make it the preferred Blue the world over. Crumble it in a salad, slice it for fruit and cracker snacks and pie, cream it for a dip. Bless those wonderful Danes. Available wherever you shop for groceries, plainly labeled "Imported Danish Blue."

DANISH BLUE CHEESE

VICTORIANA

A SHORT STORY BY NORAH LOFTS

It was by one of fate's most ironic little twists that I should ever be made responsible for Mrs. Campbell's well-being. She'd loomed large in my youth, and my feelings toward her had veered from mild dislike to positive hatred.

She lived on our street, which was composed of solid, semidetached, red-brick Victorian houses, separated from the pavement by narrow strips of garden given over to sooty laurels and monkey puzzle trees. They had side entrances for what in those days were called "tradesmen." When I was young we lived at number eight, and Mrs. Campbell lived a little farther along, opposite, at number seventeen. My mother, at the age of thirty, was left a widow with four children, of whom I, eight years old, was the eldest. Mother eked out her pitiable income by taking in what are now called "paying guests." This euphemistic term was then unknown, it evolved when the practice became fashionable. Mother detested the word "lodger" and always insisted that she let apartments. In those days, in that street, this was regarded as a dubious occupation—and that is where Mrs. Campbell came in. During the days of our comparative affluence, before my father died, she had been a friend of the family, and she did not, as so many did, gradually dissociate herself from us. She remained loyal, but at what a price!

At that time, districts in London retained their individuality, were almost like villages; people shopped in the local High Street, attended the local church, knew their neighbors by sight and by reputation in a manner impossible today. Our neighborhood was riddled by the most rabid class consciousness. To be poor was to be suspect—and we were poor, therefore our behavior must be absolutely beyond reproach. Taking in lodgers had perched us on the edge of a very slippery social slope, and any one of us by a thoughtless act, even an ill-accented word, could topple the whole family headlong into perdition. Mother was pitiably anxious that this should not happen, and she had a staunch ally in Mrs. Campbell. Mrs. Campbell, not trusting either of the two maids she employed at that time, did much of h own shopping, so she was often in t High Street; she had friends in many the surrounding streets, and when s was in her own home spent much time her drawing-room window. People laug nowadays about Big Brother watchin Mrs. Campbell did our watching.

Once, the elastic that passed und my two plaits of hair to keep my scho hat—a wide straw of the boater type attached to my head broke. It was windy day, so I carried the thing in m hand and walked home bareheaded. Mr Campbell saw me and duly reported Mother, who gave me a lecture abo unladylike behavior in the street, a le ture so incoherent and involved that f some time I was at a loss to know exact what I had done to offend. I could list hundred such small incidents, from m brother Jack, infamous fellow, kicking ball along the pavement to the detrime of the passers-by and of his shoes, to m sister Kitty being seen walking arm arm with the confectioner's daughter, " nice little girl, I have no doubt, *but* . .

All this was bad enough, but there w something almost worse—the pe odic invitations for us, singly or in pai to go and take tea in her house (M Campbell never risked asking the fo of us together).

Actually, to a child, number seven presented plenty of interest. Just insi the door, for instance, in place of t usual stand for sticks and umbrell there was an elephant's foot and abo eighteen inches of leg, hollowed o dried, hard as iron. It had been broug home by Mrs. Campbell's grandfath "An East India merchant, my dear; expect you have learned about the Ea India Company." There was a mus box that played six tinkling tunes in su cession, only Mrs. Campbell never wou it; there were Landseer pictures, th exactly to our taste; there were sa plers worked by Mrs. Campbell in h youth, and by her female relatives, a wind bells that clashed musically a draft. There were dozens of thin

at would have been entrancing if one uld have been left with them, free of rs. Campbell's homilies. She was in- ed one of those who could find sermons stone and bad in almost everything. Her teas varied, sometimes good, some- nes disappointing. Once I was singu- ly unlucky. There was a ginger cake d Mrs. Campbell cut me a generous ce. As soon as I tasted it I thought ere was something odd about it, and utious investigation revealed that its derside was a mass of blue mold. Be- ve it or not, I ate it all, pretending to self that I was suffering from some ar-fatal disease, and that this was the ly available cure. I knew that to leave en the moldy portion on my plate uld be to hold myself open—after rs Campbell's next meeting with other—to the charge of being manner- s, extravagant, in short, what we uld call today a second-class citizen. that period, to avoid such a charge, would have consumed anything not own to be certainly lethal.

one of this, of course, was ground enough for true hatred; nor did we te her. We called her Catty Campbell, oided her when possible, disliked her. t when I was sixteen, two things hap- ned that took me years to forgive. One ncerned a girl and one a boy.

Mrs. Campbell employed, as I have d, two maids. One was a faithful old ady who had been with her for years, other was always a girl straight from hool who was trained and bullied until reached the age when insurance must paid; then, beautifully trained, she sed on and was replaced. Ladies in r district were always glad to ploy "one of Mrs. Campbell's girls" y knew exactly how to comport mselves.

One day, bidden to tea at number enteen, I found that the latest young l was one I had known at the school I attended before I gained the scholar- p that had qualified me for the straw ter. She was younger than I—they the elementary schools at fourteen n—but I'd liked her; she painted well I had done a pretty painting of a wild e for my autograph book. So, when entered, staggering slightly under weight of the silver tray, I said, "Oh, lo Alice."

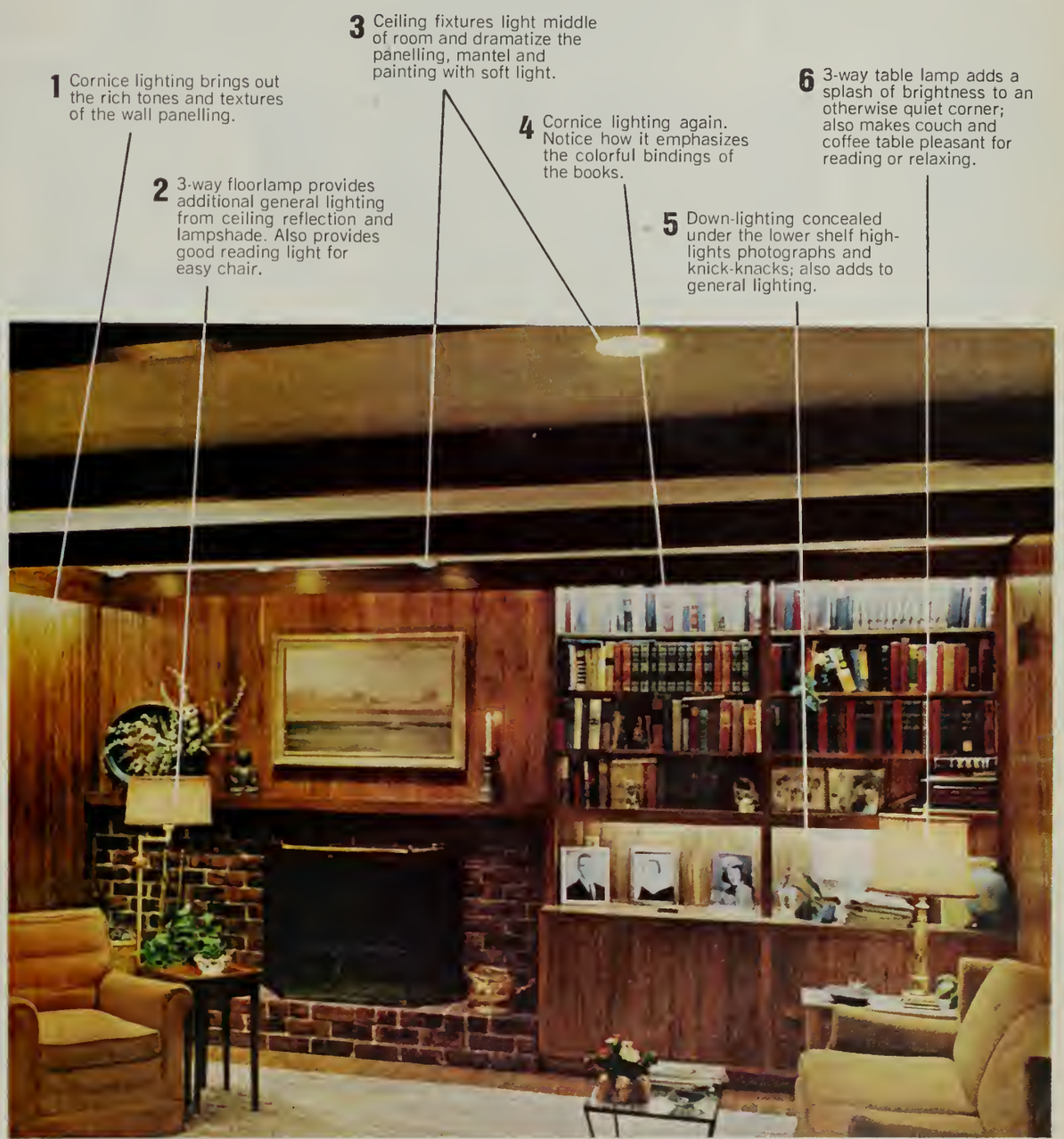
This seemingly harmless, even natu- behavior upon my part had quite proportionate repercussions. Mrs. mpbell was not unwily; next time she l Mother got together my exact of- se was not named, my general atti- e was assailed Apparently Mother l also for some time been worried ut my general attitude, which was lty and included too much novel-read- and cobbling instead of properly ning the holes in the brown stockings t were part of my school uniform.

Then, within a fortnight, something se happened. I was coming home m my music lesson, and it was pour- with rain. Halfway along Alexandra ad, I was overtaken by a boy named lude Armes, whom I knew but htly. He was the cousin of a girl nd of mine. He was a bit of an old man we all thought, and this opinion s confirmed in me at that moment by fact that he was carrying an open brella. But he was a very civil boy l had hurried after me, he said, in er to offer me the shelter of the said brella; his breathlessness confirmed statement. The last thing I wanted was to be seen sharing an umbrella with Claude, but what could I do? I said not to bother; it was out of his way, I was all right, I didn't mind a little rain. But he was adamant, insistent and slightly pathetic. So I stalked along, fuming, hoping to God we'd see nobody I knew, and he babbled about having just been made a prefect at his school, and about his stamp collection. I was taller than he was, and the edge of the umbrella kept hitting my hat and the drips from it ran down my neck.

I purposely didn't turn into our street at the end that would take us past number seventeen, for I knew what Catty Campbell would make of this, should she be watching. I said I had to call at the paper shop, went in, while Claude waited, bought a penny rubber, which I didn't need, and then went on to the other end of our street. But Mrs. Campbell had been taking tea at a house at that end, and on her way home, dropped in at ours and told Mother that *now* Ennie had taken up with boys!

That, and the result of it, I never could quite forgive because of the way it affected my relationship with my mother. At sixteen I was beginning to realize how marvelous she was, how hard working, how resourceful, self-denying and indomitable, how altogether admirable—but by the time she had finished denouncing me for "running round with boys" I was sickened. She actually said that she herself had been twenty-seven before she thought about men at all; my arithmetic, as *(continued)*

How an expert decorates a room with light.


1 Cornice lighting brings out the rich tones and textures of the wall panelling.
2 3-way floorlamp provides additional general lighting from ceiling reflection and lampshade. Also provides good reading light for easy chair.
3 Ceiling fixtures light middle of room and dramatize the panelling, mantel and painting with soft light.
4 Cornice lighting again. Notice how it emphasizes the colorful bindings of the books.
5 Down-lighting concealed under the lower shelf highlights photographs and knick-knacks; also adds to general lighting.
6 3-way table lamp adds a splash of brightness to an otherwise quiet corner; also makes couch and coffee table pleasant for reading or relaxing.

Free lighting booklet—PG&E offices have a useful booklet called "See Your Home in a New Light!" It's crammed with lighting ideas, fixture and wiring information, and how-to-do-it diagrams for your entire house. Drop in any time for your free copy.

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84D79 Bow Maker & 24 Bow Pins. **$1.**
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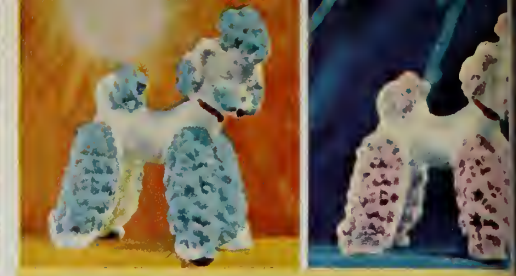
67595 Electric Egg Boiler. **$2.98**



FOR INSTANT WEATHER NEWS, turn to Pepi-the-Pooc man's best barometer! When Pepi is blue, the sky is, t When Pepi is pink, reach for a raincoat—forget y mink! When Pepi is somewhere between the two, t weather is, too. Made in Italy of specially treated wh alabaster, 2½x3½". Delightful gift for your friends!
13706 Poodle Barometer. **$1.**; 3 for **$2.**

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Erect-Tall Brace. **70276** 28-33"
70326 34-37" **70466** 38-41" **$3.98**

REVOLVING SHELVES—Save cupboard space, eliminate jumble of boxes, bottles. **Enamelled steel,** raised edges.
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21D63 Copper, **21113** White. Ea., **$2.98**
3-Tier Rack, 8½" high, 11" diameter.
21253 Copper. **21303** White. Ea., **$3.69**

IMAGINE! 1000 NAME-ADDRESS LABELS for only $1.00! Wonderful low-cost way to include new ZIP-CODE in your address. 1⅝x⅞" labels, in 2 handy pads, in ivory plastic box. Scores of uses! **Print 3-line name and address.**
42911 Labels (1000). 1 Set, **$1**; 6/**$5.00**

STRETCH-AWAY FOR LITHE, LOV FIGURE! Easy, fun, and so good for y Strong 33" rubber rope exerciser w hand-grips helps firm and tone y hips, thighs, midriff, arms; helps and develop your bust. Booklet i
76364 Stretch-Away. **$1.**; 3 for **$2**

EASIEST TUB-SCRUBBER ever invented! 24" long chrome-plated handle, and duPont sponge-head are both specially ANGLED to take the awkward leaning out of cleaning your tub! Attractive enough to leave in full view!
89466 Tub-Scrubber. **$1.98**

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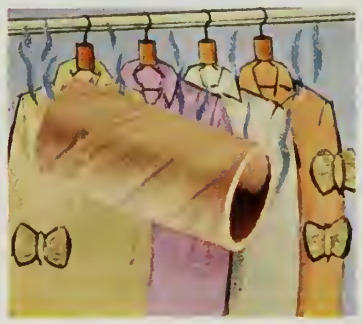

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SLEEPING BEAUTY BRA—easy in-and-out front-snap fastener. Curve-caressing glamour for night-time freedom, daytime comfort. Light, lacy, lovely—for lounging, too. Nylon stretch lace.
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Woven rayon taffeta imprinted w your own by-line. **Print name.**
Hand-Made by: **43273** (15). **43281** (
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15 same style, **$1.** 45 same, **$1.**

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WRAP-PAPER CADDY holds 6 boxes asst. wrappings, waxpaper, foil, Saran, Baggies, freezer paper—saves space! Boxes slide out freely, no tumbling down. Made of neat, beige, vinyl-cushioned steel, 5⅛x9½x8" high.
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HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU is the tu she plays, twirling gracefully to i clude everyone in her joy! Demure dressed in fairest pastels, she stan 6-in. tall on a round, wind-up base-conceals a music movement.
58644 Birthday Girl. **$3.**

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Save Space! Protect Clothes! Handsome hanging "files" assure dust and scuff protection for shoes, handbags, shirts. Quilt-embossed, taffeta-textured gold body with see-thru pockets for at-a-glance selection! Sturdy, heavy-gauge vinyl with strong steel hooks and frame for lasting use. **Shoe File** holds 18 pairs; **Handbag File,** 8 purses; **Shirt File,** 24 shirts.
87049 Handbag File.
87189 Shoe File.
50609 Shirt File.
Each, **$2.98**

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"HAPPY BAC

This handsome orthop cally contoured cushion lieves nerve-pinch, the a and strain of long-dista driving; supports your b —just where the doctor dered! Long-lasting vi upholstered foam rubb 11x9". Specify color choi Blue, Brown, Green, Wh or Red.
10090 "Happy Back".
$2.98; 2/**$5.**

ny reports reiterated, was weak, but I could count well enough to see the absurdity of that. She said, "You can begin to think about boys and such nonsense when you've passed your examinations and are earning your living." There was, in truth, a boy, not Claude Armes, about whom I thought a great deal, and I hated hearing him called nonsense. I also hated, with a quite unreasoning hatred, the idea that Mother or even that old troglodyte Catty Campbell should think that the dreams, the hopes, the romance and the poetry that occupied my adolescent mind could possibly be connected with a walk with Claude Armes under a wet umbrella.

A lot of time passed—forty measurable years. Our family scattered; both my sisters married in a fashion that Mother and Mrs. Campbell would have called "well," and my brother qualified as a solicitor and eventually acquired a good practice in a pleasant little market town. Mother went to live with him and had, I hope and trust, eight happy years of secure middle-class respectability before she died.

Eventually, after an entrancing but largely profitless life of wandering about the face of the earth, I found myself back in London. I had a job and set myself to find a place to live within walking distance if possible. I found it in the very Alexandra Road where Claude with his umbrella had overtaken me. It was summer when I moved in and on several evenings I took walks about the district, indulging in that reasonless nostalgia that is one of the curses of middle age.

To a superficial glance, the area had changed little. There were a few more chain stores in the High Street, but the streets on either side were much as they had been—some of the laurels had survived. Few if any of the houses were now occupied by one family; they had been divided into flats—like the one I now lived in—and there were several doctors' and dentists' brass plates about.

For some reason not quite clear even to me, I did not walk along the street where we had lived until I had been in the neighborhood for a fortnight. Our house, like the rest, bore the nameplates of six separate occupants, but it looked well cared for; the first floor was gay with window boxes. I looked at it and thought the inevitable thoughts and moved on. I came to number seventeen. Entirely different. There were no nameplates, no perambulators, no small tricycles or other signs of multiple occupancy, but there were evidences of neglect and decay, unwashed windows, unpainted woodwork, a sagging gutter, and the gate with a broken hinge stuck permanently in a half-open position. It looked so different from any other house I had seen on any of my evening prowls that I paused, wondering who lived there and why this one house should have escaped the pressure of population. It never occurred to me that Mrs. Campbell would still be alive, would be there within a few feet of me. She had always seemed old to us, and to be alive now I reckoned she must be at least a hundred.

And then the curtain of the window to the left of the door, the window of the drawing room where I had gulped down that vile ginger cake, was twitched aside, and there was Mrs. Campbell staring straight at me over the sooty laurels.

She had changed so little that I should have recognized her in any one of the distant places in which I had lived my misspent life. The only thing was that she seemed slightly smaller, and that difference I attributed to the fact that I was no longer scared of her.

For what happened next I have only myself to blame. I could have walked smartly away and saved myself a lot of trouble, but I didn't. Seeing her there, so unchanged, a bit of the past, unmanned me. I smiled. I waved my hand.

Just for a second she looked blank; then an expression of lively interest transformed her face; she made an imperious beckoning gesture, let go the curtain and vanished. I could still have run, but I didn't; instead I edged myself through the half-open gate and walked up the path and mounted the three steps which had once been so well scrubbed and which were now green with moss.

After what seemed a long time the door creaked open and there she was, saying, "You're one of the Lister gels. I knew by the hair. Is it Kitty or Ennie?" Kitty and I both had red hair, and we had somehow known that Mrs. Campbell rather disapproved of it. She'd never said so, but she had often mentioned Mary's, "such lovely fair hair." Mine, of course, by this time, left to itself, would have been the muddy brindle that age brings to redheads, but employed persons mustn't let themselves go!

I said, "I'm Ennie," and knew that momentarily she was disappointed, but she bore up well and said how very nice it was to see me.

My impression that she was smaller had been no delusion; she was now very lame and somewhat bent over. She told me why. Two winters before, bringing in her fuel, she had slipped on an icy path and broken her hip. "They didn't think that at my age I should ever walk again, but I said, 'Rubbish, of course I shall walk.' And I did."

The house was just the same, even to the smell of it. There was the elephant's foot holding umbrellas and parasols; there in the corner of the drawing room was the desiccated pampas grass, dyed pink, in the blue luster vase and the dark-green aspidistra on the jade-green jardiniere. Samplers, music box, pictures, exactly as they always had been; and the whole place very neat and clean though lacking the high polish of former days. Domestic help was now a luxury far beyond Mrs. Campbell's means; and so were, alas, many things commonly regarded as necessities. What, forty years ago, had been an adequate, even comfortable income, was now a (*continued*)

MORNING

By John Ciardi

I remember my littlest one in a field
running so hard at the morning in him
he kicked the heads off daisies. Oh, wild
and windy and spilling over the brim
of his sun-up juices he ran
in the dew of himself. My son.

And the white flower heads
shot like sparks where his knees
pumped, and his hot-shod
feet took off from time, as who knows
whenever again a running morning will
be so light-struck, flowers-sparkled-full,
between him and me!

DRY SKIN LINES CAUSED BY SUN AND WIND. This is the danger season when sun and wind slowly, ruthlessly etch dry lines in your face — can leave it looking weathered . . . and "withered." Now Pond's has developed a wholly new Dry Skin Cream that can smooth out tiny dry lines. Use this remarkable new formula faithfully and you can keep your skin looking smooth and young years longer.

DRY SKIN LINES CAUSED BY "OVER-25" CELL DRYOUT. After 25, the skin's supply of oils dwindles. You see what can happen—surface skin may look "withered," become traced with dry lines. The super-rich oils in new Pond's Dry Skin Cream are formulated to help compensate for the loss of natural beauty oils — actually help the skin to "store up" precious moisture so surface skin looks smoother.

NOW
Smooth away dry skin lines in minutes, help keep them away year after year!

New Dry Skin Cream by Pond's

So light and non-greasy it leaves nothing behind but smoother, younger-looking skin! Wear Pond's Dry Skin Cream night and day to help keep dry skin lines away year after beautiful year!

pittance; and to make matters worse, during the war, as a good patriot, Mrs. Campbell had sold most of her equities and invested in defense bonds.

I did not, naturally, learn all this on my first visit. That evening I learned only that she was alone, disabled and pathetically glad to see even me, Ennie, once the main target of her disapproval. And it would be quite wrong to say that passing time had softened or changed her. It was I, now unmindful of her criticism and caustic comments, who could take a tolerant view.

I began, when the summer ended and the weather worsened, to do her shopping for her. She had said, "In the old days children would go an errand for twopence; there're dozens of children in this street now, but they're all so spoiled, a shilling means nothing to them." She said, "Shin of beef, the cheapest joint there is, three and sixpence a pound. Isn't that iniquitous?" When I'd done her shopping for a whole month, the whole of a cold, foggy November, I found myself carrying my own little joint, or chicken, along to number seventeen and cooking it in her oven—I said my own was too small—and sharing the meal with her and then saying that I was going to be out for meals for the next three days, so would she kindly, kindly, eat what remained.

In December it snowed, and when the snow melted, the water that the faulty gutter couldn't carry away ran in and did a lot of damage. It was then that I ventured upon some constructive action. I suggested that she let off some rooms, that she sell the house and apply for one of the little flats the Council were providing for old people. The answer was always the same. Number seventeen was her house, she'd lived in it all her married life, and she intended to die in it.

I did some research into old-age pensions. She was eighty-six, she admitted unwillingly, so I thought we were in the clear; but when it came to filling in the forms which I had obtained, she rebelled. She'd never had anything out of the Government, though the Government had had plenty out of her, and she didn't intend to start now. Old-age pensions, she contended, were for thriftless, working-class people who'd wasted all they earned in public houses. I suggested that she sell a few items—the silver tray under which Alice had staggered was Georgian, so were the candlesticks on the sideboard; and Victoriana was beginning to be in demand—what about the wax fruit under glass, the music box, the samplers? She said, "You know, I always felt that your attitude toward things was all wrong, Ennie." She told me the history, the sentimental value, the preciousness of everything I had so callously suggested she dispose of.

She maddened me. Time after time I left, fuming, thinking—She's nothing to me, why should I fret? Thinking—I have troubles of my own; she made my youth a misery and now she's ruining my middle age. But there was something about the intractable, intransigent old woman that compelled my unwilling admiration and I always went back for more.

Rating valuations went up, and her shopping list on the day she paid her rates read: tea, quarter pound; margarine, quarter pound; tapioca, one pound; matches, two boxes. This apparently wild extravagant outlay on matches she explained to me, saying, "I have the utmost difficulty in lighting a fire. It is an art that I have failed to acquire; I came to it a bit late in life."

That almost broke me down. I was, I swear, practically upon the point of giving up my little flat and moving in with her—if she'd have me—and making sure that she had a fire, and one decent meal a day. And then I saw the advertisement.

I always read personal columns; I am a writer manquée and derive some pleasurable satisfaction from imagining what lies behind and beyond these laconic printed statements. This one said, "Wanted, genuine Victorian parlor for photographic purposes. Hire by the day."

I thought of the pampas grass and the aspidistra and the wax fruit . . . surely in the whole of London no more genuinely Victorian parlor existed. So, on my own accord, I answered the advertisement.

It had been put out by a television producer, who, in a preliminary interview with me, said that he was engaged with a film series of stories, all Victorian, and that he wanted a background of complete authenticity; setups in studios he said, might be complete to the last detail, but they lacked true atmosphere. Look at X and Y and Z, good enough but not good enough for him!

I was elated. I felt that not only was returning good for evil—always a sustaining thing to do—but I was shuffling off a responsibility that I should never have shouldered. Mrs. Campbell's drawing room would bring in enough ready cash to pay for the mending of the gutter and a few other necessary repairs and leave something over for groceries.

I offered her the suggestion with some trepidation, knowing how adept she was at finding excuses, but I also offered it as a private ultimatum—if she refused this offer I should regard myself as absolved from making any more. To my surprise she was amenable, in fact as near enthusiastic as her nature would allow. It would do people good, she said, to see a well-furnished room for a change. She adopted, from the first, the attitude of one who is conferring a great favor.

Then came the snag. Mrs. Campbell hadn't the slightest intention of leaving a lot of rackety strangers loose in her drawing room; damage unimaginable except to her, might be done. Would be done. My friend and his friends were very welcome to come and play charades and take photographs in her home, but she would be there, "right in this chair," to supervise and control. I explained, with what patience I could muster, that the series involved a family story, that there could easily be eight players simultaneously engaged, that television cameras were large and needed room to maneuver. It was useless. They could use the room with her in it or not at all.

Back I went to report failure. The young producer, one of those men who attempt to conceal a strong feminine streak behind a ferocious growth of beard, said that maybe he should go to see the old girl. He could talk her round. I said I doubted it. "She sounds like quite a character," he said.

Two days later he called and thanked me for all my help; he'd seen the room, and it was perfect; indeed the whole house was such a gem that he didn't intend to confine the scenes to the drawing room, as was at first proposed. As for "your Mrs. Campbell," she was fabulous.

I thought sourly that this was all in keeping. Women of her generation were reared and trained to accept masculine domination, even to enjoy it. On Sunday I almost didn't trudge round there with my trussed fowl and all that went with it, but I succumbed to an unworthy desire to say to her, "So you gave in!" I said it, quite maliciously.

Mrs. Campbell said, "Gave in! Of course not. You should know me better than that by this time, Ennie. I was quite firm and the young man agreed with me. I'm going to sit, as I told you, right here in this chair. He's going to write me into the script, whatever that may be."

"You mean you're going to play a part?"

"At my age, now wouldn't that be ridiculous? No, he explained very lucidly. All I have to do is to be myself, and sit in this chair and now and again look disapproving when one of these young people voices some outrageous sentiment or uses a coarse expression. I can do that quite easily."

I said, "I bet you . . . I mean yes, I'm sure you can." ■

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waiting! Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads stop pain corns, callouses, bunions, sore toes almost instant you apply them! These super-soft, tective pads give soothing, ve-deep relief by cushion- painful areas from shoe ssure, friction. Used with arate medicated disks in- ded in each package, Zino- ls also remove corns, cal- ses one of the fastest ways own to medical science. plied at first sign of irrita- n, they prevent corns, cal- ses, sore toes, blisters from veloping. Essential for daily t care. Sold everywhere.

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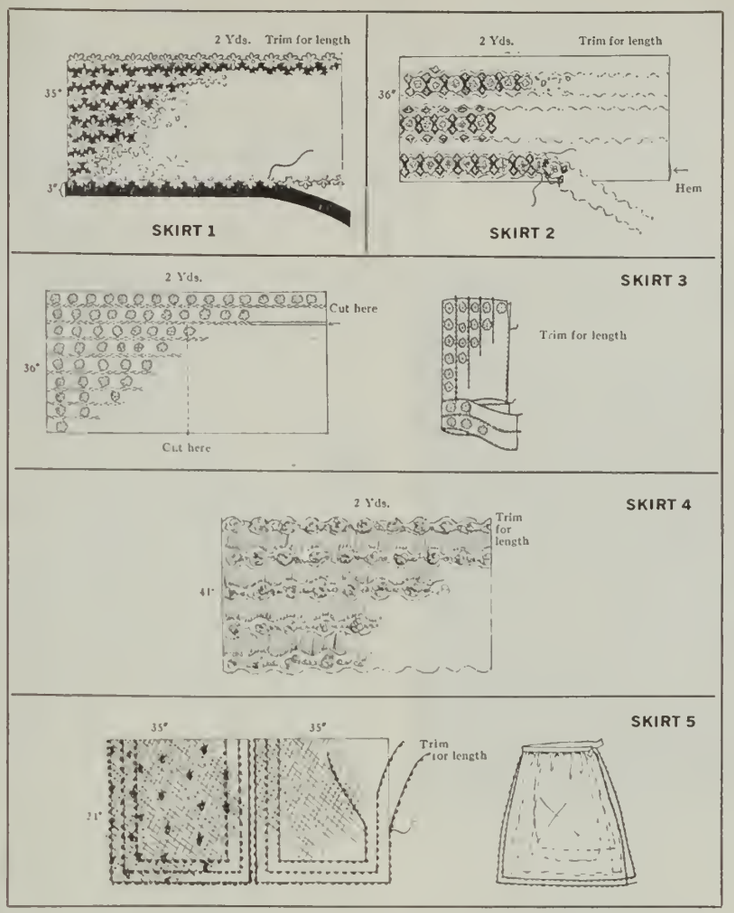
This substance is now available in *suppository or ointment form* under the name *Preparation H®.* Ask for it at all drug counters.

To All Lengths with Lace

see pages 90–92



One zipper for each skirt. Measure your waist and add 4 inches for correct amount of belting ribbon needed. Use hook and eye for closing. Petticoat can be attached at waistband if you choose. Matching cummerbund is optional. See diagrams for cutting. **SKIRT 1:** 2 yd. of 35-in. lace; 2 yd. of 3-in. grosgrain ribbon. Sew ribbon to bottom of lace. Trim lace at top for desired length. Stitch seam, leaving opening for zipper. Sew in zipper, then gather to waistband. **SKIRT 2:** 2 yd. of 36-in. fabric; 4½ yd. of narrow-band lace; 2 yd. of wide-band lace. Hem material first. Measure for desired length, then trim off top. Stitch on lace with wide band in center. Sew up seam, leaving opening for zipper. Put in zipper and gather to waistband. **SKIRT 3:** 2 yd. of lace; 22 yd. of ¼-in. grosgrain ribbon. Cut off 2 rows of pattern as shown, then divide remaining lace in half. Thread ribbon through the three pieces. Sew 2 skirt pieces together, leaving opening for zipper. Attach third piece around bottom as shown. Put in zipper and gather to waistband. **SKIRT 4:** 2 yd. of 41-in. lace. Trim off top to desired length. Sew up seam and put in zipper. Gather to waistband. **SKIRT 5:** 2 yd. of 35-in. lace; 15 yd. of ½-inch Irish-lace edging. Cut 2 pieces 24 inches long. Trim to desired length. Stitch on ½-in. lace edging as shown. Do not seam together. Gather and sew 2 separate pieces to waistband.

Fabrics at stores listed below.

Journal Shopping Center

THE GREAT EASTER EGG HUNT pages 78–83
The little girls' dresses can be purchased at Lord & Taylor New York, and at the following stores (in some cases, prices are slightly higher on the West Coast): BORGENICHT white dots on blue: Halle Bros., Cleveland; Joseph Magnin, San Francisco. BORGENICHT blue dots on white: Halle Bros., Cleveland; I. Magnin & Co., West Coast. ALYSSA white-and-pink flounce: Dayton's, Minneapolis; Joseph Magnin, San Francisco. YOUNG SOPHISTICATES floral print: Sakowitz, Houston, Joseph Magnin, San Francisco. SHEPARDESS pink dotted Swiss: Sakowitz, Houston; J. W. Robinson, Los Angeles. KATE GREENAWAY blue tier-pleated. Young Quinlan Rothschild, Minneapolis; I. Magnin & Co., West Coast. CINDERELLA pink crepe: May Co., Cleveland; J. W. Robinson, Los Angeles. SHEPARDESS pink front-pleated: Sakowitz, Houston; J. W. Robinson, Los Angeles. RAR MOPPETS blue blouson: Kaufmann's, Pittsburgh, Bullock's-Downtown, Los Angeles. YOUNGLAND navy, pink and white floral: Strawbridge & Clothier, Philadelphia; Joseph Magnin, San Francisco. JOSEPH LOVE pink with white collar: May Co., Cleveland; Joseph Magnin, San Francisco. JOSEPH LOVE pale yellow: May Co., Cleveland; Joseph Magnin, San Francisco. JOSEPH LOVE aqua with white middy: May Co., Cleveland; Joseph Magnin, San Francisco.

SPRING WEEKEND BRUNCHES pages 86–89
BEGINNER'S BRUNCH: All accessories from Azuma, 666 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y. EASTER BRUNCH: Egg cup, bread-and-butter plate, cup and saucer, all part of a 16-pc. breakfast set, $80. Daisy plate, $3.25 ea., at Tiffany's, 727 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. PARTY BRUNCH: Jam pot, $32.50, "Luneville" plate, $5 ea., at Tiffany's, 727 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y.

TO ALL LENGTHS WITH LACE pages 90–92
Janice lace available at the following stores: B. Altman & Co., New York; Famous-Barr, St. Louis; Donaldson-Golden Rule, Minneapolis. Samuel Ehrman lace. May Co., Cleveland. Stern & Stern lace: Halpern's, New Orleans; Lord & Taylor, New York.

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to dealing

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THE $500 SPRING HOUSE CLEANING

Ever wonder what price tag there should be on your spring cleaning? We found out by hiring professionals, and in the process gleaned some of their secrets, which we've combined with a few of our own to make your job easier.

By MARGARET DAVIDSON,
Home Management Editor

PHOTOGRAPH BY HANS KNOPF, PIX

Waiting delightedly on the front stoop, Mrs. Beverly Loudon, of Smithtown, Long Island, watches four men of the Town & Country cleaning service unload equipment to clean her four-bedroom house. It took the men two days for their thorough job, and the final tab, including extras such as cleaning drapes, refinishing a table, was $507.80. Mrs. Loudon, seconded by her husband and four children, said her biggest thrill was "to have the whole *house clean at once."*

Spring housecleaning is a tradition, and it has a certain logic—for it's in spring that the air seems cleaner and the newly green trees and flowers seem brightest. We're moved, with this changing of the seasons, to give our house a compatible, and little extra, sparkle. Having it cleaned professionally, as we had done for the Loudons, is of course one way, but if you can't afford this, the next-best thing is to make the job as easy for yourself as possible—and it does help a bit, as we've pointed out, to have an idea of what your time is worth, in dollars and cents. Before dipping sponge to suds, decide just how extensive you want to be. If you plan on major chores that require professional service—cleaning the furnace, refinishing floors, plumbing repairs—arrange to have these things done before you start your own cleaning. If you've decided to send out draperies, rugs or furniture, arrange the timing so that these things go before you clean and come back just after you've finished. When you're set to start your part of the job, two things: First, be sure you have all the supplies and equipment you need; second, keep in mind this time-saving room-cleaning pattern used by the experts: Start at the walls and work toward the center. Move furniture to the center of the room, clean windows and drapes, then the walls and floors around the edge, polish furniture and move back against the wall, and finish the remaining floor area. Sound simple? Well, no, but where there's a plan there's progress. Here, now, are some cleaning tips designed to make your job easier and more successful.

PAINTED WALLS AND WOODWORK. The basic rule for cleaning painted surfaces is to dust them first, from the top down, then, if needed, wash from the bottom up. Dust with sweeping strokes of soft brushes or vacuum-cleaner attachments; stiff brushes will simply smear dirt and grease rather than lift it off. It's important to wash from the bottom up because cleaning solutions dribbling onto soiled surfaces leave almost indelible streaks. Most of the new wall paints are washable, but for safety's sake, test your cleaning solution in an inconspicuous spot. For light soil, and to spot clean—around door jams and light switches—light-duty, ready-to-use wall cleaners that spray or sponge on are quick and easy. For greasy, sooty walls, you'll need a solution of liquid or powdered general-purpose cleaner applied with a soft cloth or sponge moist enough to float off the dirt but not so wet that it drips. On very dirty surfaces and stubborn spots, don't scrub too hard or you'll remove the paint; rather, use a stronger, hotter cleaning solution.

RUGS AND CARPETS. There are two methods for at-home rug cleaning: dry cleaning and shampooing. Dry cleaning is the easier and faster and takes up surface dirt on all but cotton and fiber rugs. Work special cleaning powder, including solvent, into the rug with a brush or machine, and when dry, after a couple of hours, vacuum well. To speed drying, try to work on a day when the windows can be open. Shampooing does a more thorough job and works well on all but twisted nylon or wool. Success depends on whipping up a really thick, "dry" foam of a special cleaning solution and then working it into a small area at a time with a rug shampooer or brush. Wipe up each area with a damp sponge or cloth, and overlap areas to avoid streaking. When the whole rug is dry (again, it helps to work when windows can be open), vacuum in long, parallel strokes to lay the nap in one direction. Don't replace furniture until the rug is dry.

FLOORS AND FLOOR COVERINGS. A good cleaning method for wood floors is to vacuum or dust first and then wax with a liquid wax that cleans and waxes in one operation (a naphtha odor identifies this type of wax). As you apply the wax, dirt comes up on the applicator, but if the floor is especially dirty, it may be necessary to use a separate wiping cloth while the wax is still wet to take up the dirt. Some of these waxes dry bright, but most need buffing. For most other floorings, the logical choice is one of the water-emulsion waxes. After dusting, clean the floor well to remove all the old wax before applying the new coat. Most of these waxes dry bright; some are made especially to protect light colors, and some also resist scuffing. Paste wax gives the most durable protection and finish for wood floors, although it does take more time and effort. Apply with a handled brush or damp cloth in a thin coat, let dry for 20 minutes and then buff by hand or machine. To take up heel marks or other streaks, dip a steel-wool pad in paste wax and rub with the grain—as the spot comes up a new layer of wax goes down. A good waxing lasts four to six months, with regular dusting for wood floors and damp mopping for others.

FURNITURE. Choice of furniture polish depends on the type of gloss desired. Creamy waxes that wax and clean at the same time are good for most furniture—apply with a gentle rubbing action, and then wipe clean with a second cloth while the wax is still damp. Antiques with a lustrous patina and wood with worn finishes are best treated with paste wax that cleans as it waxes. Apply the wax in thin, even coats with a damp cloth and buff immediately by hand or machine. For low-luster wood—hand-rubbed antiques or the new matte finishes—both the cream waxes mentioned above and rubbing oil are good. Stay with one kind of wax or oil—going from one to another results in a smeary finish. Before cleaning upholstered furniture, vacuum it thoroughly and test your cleaning solution in an inconspicuous spot to make certain the color is fast. Shampooing is very effective, using the "dry" foam of special upholstery cleaners that skim the surface to remove dirt but don't soak the padding. Work quickly in small, overlapping areas, and wipe off each area with a damp cloth. It's best not to tackle at-home cleaning of fabrics like velvet, satin or taffeta.

These, then, are some of the highlights. Actually, of course, there is no *one* best way to clean. We all have our little secrets and shortcuts. We'd be delighted to know yours. Just one last word—when you finish a room, brew a cup of tea and sit down in one of your clean chairs to enjoy your handiwork. Looks pretty good, doesn't it? But be careful not to spill the tea. (*More about cleaning on page 130*)

Start with Ivory...stay with Ivory...your skin can stay young-looking, too!

Three generations prove young-looking skin runs in an Ivory Soap family

These three generations from Miami Springs, Florida, know the way to young-looking skin. Baby David Maloney is starting with mild Ivory. His mother, Barbara (center), and grandmother, Virginia Watson (right), are staying with Ivory, too.

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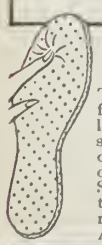

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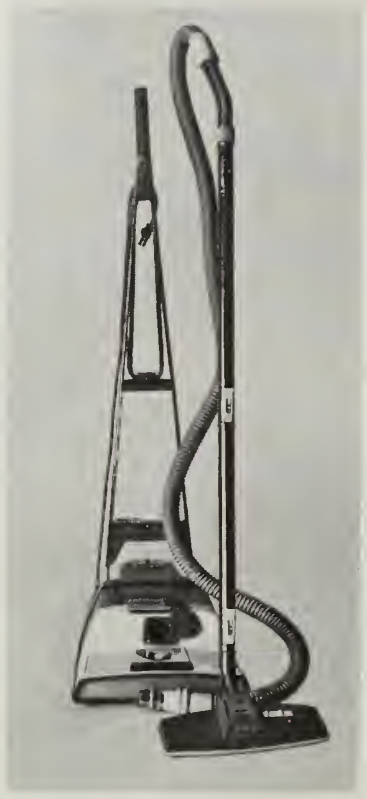

NEW CLEANING EQUIPMENT

New developments in home-cleaning equipment are all designed to make your job easier and more thorough. Take the different models we show here: some have a new versatility, while others have been refined to do a single job better; some are now made of new, lightweight materials and will maneuver and store easily. More powerful motors are low on noise, high on cleaning power. Another new development is a rental arrangement with your dealer for floor and rug cleaners—so that you can try out the new models before buying.

TWO-WAY VACUUMS

The appliances above combine the advantages of upright cleaners (better for deep cleaning of rugs) and canister models (better for dusting). The Westinghouse, left, starts as an upright with a terraced front that fits under furniture; remove the handle, plug in the hose and attachments, and the machine performs like a canister. The Whirlpool, right, is basically a canister. However, it has a special rug-cleaning attachment with a long handle, L-shaped head to fit around furniture and a motor-driven brush to take up lint and hairs.

PORTABLE DUSTER

A shoulder strap makes it easy to carry the General Electric portable vacuum (above) when dusting books, walls, car upholstery.

INSTANT VACUUM

The 5-pound Sunbeam vacuum (near right) is for quick cleaning, is a stand-in for dust mops and brooms.

MULTI-SPEED FLOOR MACHINE

The 5 speeds of Hoover model (center) range from slow, for nonsplash scrubbing, to fast for floor polishing. Tank on handle dispenses wax or carpet-cleaning solution (it foams the latter before it reaches the rug).

LIGHTWEIGHT CLEANER

New materials make the Regina vacuum (far right) lighter weight, more compact than older vacuums, yet it does heavy-duty cleaning. ■

Heavy work calls for hefty towels—ScotTowels. The heavyweight towels. Husky. Thirsty—the whole job long. No wonder more women buy ScotTowels than any other brand.

SCOTTOWELS
START STRONG
STAY STRONG
BECAUSE THEY'RE
HEAVYWEIGHTS

SCOTT MAKES IT BETTER FOR YOU

continued from page 77

Association, therefore, emphasizes that the results of the *Journal*'s unique survey may not reflect precisely the behavior of *all* Americans.

Within these limitations, however, the *Journal*'s sampling of the network of F.S.A.A. affiliates may be considered impressive. As Clark W. Blackburn, general director of the F.S.A.A., commented: "We have been concerned for some time because there is so little information about infidelity available. The extraordinary response of our agencies and the detailed consideration they gave the lengthy questionnaire indicate the interest they have in this as one of the several serious problems in marriage."

Almost without exception the agencies agreed that infidelity is a *symptom* of trouble in a marriage and not the trouble itself, and that sexual pleasure is seldom the adulterer's real goal. The counselors in Pittsfield, Mass., stated what appeared to be the consensus—that extramarital affairs are an outlet for anxiety, just like "drinking, overeating or gambling." Counselors in San Francisco candidly speculated, "Is adultery not, therefore, perhaps an outmoded ground for divorce? Why not say, 'Get professional help' to the person who seeks a divorce on this basis?" And Grace Mayberg, supervisor of the Minneapolis Family and Children's Service, observed that adultery is "at the bottom of the list of things to get a divorce over." She added she had never encountered a marriage that "*had* to end because of adultery" and pointed out that at least one country in the Christian world, Denmark, has already removed adultery from its list of legal grounds for divorce.

As anticipated, the survey found that the emancipation of women has made no appreciable inroads on the tradition of the double standard: The agencies found that in six out of 10 cases, infidelity occurred on the part of husbands only, in three out of 10 cases on the part of wives alone. Director Perry Gangloff of Broome County, N.Y., offered an interesting and somewhat contrary finding. "In this agency," he said, "men tend to bring their unfaithful wives to the agency for counseling, expecting that the agency will persuade the wife to stop her unfaithful behavior. On the other hand, women rarely bring their unfaithful husbands to this agency. They more likely put up with the situation because they want to preserve the family . . . or in some instances they retaliate by having extramarital relations themselves."

The survey found that once in every six cases *both* marital partners were being unfaithful. Wesley W. Jenkins, director of the agency in St. Petersburg, Fla., reported one extraordinary but revealing case. Two couples were living side by side; when one husband launched an affair with the wife of his neighbor, the deserted partners almost automatically followed suit.

Seventy percent of the agencies reporting on dual adulteries found the husband was more likely to have initiated the first offense, and 24 percent believed that men and women are equally vulnerable. Only 6 percent found women the likelier first offenders.

Marital partners who had had relations with a large number of lovers were found to be relatively uncommon: Promiscuity was a factor in one in every 10 cases of infidelity. ("I was unfaithful on my honeymoon," a college professor told a counselor, "and I have been ever since.")

In slightly more than one case out of every 10 infidelity appeared to have been a one-time incident; in four out of 10 only one sexual partner outside the marriage was involved.

Some questions drew such diffuse or contradictory replies that no conclusions could be drawn. There was no agreement on the existence of a "danger age" for infidelity, for instance, although many agencies cited the teen years, the early twenties and the onset of middle age as obvious times of stress. No correlation was found between infidelity and education (though a marriage counselor in Waterloo, Iowa, reported what is perhaps pure coincidence: In every case in his file where at least one partner had attended college, infidelity was found). There was no agreement on the relationship of income to infidelity; 82 percent of those who replied to this question said that so delicate a phenomenon could not be linked to any economic yardstick; the remainder of the survey respondents lined up about evenly behind both the higher- and lower-income groups.

The notorious seven-year itch, so familiar in folklore, drew little scientific documentation. Several agencies did mention the early years of marriage as being critical times for infidelity; two observed that the first pregnancy often prompts faithless behavior in young husbands; and many noted that the 15- to 20-year-mark in marriage brings about special pressures, as youth wanes and attractiveness and hope for adventure seem to wither. But these impressions were fragmentary only.

As reported by the counselors, the excuses of unfaithful husbands and wives usually have a soap-opera ring of familiarity: "She's cold and unresponsive." . . . "He doesn't show me any appreciation or affection." . . . "She's a terrible housekeeper." . . . "All he cares about is his business." . . . "All she cares about is the kids." . . . "He/she started it first, running around." (Social-work counselors are touched by the occasional candor and self-awareness they encounter, as evidenced by such confessions as, "I needed to test myself with another person" or "We have no communication in our marriage." "Implied in this," a Minneapolis counselor said, "is a desire to know and a courageous willingness to be known.")

The true and almost always hidden causes of infidelity, on the other hand, as outlined by the collective wisdom of the F.S.A.A. counselors, are a recital of human loneliness, neglect and inadequacies. Almost invariably, the operative word is *immaturity*—usually stemming from deprivation of love in childhood or overprotection by a doting parent. This immaturity results in a need for mothering, or in a forlorn and unconscious need to be controlled and disciplined—needs so insatiable that a thousand or more extramarital affairs could not fully relieve them. Too, infidelity, like many suicide attempts, sometimes is intended as an attention-getting device, a cry for someone to *care* about the problems of the troubled marriage partner.

The Manchester, N.H., counselors expressed this in the language of social science: "Infidelity is usually a futile attempt to fulfill unmet emotional needs. The individual most often has been emotionally rejected or emotionally deprived in his or her earlier life situation, has a basically poor self-image, and (is attempting) erroneously to arrive at a self-concept of greater masculinity or femininity." *(continued)*

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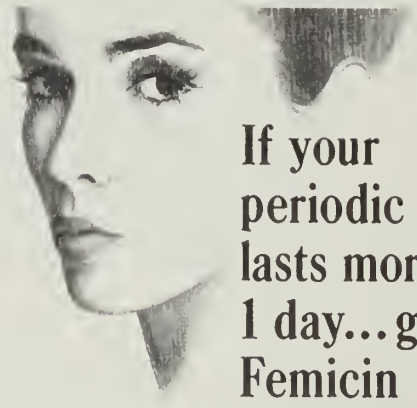

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This haunted urge to prove virility or a capacity for passion was cited by 60 percent of the agencies. Alcohol, it appears, is often a contributing factor. Eugene Jonquet, the agency director in Spokane, Wash., for example, finds it significant in as many as "two thirds of our cases." So are cruelty and vengeance, since sexual attractiveness is so highly prized in America that preference for another's bed is often the ultimate psychic insult. Latent homosexuality in the husband, which impels him to try to banish his self-doubts with an affair or to connive unconsciously for infidelity on the part of his wife, was another recurring theme in the reports. Shockingly, so was incest; several marriage counselors in widely separated parts of the country found that married women who were involved in incestuous experiences when they were young girls seem especially vulnerable to infidelity.

In some cases counselors expressed their conviction that the child-centeredness of middle-class American life can harm the development of self-control and maturity. Coddled children, staff members in Greensboro, N.C., warned, are "conditioned in their families to consider their own 'happiness' (*i.e.*, gratification of immediate desires) as their imperative right, and thus feel no compunction about seeking it wherever it may be found."

Another striking finding of the survey is that, when infidelity occurs, there is almost never an "innocent" or a "wronged" partner. Both husband and wife must share the blame, the counselors believe. In most cases the spouse of an unfaithful person has contributed to the lack of tenderness, the lack of mutual concern, that fosters infidelity. Some counselors suggested that a person with a low opinion of himself may actually *want* an unfaithful spouse—to confirm his own opinion of his worthlessness. In other, even more startling, cases frigid or hostile wives will actually tolerate the unfaithfulness of their husbands, provided the appearance of the marriage is preserved, because the husbands' dalliances relieve these wives of sexual responsibilities and supply a handy weapon available for use in family quarrels.

Toward the end of the questionnaire, counselors were asked: "What is the toughest problem to fight when trying to save a marriage?"

"I would rank *habitual* infidelity first," said a counselor in New London, Conn., echoing the opinion of many of his colleagues across the country. "It indicates that the conflict in the marriage is no longer confined to the interpersonal relationship of the married couple, but has spread beyond the walls of the home and has brought other individuals into the picture. Much of the [extramaritally involved] individual's emotion is going into a relationship outside the marriage, and there may be little emotion left for investment in the marriage itself and its improvement." For this reason many counselors try—with varying degrees of success—to help their clients understand that the ending of a current affair is itself the essential starting point for therapy.

At the conclusion of the questionnaires the responding counselors pooled their thoughts on the long-term treatment most beneficial in cases of infidelity. They concurred on these principles:

1. Make no moral judgments. (The caseworkers have values of their own, but do not impose them on clients.)

2. Try to strengthen the confidence of both partners to enable them to be more giving and accepting of one another.

3. Try gently to lead the so-called injured partner to accept some responsibility for the infidelity.

4. Stress that marriage is important not only for what either partner can get from it but for what the repaired marriage can do for all concerned, especially the children.

In one fairly typical case, for instance, a counselor helped a wife to realize that her constant nagging about her husband's low-status job hurt his pride. As she came to be more sympathetic to her husband's needs, his urge to have affairs disappeared. Simultaneously, the counselor helped the husband to view his unhappiness with his job as a healthy indication that he might be better suited in another occupation.

"We find that infidelity means many things to many people," said Jeanette Hanford, director of the Family Service of Chicago. "Our approach is to help the married couple understand their own particular situation and to find solutions based on this understanding."

Leonore Waldstreicher, a counselor in Westchester County, N.Y., put it more simply. "Look at the need," she said, "rather than the deed." The principle is, of course, in consonance with Christ's treatment of the adulteress.

As in any crisis, an episode of infidelity can leave a marriage the stronger for the lessons learned. Family Service workers in San Francisco found that "in a few situations infidelity has had a sobering or settling-down effect, dissipating fantasies and prompting the couples to work out their problems." But in no instance did counselors report any benefit to result from infidelity. Invariably, it brought desolation and bitterness, crisis after family crisis. "Sex in marriage can foster the deepest sense of intimacy," said the counselors in Towson, Md. "Outside of marriages, sex can produce only alienation." ■

'Hold it! Hold it! This is last week's list."

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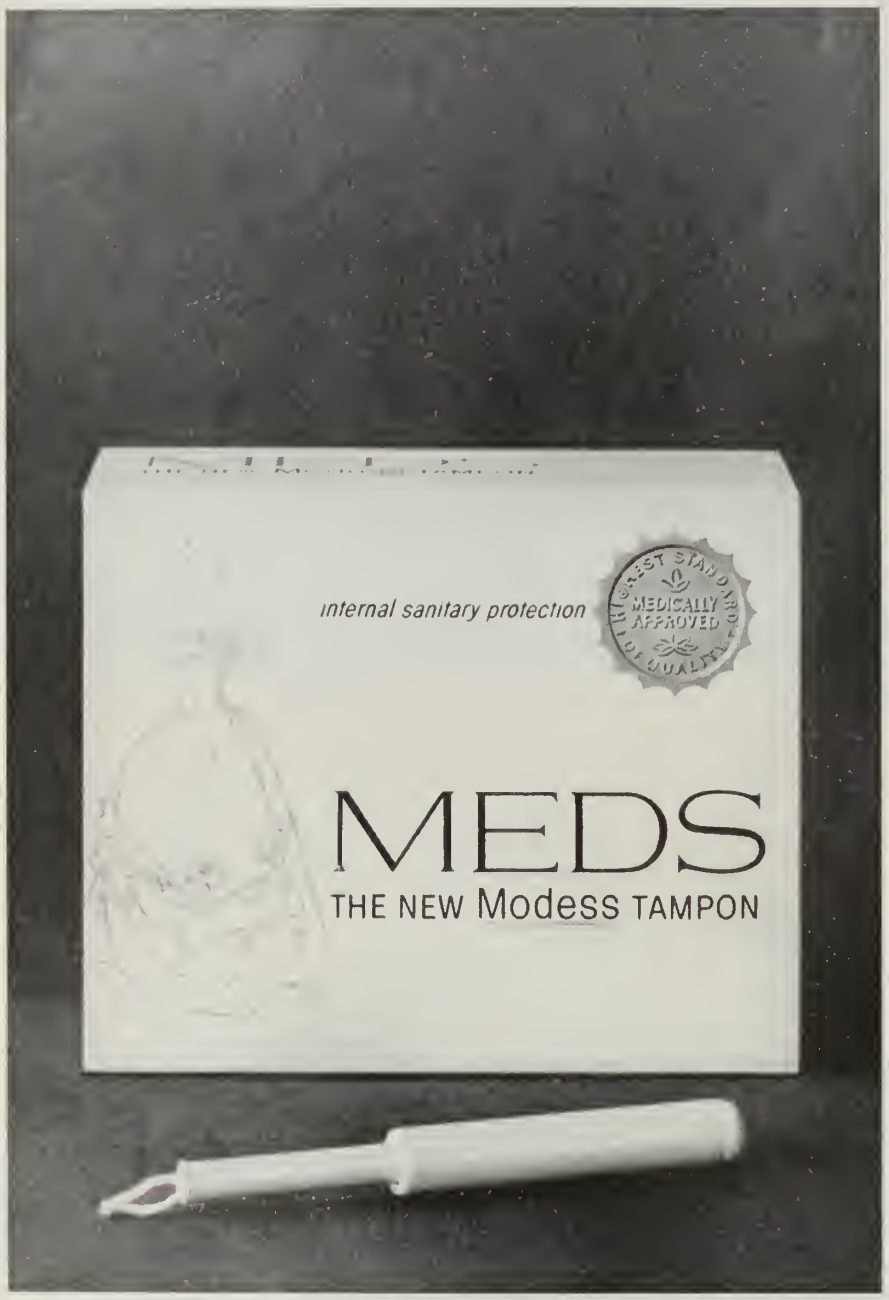

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MOISTURIZERS

continued from page 75

the essential beauty supplement. Even women with the prettiest skin take up with moisturizers as early as 16 and search them out in every possible beauty product. You'll find them in their most concentrated form in products for your face, and in diluted form (but still highly effective) in everything from cologne to bath oil—often in tandem with other ingredients that protect the dewy surface of your skin. Wherever you live, whatever your age, whether your skin is oily or dry, moisturizers have become the first beauty necessity for every woman.

Here are some of the many products that make moisturizers an everyday part of your beauty life:

FOR YOUR FACE AT NIGHT

Even while you sleep, your skin is constantly losing moisture—unless you protect it with a moisturizer film. The following night creams combine moisturizers and rich lubricants, are particularly good for dry skin: Bonne Bell's Plus 30; Helena Rubinstein's Skin Dew Cream; Germaine Monteil's Super-Royal Cream; Du Barry's Creme Paradox; Revlon's Ultima Skin Treatment Cream; Georgette Klinger's Creme Moisturizer; Coty's Vitamin Moisture Balancer. Prince Matchabelli's Aziza Eye Cream concentrates on the area around your eyes.

DAY

You can wear one of these dewy moisturizer films all through the day, alone or under your makeup: Alexandra de Markoff's Alexana; Elizabeth Arden's Velva Moisture Film; Charles of the Ritz's Revenescence; Scandia's Baume Magic; Givenchy's Moisturizer, and Du Barry's Foundation Lotion (hypoallergenic for skin sensitive to cosmetics).

DAY AND NIGHT

Moisturizers do double duty. Wear them under your makeup by day; wear them at night for light lubrication. Especially good for beginners: Revlon's Moon Drops Moisture Balm; Pond's Dry Skin Cream; Jergen's Facial Moisture Cream; Marcelle's Moisture Creme (hypoallergenic).

CLEANSER

Some beauty products even moisturize your skin as they cleanse it, such as: Jacqueline Cochran's Flowing Velvet Cleansing Cream; Max Factor's Moisturizing Liquid Cleanser; Tussy's Dry Skin Cleanser; Woodbury's Deep Cleansing Lotion; Noxzema's Complexion Lotion.

MAKEUP

To be sure that your face is always protected, moisturizers are now built into many makeup preparations, such as: Helena Rubinstein's Silk Fashion; Yardley's Moisture Tint Foundatio Clairol's Moisture Makeup, a Estee Lauder's Hydro-tone Mak up.

LIPSTICK

Some new lipsticks actually fe moisture to your lips and keep there, such as: Revlon's Mo Drops; Noxzema's Cover Gi Dorothy Gray's Liquessence Li stick forms an invisible vap barrier that helps hold your o natural moisture. Estee Laude and Max Factor's Lip Gloss, a Frances Denney's Lip Moisturiz (all colorless) can be worn alon under or over lipstick.

MASK

Now you can give your face refreshing lift with a mask th bathes your skin with moistu as it stimulates. Try Max Fa tor's Fresh Beauty moisture mas

FRESHENER

For those occasions when all that practical is a quick freshening on the run, Revlon's Ultima F cial Freshener Pads will moisturi as they cleanse and invigorat Carry a few with you wherev you go—to the beach, tenn court, the office—wrapped in fo

ON THE SUNNY SIDE

Facing the sun without prop protection can be both drying a dangerous to your skin; it nee all the help you can give it. The products moisturize your sk while you tan, can be reapplie after the sun goes down: Charl of the Ritz's Sun-Bronze; Est Lauder's Sun Souci Bronzi Foam, and Renauld of France Beauty on the Beach. To spla on afterward, try Shulton Bronztan Afterglow.

HEAD-TO-TOE

Not just your face, but your e tire body will benefit from moi turizers. Used regularly, these w soften and moisturize your sk from head to toe: Tussy's Wi and Weather; Avon's Raptu Perfumed Skin Softener; Shu ton's Satin Foam; Revlon's Ul ma Skin Treatment Body Crea Keep on hand, too, hand crea steeped with moisturizers. Dor thy Gray's Secret of the Sea Ha Cream; Beauty Counselor's Ve vet Glove, and Helena Rubi stein's Skin Dew Hand Crea are three excellent ones. Yo daily bath will be even more r laxing and refreshing if you a to it a few drops of moisturizi bath oil, such as Helene Curti Tender Touch; Shulton's Dese Flower Beauty Bath; Germai Monteil's Royal Secret Ba Perfume. Now you can scrub wit out scrubbing away moistu with a soap that contains moistu izers: Jacqueline Cochran's Flo ing Velvet Hydrophilic Crea Soap; Faberge's Jewel Soap f the Face; Savon Clair Beau Treatment Soap. Even colog now splashes on moisturizers: T Tussy's Smooth & Scent.

Adayne Joynes

Lovely Glamour magazine
cover girl wearing
new Cover Girl Make-up

At last! A Cover Girl complexion... so natural you can't believe it's make-up!

Cover Girl covers so completely, looks so natural no one would guess you're wearing make-up. Best of all, it's glamour that's *good* for your skin! Most make-ups do nothing for your skin, but Cover Girl—and *only* Cover Girl—helps *improve* your complexion with the proven beauty benefits of *famous Noxzema medication.*

Use fragrant Cover Girl liquid every morning; pat on the matching powder for a sheer, soft finish. Your make-up will always look fresh and smooth—never caky or mask-y. The antiseptic powder fights germs on your puff, guards against skin problems with every touch-up. You'll love *your* new Cover Girl complexion!

Powder, Liquid, Matte Make-Up
in your skin shade. $1.50 ea. plus tax

NEW COVER GIRL *MEDICATED MAKE-UP BY NOXZEMA*

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Try to convince your grandmother (or mother) "salt is salt"

It'll be a tough sale. Because, for most grandmothers (and mothers) salt is Morton. "What's the difference?" Glad you asked.

Back as far as 1912, young housewives asked the same question. In between then and now, Morton answered by bringing out such advantages as "free pouring" salt, the metal pouring spout, iodized salt, a moisture barrier package and a shaker top.

So, can you blame your grandmother (or mother) for shaking Morton? Two out of three American salt users are just as loyal. And, since all salt is so inexpensive, why not?

When it rains, it pours.

Funny how many Italians try to be like you.

They try to look like you. Even to copying your bottle.

But you're the real Italian, Wish-Bone.

You're sassy.

With young tender garlic.

Mild peppers.

Lively oregano.

Pure golden oil.

Pungent vinegar, mellowed by beechwood chips.

Wish-Bone still makes you just like they did in the old country.

From the same recipe. Only Wish-Bone makes bigger batches.

You're for finicky, fussy people who can't be fooled by a phony.

You're the real Italian, WISH-BONE ITALIAN!

Wish-Bone Italian • DeLuxe French • Monaco French • Golden Italian • Garlic Flavored French • Russian • Cheese • Low Calorie Italian and French-Style

"There must be a simpler way to get my wash as clean as I like it."

"There is!"

The secret's in the tablet. And because Salvo *is* a tablet it delivers more detergent cleaning power than most women get from old-fashioned powders. Salvo is much easier to use, too. No measuring, no spilling, no waste. Shouldn't you give it a try?

It's always so simple with Salvo

HOME THE MAGAZINE WOMEN BELIEVE IN MAY 1965

JOURNAL

35¢

**e Tragedy of
rlie Chaplin &
Ten Children**

cluding the new
novel by
le Carré
**E LOOKING
ASS WAR**

usive:
**e 1965 Kinsey
titute Report**

Spock Writes:
e Must Be Part
our Child's
ical Treatment

**w short
rdos
summer**

y Vanderbilt:
New
uette

Miss Geraldine Chaplin, 20

the girl with the beautiful mouth™

she has it mad

ith New Clairol™ Lipstick the first lip colors keyed to your hair!

g new just happened to lipstick–Clairol! , your mouth looks marvelous in Reds! orals! Oranges, too! Every shade looks (not clashing) on you—because every wear really goes with your hair! ales to potents, from tawnies to trues, s created a wide, wonderful range of lipsticks Color-Keyed to your hair (whether it's your natural color or a Clairol "natural"). A complete collection of fashion shades for light blondes. For honey blondes. For redheads, silvers, brunettes, brownettes. For you.

The result? Your face, your fashions, your whole look lights up! All at once, lipstick does more than lipstick ever did before! Suddenly, the girl with the beautiful mouth is you!

Shinier, creamier, lastier lipstick...in luscious fashion colors. Come see your Color-Keyed shades...at fine cosmetic counters now!

Complete Clairol Lipstick, 1.10 plus tax. Harmonizing Nail Colors, of course.

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the girl with the beautiful face™

she has it mad

...with New Clairol™ Make-up

the first make-up keyed to your hair color ...for the most natural look of your life!

...ou! All true! All natural! This is the ...make-up should, but never could give ...before. You couldn't have it with yes...y's make-ups; they merely matched ... skin, forgot your hair. But today, new ...ol Make-Up harmonizes your skin ... with your hair!

...hatever your hair color (yours natur... or a Clairol "natural") there's a special Clairol Make-Up shade ideal for you! Shades that warm up a sallow skin. Cool down a ruddy one. Baby beiges. Gentle peaches. Tender pinks. New, softer shades that make your complexion truly perfect with your hair!

Now, blondes look blonder. Brownettes brighter. Redheads creamier. Brunettes gleamier. Silvers simply sparkle. You have your own, very beautiful look... the most natural look of your life! All at once, the girl with the beautiful face is you!

New Clairol Make-Up contains Lumist to neutralize shadows, lines, pores—give a flawless finish. Come see your Color-Keyed shades, at fine cosmetic counters now!*

Moisture Make-Up, Compact Make-Up, Face Powder, each 1.50 plus tax.

*Lumist is Clairol's sha... neutralizer ingredient. © Clairo...

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The longest lashes alive

yours with Long-Lash by Helena Rubinstein

Yes. They're for real! Suddenly your lashes are sweepy. Silky. Utterly lush. Because Long-Lash actually builds lashes while it brushes color on. Lengthens, thickens, colors, curls in a single stroke. Six eye-catching colors: Black, Dark Brown, Brown, Navy Blue, Emerald Green, Sapphire Blue.

And now there's a natural way to shape a brow. Simply brush it on. With new "Fashion Brow" by Helena Rubinstein.

Helena Rubinstein
655 Fifth Avenue
New York, N.Y.

Helena Rubinstein, inc. 1965

THE MAGAZINE WOMEN BELIEVE IN | MAY, 1965 VOL. LXXXII NUMBER 5

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

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ARTICLES
24 Medicine Today *Victor Cohn*
36 Saucepans and the Single Girl *Jinx Kragen and Judy Perry*
53 Love: The Essential Medicine When Your Child Is Ailing *Benjamin Spock, M.D., and Marion O. Lerrigo, Ph.D.*
56 How America Lives *Ernest Havemann*
66 The 1965 Kinsey Report: Our Dangerous Sex Laws *Dr. Paul Gebhard*
70 Charlie Chaplin and His Children *Gerold Frank*

FICTION
54 The Looking-Glass War, Conclusion *John le Carré*
68 The Famous Rutland Pearls *Rosalind Wilson*

REGULAR FEATURES
8 Our Readers Write Us
10 Contributors and Editors
14 Have You Heard? *Lois Benjamin*
16 Journal's Journal
28 Pet News
40 Amy Vanderbilt: Etiquette of the Wedding
120 Backviews
122 Journal Shopping Center

FASHION AND PATTERNS
20 Journal Original: 23
60 The Girls of Summer *Trudy Owett*
72 Summer Boutique: New Play on Words
74 Falling for Ruffles *Nora O'Leary*
96 The Light Touch

BEAUTY
44 Shortcut Summer *Susan Harney*
48 Project: You

FOOD
78 Chicken: The Native Dish *Diane Durham*
80 Add Quiche to Your Repertoire
82 Chinese—Home Style
84 Parsley
86 Sunday Night Supper
88 Table for Two
90 Party File: Number Two

HOME MANAGEMENT
32 Ranges: The News Is Inside
34 Refrigerators: The News Is Outside *Margaret Davidson*

J. M. CLIFFORD *President* | **J. MICHAEL HADLEY** *Publisher*

COVER PHOTOGRAPH OF GERALDINE CHAPLIN by Willy Rizzo. See page 70.

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(Dramatically different)

It takes only a minute to fall madly in love with a beautiful new hair color! (Helena Rubinstein offers you 22 subtle fashion shades, from Snowflower Blonde to Black Lotus.) You can lighten, darken, enrich...or completely cover gray. Your chosen hair color is there to stay.

It takes only a minute to shampoo Tintillate into your hair. So why spend so much time (and all that money) at a beauty salon...when you can do it yourself so casually and comfortably at home?

Just mix Helena Rubinstein's new Tintillate as directed and then shampoo it in. Presto! Tintillate covers your hair evenly from roots to ends. No tedious sectioning or touch-ups. No mistakes. Tintillate shades always come out the same (beautiful and believable) from hair line to tips.

Why wait? Tintillate! Millions of smart women all over the world are doing it already.

If you can shampoo your hair... you can color it with Tintillate®

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At last! A machine that does all 3 kinds of sewing

Introducing the newest *Touch & Sew* machine by Singer! So new it sews straight...zig-zag...now chainstitch, too!

Only Singer has t
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It winds up right
the machine. And or
Singer has the famo
Slant-Needle. Oth
new SINGER* sewi
machines from $59.

Look at all you can do with this single-thread chainstitch! Ideal for all temporary stitching—basting (it zzzips right out!), removable collars, growth tucks. A perfect flexible stitch for corded seams, stay stitching, and so much more! Come in and sew straight, zig-zag *and* chainstitch on the newest *Touch & Sew** sewing machine by Singer. No other machine does so much! It's sheer joy!

What's new for tomorrow is at **SINGER** *today!*

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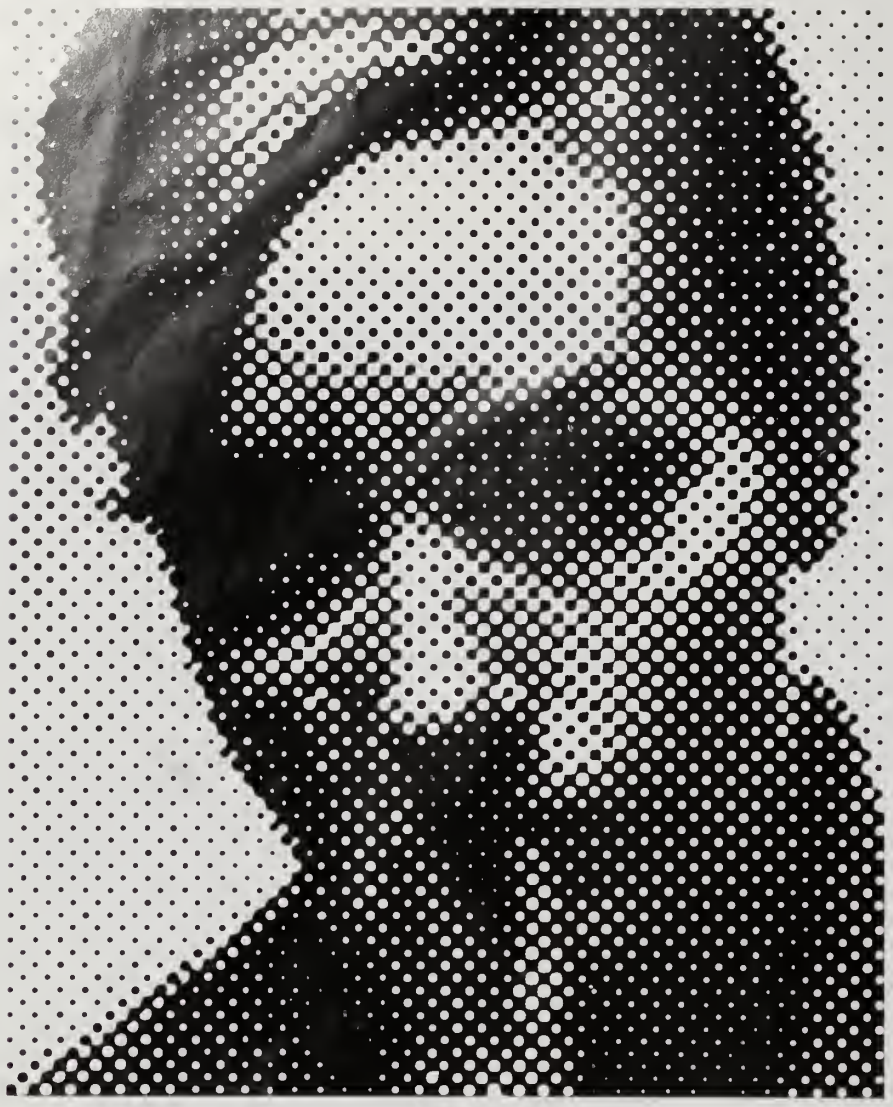


Aren't You Too Young To Feel So Tired?

You notice it day in, day out...even the simplest chores seem to be just too much for you. You get up tired and you go to bed tired. And your mirror tells you that you *look* as tired as you feel. Because fatigue shows up fast on your face, and those lines of tiredness make you look older than you are—older than you *should* look.

There Is Always A Reason Why You Feel And Look Tired

Of course, there's no single reason for that tired look and feeling. But if you're one of the 40 million women between the ages of 15 and 45 who have a period every month, here is one of the most common reasons why you can have that needless tired feeling. Doctors have proved this beyond doubt: As a woman, you may lose much more blood-iron every month than you replace through the foods you eat. Thus, without being aware of it, you can lose energy-producing iron. It is this loss of precious blood-iron that can leave you always looking and feeling tired.

Medical Authorities Say: Women Need Twice As Much Iron

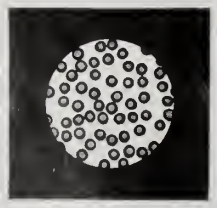
Yes, even if you're only 5 feet 2, you need twice as much iron every day in your diet as your 6-foot husband. It isn't likely that you eat as much iron-rich foods, so you may develop the kind of iron deficit that drains you of your energy and youth. Why risk having the kind of iron-poor blood that can make you very much less than the woman and wife you could be?

Erase That Tired Look From Your Face And Get Rid Of That Tired Feeling

Don't let the periodic drain of precious blood-iron rob you of a full measure of living, when it's so easy to replace any iron that is lost. Put extra iron in your blood by taking Geritol regularly to make up for your monthly losses. Remember, if you've been taking vitamins and still feel tired, vitamins alone can't restore blood-iron. But Geritol *can*. Just two Geritol tablets, or two tablespoons of Geritol liquid, contain *twice* the iron in a pound of calves' liver. In only one day Geritol iron is in your bloodstream carrying strength and energy to every part of your body.

Check with your doctor, and if iron-poor blood is your problem, get the iron you need by taking Geritol. Feel stronger fast...in seven days, or money back from the makers.

Pale, Iron-Poor Blood When you're tired and worn-out, your trouble may be due to pale, iron-poor blood like this.



Geritol Iron-Rich Blood Geritol, with its important supply of iron can change iron-poor into good, rich, red blood.

Our Readers Write Us

Arms and the Man

Dear Editors: I received my March *Journal* today. My dishes are still unwashed and my beds still unmade. I simply couldn't put it down. The article MAIL-ORDER GUNS: A SENATOR BATTLES TO STEM THE DEADLY TIDE, seemed to have great import at this time.

Senator [Thomas J.] Dodd certainly made a point. We *should* regulate how and by whom guns are purchased. The argument that it's our constitutional right to bear arms just doesn't hold water when you realize how much life has changed since the early 1900's. Many Americans depended on guns for survival then, but that certainly isn't the case any longer. My husband and I both are fair marksmen, and enjoy hunting and target shooting. But if giving up my right to own a gun without restriction would help in this issue, I would be glad to do so. Reasonable restrictions would not be too much if they would help curb the sale of guns to irresponsible people.

MRS. SHARON J. LEWIS
Elko, Nev.

One Is Company

Dear Editors: I enjoyed your article, LONELINESS CAN BE A TREASURE (by Clara Claiborne Park, March). It helped us decide to continue raising our two girls in an area where there are only one or two other girls their own age. We love the country charm of our home, but lately we had begun to worry that our children should have the pleasure of many friends, such as in the many new housing tracts. Now we feel that perhaps loneliness can force them to learn how to use their quiet time beneficially. It is hard to fight the trend toward constant activity and little thought or study, but we are pulling hard for the few who are trying to use their brains instead of cars *all* the time!

MRS. SANDY BROOKS
Whittier, Calif.

Seuss in Use

Dear Editors: I was delighted with Dr. Seuss's FOX IN SOCKS (March). I'm a 20-year-old bride of three months, and my husband groaned in mock disgust when I started to read—and chuckle at—it for about the fourth time.

I persuaded him to let me buy all the Dr. Seuss books now for our children, when we have them. But I think he knows the pages will all be dog-eared by then.

MRS. PATRICIA MENESINI
Martinez, Calif.

Ordeal by Fire

Dear Editors: ORDEAL BY FIRE (March) was the most moving story I have read in a very long time. Just reading it has given me new perspective on life. We Americans take so much for granted—everyday things such as food, shelter and warmth—and grumble so often about the things that we can't have.

MRS. RICHARD PETRE
Grand Park, N. Dak.

M O V I N G ?

The Ladies' Home Journal offers a new Curtis publication New Home Journal, to every subscriber who is moving. If you will let us know your new address eight weeks before you move, you won't miss an issue and we'll send you the New Home Journal free. It helps you plan your move, saves time, trouble and money. For others, it costs $1. So please, to keep your Journal coming, send us your new address and a label from a back copy. For service adjustment requests send your latest mailing labels, including those from duplicate copies, to: Journal Subscription Service, Phila., Pa. 19105

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MIRACLE WHIP

Flavor from a bouquet of spices!

takes a gentle blend of sweet-smelling spices to create America's favorite taste in salad dressing. And Miracle Whip is so rich, so creamy, so fluffy and perky, too! Try it in this...

Sassy Slaw

head red cabbage
cup shredded green cabbage
½ cup Miracle Whip Salad Dressing
¼ cup dairy sour cream
Salt and pepper

Colorful coleslaw with a bright and sassy flavor, thanks to light, lively Miracle Whip. Shred the red cabbage to measure 2 cups, reserving outer leaves. Now mix the rich, creamy smooth texture and superb flavor of Miracle Whip with the red and green cabbage and sour cream, tossing lightly. Season to taste. Serve in a bowl lined with red cabbage leaves.

KRAFT

The best of TV on Thursday nights!
Kraft Suspense Theatre on NBC

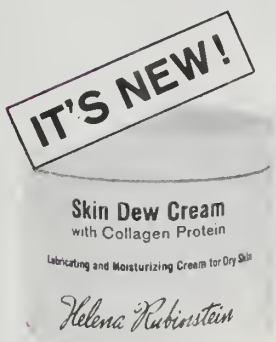
HELENA RUBINSTEIN PROMISES:

"For the rest of your life—
you'll thank yourself for giving your skin
the exclusive benefits of Skin Dew!"

Daytime

Skin Dew Emulsion moisturizes under make-up—works continuously, invisibly to keep your make-up looking dewy fresh all day...helps your skin stay smooth and supple. Make Skin Dew your daily skin care habit. Start now while your skin has natural resilience and you'll always be glad for Helena Rubinstein's valuable beauty advice. 3.00, 5.00 (plus tax)

Bedtime



Skin Dew Cream with Collagen Protein beautifies while you sleep. Its rich emollients and moisturizers work against dryness...keep skin soft...help fight wrinkles. Start using new Skin Dew Cream tonight! You'll thank yourself and you'll thank Helena Rubinstein for bringing you this unique, patented discovery. 3.50, 6.00 (plus tax)

Skin Dew® for all day...all night skin care!

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FIFTH AVE. · NEW YORK

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Contributors & Editors

Ernest Havemann is probably better suited than any other writer to do this issue's HOW AMERICA LIVES (page 56), which is a profile of three *Journal* generations and a 25-year panorama of life in the United States. Once dubbed "King of the Lancers" by *Time* magazine, free-lancer Havemann has written on a dazzling array of subjects, from Alfred Hitchcock to *Love and Marriage* (the title of one of his better-known books), and has been, since the first Kinsey Report, the Kinsey institute's favored interpreter to the public. Havemann was born, raised and educated in St. Louis, began writing as a $15-a-week reporter, now earns an annual income that has exceeded $50,000 and permits him to indulge his passion, horse racing, at which he once won $61,908 in one day.

Jinx Kragen and **Judy Perry,** a couple of Californians who met, roomed together and majored in English at Stanford University, moved into a San Francisco apartment-*cum*-view after graduation and began doing research ("unwittingly," says Jinx) for *Saucepans and the Single Girl,* which starts in this issue on page 36. "It's a book," says Judy, "aimed at the young single girl—brides can profit too—who possesses an apartment, a roommate (female) and an overpowering fear of the kitchen." The research, says Judy, took two years, and "the miracle is," chimes in Jinx, "that we survived." The girls evidently romped through the writing, however, succumbing often to whatever writers succumb to when avoiding work. "Should you detect a few grains of sand in among the Cornish hens and wild rice," warns Judy, "it's only because we tried to write some of the book at the beach."

A managing editor can get pretty tired of being called Mister. Especially when she's a Mrs. In this case, the executive is **Bruce Clerke,** our very feminine, very chic managing editor, who has a husband named Richard Hollander, an eight-year-old son named Cary, and an abundance of domestic talents like cooking, decorating, gardening, embroidering and doing over old pieces of furniture. At work, Miss Clerke heads up all of the *Journal*'s service departments and owns the lushest collection of geraniums in the office. Bruce is really Miss Clerke's middle name, held also by her mother and grandmother. Her first name is Idris, after a family friend. Bruce doesn't use it, she says, "because I've always felt that the name belonged to someone else." Friends call her "Brucie."

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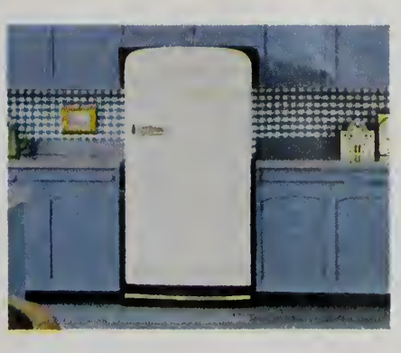
Never underestimate the power of a slogan. Our watchword, "Never Underestimate the Power of a Woman," is blossoming anew. After its first appearance in an ad for the *Journal* in *The New Yorker* 24 years ago, it became the basis for a series of cartoons that were later collected as a book. The cartoon at right appeared on the book's dust jacket. Last year, our patterns editor, **Nora O'Leary,** designed a fabric using the slogan as a pattern for our JOURNAL ORIGINAL feature. Shortly thereafter, demand for the fabric snowballed, the design caught on commercially, and it is now being made up into all sorts of things, from umbrellas to desk sets, some of which appear on pages 72-73 of this issue. A footnote: **Steve Bille,** manager of home products for the *Journal,* tells us that his daughter, Michele, was so taken with the fabric that she used it to decorate her entire dorm room at Caldwell College.



New Admiral Duplex 19 fits your old refrigerator space!

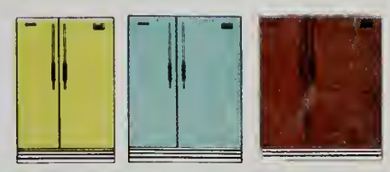
Never before! A 19.1 cu. ft. freezer-refrigerator . . . side by side in one beautiful cabinet . . . just 35¾" wide, 5'4" tall! Now, the big family with a small kitchen can shop once a week!

The Admiral Duplex 19's new stand-up design and all-foam Thinwall insulation save valuable space inside and out . . . nearly double your present refrigerator's storage capacity.

The Duplex 19's left side is a spacious 246 lb. freezer. Everything's easy to reach. No stooping. No stretching.

The Duplex 19's right side is a roomy 12.1 cu. ft. refrigerator. Holds gallon milk bottles, tall soft drink bottles, big hams, bulky packages. Your food storage problems are over!

The Admiral Duplex is available with all-new, quality automatic ice maker and automatic defrosting in *both* freezer and refrigerator. In copper bronze, citron yellow, turquoise and white. Brushed chrome doors optional extra. Three sizes: 35¾" wide (19.1 cu. ft.); 41" wide (22 cu. ft.); 48" wide (26.5 cu. ft.). *There's nothing finer at any price.*



Admiral Duplex 19

Newest thin-wall freezer refrigerator

MARK OF QUALITY THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

See Admiral on the Andy Williams Show in color on NBC-TV every Mon

Shown, Admiral Duplex 19, Model 1959. 35¾ inches wide, 5'4" tall. In rich copper bronze. Specifications subject to change without notice. Admiral, Chicago. Canadian Admiral, Port Credit, Ontario

Hate that gray? Wash it away!™

Now! Color only the gray

Makes your husband feel younger too... just to look at you!

without changing your natura

Gray hair, even when premature, says you're older than you are! So if you *hate that gray, wash it away* with Loving Care hair color lotion by Clairol. Gently, so skillfully does Loving Care wash in the young color that your own shade appears unchanged. But you're rid of gray! And all anyone sees is that you loo so much prettier, younger, after the very firs wash. It's that natural looking. Just choos the tone most like your own—from blonde t Natural Black. Loving Care won't rub off won't brush off. Not a tint, better than a rinse

DISCOVER YOUR MOST EXCITING NATURAL LOOK: VISIT CLAIROL COLOR CAROUSEL, N.Y. WORLD'S FAIR

hair color!

eds no peroxide. Leaves your hair vital, ssy, in better condition than ever. Nothing mix or add. Just pours on right out of the tle! Even the fragrance is mild, delightful.

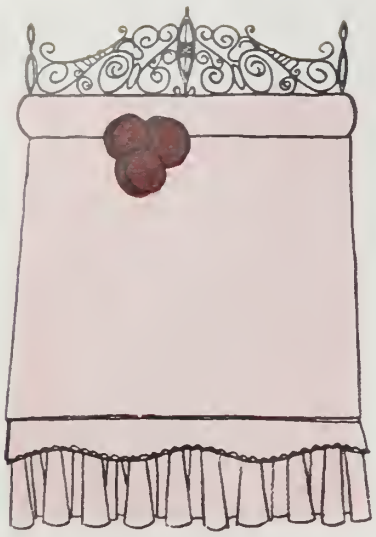
Best of all — just washed in about once a month, Loving Care *keeps* gray away so you can forget you ever had any! Hairdressers agree it's a fountain of youth for graying hair.

Good Housekeeping GUARANTEES PRODUCT OR PERFORMANCE DEFECTIVE REPLACEMENT OR REFUND TO CONSUMER

oving Care® Hair Color Lotion by CLAIROL

©Clairol Inc. 1965

1-5



How to turn a faded spread into a beauty

(in less than an hour)

Just dye it with Rit

It's easy

(in your washer)

Don't miss the Magic of Rit®

Have You Heard?

By LOIS BENJAMIN

That crazy new French dance, La Bostella, in which you start out hopping like an Easter bunny and clapping your hands, and end up moaning miserably, holding your head, collapsing and writhing on the floor, is being acclaimed in Paris as the first really *therapeutic* dance in five centuries—since the tarantella. (That was supposed to be a cure for a nervous affliction; Bostella addicts claim the new one is a cure for modern frustration.) In order to dance it, French girls have now taken to wearing little knee pads—for protection during the collapse-and-writhe part. And there's even a new Bostella cocktail—bubbling champagne at the top (representing the happy clapping mood), bitter Fernet-Branca at the bottom (for the misery)....

Hotels in Bavaria may be going too far this summer in the drive to make tourists feel at home. Due to Germany's severe labor shortage, they're offering guests special discounts for doing hotel-room chores—making their own beds, tidying up, changing linens. You can even get further reductions if you get your own breakfast, lunch and dinner. Sorry, guests are *not* allowed to accept tips. . . .

HAVE YOU SEEN . . .

What comes after Pop Art and Op Art? Changeable Art—which is really do-it-yourself Op. A New York Gallery, the Staempfli, recently exhibited a construction called Carro 64, a showstopper of a work that isn't complete until a spectator starts monkeying with it. Created by a young Swiss advertising man (and part-time Operator), Karl Gerstner, Carro 64 (phonetic French for 64 squares) consists of 64 precision-tooled aluminum cubes, bright red and green, set in an adjustable white frame. A small key, inserted in the frame, lets you shuffle and reshuffle colored cubes yourself to create a limitless and dazzling variety of precise geometric designs. The designs are mesmerizing, and so is the sensation of creating them. Gerstner is fascinated by the whole idea of "viewer participation" in art; he wants people to *share* his creative impulses—not just look at the results. Carro 64 was a big hit in New York; the gallery is now offering it in a limited edition of 120 "original signed constructions," to sell by mail order at $125 apiece. Among the first collectors to snap them up: M.I.T.

Lee Marvin, gunfighter

HAVE YOU SEEN . . .

The Western movie to end all: *Cat Ballou*, a furiously funny spoof on fast-drawing gunfighters, girl outlaws, good guys, bad guys, daring train robberies and every other cliché west of the Pecos. Cat Ballou is a legendary girl outlaw, played by willowy Jane Fonda, but veteran Lee Marvin steals the picture guns down. He plays two unforgettable roles—Kid Shelleen, the saddest old rumpot of an ex-gunfighter you ever saw, and Strawn, a deadly killer with a silver-plated nose (he's so evil that his own nose was blasted off in a gun duel).

There's a scene in which Kid Shelleen prepares for his last Showdown—like a great matador getting ready to throw the greatest bull of his life. It may just be the funniest 10 minutes since the eating scene in *Tom Jones*. Marvin won't ever go back to *M-Squad* after this.

HAVE YOU SEEN . . .

The crackling good World War II spy-thriller *Operation Crossbow*, in which George Peppard finally trades in his Carpetbag for a red-blooded-

George Peppard, hero

American hero suit. *Crossbow* has lots going for it besides Peppard (who's never been better); there's Helmut Dantine back in a Nazi uniform (it *really* has been a long time), and Sophia Loren looking sensational but dying early in the plot, and a very smooth young English actor named Jeremy Kemp, and everybody (including the British and the Americans) talking German (with subtitles) for about a third of the movie, and, best of all, a fast, action-crammed, terrific story about how British intelligence saved London from the Nazis' deadly flying bombs—the V-2, V-3 and V-10 rockets.

A TISKET, A TASKET—AN AUTOMATED BASKET

What has *your* supermarket done for you lately? In Colorado and South Dakota they've got a fabulous new gadget that keeps you from collecting more groceries than you can pay for. It's a dial-operated adding machine that's *built into* the shopping cart; when you impulsively pick up a jar of macadamia nuts, you *dial* the purchase price, and the machine keeps track as you go. So when you get to that check-out counter and whip out your only $10 bill, you never have to worry about the bill coming to $12.40. (The North Dakota man who invented the thing and named it Dial-Admatic, dreamed it up the day after *he* went shopping with a $10 bill and collected $12.40 worth of groceries. It's never happened to him since.)

WATCH IT . . .

There's a car heading straight for—CRASH! Never mind, it's only a TV show, *(continued)*

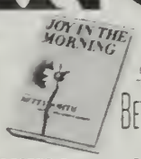
METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PRESENTS

RICHARD CHAMBERLAIN & YVETTE MIMIEUX

People said
they were too young
to marry...
and they knew
they were too much in love to stay apart

JOY IN THE MORNING

IN METROCOLOR



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BETTY SMITH

40TH ANNIVERSARY

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SCREEN PLAY BY
SALLY BENSON · ALFRED HAYS AND NORMAN LESSING

DIRECTED BY
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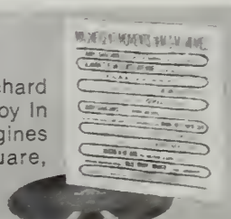
PRODUCED BY
HENRY T. WEINSTEIN

SEE IT SOON AT YOUR FAVORITE MOTION PICTURE THEATRE

FREE BONUS! RICHARD CHAMBERLAIN PHOTOGRAPH

A FREE photograph of Richard Chamberlain will be yours when you receive (for only $2.00) the special Longines Symphonette "Collector's Edition" record album featuring Debbie Reynolds, Judy Garland, Maurice Chevalier and other great stars in magnificent moments from M-G-M musicals. This special offer is in celebration of Richard Chamberlain's newest motion picture hit, "Joy In The Morning." Send just $2.00 to the Longines Symphonette, Dept. PR-1, Symphonette Square, Larchmont, New York, for your special record album.



It's hard to believe this lavish-looking cheese dressing is for waistline watchers. Even with the calories cut, the blue cheese tang is there. For a mere 5 calories a teaspoonful, Kraft Low Calorie Blue Cheese Dressing makes diet-wise fruits, vegetables, green salads, even baked potatoes taste extraordinarily good!

4 more gourmet varieties for weight watchers!
KRAFT French Style DRESSING
KRAFT Italian DRESSING
KRAFT CHEF STYLE DRESSING
KRAFT Fruit'n Slaw DRESSING
KRAFT LOW CALORIE DRESSINGS

HAVE YOU HEARD? *continued*

designed to scare the safety belt off anybody planning to hit the road on Memorial Day weekend.

It's CBS-TV's unique National Driver's Test, for millions of U. S. motorists to take in their living rooms, exactly four days before the start of the summer's first big weekend. Safety experts have already come up with the grim holiday statistics: 450 people expected to die on the highway before Sunday night.

The driver-fitness test will be broadcast as a news special—but you can get the questions in advance (via CBS stations and National Safety Council offices). Hint: You'll be quizzed on your judgment of road rules, ability to spot all sorts of driving hazards.

CBS will even "grade" you, comparing your driver rating with those of 1,200 typical American motorists who'll take the test along with you, at CBS stations across the country. If you flunk, better stay parked May 30.

HAVE YOU READ. . .

Boom!, an explosively wild, utterly nutty novel about getting rich (and poor) quick, by Leland Gralapp, who ought to be getting rich pretty quick himself when the book catches on. His way-out hero, Ernst Pilger, alias Baron Manfred von Schauspieler, is a German emigrant studying American know-how. Some of the ways he makes millions, and loses same: selling gambling insurance, opening a posh private monastery in California.... Pilger's progress also includes meeting a beautiful society girl who turns into a nymphomaniac whenever she hears sonic BOOM! (Dutton, $4.95.)

■ *Thirteen Ways To Kill a Man*, the smashing new murder anthology compiled by Basil Davenport (Dodd, Mead, $4). It's the neatest package of homicide remedies ever; all 13 short stories by sly old suspense masters like Roald Dahl, C. S. Forester, Edgar Allan Poe and Stanley Ellin, *et al.* And there are some very thoughtful introductory notes on the finer points of each method. The story on beating, for instance, has a frozen leg of lamb as the murder weapon (it can be eaten later); the one on stabbing suggests an icicle (it melts inside the victim) and the simplest method of all—just *scaring* the victim to death.

Journal's Journal

MAY 2 Call florist, candy shop and mother-in-law; it's Mother-In-Law Day. Sponsored by a humane organization called the American Museum of Comedy, the day is for reminding the public that "the mother-in-law has a sense of humor." P.S. It's also Humane Sunday (for being kind to children and animals).

MAY 3 Take a fascinating trip in a Mercouri capsule—Melina Mercouri's capsule TV tour of Greece. Athens, Crete and Delphi, home of the oracle, are on itinerary, but the volatile *Topkapi* jewel thief also wants to show off gems of Greek island life—meet natives, hear their music, see their art (ABC-TV).

MAY 4 Turn up trench-coat collar and follow clues to *The Science of Spying;* NBC-TV special spills secrets of spy biz from George Washington's day (he was our first master agent) to James Forrestal (he *really* put us on the espionage map) to all those 007's lurking around corners today. Program's sleuths also reveal tricky whys and hows of spying, and strange code of ethics by which the game is played.

MAY 8 Send birthday telegram to Harry S Truman. He's 81.

MAY 9 Call florist, candy shop and Mother; now it's *her* day.

MAY 10 Now that you've finished *Life With Picasso*, the fascinating intimate journal of Françoise Gilot, dig into *Force of Circumstance*, which is life with Jean-Paul Sartre, as told by Simone de Beauvoir. Mlle. de Beauvoir's exhaustive kiss-and-tell autobiography (this is the *third* volume, and it's 672 pages) is also jammed with candid thoughts about her politics, her world and other great men in her life since the liberation of Paris in 1944. (Putnam, $10.)

MAY 11 And *another* Star is Born—only this time it's Judy Garland's *daughter*. The name is Liza Minnelli; the event is her Broadway debut, as *Flora, the Red Menace*. *Flora* is a George Abbott musical—his 105th Broadway show; it's a lighthearted trifle about idealistic youth in the '30's, a sort of Left-wing-ding set in darkest Depression. Bob Dishy plays a young agitator who courts both Flora *and* the Red menace.

MAY 20 See *My Fair Lady* again—just because it's Eliza Doolittle Day (for *real*—thanks to the Doolittle Day Development Committee in Flint, Mich.). They're promoting Eliza as a world symbol of the importance of speaking one's native language properly.

To turn the tide against dryness that exhausts your skin...

Revlon creates a remarkable moisture-and-cream concentrate

New 'Moon Drops' Moisture Cream

This is a new and different kind of night cream—so delicate, so exquisitely light, so readily absorbed—you're barely aware of it at all. While other night creams may coat your face with grease or leave it slick with oil, 'Moon Drops' seems to disappear instantly. It goes beneath the surface to lend your skin the vital moisture it needs. This moisture works from within —all night long—to help rescue your skin from dryness. Use it faithfully. Your skin will wake up looking rested and replenished...deliciously fresh and springy to the touch!
(You'll also want to enjoy new 'Moon Drops' Moisturizing Body Balm. It lets you treat your skin from head to toe—as beautifully as you treat your face.)

THE COMPLETE 'MOON DROPS' SERIES INCLUDES: NEW MOISTURE CREAM; NEW MOISTURIZING BODY BALM; MOISTURE BALM; MOISTURE FOUNDATION; SKIN CONDITIONER AND FRESHENER; MOISTURIZING CLEANSER, FIRMING FACIAL; MOISTURIZING BATH OIL; ULTRA-MOISTURE BALM (FOR EXTRA-DRY SKIN).

ONLY 31 MORE SLIMMING DAYS 'TIL SUMMER
COME OUT IN THE OPEN SLENDER AND READY FOR SUN '65 FASHIONS
HAVE SEGO® LIQUID DIET FOOD DAY BY DAY BY SLIMMING DAY

Fashions shown of DACRON, ORLON and LYCRA at these fine stores: Brooklyn, **Abraham & Straus** / Cincinnati, **Shillito's** / Cleveland, **The Higbee Co.** / Dayton, **The Rike-Kumler Co.** / Houston, **Foley's** / Indianapolis, **L. S. Ayres** / Miami, **Burdine's, Inc.** / Milwaukee, **Boston Store** / and others.

girl who goes out in the noonday
ooking sleek and slender in
ashions we preview for you is
irl who has the fun. She can
ou, with the help of SEGO, the
food that does beautiful things
our figure. Take the plunge!
nning today, make it slimmingly
s...SEGO.

ON THE LEFT

wering of bright jungle colors
Harbor Road 2-piece swimsuit
slicks mermaid-smooth over
nder figure that knows about
). Of DuPont nylon and
RA® Spandex, about $23.

RIGHT ABOVE

as in pretty, dickeyed and banded
wide white stripes, a swimsuit
holds and molds a slim figure.
) needed here. Of ORLON®
ic, by Jantzen Jr., about $15.

RIGHT MIDDLE

is the girl in the seaside
ates of barely-see-through
er-flowered in delicate shell
s? She's a SEGO girl. And she
crisply neat in DACRON
cotton. By Majestic.
s about $9, shirt about $8.

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ean line in nifty, nautical, lightly
l trumpet pants of DACRON®
ster and cotton, with the
ch of LYCRA. About $15.
d with a striped knit pullover
ACRON and DuPont nylon,
$5. By Majestic.

FAR RIGHT

ng a slow scoop of neckline,
lee's jump suit of sunny yellow
s how to be the prettiest pebble
e beach, and SEGO shows
ow to have the figure for it.
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C: ONE SEGO MEAL
art you slimming with the diet
that gives you more help than
ther – larger servings, extra
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Chocolate / Strawberry / Pineapple
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For your coupon good for a can of Sego Diet Food in the flavor of your choice, just write your name and address on a postcard and mail to: Pet Milk Co., Dept. 147B, P. O. Box 88, St. Louis, Mo. 63188. (Limit one per family. Offer expires June 30, 1965.)

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Check here: checks there. We think they're the greatest thing in store for your summer wardrobe. That's why we didn't waste any time having this checkerboard fabric with decorated squares printed and made into a shift and a skirt that goes to two lengths—daytime or hostess. All you do is hem, add a waistband to the skirt and you're ready to check into summer in style. Choose from two separate kits, one for the shift, one for the skirt (make it long or short). Both kits include bright-colored thread, so that you can sign your checks with touches of embroidery. Our originality and price are incomparable. We know. We've checked around.

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Please send me the following item(s) for which I enclose $_____.

This Greenwood Mills fabric has been printed exclusively for **Ladies' Home Journal** by Paragon Needlecraft. It is vat dyed and machine washable.

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Sizes: Small, 10–12 (up to 37-in. hip); Medium, 14–16 (up to 40-in. hip); Large, 18–20 (up to 43-in. hip).

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You'll learn that Instant Cold is the most important difference in refrigerators today.

Philco Instant Cold keeps food fresh longer. Chills faster. Gives more cold in less running time. Shrugs off kitchen heat, no matter how often you open the door.

Most refrigerators just don't have the reserve power to keep proper food-preservation temperatures when the traffic gets heavy. That's why Philco developed Instant Cold.

In documented tests where refrigerator doors were opened up to 72 times a day, Philco Refrigerators with Instant Cold maintained uniform food-protecting temperatures far better than six other leading makes. And they chilled foods faster than any other brand tested!

NO FROST, TOO. Of course there's no defrosting ever in this new Philco — No Frost in the refrigerator section and No Frost in the freezer. Your choice of colors at no extra cost. And the Model 17RM58 shown gives you a giant 16.3 cubic feet of space in just 30 inches of cabinet width!

NEW POWER SAVER. Saves electricity the others waste. Just push a button for peak performance with far greater economy. You save as much as $15.76 a year* in electric bills. It's a Philco exclusive!

Isn't this everything you could want in a new refrigerator? Of course it is. Ask any hamburger. Better yet, ask your Philco dealer.

*Based on locale and national average electric rates.

For the name of your nearest Philco dealer, call Western Union by number and ask for Operator 25.

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Here's why Kotex napkins protect when others fail

Only Kotex has 2 safety shields

Kotex napkins not only have a polyethylene shield (x) and moisture-proof side strips for even, total napkin absorbency, they also have an extra safeguard shield (y) that gives you an extra measure of security. Two safety shields instead of one. Double reasons why Kotex prevents accidents and gives fail-proof protection.

Choose from 5 sizes of Proportioned Kotex napkins. One size will meet your absorbency needs without fail. There's better protection, plus the softness of a new fine denier covering on each napkin.

The best in internal protection, too

Ask for Kotams or Kotex tampons. Easiest to use and they give you extra hours of protection.

KOTEX AND KOTAMS ARE REGISTERED TRADEMARKS OF KIMBERLY-CLARK CORPORATION

the look is cool the fabric is cotton

Montgomery Ward keeps one eye on fashion, one eye on cool comfort in this new Carol Brent Five Feature Fashion dress. Which means both eyes on 100% cotton. For what could be more "in" for summer than cotton? And what could be cooler, fresher, lighter, or more carefree than this natural born wonder? Machine washable 100% combed cotton seersucker tailored with dressmaker details you'd never expect at this price. Blue and white, charcoal and white stripes. Junior-misses sizes: 9-10 to 20; half sizes: 14½ to 24½. At most Montgomery Ward Retail Stores and in the Montgomery Ward Summer Sale Catalog. $5.98.

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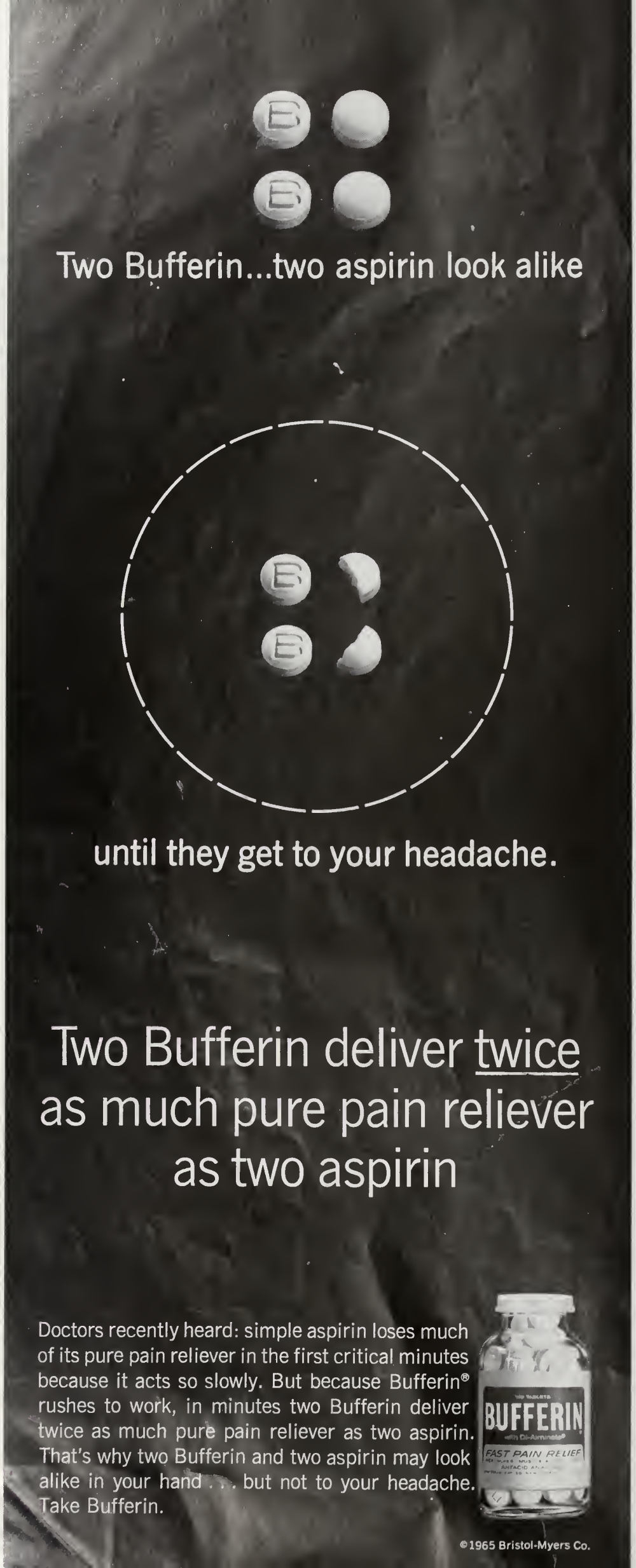
Two Bufferin...two aspirin look alike
until they get to your headache.
Two Bufferin deliver twice as much pure pain reliever as two aspirin
Doctors recently heard: simple aspirin loses much of its pure pain reliever in the first critical minutes because it acts so slowly. But because Bufferin® rushes to work, in minutes two Bufferin deliver twice as much pure pain reliever as two aspirin. That's why two Bufferin and two aspirin may look alike in your hand . . . but not to your headache. Take Bufferin.
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FAST PAIN RELIEF
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Medicine Today

By VICTOR COHN

DOES REPEATED breast-feeding lessen a mother's susceptibility to breast cancer? The World Health Organization and U.S. Public Health Service are both studying why Japanese women—who nurse their babies for months or even a year and more—have only one sixth as much breast cancer as American women. A study by Dr. Morton Levin of Buffalo also found a less-than-normal number of breast cancers in those American women who breast-fed their babies for a cumulative total of 24 months or more. "I don't think there is much question but that there is a relationship," Dr. Levin comments. "The question is, how strong a relationship?"

WHY IS the American birth rate decreasing? No one knows. It has been dropping for three years and in 1964 fewer babies were born (4,045,000) than in any year since 1954. A U.S. Public Health Service spokesman believes that the big baby crop of the 1950's satisfied many youthful families; so these families may now practice more birth control. Other guesses: More people are going to college and postponing childbearing; a growing divorce rate may be reducing the pool of potential mothers; the population shift from rural to urban areas is continuing, and city families are traditionally smaller.

URINARY-TRACT INFECTIONS are becoming more common in women, especially in pregnant mothers. Dr. Edward H. Kass of Harvard Medical School reports that prompt treatment with sulfonamides can often avert kidney disease, premature births and perhaps congenital defects.

TO SAVE CHILDREN'S TEETH: fluoridate. New proof of this comes from Antigo, Wis., where antifluoridationists won a 1960 referendum and fluoridation stopped. The Wisconsin State Health Department now reports tooth decay up 92 percent in kindergartners, 183 percent in second-graders and 100 percent in fourth-graders.

TO SAVE CHILDREN'S EYES: The U.S. Children's Bureau now recommends an examination by an eye specialist by age three. One out of four school-age children suffers from an eye defect, and many of these could have been prevented. One difficulty is that the poorly seeing young child may never complain and may *appear* to have perfect vision. Pediatricians and general practitioners should perform eye-screening tests as part of routine examinations, says Dr. Jerome W. Bettman of Presbyterian Medical Center, San Francisco.

TO SAVE children's hearing: Here, too, early examination is vital, according to Dr. James L. Smith in the medical journal *GP*. Severe hearing loss may be more disabling to a child than blindness. But advances in surgery, electronic aids and teaching offer new hope when defects are detected early. Parents should watch infants for failure to respond to voices or noises.

TO CATCH many eye, ear and heart defects: a close watch by parents and doctors on the children of every mother who had German measles in early pregnancy. A London medical team conducted a 12-year follow-up study of 227 children whose mothers suffered from the disease in 1950–52. They found major physical abnormalities (many correctable) in 15 percent, minor abnormalities in 16 percent. An encouraging note: The intelligence of the children was normal.

THE ADOLESCENT GIRL often suffers menstrual disorders and irregular menstrual cycles. Her problems and feelings about these problems are too often neglected, warns Dr. S. Leon Israel of the University of Pennsylvania. Instruction, sympathy and gentle physical examination should do away with the fears of these girls that they may not grow up to be normal wives and mothers.

FACE-LIFTING, properly done, can give many women "a remarkable amount of satisfaction" by eliminating sagging skin, report Dr. Milton T. Edgerton and colleagues of Johns Hopkins Hospital. The vast majority of the results have proved "excellent" in women carefully selected from three groups—emotionally dependent women aged 29 to 39 who tended to be insecure and lean on their husbands; women 40 to 50 who felt they needed a more youthful appearance in their work; and women over 50 who were lonely, courageous, but often depressed over a husband's death or separation from children.

MULTIPLE SCLEROSIS is not necessarily crippling. Dr. Douglas McAlpin of Middlesex Hospital in London urges bed rest during relapses, early hospitalization and hormone treatment when needed, and moderate living habits. He reports that of 241 patients who were checked, 78 remained free of serious disability 10 years after the outset of the disease. Five years later, 62 of these patients still enjoy unrestricted activity. ■

Brand new box...
Brand new secret
of whiteness

new Fab now has pure white Borax

This is the total change in washday!
This is the secret of whiteness...new Fab with pure white Borax.
New Fab power cleans, freshens, whitens all your wash, yet costs no more
than any leading detergent without Borax.
Yes...this new box contains the secret of whiteness for years to come...new Fab with pure white Borax.
Look for new Fab in the brand new box.

Alabama Birmingham WATV, Dothan WOOF, Gadsden WAAX, Mobile WKRG, Montgomery WCOV, Selma WGWC, Tuscaloosa WJRD, Tuscumbia WVNA **Arizona** Phoenix KOOL, Tucson KOLD **Arkansas** El Dorado KELD, Fort Smith KFPW, Hot Springs KZNG, Little Rock KXLR **California** Bakersfield KBIS, Chico KHSL, Eureka KINS, Fresno KFRE, Los Angeles KNX, Modesto KBEE, Palm Springs KCMJ, Redding KVCV, Sacramento KFBK, San Diego KFMB, San Francisco KCBS **Colorado** Colorado Springs KVOR, Denver KLZ, Grand Junction KREX **Connecticut** Hartford-Manchester WINF, Waterbury WBRY **Florida** Delray Beach WDBF, Fort Myers WINK, Fort Pierce WARN, Gainesville WGGG, Jacksonville WIVY, Key West WKWF, Lake City WDSR, Miami Beach WKAT, Orlando WDBO, Pensacola WMEL, St. Augustine WFOY, Sarasota WSPB, Tallahassee WTNT, Tampa WINQ **Georgia** Albany WGPC, Athens WGAU, Atlanta WAKE, Augusta WGAC, Brunswick WMOG, Columbus WRBL, Gainesville WGGA, Macon WMAZ, Rome WLAQ, Savannah WTOC, Thomasville WPAX, Waycross WAYX **Idaho** Boise KBOI, Idaho Falls KID, Lewiston KRLC **Illinois** Champaign WDWS, Chicago WBBM, Danville WDAN, Decatur WSOY, Peoria WMBD, Quincy WTAD, Rock Island WHBF, Springfield WTAX **Indiana** Anderson WHBU, Fort Wayne WANE, Indianapolis WFBM, Kokomo WIOU, Madison WORX, Marion WMRI, Muncie WLBC, South Bend WSBT, Terre Haute WTHI, Vincennes WAOV **Iowa** Cedar Rapids WMT, Des Moines KRNT, Mason City KGLO, Ottumwa KBIZ **Kansas** Colby KXXX, Pittsburg KSEK, Topeka WIBW, Wichita KFH **Kentucky** Ashland WCMI, Henderson WSON, Hopkinsville WHOP, Lexington WVLK, Louisville WINN, Owensboro WOMI, Paducah WPAD, Paintsville WSIP **Louisiana** Alexandria KALB, Monroe KNOE, New Orleans WWL **Maine** Augusta WFAU, Lewiston WCOU, Portland WLOB, Rumford WRUM, Waterville-Skowhegan WGHM **Maryland** Baltimore WCBM, Cumberland WCUM, Frederick WFMD, Hagerstown WARK **Massachusetts** Boston WEEI, Fitchburg WFGM, Greenfield WHAI, Pittsfield WBRK, Springfield WACE, Worcester WNEB **Michigan** Detroit WJR, Escanaba WDBC, Grand Rapids WJEF, Kalamazoo WKZO, Saginaw WSGW **Minnesota** Breckenridge KBMW, Duluth KDAL, Minneapolis-St. Paul WCCO **Mississippi** Meridian WCOC **Missouri** Joplin KODE, Kansas City KCMO, St. Louis KMOX, Springfield KTTS **Montana** Butte KBOW, Great Falls KFBB, Missoula KGVO **Nebraska** Omaha WOW, Scottsbluff KOLT **Nevada** Las Vegas KLUC, Reno KCBN **New Hampshire** Concord WKXL, Keene WKNE, Laconia WLNH **New Jersey** Atlantic City WFPG **New Mexico** Albuquerque KGGM, Santa Fe KVSF **New York** Albany WROW, Binghamton WNBF, Buffalo WBEN, Elmira WELM, Gloversville WENT, Ithaca WHCU, New York WCBS, Plattsburgh WEAV, Rochester WHEC, Syracuse WHEN, Utica WIBX, Watertown WWNY **North Carolina** Asheville WWNC, Charlotte WBT, Durham WDNC, Fayetteville WFAI, Greensboro WBIG, Greenville WNCT, Rocky Mount WFMA, Wilmington WGNI **North Dakota** Bismarck KBMR, Dickinson KDIX, Fargo KVOX, Grand Forks KILO, Jamestown KEYJ, Valley City KOVC **Ohio** Akron WSLR, Cincinnati WZIP, Cleveland WDOK, Columbus WBNS, Dayton WHIO, Portsmouth WPAY, Youngstown WKBN **Oklahoma** Oklahoma City-Norman WNAD **Oregon** Klamath Falls KFLW, Medford KYJC, Portland KOIN, Roseburg KRNR **Pennsylvania** Altoona WVAM, DuBois WCED, Harrisburg WHP, Indiana WDAD, Johnstown WARD, Philadelphia WCAU, Pittsburgh-McKeesport WEDO, Reading WHUM, Scranton WGBI, State College WRSC, Sunbury WKOK, Uniontown WMBS, Williamsport WWPA **Rhode Island** Providence WEAN **South Carolina** Anderson WAIM, Charleston WCSC, Greenville WMRB, Spartanburg WSPA, Sumter WFIG **South Dakota** Rapid City KOTA, Yankton WNAX **Tennessee** Chattanooga WDOD, Cookeville WHUB, Johnson City WJCW, Knoxville WROL, Memphis WREC, Nashville WLAC **Texas** Austin KTBC, Corpus Christi KSIX, Dallas KRLD, El Paso KIZZ, Harlingen KGBT, Houston KTRH, Lubbock KFYO, San Antonio KMAC, Texarkana KOSY, Wichita Falls KWFT **Utah** Cedar City KSUB, Salt Lake City KSL **Vermont** Barre WSNO, Brattleboro WKVT, Newport WIKE, St. Johnsbury WTWN **Virginia** Norfolk WTAR, Richmond WRNL, Roanoke WDBJ, Staunton WAFC **Washington** Seattle KIRO, Spokane KGA, Sunnyside KREW, Walla Walla KUJ, Wenatchee KUEN **Washington, D. C.** WTOP **West Virginia** Beckley WJLS, Charleston WCHS, Fairmont WMMN, Parkersburg WPAR, Princeton WLOH, Wheeling WHLL **Wisconsin** Green Bay WBAY, Madison WKOW, Milwaukee WEMP **Wyoming** Casper KATI, Lander KOVE.

Some pretty funny reasons to turn to your CBS Radio Station.

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Really funny people don't need tricks or gimmicks. All they have to do is be themselves. On CBS Radio every weekday. Arthur Godfrey keeps the hilarity spinning with guests like Carol Channing, Danny Kaye, Orson Bean, Dean Martin. Lucille Ball means more star sparkle, entertaining visitors like Red Skelton, Mary Tyler Moore and many others. And Art Linkletter's show is full of unpredictable delight. He talks to children.

That's weekdays on CBS Radio. And there's lots more. Newsmen such as Douglas Edwards, Walter Cronkite, Lowell Thomas and correspondents around the world keep you up-to-the-minute. Frank Gifford, Jack Drees, Phil Rizzuto cover sports with inside dope, scores and donnybrooks. And dozens of Dimension® features brighten your week with sidelights on everything.

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The CBS Radio Network

t last, robust flavor in a 1 calorie soft drink: Tab.

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assures easier protection
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Tiny Norforms® is the modern feminine suppository that makes douching old-fashioned and unnecessary. Internal bathing just cannot give you the convenience, plus the germicidal and deodorant protection, of Norforms.

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Doctors have found Norforms' deodorant protection outstandingly effective. You stay free from embarrassing odor. Norforms has been proved safe, too—won't irritate sensitive tissues.

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Pet News

Poodles Prefer Blondes Too. Scientific research on the kind of owners animals like best has just been conducted in Liége, Belgium, by the Young Women's Animal League. Other significant findings: Dachshunds like redheads; large dogs of all breeds feel more comfortable with brunettes; cats, in general, go for dark-haired owners of either sex; and horses pick gray-haired ladies over redheads or brunettes any time.

In the U.S., an important and fascinating new volume, *Genetics and the Social Behavior of the Dog*, by John Paul Scott and John L. Fuller (University of Chicago Press, $12.50), is a gold mine of authoritative data on dog behavior. Sample nugget: The discovery of a "critical period" that makes all the difference in a dog's life—and determines whether he can ever develop real affection for humans. The book's authors, scientific researchers whose 20-year study included running a school for dogs at Jackson Laboratory, Bar Harbor, Maine, observed development of five breeds of dogs under all kinds of conditions, found that what happens to a puppy during the critical period exerts a lasting influence over all its later behavior. The period begins when the puppy is about three weeks old, and reaches its peak at six to eight weeks. Peak point is the ideal time to remove the pup from its litter and make it into a house pet.

The authors warn that, if the animal is taken earlier—at four weeks or younger—and is raised by hand, it will form its chief relationships with humans and become an "almost human" pet—but will never get along with other dogs.

If it becomes a pet at six to eight weeks, it will form a close and affectionate relationship with its master, but will also have had a chance to form normal attachments with other dogs, and thus will become a well-balanced, well-adjusted, all-around adult.

At the other extreme, if contact with people is postponed too long, the puppy will remain a dog's dog at heart; its ties with humans will never be strong. "Dogs left in a kennel until four months of age . . . are frequently poorly adapted to any other life."

Only in Texas would a publisher have dreamed up a Horsemen's Motel Guide, for cowboys and other tall-in-the-saddle types who either refuse to travel without their horses or just insist on staying where other horse-lovers congregate. The guide, compiled by R. A. Phillips in San Antonio, lists only hotels that have stabling nearby; besides listing prices for rooms, and features such as free TV, swimming pools and cocktail lounges, the horsemen's guide tells how many box stalls, stud stalls and or corrals there are, and includes a handy section of tips on and information about traveling with horses. (Did you know that you can't take hay or grain into California, and that in Florida your veterinarian's health certificate must state that your trailer has been sprayed with an approved disinfectant?) *(continued on page 30)*

Did you ever hear of anybody having trouble with a Frigidaire refrigerator?

If you haven't, it wouldn't be surprising, because it's a rare day when something goes wrong with a Frigidaire refrigerator. And, that's not just a fluke. It's because Frigidaire puts an entire mechanism together as carefully as you mix a fine soufflé. Frigidaire protects its refrigerating mechanism from wear as carefully as you keep woolens away from moths. Seals it in steel and oils it for life. Frigidaire feels a shelf-edge for smoothness the way you feel a tomato for firmness. Makes sure its space for lettuce and cabbage and meat and milk and soda pop fits each item the way you fit your child for shoes. You take care because you care, and so does Frigidaire. Ask to see the "Buyer's Guide for Refrigerators" at your Frigidaire dealer's. See how in the four big areas of reliability, construction, convenience and features the new Frigidaire refrigerators are built to be best. This is Frigidaire's Golden Anniversary year. See how its 50 years' experience in building the world's best refrigerators will mean a refrigerator you'll be proud of and happy with for years. See the new Golden Anniversary Frigidaire refrigerators now! Products of General Motors

Come see! Come touch! Compare FRIGIDAIRE

GOLDEN 50 ANNIVERSARY

Model No. FPI-19BJ illustrated

Come see the new "Tilt-Out" Freezer! It's huge, yet there's no blind rummaging, no need to bend double to see into it. The freezer door tilts out, the baskets roll out to "hand" you whatever you want—only in the magnificent new Frigidaire Imperial Nineteen.

Come touch the famous Ice Ejector! Put the tray on, flip the handle and cubes cascade. Ends the mess and bother of getting out the ice! Stores 80 crystal-clear cubes. Keeps them as separate as a handful of diamonds.

Compare Frigidaire! For one thing, compare the extra freezer space plus more refrigerator space in the new Frigidaire refrigerator. (Net refrigerated volume—18.8 cu. ft.)

Come see, come touch, compare Frigidaire from top to bottom, inside and out. See why a new 1965 family Frigidaire refrigerator can bring you years and years of happiness.

Do some foods disagree with you?

For you, it may be cabbage. Or pizza. Or French fries. You name it. Just about everyone has certain foods that upset their system, causing acid indigestion or irregularity.

That's when Phillips' Milk of Magnesia sets things straight.

Suppose those foods get your stomach upset with too much acid. Phillips' relieves that acid upset, heartburn or even nausea *in seconds*—literally!

Or (let's call a spade a spade) suppose you're constipated. Phillips' will start you back to regularity in just a few hours—gently, comfortably, completely. In fact, it's the kind of laxative doctors recommend.

For acid upset, you take just a little Phillips'. For constipation, a little more. And if you're worried about taste, don't. Flavored Phillips' really tastes good!

Mind you, it's still not a good idea to sit down and eat yourself sick. But next time you have a little too much of a good thing, hurry up and take Phillips' Milk of Magnesia. *That settles it!*

Regular or Mint Flavored

When an Alsatian won top-dog award at Cruft's, the world's top dog show, in England this spring, Alsatian prices zoomed all over the world. Offers of 10,000 pounds ($28,000) have already been made (and rejected) for the champion himself, an aristocrat named Fenton, first of the breed ever to win top prize. In Britain alone, there are 10,000 registered Alsatian owners, who report that the dogs are as expensive to keep as to buy. Notoriously fussy meat eaters, they can run up food bills of $10 a week. Note: Jean Paul Getty, the expatriate American billionaire who may or may not be the richest man in the world, owns six Alsatians, but then his food budget can stand the strain.

P.S. Next year, foreign dog-lovers who visit the Cruft competition can look forward to redder-carpet treatment. A special room will be set aside for foreign buyers to sit down amid a welter of telephones and, without budging, use the phones to (1) buy a dog, (2) get an expert pedigree from the club, (3) obtain health documents for the animal and (4) summon a taxi to the airport—all in one hour.

Travelers with smaller pets aren't being ignored either. In West Germany, railroads are now providing special private compartments for passengers traveling with pets. The railroad rules for pets have been relaxed; passengers in baggage cars may now take dogs, cats or birds (in cages) aboard with them, buying a seat ticket for each animal—half-price fare, same as for children. Owner must provide a blanket for dog or cat, which will be permitted to sit in the passengers-with-pets car. You still can't take Prince into the dining car, but the dining car will fix both him and you a meal to take out.

If you know a young Flipper fan, plunk down $1 for the new *Flipper's Favorite Songs* book (Leo Feist, Inc.), which has simple child-manageable arrangements of five songs that would definitely lead the dolphin hit parade, if there were one. (Two of the songs are from the Flipper movies, one is the theme song of the NBC-TV color series, and *Anchors Aweigh* is included, just to set the underwater mood.)

The plush French Riviera play spot at Cap d'Antibes, La Siesta, offers a new special meal service for canine and feline guests. Every morning, the maitre d'hôtel visits animal-owning hotel residents with a special menu for the day. Meals are served on special platters (dog dishes include pâté pluto—rice, fillet of beef, raw carrot and beans: $1.50). The menu also features brandy—for Saint Bernards, of course.

Diplomatic note: In England, owners of new Siamese cats have been deluging the ambassador from Thailand with telephone calls asking for genuine-sounding Siamese names. At latest tally from the embassy, 20 calls a week were coming in on the subject. The ambassador's name—guaranteed genuinely Siamese—is Prince Plerng Nobadol Rabibhadna.

You probably didn't know Hoover now makes things
that toast bread, iron clothes, clean upholstery, dry hair, and brew coffee.
But you do know Hoover.
We're the same company that makes the vacuum cleaners.

RANGES: THE NEWS IS INSIDE

Cooking is becoming as carefree as can be. The trend is back to the step- and space-saving one-unit cooking center; inside these new ranges is a variety of innovations calculated to make life in the kitchen easier for you. They can shorten cooking time, automatically watch the clock, remove cooking odors through built-in ventilation, broil both sides of a steak at once and even clean the oven for you.

Above: New thermostat maintains the heat you want for top-of-stove cooking, is effective for most pans. By Caloric.

Below: Food placed between coils broils both sides at once with no turning. Pan beneath catches juices. By Westinghouse.

Above: Gas range has a ventilated, lighted hood to draw off smoke, cooking odors. Nu-Tone.

Below · Controlled, low oven heat for long periods assures tender roasts, fowl. Frigidaire.

Left: Range in Country Dutch design has matching refrigerator, dishwasher. By Kelvinator.

Right: Teflon-coated oven walls, for ranges or built-ins, remove for easy cleaning. Hotpoint.

Above: The oven cleans itself in about two hours while door is locked. High heat incinerates dirt. By General Electric.

Below: Compartment under built-in oven holds seasonings, has pull-out counter to use as extra working space. Magic Chef.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NORMAN KARLSON

FROM THE JOURNAL HOME MANAGEMENT DEPARTMENT

Can you see the difference?

Mrs. Foerschner can't. How's that for mildness!

You are looking at the dramatic results of a test that demonstrates the amazing mildness of today's Ivory Liquid—mildness that can help keep *your* hands soft and young-looking.

Normally Mrs. Robert Foerschner, of Levittown, N.Y., washes dishes with Ivory Liquid *without* rubber gloves. But for this 30-day test, she wore a glove on her *left* hand only.

Now look at the unretouched photo above. Can *you* see the difference? Mrs. Foerschner says, "Ivory Liquid's so mild, even I can't see the difference!"

The Rubber Glove Test will convince you, too. And you'll like Ivory Liquid's rich suds, its pure creamy whiteness. Above all, you'll like how it helps keep your hands soft, young-looking. It's everything you expect of a detergent with such a gentle first name!

More women use Ivory Liquid than any other dishwashing liquid

(They prefer its mild

REFRIGERATORS: THE NEWS IS OUTSIDE

Refrigerators are getting around. They're in nurseries and in bedrooms, they're in dens and game rooms. There's a size and shape for almost every room, but the big news is outside appearance. The look can be as far out as a pop-art jack-of-hearts door for a bar or recreation room. Or it can be quite unobtrusive, papered or painted to go with the room it serves. Despite the attractions of a "second" refrigerator, the kitchen refrigerator will always be the most important in the house. Among the newest: one that stores a huge amount of food in the same space as older models and a breakfront that offers counter space. When buying a new one, by all means have a fling with style. But don't forget the marvels within: Refrigerators that never need defrosting and freezer sections that protect food at zero degrees serve you best. An obvious suggestion for what to do with your old one: Retire it to another room and decorate it with your own pop art.

By **MARGARET DAVIDSON,**
Home Management Editor

Pop-art refrigerator (left) is perfect for a bar or recreation room. The jack of hearts fits under a 36-inch counter, has five-cubic-foot capacity with accommodation for tall bottles and ice trays. Kelvinator.

Vertical refrigerator-freezer combination (below) has thin, efficient insulation, a capacity of 19 cubic feet (including a 190-pound freezer). It's only a yard wide — same as a 10-year-old model. Admiral.

Breakfront model (above) has a bonus for busy kitchens with a counter that separates a refrigerator above and freezer drawer below. Counter area is lighted, has an electrical outlet. By General Electric.

Model below can be decorated as you please. Walnut (or birch) door panels are removable, and can be replaced by panels covered with fabric, wallpaper or paint to blend with any décor. Amana.

Tiny (two cubic feet) and noiseless (no moving parts), the refrigerator below is ideal for nurseries or bedrooms, especially in two-story houses where endless trips up and down stairs are saved. By Monitor.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NORMAN KARLSON

Dad, dear Dad, what have you got in the closet for Mother's Day?

TO SAVE HER TIME... the new General Electric Medallion Hair Dryer. Unique "Instant Heat" unit next to bonnet dries hair faster than ever before. Also has nail dryer. Smart travel case, too.

TO MAKE IRONING A BREEZE... the General Electric Spray, Steam and Dry Iron. Irons even heavy fabrics without pre-dampening. Has automatic Fingertip Spray.

TO GIVE HER THE SECRET OF CARVING... the new General Electric Cordless Electric Knife. Use anywhere—kitchen, dining room, patio. Stores in its own recharger rack.

TO SAVE HER TEMPER... the new General Electric Can Opener-Knife Sharpener does the work quickly, efficiently.

TO SAVE HER ENERGY... the General Electric Portable Mixer stirs even heavy batters. Optional knife sharpener.

TO LIGHTEN HER CLEANING CHORES... the General Electric Portable Cleaner. No bigger than a handbag, yet it cleans bare floors, stairs, furniture, hard-to-reach corners powerfully well. All attachments included.

TO MAKE HER KNOWN FOR HER COFFEE... the new immersible General Electric Automatic Coffee Maker. Brews better flavor because submersing cleans the pot better. Handy Peek-A-Brew® gauge counts the cups. Brew Selector has mild, medium, strong settings.

General Electric Company, Housewares Division, Bridgeport, Connecticut

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Saucepans and the Single Girl

A cookbook for career girls: How to feed yourself on those evenings when you have no alternative; how to impress the man of the hour; and how to throw the chicest parties in town, by two who have been through it all. The first in a series.

Three years ago we packed away the proverbial sheepskin and left the ivied halls to become independent and salaried.

We succeeded in finding jobs, although our dreams faded as we learned that degrees in English qualify one for a limited realm of responsibility in the business world—usually confined to preparing the coffee for the office staff or watering the rubber plant.

We also managed to find an apartment, although it, too, fell somewhere short of our ambitions: It did not have white wall-to-wall carpeting, a sunken Roman bathtub or even an antique French phone.

Our gay young life all but died aborning. TV dinners or a hearty bowl of soup were enough to fill our own inner needs, but entertaining caused us many a migraine.

Things have improved since then, and now we can face a dinner party or a recipe for pâté without blanching. As a result, we feel duty-bound to pass our little secrets along to other girls who have been pitched unceremoniously into the world of paychecks and potholders.

Bearing in mind that most career girls are on strict monthly budgets ($200 for clothes, $20 for taxis, $30 for hairdresser, $50 for rent, $10 for food), we have tried to keep our recipes and menus realistically geared to this type of financial chicanery.

Now, about that inevitable night when Old Charlie, who fixes your flat tires, repairs your sink, lends you money and occasionally is caught giving you an adoring glance, buys you a drink after work, God bless him, and you forgetfully invite him up for an intimate little dinner. You have nothing but that dreary pound of ground round, a dandy box of instant rice and some dehydrated potatoes.

These are the goodies we learned to keep on hand (they always saved us on those dreadful evenings):

Artichoke hearts (both marinated and plain, canned or frozen), bread crumbs, canned crabmeat, canned hollandaise sauce, canned medium shrimp, canned mushrooms, canned sardines, canned white sauce, canned wild rice (never, never attempt the start-from-scratch kind—you're doomed if you do), chutney, cooking wine (sherry, burgundy and a dry white), croutons, garlic spread, grated Parmesan cheese, grated Romano cheese (good in salads), horseradish, instant espresso, olive oil, slivered almonds, smoked oysters, smoked salmon, soy sauce, tea leaves, tomato paste, tomato sauce and tuna.

Don't attempt to bring in the above harvest all at one time. (*continued on page 39*)

Copyright © 1965 by Jinx Kragen and Judy Perry. From the book, *Saucepans and the Single Girl*, to be published in September by Doubleday.

By JINX KRAGEN and JUDY PERRY

KRAFT JELLY JAMBOREE

PICK ANY 3 KRAFT FLAVORS - GET 50¢ FREE!

hoose from 21 flavors of Kraft Jellies and Preserves

raft Jellies and Preserves taste fresh-fruit good on ur morning toast or dinner rolls because they're quick-ooked to capture summer-sweet flavor. Pick your 3 vorites during our "Jelly Jamboree." Get your 50¢ free.

Use this mail-in form to get your 50¢.

Kraft Jellies and Preserves Offer, P.O. Box 9330, St. Paul, Minnesota 55177. Enclosed are three (3) labels from any size Kraft Jellies and Preserves. (Labels soak off easily.) Please send me 50¢.

YOUR NAME _____ (please print)

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP CODE _____

LIMIT: ONE REFUND PER FAMILY OR ADDRESS. This offer expires July 31, 1965, and is good throughout the United States only. Void where prohibited, taxed or restricted. Labels submitted without this Offer Form or by clubs or organizations will not be honored. Duplicate requests will constitute fraud.

Imagine. A slide-out meat market in your own refrigerator.

Think of having nice juicy roasts, rich red hamburger, plump moist chickens—all fresh, unfrozen and ready to cook every day. You can with a new Westinghouse Center Drawer Refrigerator. The exclusive slide-out Center Drawer has a separate temperature-controlled Meat Keeper. It can keep 21 pounds of meat—even hamburger—fresh 7 days without freezing.

You can forget about those extra shopping trips, too. There's a good size fresh food compartment up top...a big 178-pound capacity free below...all Frost-Free.

See your Westinghouse dealer soon. He has seven shiny new Frost-Free Refrigerat equipped with family-size meat markets.

You can be sure if it's Westinghouse

AUCEPANS

ontinued from page 36

uy only one or two at a time when ou're picking up ground round and pea- ut butter.

Never, never neglect to have a budget- usting bottle of champagne on hand r celebrating raises and broken engage- ents; and don't forget that a meal is ly a meal without wine. These are the mple rules:

Serve red wine with red meat, cheese ishes and Italian food. White wine mplements white meat and more deli- tely flavored foods—seafood, poultry, melets and even scrambled eggs.

Red wines should be served at room mperature. White wines and rosé are st when thoroughly chilled.

Open the bottle an hour or so before e meal to allow the wine to "breathe."

On all bottles of imported wines, look r the words Appellation Contrôlée—our assurance that the contents have et certain standards.

As for your liquor cabinet, it's a good ea to have a pint of each of the follow- g if you can eke it out of the rent oney somehow: gin, bourbon, Scotch, y vermouth and brandy. You might t the man-of-the-hour's taste dictate hen it comes to the purchase of any- ing as staggering as a fifth or a quart any kind.

Here are a few helpers you'll wonder hy you didn't think of:

Cut packages of frozen vegetables in lf; each half is just right for two rvings and you won't have three or ur tablespoons of creamed corn hang- g around weeks later.

If you cut a loaf of French bread into rving slices before you freeze it, you n take out just what you need when ou need it instead of waiting for a big casion to justify a whole loaf.

Make extra ice cubes and keep them a plastic bag in the freezer.

Quite frankly, we never worry very uch about food. Usually we're either eting or in the throes of a tragic love fair that requires some degree of sacri- cial starvation. And, when we're lucky, ere are all of those lovely invitations: nner at Ernie's, teas, showers and other's old pot roast on Sundays. dd to these the pretzels and peanuts artenders so thoughtfully provide and at dainty piece of Chateaubriand nuggled home in a doggy bag, and we n pretty well get through the week ithout so much as a glance at the stove.

But no matter how carefully we plan ings, there are bound to be those in- itable evenings when even Old Char- e's staying home tying trout flies. hen it happens, the old chop-and-steak mbit will always serve you in good ead.

To jazz up a tender and succulent rloin, brush it with some Italian salad ressing or some soy sauce before you ide it under the broiler.

However, when you're saving your nnies for that trip to Rome, there is ways that old dependable:

THE DAILY GRIND

Hamburgers are one of the basic facts life, but there is no earthly reason hy they have to taste like little wads sawdust.

lb. ground round
tsp. salt
ash pepper
tsp. onion flakes
ash garlic salt

Mix all together. Shape into one fat patty and slip it under the broiler. Turn when half-done. Keep poking to desired doneness.

For a little variety you can add to the basic recipe: 2 tbsp. toasted sesame seeds (toast them in a 350° oven for 10 to 15 minutes); or ⅛ tsp. dry mustard and a dash of nutmeg; or ¼ cup of crushed potato chips; or 2 tbsp. sour cream; or some crumbled Roquefort cheese. Or, if you cook the patty in a frying pan, pour on a little mushroom soup or wine during the last minutes of cooking; or add 3 tbsp. cottage cheese.

CLASSY CASSEROLES

Now we come to those lifesavers—casseroles. When you're a working girl they can be your best friend. We found that it was best to make them the night before while we were doing the dishes, bake them while we drooled over Dr. Kildare and park them in the refrigerator to be reheated the next night.

CRABBY CASSEROLE

1 can (7½ oz.) king crabmeat
2 tbsp. butter or margarine
2 tbsp. unsifted flour
1 tsp. salt
Pinch of pepper
½ tsp. paprika
1 tsp. instant minced onion
1¼ cups milk
¾ cup macaroni shells
½ pkg. frozen artichoke hearts
3 tbsp. sherry
½ cup grated sharp Cheddar cheese

Flake the crabmeat with a fork and set aside. Melt butter or margarine in a saucepan and remove from heat. Stir in flour, salt, pepper and paprika to make a smooth mixture. Add onion, and gradually stir in milk. Bring to a boil and then reduce heat. Simmer five minutes, then remove from heat and put it somewhere while you cook the macaroni and artichoke hearts as the labels direct (in separate pans, of course). Drain both well. Combine crabmeat, macaroni and artichoke hearts with the sauce and sherry. Mix up the whole thing and put in a casserole dish. Place in refrigerator. When ready to eat it, sprinkle the top with cheese and bake 20 minutes at 350° until bubbly. Serves two to three hungry people; can easily be doubled for six.

CHICKEN LA BODEGA

1 (2½–3-lb.) chicken, cut up
1 tsp. salt
1 tsp. paprika
⅓ cup olive oil
3 tbsp. butter or margarine
¼ tsp. saffron
1 cup uncooked rice
1 cup white wine
1 cup chicken stock
Bay leaves
½ cup ripe olives, pitted
1 pkg. frozen peas

Pat the chicken pieces with a damp paper towel. Season with salt and paprika. Brown slowly in olive oil. In another pan melt butter or margarine, stir in saffron and rice. Toast the rice until golden brown, stirring occasionally for about 10 minutes. Add white wine and chicken stock; simmer covered for about 15 minutes. Place bay leaves on bottom of casserole. Add rice, chicken and olives. Cover and bake 20 minutes at 350° F. Stir in thawed peas; cover and continue baking 20 minutes. This recipe serves four people, but if there are only going to be two of you, make the whole thing, for the leftovers freeze well in a tightly sealed container. ■

NEXT MONTH: FOOD FIT FOR A MAN.

NEW!

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for the special needs of women

During the menstrual years, women normally need 50% more iron every day than men.

Are you getting sufficient iron in your meals? If not, you could need an iron supplement.

To meet this special need for iron, Miles Laboratories announces an important new companion product to famous ONE-A-DAY Vitamins . . . ONE-A-DAY® (Brand) Multiple Vitamins PLUS IRON.

Iron is an essential nutrient . . . a necessary part of good health. ONE-A-DAY Vitamins PLUS IRON prevents iron shortage. Each tablet contains the full Recommended Dietary Allowance of iron for women . . . plus all the vitamins you normally need to take.

Start taking new ONE-A-DAY Vitamins PLUS IRON every day. Made to exacting pharmaceutical standards by ONE-A-DAY . . . the world's most trusted vitamins.

Look for the new yellow tablets with the familiar ONE-A-DAY name.

Miles Products, Division of Miles Laboratories, Inc.

Amy Vanderbilt

ETIQUETTE OF THE WEDDING

Gift-bearers

Q: Why do some guests appear at a wedding reception (or even at the church) bearing gifts for the bride? This custom, which appears to be spreading, seems to me in bad taste, and is certainly awkward. Also, when the reception is held in the bride's home, it is simple enough to display gifts; but is it necessary to display them when the reception is held in a public building?

A: In rural areas, where ranches or farms are a long way from the post office, it may be a kindness to the bride to take wedding presents directly to the reception. If there are regular mail and store deliveries to the home, of course, it is best to send the gift to the bride so that she will receive it before the ceremony. If the gift is sent after the wedding, it should be addressed jointly to the bride and groom.

Many brides today come from homes or apartments too small for wedding receptions or the displaying of gifts. It is perfectly proper for a bride to display her gifts in a public reception hall or church, although it makes a great deal of work for all concerned and is not really necessary.

Q: My son is going east to be married, but after the wedding he and his bride will be returning to live near us. I plan to attend the wedding. Should I take them a gift, which they will then have to transport back to California? Or may I save it and give it to them on their return?

Miss Vanderbilt welcomes questions from readers, to be answered in this column as space permits.

A: If your gift is something small and light that you might carry back for the couple, I suggest that you send it. If the gift is bulky and heavy, such as silver or china, tell the bride exactly what it is to be. She can then write on a card, "Four place settings of china," and display it with her gifts. Your name should not be on the card, but the bride can explain to guests that you are the donor.

Being Seated at a Wedding

Q: My husband and I and our teen-aged son and daughter have been invited to a large cathedral wedding where there will be many ushers. How are we escorted down the aisle? Does my daughter walk with her brother, or with an usher? Should I tell the usher that we are friends of the bride?

A: A party such as yours always waits in the back of the church until approached by an usher. You will be first in line, and may anticipate his question by saying, "Friends of the bride," or "Bride's side." He then offers you his right arm, and escorts you to your place. Your husband should follow and seat himself in the pew next to you on the aisle side, so that after the ceremony he will be first in the aisle, to escort you back. If there are, indeed, many ushers, your daughter may have the thrill of being escorted to her place, with her brother following. Otherwise, instruct your children to follow your husband, with your young son on his sister's left. (He may offer his arm to his sister, but this is not necessary.) He then seats himself next to her, also on the aisle side.

Receiving Line

Q: When going through the receiving line, should I keep my gloves on or take them off? When she is introduced, should my 10-year-old daughter curtsy, as she has been taught in dancing school?

A: You should both keep your gloves on in the receiving line, but take them off when you begin to eat refreshments. If you receive a glass of champagne after you leave the line and before you take other refreshments, you may remove only the right glove; or, if the glove is long, you may roll it back and under to free the hand.

Your daughter may hold up the receiving line by curtsying, even if she manages it gracefully and well. I suggest that she simply shake hands.

When to Invite Children

Q: Should children who are to take part in a wedding be invited to parties for the bride and groom, along with the other members of the wedding party? It seems to me that the flower girl and the ring-bearer should receive a courtesy invitation, even if they are too young to attend.

A: Most parties given for the bride and groom, including the rehearsal dinner, are not really suitable for very small members of the wedding party. It is far better for the bride to entertain her young attendants separately, perhaps at lunch before the wedding, or even after her return from the honeymoon. If the children understand from the beginning that there will be a special treat just for them, they will feel important and will not mind being excluded from adult festivities.

Giving the Bride Away

Q: Our daughter's wedding will be in the afternoon, in a small neighborhood church. My husband, a semi-invalid, will not be able to give the bride away, and she is considering asking the groom's stepfather to take his place. Is this in good form? Is it permissible for me to give the bride away? My husband uses a cane, so if he is able to attend the ceremony, how should he and I enter the church?

A: Discuss the matter of entering the church with the sexton. He will show you how you can come in through the vestry to avoid the long walk down the aisle. It is also possible for your husband to give the bride away from his place; you may do the same thing if your husband is unable to attend.

If you prefer to have a substitute, it is preferable to select a mature male member of the family, or a close friend, rather than a member of the groom's family.

A new illustrated booklet, "Amy Vanderbilt's Engagement & Wedding Etiquette," is now available to Ladies' Home Journal *readers. Send 25c in coin to P.O. Box 1155, Weston, Connecticut.*

Extensions are for people who can't be two places at once.

hey take the run out of running your home. Put one upstairs in the bedroom if your phone is downtairs in the kitchen, or downstairs if your phone is upstairs. Or maybe—but you get the idea. Give ourself the added convenience of two phones for a fraction more than the monthly cost of one.

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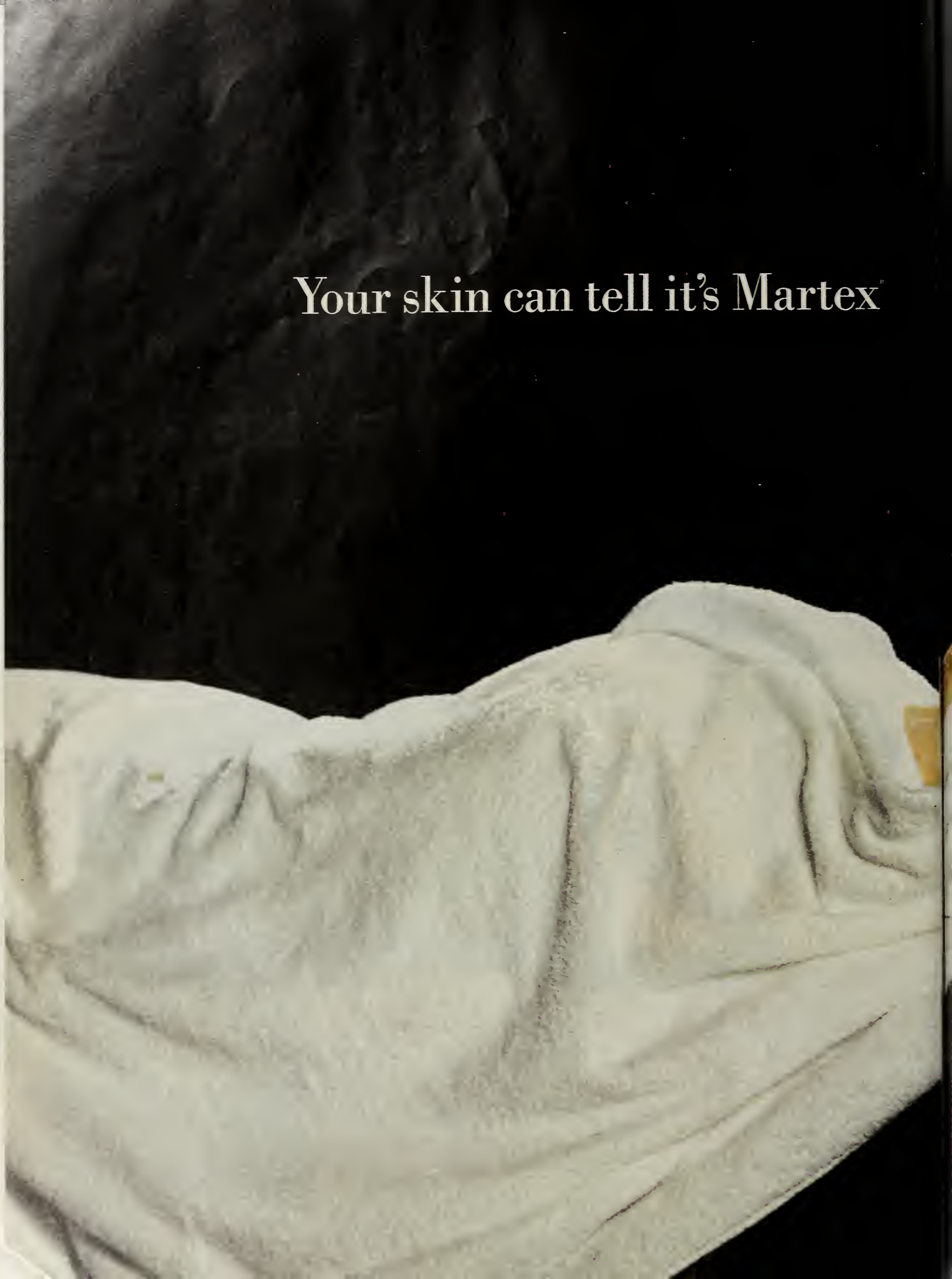
Your skin can tell it's Martex

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Let's discover white all over again. White deeper than snow. Fresh as morning milk. White sweet white in the Martex Luxor towel. Startling white all by itself. Emphatic white with colors. White the soothing influence where patterns play. White so thick and thirsty your skin knows it's Martex before you look at the label. A label so meaningful you choose Martex over all others even for whiteness.

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Shortcut Summer

THE STRAIGHT SNIP

THE WATER WAVE

THE BIG CURL

Summer is the time for shortcuts. This summer in particular. They're the clip that's right for all the clipped new clothes. And, don't forget, a shortcut is the coolest hairdo under the sun. Far from a cookie-cutter cut, the shortcut comes in many lengths and looks. Here are three that are sure to be a going trend. They're all by Enrico Caruso, who agrees with us that the shortcut is the best direction to head in this summer. Setting directions, page 46.

By SUSAN HARNEY, Beauty Editor

urround yourself with RAPTURE. Avon's lovely new fragrance. and where will ou be? Carried away. lost to the mood of the moment. With RAPTURE. you'll eel happily free but captivating—for RAPTURE is sensitive to you. Luxuriously ackaged in shadowy blues and greens. RAPTURE has beautiful hopes—for you. nd only your Avon Representative brings this new fragrance into your home.

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AVON CALLING to carry you away with Rapture ...a sparkling new fragrance. Do try on Rapture, when your Avon Representative calls.

Setting directions for summer shortcuts

Straight snip. This cut works well for even very straight hair. Hair is cut in layers, with longer tapered sides. To set: wet hair and part. Starting at crown, roll three large rollers toward back and place one at each side, turning hair under. On bang side—parallel to part—wind up a row of stand-up pin curls. Scotch-tape back hair, sides and bangs into place.

Water wave. This cut is best for naturally wavy hair, or hair that holds a curl. Cut in tapered layers, the finished comb-out gives a small-head look. To set: wet hair and part, pinch deep finger waves at each side, roll ends into flat reverse pin curls, following pattern shown here. Spray with setting lotion. When brushing out, brush curls nearest face into waves or into separate side curls.

Big curl. This is the curliest and fullest of the shortcuts. Set with a strong setting lotion. Take a triangular section of hair and, holding straight up, wind into stand-up pin curls in alternating directions all over head. When dry, brush each curl out individually, arrange in separate directions. Prop curls with hairpin or tease slightly at base.

For setting techniques, see Project You, page 48

Safe and unobtrusive... Modess is shielded with this blue polyethylene.

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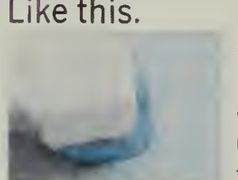

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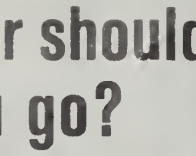

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For A Subtle Tint That Lasts Through 3 Shampoos
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More than a rinse, but not a permanent dye. COLORTINT does fascinating things to your hair... gives it *depth, excitement!* Enriches your natural hair color, or you can add mysterious tones of *other* colors. Blends in gray, streaked, faded or dyed hair... gives lustrous, rich, even color. Lasts thru 3 shampoos.

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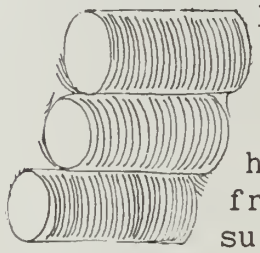
9 BEAUTIFUL SHADES. 59¢.

APPROVED BY PROFESSIONAL HAIR COLORISTS

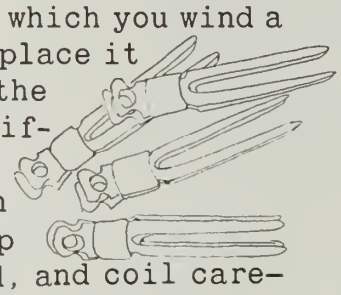
PROJECT: YOU

A successful set depends on the tools and the techniques you use, plus, of course, a good basic cut.

Plan roller pattern: large rollers for loose effects, smaller rollers where you want a tighter curl. Unless you want ends to flip up, wind all rollers under toward scalp. To wind, hold hair straight up from the scalp, making sure ends are wrapped smoothly around roller. Use end papers to sandwich hair of assorted lengths and to keep ends from frizzing. The more rollers you use, the longer your set will last; fewer produce a softer, less holding set.



The direction in which you wind a pin curl, how you place it and the size of the coils determine different results. To make a flat pin curl, hold hair up and out from head, and coil carefully between thumbs and index fingers (don't twist) and secure with clip. Stand-up curl is coiled upward, propped up with clip at base.



For flat effects: bangs, loopy cheek curls and back ends, wet hair thoroughly, comb it into place, spray with setting lotion, and secure in place with Scotch tape.

Whichever way you set your hair, always brush it out thoroughly when dry to give set a soft, natural line and a smooth, ribbony finish.

BE Smart

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DR. SCHOLL'S, Inc., Dept. 26S5, Chicago 1

Once in a magic moment a cosmetic captures colors so beautiful only a special compact can hold them!

Capture the glow of sunshine . . . the hue of honey . . . the softness of silk. That's the look of the new Golden Beiges. The most fabulously flattering shades ever to compliment a complexion! Angel Face has captured one especially for you . . . triple-creamed it into an exclusive blend of powder and foundation in-one.

And, just like magic, these new Angel Face "Stay-Fresh" colors keep your complexion looking beautifully smooth, fresh and natural for hours. Isn't this the look you love? And won't he? Just see!

Exciting new Golden Petal Compact has the extravagant look of polished ivory, set off by a gleaming jewel, $1.10. Refills come in new blue and gold Vanity Case.

New Golden Beiges

FROM
Angel Face
by POND'S

Also available in Canada.

The oven in this Frigidaire Range is one miserable looking mess... but a mess you never touch! No more backbreaking scrubbing, no more nail-splitting scouring to get rid of even extra heavy soil like this. (We actually used a variety of meat fats, cherry pie filling and starch, baked on at 450° for 2 hours.)

from dirty..

The Frigidaire Electri-clean Oven cleans itself...yet this range costs only about $340!

Q. What happens to the dirt?

A. The Frigidaire Elĕctri-clean Oven heats up to about 900°. At this temperature burned-on grease, baked-on pie spill-overs and other oven soil are turned into loose ash and vapor. The vapor is vented through a special air purifier.

Q. How can it clean the racks and drip bowls?

A. Frigidaire uses a special heat-resistant porcelain enamel for both the oven liner *and* cooking unit drip bowls. Consequently, all can be cleaned electrically, automatically and more thoroughly than with hours of normal scrubbing.

Further, Frigidaire has even designed oven racks that get cleaned right along with the rest of tl oven. No more gouging at baked-c grease trapped in rack corners; r more soaking and scrubbing racl in the sink!

Q. Is there any hand-cleaning left to do?

A. Possibly none at all... possib two small jobs requiring only minute or so. First, this process ca only clean what's subjected to hig heat inside the oven. So, if the fa ings outside the oven are soile wipe them off beforehand. Secon whisk out the small amount of loo ash that may remain after cleanin

The time-consuming, tedious clea ing has all been done for you. You' no need for chemical oven cleaner

This oven was cleaned—just as you see it—in one normal cycle. All that remains of the soil is a slight trace of ash, barely visible in the photo above. This ash will whisk away. Not only does this Frigidaire Range automatically clean the oven itself, but also the oven racks and cooking unit drip bowls. What a blessing!

clean, automatically

rnia, steel wool, rubber gloves ouble-jointed backbone.

o you need an engineering degree work this oven?

rtainly not! All you do is set lean" lever, then turn the " knob. Both are safely and niently located on the back of your new Frigidaire i-clean Oven Range.

hours later the cleaning cycle plete. (After two hours of he oven shuts off automatind cools down for an hour.)

hat about safety features?

soon as the temperature bove broiling heat, the new daire Electri-clean Oven -locks itself. It *cannot* be reopened until the temperature returns to conventional oven heat.

What's more, Frigidaire uses extra insulation. This amazing range can be installed flush with wood cabinets with no danger.

The electrical system and high heat process of this range meets the safety requirements of Underwriters Laboratories. Each Frigidaire Electri-clean Oven Range carries the UL insignia.

Q. How expensive is it to operate?

A. This remarkable, full-sized oven cleans itself for about the price of a cup of coffee—much less than the cleaning cost of special chemical oven cleaners.

Q. Is the rest of the range easy to clean?

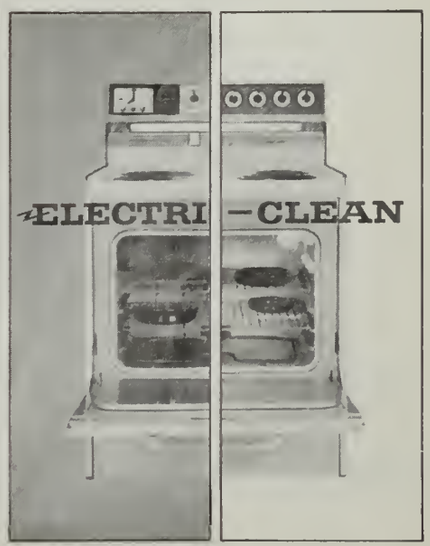
A. Yes! Control panel knobs pull off for one-swish cleaning. Recessed top and raised edges around cooking units catch spills. And, the storage drawer pulls all the way out so you can sweep under the range.

Q. The price . . . only about $340.

A. Exact price is determined by the dealer. See your Frigidaire dealer for his price and terms.

FRIGIDAIRE

GOLDEN 50 ANNIVERSARY



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Clorox® gets out dirt detergents leave in! Weak bleaches can't do it!

No other bleach, liquid or dry, bleaches clothes cleaner, whiter than Clorox.

Clorox bleach gives you the only kind of cleaning power that breaks up suds-proof dirt and cleans it out!

New King Size

LOVE: the essential medicine when your child is ailing

By Benjamin Spock, M.D., and Marion O. Lerrigo, Ph.D.

WHEN a child must stay in a hospital—even for a single night—he needs definite proofs of love. The chief worry of a child under three is not so much what the doctors and nurses might do to him, but about separation from his mother. At ages five and six and seven his greatest fears are of the pain that he imagines the doctors may inflict. As he grows older still, his fears may focus on the anesthesia, on losing consciousness. Whatever the age, whatever the medicine prescribed, love must be a part of the treatment. ✚ According to an English observer, Dr. James Robertson, the child of three or less is too young to understand why he is in the hospital. He knows only that he is in a strange place, and that his mother is not with him. He is apt to keep asking where she is, and to cry sadly. He may cry every time the nurse comes, because he wishes she were his mother. ✚ He may not want to eat. He clings to toys he has brought from home. After a while he becomes quieter, but not happier. When his mother does come back, his grief may break out again, because he now realizes how much he has missed her. ✚ Because young children are apt to be upset by being put into a hospital, good doctors and nurses try to protect them from unhappy experiences. A sick or injured child greatly needs to have trust in his doctors. This feeling may be hard to establish; treatments are often disagreeable or painful, as when the child must lie in traction, or wear heavy braces. ✚ The doctor, on his part, wants the child to trust him. He wants *(continued on page 126)*

Copyright © 1965 by The Association for the Aid of Crippled Children (N.Y.). From the book, *Caring for Your Disabled Child*, by Benjamin Spock, M.D., and Marion O. Lerrigo, Ph.D., published by The Macmillan Company.

ILLUSTRATION BY AUSTIN BRIGGS

SYNOPSIS: *The tip came to the Department's headquarters in London from Jimmy Gorton, the agent in Hamburg. A refugee from East Germany, he said, a man called Fritsche, was offering blurred snapshots that indicated nuclear rockets were in East German hands—target, England.*

Of all the British spy shops, the Department was the shabbiest. Leclerc, the director, and Haldane, second in command, liked to recall the triumphs of World War II; but to recruit John Avery, and to his frightened wife Sarah, the outlook was dark. In the downhill decades since the war, the Department had become enfeebled by losses of staff, appropriations and prestige. In fact, there was danger of its being swallowed up by the Circus, a rival agency, and of the staff's having to report to George Smiley, and Control.

It was in the hope of bringing off a saving coup that Leclerc sent a courier to Finland, where a bribed airline pilot would hand over a film showing the area of the suspected rocket bases. Taylor, the courier, was killed—murdered, perhaps—by a nameless hit-and-run driver; and the film vanished.

In desperation, Leclerc dredged up the index card of a Pole who, in wartime, had served the British as a secret agent in occupied Europe. Leiser, his name was; about 40 years old now, a naturalized British subject, owner of a garage, and looking for no trouble. Somehow, Haldane persuaded Leiser to rejoin the Department under the code name Mayfly. It was Mayfly's assignment to break through the guarded East German frontier, seek out the rocket bases—if they existed—and report by wireless. But first he needed retraining, and for this a house was rented in North Oxford. Twenty years earlier, he had been taught how to kill a man with knife, gun or bare hands; but a week's work showed how much he needed practice.

The Looking Glass War

Even in the first few days of Leiser's training it became apparent that he looked to Haldane as an ailing man looks to his doctor. Haldane affected to ignore him. He adhered stubbornly to the habits of his private life. He never failed to complete his crossword. A case of Burgundy was delivered from the town, half bottles, and he drank one alone at each meal. So complete, indeed, was his withdrawal that one might have thought him revolted by Leiser's proximity. Yet the more aloof Haldane became, the more surely he drew Leiser after him. Leiser, by some obscure standards of his own, had cast him as the English gentleman, and whatever Haldane did or said only served to fortify him in the part.

Haldane's cough, that racked, abandoned sob too heavy for such a narrow chest, bringing dabs of red to his thin cheeks, caused Leiser the mute concern of a pupil for his admired master.

"Is the captain sick?" he once asked Avery.

"He never speaks of it."

"I suppose that would be bad form."

Leiser liked to talk to Avery. He talked about his women, or the Hitler War. He assumed—it was irritating for Avery—that a (*continued on page 98*)

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CONCLUDING THE NEW NOVEL BY JOHN LE CARRÉ, AUTHOR OF "THE SPY WHO CAME IN FROM THE COLD."

How America

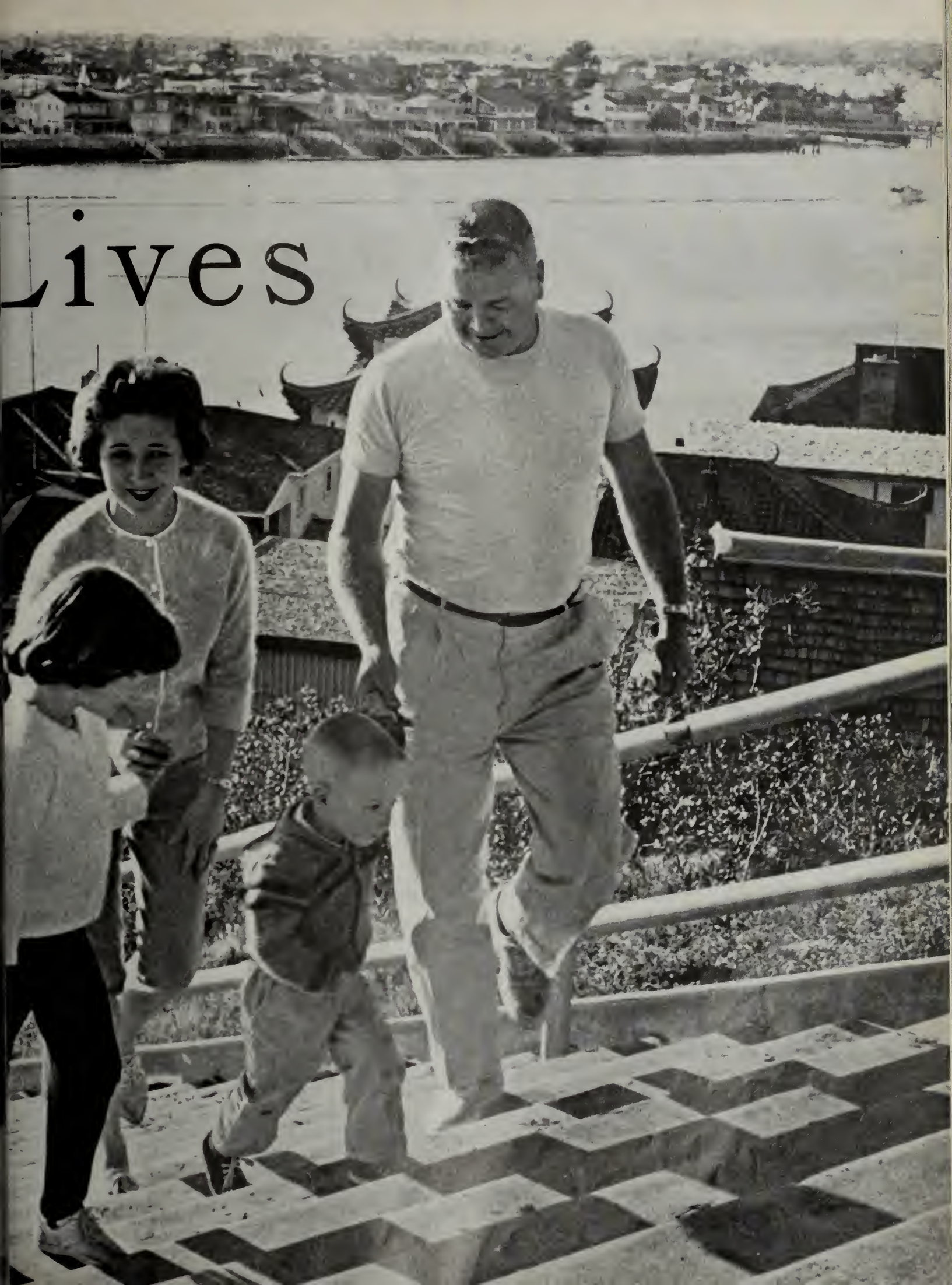
Ed and Jacquie Hicks: the Rich, Casual Ways of Yesterday's Depression Children

The city is Corona del Mar, which is Spanish for Crown of the Sea. It is an exotic name and an exotic city; glistening white stucco and giant palm trees, rising high on a sun-drenched cliff above the incredibly blue and ceaselessly surfing Pacific. It is the kind of place where a little girl in Iowa, born into the Depression of the 1930's, would hardly have dreamed of visiting, much less living.

The house is enormous—three big bedrooms; a living room like a basketball court; a separate apartment, attached to the garage, with four more rooms and its own kitchen and bath, for guests or servants. In the garage sit the family's two automobiles, and in a nearby marina floats its 25-foot boat. The house is not only luxurious but completely up to the minute. Electricity keeps the food frozen, sharpens the knives, cooks the meals, washes the dishes and flushes the leftovers down the sink. A modern miracle softens the water, and a clever system of underground pipes sprinkles the lawn at the touch of a valve. It is the kind of house for which a Depression-days Iowa girl could not possibly *(continued)*

By ERNEST HAVEMANN

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HAL ADAMS


Lives

1940: *Jacquie Griffin, at 10, was a typical Midwestern schoolgirl. Her father made $2,000 a year; her mother fed the family on a dollar a day. Jacquie's allowance was 25 cents every other week, her main diversions were Irene Dunne movies and Sunday drives with the family. She had never been farther than 70 miles from home.*

On these pages, in the story of a single family, you can re-live all the excitement of the nation's past 25 years

have yearned. Indeed, many conveniences that make it so livable had not even been invented. Yet the mistress of the house *is* an Iowa girl, born in Cedar Rapids in 1930, the first bitter year of the Depression. Her name is Mrs. Jacqueline Griffin Hicks. Like many present-day American housewives, she is small and trim and looks even younger than she is—and for a very special reason she is a living symbol of the vast and sweeping changes that the past quarter century has brought to America.

Turn the clock back to 1940, exactly a quarter century ago. The *Ladies' Home Journal* was about to begin its famous series called How America Lives—an institution which became so popular that it ultimately resulted in more than 200 reports on American families, printed over a period of 21 years. For the first article the *Journal* editors sought a typical American family living as most Americans lived in 1940.

Life then was steady; life was serene; most Americans stayed put.

A typical family, therefore, would live in the Midwest in a house where it had lived all along and the children had been born. How much money should it earn? As inconceivable as it may seem today, the figure chosen was $2,000 a year, which happened to be the income on which about six million middle-class families were living in that year between the depth of the Depression and America's entry into World War II. On this kind of income, the *Journal* editors knew, many a family had managed through hard work and old-fashioned frugality to pay for its house, own an automobile and hold its head high.

The family was found in Cedar Rapids. T. Aulden Griffin was a businessman who, like so many others, had had a better job shot out from under him by the Depression, yet still managed to get by handsomely because he had the skill and patience to do things for himself—like building his own garage, laying down the concrete driveway, putting up a fence stone by stone. Mrs. Irene Griffin was a housekeeping magician who managed to feed her family on a dollar a day and still find time and energy to be elected youngest president ever of the Cedar Rapids Woman's Club. And there were two children going to school—a seven-year-old son, and a 10-year-old daughter: Jacqueline Griffin, who was destined to live in Corona del Mar as Mrs. Jacqueline Hicks.

As of 1940, Jacquie was a rather shy little girl with long legs and long curls, riding her bike to school, walking to church with her parents on Sunday mornings. She had no dreams of faraway places; the farthest she had ever been or expected to go again was Marshalltown, 70 miles away, to visit relatives, a long trip in those days in the family's second-hand Dodge. Her allowance was 25 cents every two weeks, handed out with considerable ceremony on the evening her father brought home his paycheck. A new dress was an event. So was a trip to the movies, where she sat awestruck by the sophistication and the glamorous clothes of her favorite stars like Claudette Colbert and Irene Dunne. On weekdays after school she baked cookies for the family, washed the dishes, did her homework—and waited patiently for Sunday, when the family had its one big weekly treat of chicken or meat loaf and then happily whiled away a lazy afternoon playing checkers.

This was Jacquie Griffin, typical Midwestern schoolgirl of 1940.

Turn the clock again, this time to 1948. To mark the 100th article in the How America Lives series, the *Journal* revisited the Griffins to report on what had happened to them in the meantime.

Postwar change, it turned out, was already in the air. The Griffins, like so many families had moved; Mr. Griffin worked in Chicago, and the family lived in suburban Evanston. The Depression was forgotten; Mr. Griffin's salary had tripled to $6,000 a year. Jacquie Griffin was now 18, a high-school graduate. Her parents had wanted her to go to college, but she had no special ambitions for study, and she did enjoy having a job. In her high-school days she had worked part time in a Cedar Rapids department store and soldering radios; now she was employed full time as a dentist's assistant. Her $35-a-week salary—almost as much as her father had earned in 1940—gave her a feeling of independence; she was even saving to buy her own car.

She had grown into an extremely pretty girl and had lots of dates, but she still lived by the code of her generation. Her dates were for the movies and a hamburger afterward, or for dancing at the "Y" or in the Griffins' own basement rumpus room. There was no drinking at these parties, and Jacquie did not smoke. Only one of her dates, her special, ever got a good-night kiss.

This was the Jacquie Griffin of 1948—a girl who still never dreamed of living in a mansion by the sea. But all America was poised for a skyrocket swoop of change and movement, expansion and prosperity. Nowadays, more than 35 million Americans change their place of residence each year. Jacquie Griffin was caught in the swoop, and she loved it.

The urge to get moving first hit Jacquie Griffin in a typically modern way. In the old days it was the sound of a train whistle at night that beckoned (*continued on page 116*)

1965: *Today Jacquie lives half a continent away in Corona del Mar, Calif., with her two children and husband Ed. Their spacious oceanside house cost $41,500, they own two cars and a boat, and sometimes eat steak for breakfast. Last year Ed's income tax came to twice the amount Jacquie's father earned in 1940.*

Son of a poor Wyoming rancher, Ed started out selling sewing machines, was once down to $4.45. Today he is a top commercial pilot earning $23,900 a year.

When Jacquie was a child, chicken was strictly for Sunday. Today the Hickses have "Sunday dinner" every night of the week. Ed has been known to spend $80 at the supermarket, sometimes buys whole steers and cases of lobster. But, in general, they live simply and dress casually (Ed owns only one good suit).

Neither Ed nor Jacquie went to college, but they are putting aside $960 every year for the children's education. Cheryl, five, goes to kindergarten now.

Though Jacquie sunburns easily and Ed thinks ocean fishing isn't as much fun as hunting in Wyoming, the kids love cruising to Catalina in the 25-foot boat.

Little-girl fashions, standing from left—Checked cotton jumpsuit is by White Stag, 3-6x, $5. Center: Backless culotte playsuit of cotton dotted Swiss. By Suzy Brooks, 3-6x, $4. Striped bathing suit of cotton-and-nylon stretch terry, by Carters, 2-4, $2.50. In front, left, a polka-dot ruffled dress. Of cotton duck, by Glen of Michigan, 3-6x, $7. Matching blue-and-white bloomers, $2.50. Right: Striped bathing suit with suspenders, of stretch nylon double knit. By Regal, 3-6x, $5.

By TRUDY OWETT,
Fashion Editor

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB R[illegible]ARDSON

The Girls of summer

Question. Who are you? Do you like long, lazy do-nothing days at the beach? Or does nothing bore you more than stretching out on stretches of sand? Are you up before the sun to keep a tennis date? Or are you strictly a sidelines sport? Are you as responsive to the newest in fashion as you are to op and pop? Or do you prefer the classics? And how do you look in your own eyes? Long and lithe . . . cute . . . cool . . . demure . . . alluring . . . sophisticated? In other words, are you closer to Bardot or Moreau, Audrey Hepburn or Doris Day? All these questions lead us to one big question: Which kinds of clothes will you choose this summer? And that depends, of course, on which kind of girl you decide you are. After that, just zero in on the best fashions for your type. We've thought of four types, among which you may find yours. We begin with this extra—little girls who haven't yet discovered which type they are.

ON-THE-GO girls wear, clockwise from left: Two-piece Helanca swimsuit by Rose Marie Reid Jr., 5–13, $16. Ribbed cotton-knit top, S,M,L, $4; back-wrap hip skirt of cotton/Lirelle twill, 5–15, 6–16, $12; both by Lady Van Heusen. Echo scarf. Nylon navigator's coat with its own hood, S,M,L, $18; water-shedding pants of gingham-check cotton, 8–18, $14; both by Jantzen. Courrèges-look cotton-chambray shift by Majestic, 6–18, $10. Sunglasses, Sutain. Polka-dot shirt of cotton and rayon, $7; lowered-waist pants of cotton/Lirelle twill, $8; both 5–15, 6–16, by Lady Van Heusen.

CLASSIC girls wear, clockwise from right: One-piece checked maillot swimsuit, of stretch nylon, by Harbor Road, 8–16, $25. Striped cotton-knit cardigan, S,M,L. $6; cotton-sailcoth pants, 6–20, $7; both by White Stag. Sneakers, B. F. Goodrich. Polka-dot shirt, short shorts with cuffs and city shift, of Arnel triacetate sharkskin knit, by Koret of California. Shirt and shorts, 8–18; shirt, $12, shorts, $7; shift 7–17, 8–18, $20. Color-divided skimmer of imported Irish linen, by Sloat. 8–16, $40. Spectators from Belgian Shoes. Bamboo cane, Gucci. Hairdos, Enrico Caruso.

DEMURE girls wear, clockwise from front: Ruffled bikini, of acetate, by Cole of California, 8–16, $18. Sleeveless cotton top and matching ruffled pantaloons, by Lanz, 5–15; top, $12, pantaloons, $14. Everitt hat. Empire-waist cotton cover-up, by Jantzen Jr., 5–13, $9. Sleeveless dress of cotton piqué with cotton-lace bib, by Eloise Curtis for David Styne; comes with black-and-white gingham bow at collar (not shown), 3–13, $45. Long-sleeve, knee-high baby-doll shirt-shift, lace-trimmed at collar and cuffs, of Dacron/cotton voile, by Majestic, 8–18, $15. Bonnet, Flower Modes.

UP-TO-THE MINUTE girls wear, clockwise from front: Rib-knit nylon swimsuit, with black patent belt, Rudi Gernreich for Harmon Knitwear, S,M,L, $24. Diving mask, watch, Abercrombie & Fitch. Hooded domino-print jump-suit, of cotton voile, Sylvia de Gay for Robert Sloan, 6–16, $35. Late-day dress, new mid-calf length, gingham top of rayon/cotton/silk, cotton-voile skirt, by Chester Weinberg for Teal Traina, 6–14, $190. Striped-cotton flounce shift, Sport Trio, 6–16, $19. Mechanics' jacket, pants of cotton duck, Glen of Michigan, 5–15, jacket $15, pants, $12.

SHOPPING INFORMATION ON PAGE 122.

THE 1965 KINSEY REPORT

Our Dangerous Sex Laws

By DR. PAUL GEBHARD

One spring evening a young man in California carefully took all the identification papers from his wallet and left them behind at his home. From his automobile he removed the registration certificate, bearing his name, which state law requires to be attached in plain view to the steering column. He hid this in the glove compartment, locked it—and then went on the prowl. He soon found a woman walking alone on an otherwise deserted street, forced her into his car, drove her to a lonely dirt road and raped her. But the car got stuck, and he needed help getting it started again; so he had the woman get out and give the car a push. As she shoved against the rear bumper, her eyes were only inches from the license plate. She had plenty of time to memorize the number, and as soon as he let her go she reported it to the police. The young man went to prison, where he was still serving his sentence when I interviewed him.

This man was one of many, young and old, in prison for sexual offenses of all kinds, whose cases are summarized in the new report that the Institute for Sex Research will publish in July. His particular story is of special interest for two reasons. He comes close to what public opinion regards as the vicious and uncontrollable "sex criminal": His crime was premeditated, his victim selected entirely by accident; he struck at the first woman he found, without regard to her age or physical appearance. And he also exhibited a peculiar quirk that seems common to these men: Although he was extremely careful about his wallet and his registration certificate, he was grossly careless on the matter of the license plate, a detail that anyone smart enough to take the other precautions might have been expected to remember.

At the very beginning of the institute study, when the late Dr. Alfred Kinsey, Dr. Wardell Pomeroy and I began visiting prisons to conduct our interviews, we were struck by the fact that very few of the prisoners resembled the boogeyman of popular imagination—the "sex fiend," hopped up by dope, his imagination fired by pornography. Some, indeed, were the most pathetic and harmless of bumblers. And virtually all were what modern slang calls losers: They were generally from low-class homes; they had very little education or success at jobs, and they went about their crimes so ineptly that they practically fell into the arms of the police.

For the readers of the *Ladies' Home Journal,* perhaps the outstanding message of the new report is that the average American woman and her children are in far less danger of becoming victims of a sex criminal than is generally supposed.

We live in an age of frank discussion, and newspapers, therefore, feel far freer than in the past to talk about sex crimes on the front page and in considerable detail. Prosecuting attorneys lecture about sex criminals, sometimes with more eye to headlines than to facts. The police visit schools to show movies warning girls against talking to strange men. As a result, we *seem* to be threatened by danger on all sides. Unmarried women living in big cities ask for unlisted phone numbers to avoid the obscene calls. Suburban mothers drive their daughters to and from school to thwart the lurking stranger. But the truth is:

Sexual crimes, especially those involving force or violence, are far rarer than the headlines would indicate. Moreover, the kind of men who get involved in sexual offenses tend to be concentrated in the poorer neighborhoods of our cities; they live and commit their crimes largely on their own side of the tracks. The chances that a woman living in a good neighborhood will encounter a sadistic rapist, or that her daughter will be injured by an attacker, are not very much greater than the danger of being struck by lightning.

The stereotyped "sex criminal" of popular imagination turns out to be many different kinds of men. Contrary to general belief, few of them take dope, although many of them do commit their crimes under the influence of alcohol. And few are in any way inspired by pornography. As the institute's previous reports have shown, pornography of all kinds is mostly read and enjoyed by men of more than average intelligence and with vivid imaginations. The men in prison for sexual offenses, on the other hand, turned out to be men of rather low intelligence and imagination. Their disinterested and indeed scornful attitude toward pornography was perhaps best summed

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The late Dr. Kinsey's Institute for Sex Research tells for the first time why the public picture of typical sex offenders is wrong; why the significance of sex crimes may have been greatly exaggerated; and how girls, without knowing it, can provoke molesters.

ONE OF THE MOST IMPORTANT BOOKS OF 1965 IS THE FOURTH OF THE FAMOUS "KINSEY REPORTS," WHICH WILL BE PUBLISHED IN JULY. LIKE THE PREVIOUS REPORTS, IT IS DESTINED TO BE BOTH HIGHLY CONTROVERSIAL AND INFLUENTIAL. BEGUN IN DR. ALFRED C. KINSEY'S LIFETIME AND COMPLETED BY HIS SUCCESSORS AT THE INSTITUTE FOR SEX RESEARCH AT INDIANA UNIVERSITY, IT IS A MASSIVE STUDY OF 2,721 MEN. OF THESE, 1,356 WERE SERVING PRISON TERMS FOR SEX CRIMES. IT REPORTS MANY SURPRISING NEW FACTS ABOUT THESE CRIMES AND THEIR CAUSES. IT ALSO CONTAINS INVALUABLE ADVICE—AND REASSURANCE—FOR PARENTS, AND PROVOCATIVE OBSERVATIONS ABOUT LAWS AND CUSTOMS THAT GOVERN SEXUAL BEHAVIOR. THIS SUMMARY OF THE REPORT WAS PREPARED EXCLUSIVELY FOR THE JOURNAL BY DR. KINSEY'S SUCCESSOR AS DIRECTOR OF THE INSTITUTE FOR SEX RESEARCH, WITH THE ASSISTANCE OF ERNEST HAVEMANN, WHO HAS CLOSELY FOLLOWED THE WORK OF THE INSTITUTE FOR MORE THAN A DECADE. THE NEW REPORT IS ENTITLED SEX OFFENDERS: AN ANALYSIS OF TYPES (HARPER & ROW). THE BOOK WAS WRITTEN BY DR. GEBHARD IN COLLABORATION WITH HIS ASSOCIATES JOHN GAGNON, WARDELL POMEROY AND CORNELIA CHRISTENSON.
—THE EDITOR

up by one fairly typical prisoner who told me, "You can't do nothin' with a pitcher."

Many of the mothers of America should find reassurance in this fact. Boys, at puberty, often begin to take a surreptitious interest in risqué magazines, and sometimes wind up with collections of outright pornography. A mother who finds such possessions hidden in her son's room need not be unduly concerned, for this does not mean that he will grow up into a fiend or a pervert. *Not one* of the men we interviewed seemed to have gone to prison as a result of exposure to pornography, either immediately before his crime or even at some distant time back in his adolescence.

Another reassuring truth we found is that, while experiences with phone callers, exhibitionists and Peeping Toms can be shocking and distressing, these men are generally harmless. The Peeping Tom is frequently a man who resorts to peering at women behind windows because he lacks the courage to have anything to do with women at closer range. And the exhibitionist, in most cases, is not really making a sexual overture; in fact, he would probably flee in panic at any sign of interest on his victim's part. These men are the sorriest of the sexual offenders—men who are often incapable of normal sexual relations and therefore resort to such substitutes, men who are in almost every case psychologically sick. In many ways it is foolish to think of them as criminals and send them to prison. What they really need is psychiatric treatment.

At the other extreme is that highly dangerous man who attacks a little girl. The rape of a child is, of course, a horrible thing, and often causes appalling physical injuries. Even in prison the men guilty of such a crime are totally ostracized by their fellow inmates, including the most callous safecrackers and most brutal murderers. Fortunately, although most people have the opposite impression from reading newspaper stories of child-molesting, these men are the rarest of sex offenders.

The unpleasant topic of child-molesting deserves a good deal more frank discussion than it has ever had in the past, for it conjures up a picture that is usually far more lurid than the facts. When the newspapers report that a man has been arrested for molesting a little girl, or "making overtures," as the papers sometimes say, most readers jump to the conclusion that it was a case of rape or attempted rape. Actually, most cases of child-molesting are something quite different. Strange as it may seem, most of these men find their erotic pleasure in merely fondling little girls, and often do not even attempt to *touch* their private parts. Of the child-molesters whom we interviewed, only one in 10 had made an attempt at rape.

Even the other nine-of-10 cases, of course, are most distasteful to contemplate—but the fact is that they are far less serious than generally believed. Most of the little girls who have gone through such an experience hardly know what happened to them and are upset very little, if at all—*unless their parents or the school and police authorities, as so often happens, become panic-stricken.* The moral for parents, in the unlikely event they should ever face this situation, is to remain as calm and reassuring as possible—for it seems to be largely the *parents' reaction* to the experience, rather than the experience itself, that is traumatic for the child.

This raises some serious doubts about the wisdom of the frequent warnings that young girls keep hearing nowadays about lurking strangers. The actual rapist is as rare and his actions as unpredictable as a mad dog; there is really nothing that a parent can do, short of maintain a 24-hour-a-day vigil, to prevent his attack. The other child-molesters, though somewhat more common, do not in themselves (continued on page 121)

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GUY DEEL

The

FAMOUS RUTLAND PEARLS

Concerning a rich old lady,
a giddy girl,
a grounded sailboat, a lost love
and one mad afternoon when
anything could happen—and did.

Every woman has evenings when she has been a success at a party or a dinner— an evening when, to quote an old lady I once knew (and whom this story is really about), *all men are handsome and you are fair.* Tonight I was a success. My dinner partner had found everything I said witty. I had managed to outshine the only other lady guest in the running. When I came home, my cheeks were still pink with excitement. I loosened my dress with its 101 tiny pleats (I know because the dressmaker charged me for every single one) and unclasped my pearls. I sat for a while on the front balcony of this old house, fingering the large, perfectly matched pearls, telling them with my fingers in the moonlight like prayer beads, and they, in turn, told me many things. Their story is one of the most poignant and humorous stories of my youth.

My maiden name was Katharine Rutland. This house belonged to Fanny Todd, a rich old maid, who lived here in Silverton.

Silverton is a fishing village on the New England coast. It is almost unique, because it has one of the tightest harbors on the coast and miles of duneland and little woods and fresh-water ponds and marshes and anemones by the breakwaters. I spent my girlhood here. As my parents were dead, I officially lived with my uncle. However, as he was a scientist who was often in foreign (continued on page 122)

By ROSALIND WILSON

CHARLIE CHAPLIN AND HIS CHILDREN

Wealth and success surround them. Yet, one by one, the great man's sons and daughters clamor to leave home—only to find frustration, failure, or more success than they can handle. Why is it so difficult to have a legend for a father? By GEROLD FRANK

Vacationing at Cap Ferrat in 1957, Chaplin posed with Oona (left) and children Geraldine, Eugene, Victoria, Josephine and Michael. Chaplin doesn't like picnics, animals or television; what he does *like is sitting with his family and watching his old movies.*

Surely you have seen them in newspaper photos—this extraordinary family—lined up before their mansion high in the Swiss Alps: Chaplin, the genius, the remarkably vigorous man (a father at 73), Oona, dark-eyed and elfin, and then that row of adorable children, each with the magical Oona imprint on their faces: Geraldine (see cover), Michael, Josephine, Victoria, Eugene, Jane, Annette, down to three-year-old Christopher.

Looking at them, it is impossible not to envy them. To be born to fame, fortune and good omen; to be the child of a love between a father who is a legend throughout the world and a mother eternally young and beautiful. To be ministered to by such parents—who would want more? What parents would not have wished such a childhood for themselves and would not wish it now for their children?

Chaplin was delighted when Jane, eighth of his ten children, was born. He loves babies, but as they grow older, his children often find him very strict.

It is a fairy-tale picture out of a storybook, and perhaps that is where it should remain. Because, in real life, the formula is no guarantee for happiness. It may even make happiness more difficult to grasp and, in the end, compound the problem of growing up. Charlie Chaplin, as a father, has seen this come true, at least so far, whether his marriage is idyllic, as with Oona O'Neill today, or unhappy, as that with Lita Grey Chaplin 41 years ago. Look and listen:

In Hollywood, Charles Chaplin Jr., 40, first son of that early marriage, today fights a drinking problem, fearful that he is a failure, yet hoping that genius is inheritable. "This year," he promises, "I'll break through as an actor on my own."

In New York, Sydney Chaplin, 39, the other son of that marriage, observes, "My father didn't owe me anything just because he was my father. That was an accident of nature. He didn't ask for me, and I didn't ask for him."

In Madrid, 20-year-old Geraldine, first of Charlie and Oona's children to leave home, forced to choose between tending her sick puppy or seeing her father for the first time in months, chose her puppy. Fabulous things are happening to her, yet each seems more menacing. Her name haunts her. Overnight she is a movie star, one of the celebrated girls of Europe—and this, as she knows, despite almost total lack of accomplishment.

In London, 18-year-old Michael, having eloped against his father's wishes with a 26-year-old mother of two, speaks from behind a maze of shoulder-length hair and a straggly beard: "I don't care what happens now. My dad can say what he likes."

In Switzerland, their 16-year-old daughter Josephine, eldest of the six children still living with them, and acknowledged as the family beauty, eagerly awaits the day when she, too, can leave home to start a career—to begin a life of her own, on her own.

These are five of Chaplin's 10 children. The others are too young to have been heard from. Except through Charlie. For he is never happier than when another child is on the way, another child to prove him ageless, to give him another chance, perhaps, perhaps, to coax the Chaplin genius into life for yet another generation.

Meanwhile, the children who have already left the Chaplin fold are struggling with their heritage. Resignation and rebellion; fervor and frustration; these are the themes that thread through their lives, as we shall see. And, as we listen to them, we will find new and melancholic truths about Chaplin, the beloved Little Tramp who captured hearts by the millions because he understood human nature bedev-

Eugene, called "Tadpole," poses in a costume his father made famous. Eugene is twelve now; his sister Josie, the beauty of the family, is sixteen.

Chaplin's marriage to young Oona O'Neill raised many eyebrows—but it lasted. As one daughter said, "What Daddy thinks, Mummy thinks too."

iled by fate. We will see Chaplin as the disappointed reviewers of his long-awaited autobiography had hoped to see him: as a man, not a legend trying to perpetuate itself. What follows, then, is a real view of Chaplin; for what is more real than a man seen as a father? And if he has not succeeded as a father, where has he failed?

The problem is not peculiar to Chaplin. Nearly all illustrious fathers and their children must cope with it. John Barrymore Jr. and Edward G. Robinson Jr. found survival in rebellion. John Barrymore's daughter, Diana, and Winston Churchill's daughter, Sarah, found it in alcohol. Sarah's sister, Diana, chose suicide. The list is long and tragic.

It is hard to measure up to a great name, to cope with the essential remoteness of men of genius, when you are one of their children. Hans Einstein, a professor at the University of California, was strolling with a friend past a bust of his father, Albert Einstein, who was then still living. Young Einstein paused for a moment, stared at it, and said bitterly: "Do you know what it is like to be the son of a statue?" The same *Leitmotiv* dominates the Chaplin children. They sense inadequacy compared to father; resentment that he can't be "just a father," yet pride that he isn't; a vague terror that someday they may disappoint the father-god and bring shame upon him.

In Chaplin's case the children's problem is compounded, first, by his temperament, the other side of the coin of his genius. He is a man who will not be denied, who will not be proved wrong, who is impatient of error and weakness, driven by a need for perfection. Secondly, the children necessarily grow up in the shadow of the father's conviction that the world is ruthless and implacable, that life is inevitably harsh.

Throughout their childhood Charles Jr. and Sydney dared not walk in on their father without knocking. Once little Charles Jr. burst into his room. "Daddy ——" he shouted, full of what he wanted to tell.

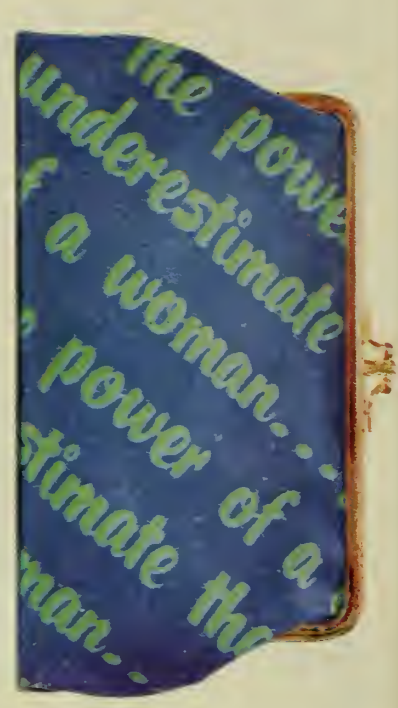
Chaplin exploded. "Don't you have any better

continued on page 128

1

Summer boutique: New play on words

2



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6

Even though a word to the wise is usually sufficient, we're always ready to talk about seven wise words that go with the *Journal* like cream and coffee: "Never Underestimate the Power of a Woman." Last year, we published this message repeatedly on fabric, in three bright color combinations, offered it to you by-the-yard as part of a *Journal* Original kit.

Now, here it is again—same fabric (44–45-inch drip-dry cotton broadcloth, by Tiger), same color combinations (pink and red; blue and green; yellow and orange). You can order it from the *Journal* by the yard and turn our phrase into the breezy summer fashions shown here—all are Vogue Designs. And you can buy the accessories made from our fabric at Bloomingdale's, New York, and branches. Ordering details are on page 120.

PHOTOGRAPHS 3 & 4—MILTON GREENE; OTHERS, NEAL BARR

3

1. *Wordy cover-up robe can be made long or short. Vogue Design 6495. Matching cosmetic case* and crisscross sandals priced $5 each. The belt is $3.*

•

2. *Bright makeup kit fits right into your purse, $3.* There's a sunglass case to match (not shown here), $2.*

•

3. *Make it a matched set with a sun shift, Vogue Design 6464, a sawtooth-brimmed hat, $7, and a parasol (see 7).*

•

4. *A cover to protect your paperbacks from sand and salt water at the beach. Has handles for easy carrying, $3.*

•

5. *Tote your bikini to the beach in this drawstring carryall, or fill it with hair rollers. Plastic-lined, $2.50.**

•

6. *Muu-muu with big patch pockets. Vogue Design 6559. Floppy hat, $7.*

•

7. *A parasol to shade you from the scorching sun and sudden showers, $10.*

•

8. *Carry everything, from towels to a picnic lunch, in this gay tote, $4.*

•

9. *Pants with a flare and contrasting top, Vogue Design 1348. The helmet, $7.*

**Plus Federal tax*

4

7

8

9

Her insouciance is understandable (left). She knows he's fallen completely under the spell of her ruffled jumpsuit. Of Gourdon's swirl-printed silk surah. We added the frill of black organdy ruffles at the neckline. Ruffling by J.C. Maile (available by the yard). Vogue Design 6446.

He promised not to peek (opposite). But at the first rustle of a ruffle, he caught a glimpse of polka dots dotting an Empire-waist dress that flips into two rows of ruffles at the hem. Of Gourdon's silk surah. Vogue Design 6369. Earrings by KJL. All shoes on these four pages by Herbert Levine.

Falling for ruffles

By NORA O'LEARY, Patterns Editor

We asked English actor Alan Bates (the *Poor Richard* of Broadway) to help us act out this boy-meets-girl improvisation, so that we could test a theory: If she wears ruffles, how can he resist? What Alan's spontaneous reactions show is that no man can remain indifferent or unruffled in the presence of ruffles.

TOGRAPHS BY GREENE/EULA

The ruffles that draw him close to her (below left) fluff out from a stole matched to her shift. Of white cotton Janice Lace. Vogue Design 5881. We added the stole, bordered it with white organdy ruffles. Earrings, Vogue.

The point of interest (below right) is a ruffled point d'esprit evening coat. Of Stern & Stern's rayon/silk. Vogue Design 5345. Dress of Galey & Lord's Dacron/cotton ottoman. Vogue Design 6085. Hairbow, Therese Ahrens.

He looks up to her (opposite), dazzled by her frilly bare-top evening dress. Of cotton organdy, with alternating rows of embroidery and Val lace ruffles, by Record Lace & Embroidery. Vogue Design 6344. Backviews, page 120.

HAIRDO AND MAKEUP CREATED FOR ELIZABETH ARDEN BY IMO AND PABLO.

Put a chicken in the pot and what have you got—just plain chicken. Which is fine. Chicken's good any way you prepare it. But, if you limit yourself to the most familiar recipes, you'll miss some of the best chicken dishes in the world. Almost every country has at least one out-of-this-world specialty. Our itinerary begins with Chicken Hawaii. Recipes on page 93. By DIANE DURHAM, Associate Food Editor

A SPECTACULAR WAY TO SERVE CHICKEN AT ANY TIME OF YEAR, CHICKEN HAWAII COMES TO THE TABLE IN INDIVIDUAL PINEAPPLE HALVES, FILLED WITH CHICKEN CURRY ON A BED OF RICE, TOPPED WITH CHUTNEY.

PHOTOGRAPH BY IRWIN HOROWITZ

Chicken: The Native Dish

Add Quiche to Your Repertoire

This hot-custard-cheese pie is a favorite French dish that can be served in any language as an hors d'oeuvre, an appetizer or a meal in itself (with a tossed green salad). It's at its best fresh from the oven, but can be readied for baking hours ahead. The original quiche comes from Alsace-Lorraine, many excellent variations from everywhere. Try some of these. Recipes continue on page 94.

QUICHE JARDINIÈRE

Pastry for 9-inch pie shell
2 tbsp. finely chopped green pepper
2 tbsp. minced onions
2 tbsp. butter or margarine
½ cup sliced cherry tomatoes, ¼-inch thick
Flour
Pinch thyme
1 cup grated Swiss cheese
3 eggs
1½ cups light cream
1 tsp. seasoned salt
Pinch cayenne pepper
3 green pepper rings, garnish
3 cherry tomatoes, halved, garnish
Freshly ground black pepper

Line pie plate with pastry, leaving a high, crimped edge. Prick bottom with fork. Bake at 400° F. 8 minutes; remove from oven. Allow pie shell to cool before filling. Sauté chopped peppers and onions in 1 tbsp. butter or margarine until golden; remove and set aside. Add remaining butter or margarine to skillet. Dredge tomato slices in flour and quickly sauté. Drain on paper toweling. Arrange tomato slices on bottom of pie shell; sprinkle with a pinch of thyme. Add pepper and onions; sprinkle Swiss cheese over all. Beat eggs, stir in cream, seasoned salt and cayenne pepper. Pour over all. Garnish top with pepper rings, tomato halves. Bake at 375° F. for 40 minutes or until knife inserted in center comes out clean. Remove from oven; season with black pepper. Let stand 10 minutes before serving. Serves 6.

PHOTOGRAPH BY NORMAN KARLSON

Chinese–Home Style

There's no question that Chinese food is a favorite American dish. All over the country, Chinese restaurants are sprouting faster than shaggy-haired singing groups. For those who want to cook at home, it's good news that once-hard-to-get Chinese vegetables—the unique taste in many Chinese dishes—are now easier to obtain, fresh or canned. Or you can even grow some Chinese vegetables in your garden.

Chinese String Beans (Tow Kow)—pictured top left—are from 8–12 inches long, dull green in color and thinner than our string beans. The seeds are planted late April to mid-May, and mature in about 90 days. They should be grown on poles or a trellis. The beans can be picked continuously for about 2 months.

SAUTÉED CHINESE STRING BEANS

- 1½ lb. Chinese string beans
- ½ cup bamboo shoots (canned)
- 2 tbsp. peanut or vegetable oil
- 2 tsp. salt
- ½ tsp. sugar
- ¼ tsp. monosodium glutamate

Wash and cut beans into $1\frac{1}{2}$-inch lengths. Cut bamboo shoots into $1\frac{1}{2}$x-$\frac{1}{4}$x$\frac{1}{4}$-inch pieces; shred. Heat oil in a skillet over high flame. Sauté beans for about 2 minutes. Add bamboo shoots. Mix well. Add salt, sugar and monosodium glutamate. Mix again. Add $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cold water. Cover; turn flame to medium and cook for 10 minutes. Serves 4–6.

PORK SHREDS AND CHINESE STRING BEANS

- 1 lb. Chinese string beans
- ½ lb. lean pork
- 1 tbsp. peanut or vegetable oil
- 2 slices fresh ginger root
- 1 tbsp. dry sherry
- 1 tbsp. soy sauce
- 1 tsp. salt
- ½ tsp. sugar

Wash and cut beans into 2-inch pieces. Slice pork into $1\frac{1}{2}$x$\frac{1}{4}$x$\frac{1}{4}$-inch pieces. Heat oil in a skillet over high flame, and add ginger slices and pork. Mix and cook for about 2 minutes. Add sherry, soy sauce, salt and sugar. Mix, add string beans and mix again. Add $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cold water. Cover; turn flame to medium and cook for 12 minutes. When ready to serve, remove ginger. Serves 4.

FRESH GINGER ROOTS

Fresh Ginger Roots (center right) are used in cooking meats, poultry, fish and seafood. A few slices will create a special flavor that dry ginger powder or dry whole ginger cannot supply. They usually grow in a tropical climate and can be purchased in Chinese grocery stores as well as in Spanish and Greek vegetable stores. To store fresh ginger roots, scrape the skin off each piece and then wash and dry them. Place the ginger in a wide-mouthed jar and fill with enough sherry to cover. Cap the jar and leave in refrigerator. Thus stored, the ginger will last almost indefinitely. When slices of ginger are called for in any recipes, pick out some with a fork, slice the desired amount and return the rest to the jar.

Winter Radish is a root with white skin and white inside. It grows up to 8 inches long and $1\frac{1}{2}$–2 inches in diameter. It should be planted in early May. It will take from 60–70 days before it is full grown. It can be used raw in salads or cooked as vegetable only or with pork, beef, chicken or shrimp. A common substitute is the white icicle radish.

WINTER RADISH WITH STEAK SLICES

- 1¼ lb. flank steak
- ½ lb. winter radish slices
- 2 scallions
- 1 tbsp. dry sherry
- 1 tbsp. soy sauce
- 1 tbsp. cornstarch
- 4 tbsp. peanut or vegetable oil
- ½ tsp. salt
- ½ tsp. sugar
- ¼ tsp. monosodium glutamate

Slice strips of flank steak against grain into 1x1x$\frac{1}{4}$-inch strips. (Partially freeze steak for easier slicing.) Peel and slice the radish to about the same size. Wash and cut scallions into 2-inch lengths (both the white and the green parts). Mix flank steak with sherry, soy sauce and cornstarch. Heat 1 tbsp. oil in a skillet over high flame. Add radish slices and mix well in oil. Sprinkle salt, sugar and monosodium glutamate over radish. Mix thoroughly. Keep tossing and turning over high flame for another minute. Remove and set aside. Heat remaining oil in the skillet over high flame. Add the steak and stir briskly for a minute. Add the cooked radish. Mix and cook for another minute. Serves 4.

WINTER RADISH WITH GARLIC

- 1 lb. winter radish
- 3 cloves garlic, sliced
- 3 tbsp. peanut or vegetable oil
- ½ tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. sugar
- ¼ tsp. monosodium glutamate
- 2 tbsp. soy sauce

Peel radish and cut into rectangular pieces 1x$1\frac{1}{2}$x$\frac{1}{2}$ inch. Heat the oil in a skillet over high flame and add garlic. When garlic is slightly browned, discard. Add radish, turn and toss for about 2 minutes. Sprinkle salt, sugar and monosodium glutamate over the radish. Mix. Add soy sauce and mix again. Add $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cold water. Cover; turn flame to medium and cook for 10 minutes. Serves 4.

Bok-Choy (pictured bottom right) is a cabbage with white stems and green leaves. Bok-Choy is easy to grow—for best results plant it up to 90 days before the first frost (it needs cooler weather to mature). Those that are not harvested until after the first frost are considered the sweetest. Do not confuse Bok-Choy with the similar-looking celery cabbage.

SAUTÉED BOK-CHOY

- 1 lb. Bok-Choy
- 2 slices ginger root
- 2 tbsp. peanut or vegetable oil
- 1 tsp. salt
- ½ tsp. sugar
- ¼ tsp. monosodium glutamate

Wash and cut Bok-Choy into 1-inch pieces. Separate the white stem section from the green leafy part. Heat oil in a skillet over high flame. Add ginger slices cut into 1x1x$\frac{1}{4}$-inch pieces. Add Bok-Choy stems and toss them continuously with a spoon. Add Bok-Choy leaves and continue mixing until leaves and stems are coated with oil. Add salt, sugar, monosodium glutamate. Mix well. Add 2 tbsp. cold water, cover, turn flame to medium and cook for 6 minutes. When ready to serve, remove ginger slices. Serves 4.

Two more recipes using Chinese vegetables follow:

CHICKEN BREASTS WITH PEPPERS

- 2 chicken breasts
- 2 tbsp. dry sherry
- 2 tsp. salt
- 1 tbsp. cornstarch
- 1 cup sweet bell pepper, cut in 1-in. squares
- ¼ cup hot pepper, red or green, cut in 1-in. squares
- 3 tbsp. peanut or vegetable oil
- ½ tsp. sugar
- ½ cup sliced water chestnuts (canned)

Skin and bone chicken breasts. Cut the chicken into 1-inch cubes. Mix with sherry, 1 tsp. salt and cornstarch. Heat 1 tbsp. oil in skillet and sauté sweet and hot pepper for a minute. Add water chestnuts, 1 tsp. salt and sugar. Mix a few times. Remove and set aside. Heat remaining oil in skillet over high flame. Add chicken cubes and stir briskly for about 2 minutes. (The chicken will turn white and each piece will separate.) Add the cooked pepper. Mix well. Serves 4.

HAM AND CHINESE GOURD SOUP

- 1 small Chinese gourd (or our flat, white summer squash)
- ½ cup fresh mushroom slices
- 1 tbsp. cornstarch
- 4 cups chicken broth
- 1½ tsp. salt
- ½ cup boiled ham slices, 1x1x¼ in.
- Dash white pepper

Wash and peel gourd. Cut into 1x1x$1\frac{1}{2}$-inch slices. Use 1 cup only. Dissolve cornstarch in 2 tbsp. cold water. Heat chicken broth in a saucepan and add salt. Add gourd and mushroom slices. Boil for 8 minutes and stir in ham slices. Thicken with dissolved cornstarch. Sprinkle with a little pepper before serving. Serves 4–6. ■

Seeds for Chinese vegetables are packaged by W. Atlee Burpee Seed Co.; Vaughan's Seed Co.; and Quong Yuen Shing, 32 Mott Street, New York, N. Y.

PHOTOGRAPH BY FAULCONER/FENN

Parsley

Because it's so plentiful and inexpensive, parsley may seem to be an inconsequential herb. Actually, it's one of the best known, most used and most valued herbs in the world, and it does a world of things for food. On the visual side, it's the perfect green perk-up for a serving dish. As a flavoring herb, it wields a subtle influence over soups, salads, sauces, stews, vegetables—even other herbs (used as a blending agent in *bouquet garni*, a favorite French mixed bag of herbs). And, parsley is one of the most vitamin-laden foods you can eat—rich in vitamin C, iron, calcium and minerals. There are over 30 varieties of parsley.

Most prevalent: the flat leaf, curly leaf, hamburger or turnip root. Whichever you buy, the leaves should be bright, crisp and green. They will keep best—after thorough washing, trimming and drying with a paper towel—in a tightly closed jar in the refrigerator; and, to bring out their best flavor, should be rinsed under hot water before chopping. Parsley is a very hardy herb; it grows year round indoors or outdoors. Since it's so readily available (fresh or in dried-flake form), it's a good habit always to have a bunch on hand to add to food as you like it.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FAULCONER/FENN

They always eat better when you remember the soup

es like it. Granddads like it. So do fathers and
ngsters and teens-in-between. And you know
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SUNDAY NIGHT SUPPER

As dusk descends on a lilting May evening, why retreat indoors to eat? This simple supper can be served outdoors with the greatest of ease. On our menu: a bubbly Swiss Cheese Bake, a tangy dilled vegetable salad. And, since sundaes sound like Sunday, ice cream for dessert with all the trimmings.

SWISS CHEESE BAKE

1 loaf unsliced white bread
1 pkg. (6 oz.) Swiss-cheese slices
½ cup butter or margarine
⅓ cup instant minced onion
3 tbsp. prepared mustard
1 tbsp. poppy seeds
2 tsp. lemon juice
2 bacon slices

Cut bread in ¾-inch-wide slices, almost through. Cream together the butter or margarine, onion, mustard, poppy seeds, lemon juice; spread on bread slices. Insert 1 slice cheese in each cut; press back into loaf shape. Place in greased 9-inch baking dish. Cut bacon slices in half, arrange over top. Bake at 350° F. 20 min. or until bacon has cooked and cheese is bubbly. Serves 4-6.

PHOTOGRAPH BY FAULCONER/FENN

This is no place for "second best"... bring out the best in May Salads with Best Foods

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flavor that works magic
other good flavors. So
May's marvelous fruits
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SAUCY CHILI

1-1/2 ounces cream cheese
1/2 cup BEST FOODS® Real Mayonnaise
1/4 teaspoon minced onion
2 tablespoons chili sauce
2 tablespoons chopped stuffed olives

Cream softened cream cheese thoroughly. Blend in remaining

STRAWBERRY SOCIAL

1/4 cup dairy sour cream
3 tablespoons mashed strawberries or fruit juice
2 tablespoons chopped nuts
1 cup BEST FOODS Real Mayonnaise

Blend all ingredients.

SPRING GARDEN

1/2 cup BEST FOODS Real Mayonnaise
1/2 cup cottage cheese
3 tablespoons chopped green pepper
1 teaspoon minced onion
1/8 teaspoon salt
Dash pepper

Combine ingredients. Chill.

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Also try orange, grape, pineapple grapefruit, iced tea, cherry, strawberry, raspberry, low-calorie lemonade, low-calorie iced tea

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Warning:

Contents disappear rapidly when mixed with water and ice and exposed to thirsty people!

Mix in a minute—sugar and lemon's right in it—just the right amount of both!

Tomato-Cress Consommé
Trout Amandine
Parsleyed New Potatoes **Peas with Orange Rind**
Romaine-and-Radish Salad
Poppy-Seed Rolls
Strawberry-Rhubarb Pie
Coffee

Tomato-Cress Consommé: In saucepan, combine consommé with ½ cup water; heat. Scatter 1 tbsp. each of peeled, diced tomato and coarsely chopped watercress in each soup dish. Pour in consommé, then add 1 tsp. dry vermouth to each dish.

Trout Amandine: Allow one whole fish for each serving, depending on size and appetite. Clean two fresh trout; wipe with damp cloth. Or use thawed, fresh frozen rainbow trout. Remove the heads if you wish, but leave the tails on. Season cavities with salt and pepper; dip trout in milk, then in flour. Sauté in ¼ cup melted butter or margarine until golden brown on both sides. Remove trout to a hot platter; keep warm. Melt 2 tbsp. butter or margarine in the same skillet; add 2 tbsp. blanched sliced almonds and cook until almost brown. Pour the sauce over the trout. Garnish with lemon wedges.

Parsleyed New Potatoes: Wash and scrape potatoes; cook in boiling salted water until fork-tender. Drain; roll in 2 tbsp. melted butter or margarine, then in 2 tbsp. chopped parsley.

Peas with Orange Rind: Wash and shell peas. Put about ¼ inch of water in the bottom of a saucepan. Bring to a boil, add peas and ¼ tsp. salt; cover and simmer until tender. Heat 1 tsp. slivered orange rind in 1 tbsp. butter or margarine; let stand for a few minutes to steep. Drain peas; add orange-butter mixture; toss. Season to taste with salt and pepper.

Romaine-and-Radish Salad: Wash three medium-sized radishes; cut off tops and roots. Slice radishes thin. Wash and dry romaine leaves; tear into bite-size pieces. Wrap in towel; chill. To serve, place greens in salad bowl, add radish slices, season with salt and pepper; toss with Italian-style dressing.

Poppy Seed Rolls: Separate butterflake dough into 6 rolls; sprinkle tops with poppy seed and bake, following package directions. Serve warm.

Strawberry-Rhubarb Pie: Preheat oven to 425° F. Prepare pie-crust mix, following package directions; divide dough in half. Roll out one half and line an 8-inch pie plate. Wash, dry and cut enough rhubarb in 1-inch pieces to fill 1½ cups. Wash, drain and hull 1½ cups fresh strawberries. Combine 1 cup sugar with ¼ cup flour. Mix lightly through rhubarb and strawberries. Pour into pie shell. Sprinkle 1 tsp. grated orange rind over all and dot with 1 tbsp. butter or margarine. Roll out remaining dough and cover pie. Seal and crimp edge. Cut several slits in top crust. Bake 40 minutes or until crust is just browned.

Shopping List: tomato, watercress, lemon, 6 small new potatoes, parsley, 1 lb. peas, orange, romaine lettuce, radishes, 1 lb. rhubarb, 1 pt. strawberries, 2 fresh trout or 10-oz. pkg. frozen rainbow trout, 10½-oz. can consommé, 8-oz. bottle Italian dressing, 10-oz. pkg. pie-crust mix, 3½-oz. pkg. sliced almonds, dry vermouth
HAVE ON HAND: milk, flour, butter or margarine, sugar, coffee

Del Monte Stewed Tomatoes give you a head start on recipes. Onion, celery and green pepper are ready-added. Great value in tomatoes. Do it with Del Monte and you do your very best.

Famous Italian dish made easy!

CHICKEN CACCIATORA

4-6 chicken breasts (or 1 ready-to-cook frying chicken, 3-3½ lbs., cut in serving pieces)
2 Tbsp. olive oil
1 medium clove of garlic
1 tsp. oregano, crumbled
Salt and pepper
1 to 1½ cups sliced mushrooms
1 No. 303 can (1 lb. size) DEL MONTE® Stewed Tomatoes

Brown chicken in olive oil with clove of garlic. Before turning chicken, sprinkle with oregano, salt and pepper. Remove garlic. Add mushrooms; brown lightly. Add DEL MONTE Brand Stewed Tomatoes; cover. Simmer 30 min. Uncover; continue cooking till sauce is reduced to consistency desired and chicken is very tender. Garnish with parsley, if desired. Serve with hot cooked rice. Serves 4 to 5.

SUNBURST CELOSIA

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FOR BOLDLY DRAMATIC LOW BORDERS Each packet of Sunburst Celosia gives you both flaming scarlet and glowing gold, but we've sealed the seeds in two separate inner envelopes. You can mix or group the colors as you wish for dramatic effects in garden beds or borders you'll enjoy all summer long.

Look for sparkling Sunburst Celosia prints created in renowned Everfast® fabrics.

In France it's considered lucky to wear *muguets,* lilies of the valley, on the first of May. The French say that any wish one makes while wearing the flowers is bound to come true. Why not send your invitations (use ours, above, as a model—fold it in half, trace and cut from heavy green paper, write in white ink) to friends for a May Day dinner?

MENU

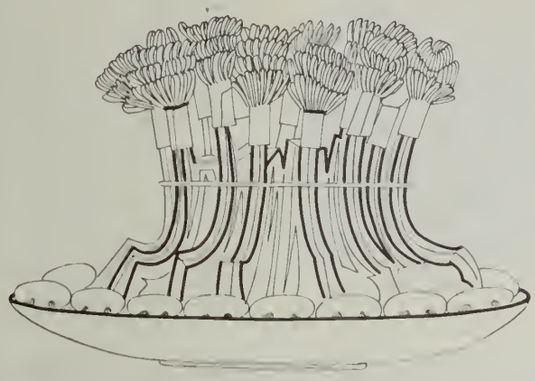
Chilled Artichoke Vinaigrette
Crown Roast of Lamb with Fruit Stuffing
Carrots Vichy
Lemon Sherbet with Mint Sauce

CROWN ROAST

6 lbs. (approximate weight) crown roast of lamb (allow 2 ribs per person)
¼ cup butter or margarine
¼ cup chopped onion
¼ cup chopped celery
2 tbsp. minced parsley
1 tbsp. chopped fresh mint
1-lb. can crushed pineapple (1½ cups)
1 egg
1 tsp. salt
¼ tsp. pepper
2½ cups dry bread crumbs
2 slices bacon

Have butcher trim and tie roast. Cover bone tips with foil to prevent charring. Cook onions until soft in butter or margarine. Add, mixing lightly with fork, celery, parsley, mint, pineapple, egg—lightly beaten, crumbs, salt and pepper. Mound stuffing into center of crown and crisscross with two slices of bacon. Bake at 325° until meat thermometer registers 170°, 1 to 1½ hours. Garnish with slices of pineapple that have been slightly caramelized in butter (2 tbsp.), 1 tbsp. brown sugar and sprigs of fresh mint.

THE PARTY FILE



CARROTS, VICHY STYLE

1 dozen or 1½ lbs. carrots, sliced thin

4 cups water **4 tbsp. butter** **½ tsp. salt** **3 tsp. sugar**

1 tbsp. chopped parsley for garnish

Put everything except the parsley in a covered saucepan and boil briskly until all the water has steamed away and you can hear the butter beginning to fry. Shake pan frequently, continue to cook without scorching until done. Then sprinkle with parsley and serve.

LEMON SHERBET WITH MINT SAUCE

Buy the best neighborhood sherbet, or make your own. Mold into two-quart mold or mixing bowl and freeze until ready to use. Unmold (a dish towel, rung out in hot water and held over the mold for a minute, will ease the freeing of the sherbet) on a large round platter or tray. In the top of the sherbet, carve out a reservoir and fill with crème de menthe or bottled mint sauce. As you cut slices of the sherbet, the sauce will slide between and green-glacé each slice. Serve with extra sauce. Pass thin vanilla and chocolate cookies.

THE KNOW-HOW

A sprig of *muguet* folded into each napkin is especially pretty if you use florist-green tablecloth and napkins. At each lady's place include corsage pin. The gentlemen can just pull theirs through their buttonholes. For the goblets, freeze two tiny bells of lily of the valley in each ice cube. Fill tray halfway with water, add bells, and freeze. Add rest of water. Frills for the lamb chops come in all colors, including silver and gold, and make a very festive ornament of the roast when it reaches the table. You can make your own frills with lace doilies.

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Built-in oven

GENERAL ELECTRIC

CHICKEN: THE NATIVE DISH

ontinued from page 78

HICKEN HAWAII

(4-lb.) stewing chicken
cups water
tsp. onion salt
celery tops
tbsp. chopped onion
tbsp. chopped celery
cup butter or margarine
½ tsp. salt
1 tbsp. curry powder
½ cup flour
2 cups chicken broth
1 cup light cream
2 tbsp. sherry
3 cups uncooked rice
3 fresh pineapples
Chutney (garnish)

lace chicken, water, onion salt, celery ops in heavy kettle; cover and simmer ently 1½–2 hours or until tender. Allow icken to cool in broth. Remove skin, ien meat from bones; cut meat into ite-size pieces. Return bones to broth id simmer 20 minutes; strain. Meanhile, gently sauté the chopped onion id celery in the butter or margarine ntil tender and transparent. Combine ie salt, curry powder and flour; blend to onion-celery mixture. Slowly stir in ie strained chicken broth and cream; ontinue stirring until thickened. Simmer ently 10 minutes; add the chicken meat id sherry and keep warm. Cook the ce, following package directions. Halve ie pineapples, leaving on the fronds. emove the hard center core; score the neapple meat. Fill the pineapple shell ith rice-and-chicken mixture. Wrap neapple in foil, being sure to cover the onds. Place on baking sheet and bake 350° F. for 40 minutes. To serve, reove foil, garnish with chutney. Serves 6.

HICKEN MARENGO

3-lb.) chicken, cut up
cup flour
tsp. salt
tsp. pepper
cup pure vegetable oil
clove garlic
tbsp. chopped onion
small tomatoes quartered
up white wine
Herb bouquet (bay leaf, parsley, thyme)
2 tbsp. butter or margarine
1 cup sliced mushrooms
½ cup sliced ripe olives
½ tsp. salt
½ tsp. monosodium glutamate
½ cup consommé
2 tbsp. flour

redge the chicken in the mixture of ur, salt and pepper. Heat the oil in rge skillet; add the crushed garlic and icken. Lightly brown the chicken. rain off the oil. Add the onion, tomato, ne and herb bouquet (small amounts herbs tied in cheesecloth); cover and nmer 30 minutes. Meanwhile, sauté e mushrooms in butter or margarine. ix together the salt, monosodium utamate, consommé and flour. Reove chicken and herb bouquet; add e mushrooms, olives and flour mixre to tomato mixture, stirring until uce thickens. Return chicken; cover d simmer 10 minutes. Serves 4.

IENTAL CHICKEN

3-lb.) chicken, ut up
sp. monosodium lutamate
ups boiling water
gg white
sp. pure egetable oil
sp. butter or nargarine
up sliced celery
1 cup fresh spinach
1 can (5 oz.) sliced water chestnuts
½ cup fresh sliced mushrooms
2 tbsp. cornstarch
2 tbsp. soy sauce
½ of 8-oz. pkg. frozen Chinese pea pods
½ cup blanched almonds

move chicken meat from bones and into cubes. Place bones, skin, monoium glutamate and boiling water in cepan and simmer 30 minutes. Drain d reserve broth. Dip the uncooked cken cubes in the lightly beaten egg ite. Heat the oil and butter or marrine in medium skillet; sauté the cken 5 minutes. Add the celery, nach, water chestnuts and mushms; cover and cook 3 minutes. Come the cornstarch, 2 cups chicken broth and soy sauce; pour over chicken and vegetables. Add the pea pods; cover and cook 1 minute. Remove from heat; add almonds and serve at once. Serves 6.

CHICKEN ROMAINE

1 (3–3½-lb.) frying chicken, cut up
1 tsp. monosodium glutamate
¼ cup flour
1 tsp. salt
⅛ tsp. pepper
2 tbsp. grated Parmesan cheese
½ tsp. paprika
¼ cup butter or margarine
1 can (4 oz.) sliced mushrooms
1 tomato, peeled and sliced
1 lb. zucchini, washed and sliced

Sprinkle chicken with ½ tsp. monosodium glutamate; let stand 15 minutes. Mix flour, ½ tsp. salt, pepper, Parmesan cheese and paprika; roll chicken in mixture. Melt the butter or margarine in a large skillet; brown chicken about 15 minutes on each side. Drain liquid from mushrooms, adding the liquid to skillet. Cover and simmer 20 minutes. Add tomato, zucchini, mushrooms, remaining monosodium glutamate and salt. Cover and cook 10 minutes longer. Serves 4.

BROILED GINGER CHICKEN

2 (1½–2-lb.) broiler chickens, split
Lemon juice
1 tsp. salt
¼ tsp. pepper
¼ cup butter or margarine
1 cup ginger marmalade

Preheat broiler. Brush chicken with lemon juice; sprinkle with salt and pepper. Melt the butter or margarine and brush over chicken. Place the chickens skin side down on broiler pan about 7 inches from heat. Broil 7 minutes, brushing with remaining butter or margarine until lightly golden. Then brush with ginger marmalade; turn chickens. Baste with butter or margarine and broil until golden, basting frequently. Brush heavily with ginger marmalade; reduce heat to 300° F. and cook 20–25 minutes or until tender. Baste often. Serves 4.

CHICKEN PAPRIKA

1 (3-lb.) chicken, cut up
8 slices bacon, diced
¼ cup chopped onion
½ cup plus 2 tbsp. flour
2 tbsp. paprika
1 tsp. salt
1 cup chicken broth
⅔ cup milk
1½ cups dairy-fresh sour cream

In heavy skillet, gently sauté the diced bacon and onion until light golden. Remove bacon and onion; set aside. Combine the ½ cup flour, 1½ tsp. paprika and salt; dredge the chicken pieces. Lightly brown chicken in the bacon drippings; cover and simmer 15 minutes. Remove the chicken; keep warm. Drain all but 2 tbsp. bacon drippings from skillet; add 2 tbsp. flour, chicken broth, milk and 1½ tbsp. paprika. Stir constantly until thick. Return chicken, cover and simmer 25 minutes or until tender. Combine the cooked bacon and onion with sour cream. Pour over chicken; heat 3–5 minutes. Serves 4–6.

WEST INDIES CHICKEN FRICASSEE

1 (3–3½-lb.) chicken, cut up
1 tbsp. butter or margarine
2 tbsp. light brown sugar
2 large onions, chopped
1 tbsp. vinegar
2 tsp. salt
1 tsp. pepper
1 bay leaf
½ tsp. thyme
1 can (8 oz.) whole button mushrooms
2 tomatoes, chopped
1 cup boiling water
1 tbsp. flour
Green pepper (garnish)
Pimiento (garnish)

Melt the butter or margarine in large skillet; add the brown sugar and heat until the sugar begins to bubble. Brown the chicken, add the onions and cook until transparent. Stir in the vinegar, salt, pepper, bay leaf, thyme, mushrooms, tomato and water. Cover and simmer 25 minutes, until chicken is tender. Sauce may be thickened with flour. Garnish with green pepper rings and strips of pimiento. Serves 6. ■

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Good Housekeeping GUARANTEES

Grandma's Unsulphured Molasses

Rich in iron ... always sweet ... never bitter... it's unsulphured

ADD QUICHE

continued from page 81

ONION-SOUP QUICHE

- Pastry for 9-inch pie shell
- 3 slices Provolone cheese
- 3 tbsp. onion-soup mix
- ½ cup grated Swiss cheese
- 3 eggs
- 1 egg yolk
- 2 cups light cream
- 1 tsp. salt
- ¼ tsp. pepper
- 1 tbsp. butter or margarine

Line pie plate with pastry, leaving a high crimped edge. Prick bottom with fork 8 times. Bake at 400° F. for 5 minutes; remove and allow to cool before filling. Place slices of Provolone cheese on bottom of pie shell; combine onion-soup mix and grated Swiss cheese; sprinkle over Provolone cheese. Lightly beat eggs, egg yolk and light cream, salt and pepper; pour into shell. Brown butter or margarine and pour over top. Bake at 375° F. 25–30 minutes or until a knife inserted in center comes out clean. Remove from oven; let stand 10 minutes before serving. Serves 6; or makes 8–10 appetizer servings.

HAM QUICHE

- Pastry for 9-inch pie shell
- 3 slices cooked ham (about 4 oz.)
- 1 cup grated Swiss cheese
- 3 eggs
- ¼ cup grated Parmesan cheese
- 2 cups light cream
- 1 tbsp. instant minced onion
- 2 tsp. chopped pimiento
- ½ tsp. Worcestershire sauce
- ½ tsp. prepared mustard
- 1 tbsp. butter or margarine

Line pie plate with pastry, leaving a slightly high crimped edge. Prick bottom with fork about 8 times. Bake at 400° F. for 8 minutes; remove from oven and allow to cool before filling. Place slices of ham on bottom of pie shell; sprinkle Swiss cheese over ham. Lightly beat eggs; stir in 2 tbsp. grated Parmesan cheese, cream, instant minced onion, pimiento, Worcestershire sauce and prepared mustard. Pour egg mixture over ham; sprinkle remaining Parmesan cheese on top. Brown butter or margarine and pour over top. Bake at 375° F. for 25–30 minutes or until knife inserted in center comes out clean. Remove from oven; let stand 10 minutes before serving. Serves 6.

SPINACH QUICHE

- Pastry for 9-inch pie shell
- 1 pkg. (10 oz.) frozen chopped spinach
- ¼ cup grated Parmesan cheese
- 3 eggs
- 1 container (8 oz.) cream-style cottage cheese
- 1 cup heavy cream
- 2 tbsp. instant minced onion
- 1½ tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. caraway seeds
- ¼ tsp. nutmeg
- ¼ tsp. pepper
- ¼ tsp. Worcestershire sauce
- 1 tbsp. butter or margarine

Cook spinach, following package directions. Drain *very* well. Line pie plate with pastry, leaving a high crimped edge. Prick bottom with fork; bake at 400° F. for 8 minutes. Remove from oven and allow to cool before filling. Sprinkle Parmesan cheese over bottom of pie shell. Beat eggs, stir in cottage cheese, heavy cream, instant onion, salt, caraway seeds, nutmeg, pepper, Worcestershire sauce and the drained spinach. Pour mixture over Parmesan cheese. Brown butter or margarine and pour over the top. Bake at 375° F. 25–30 minutes, or until knife inserted in center comes out clean. Serves 6.

QUICHE LORRAINE

- Pastry for 9-inch pie shell
- 6 slices bacon cut in half
- ½ cup coarsely grated Swiss cheese
- 3 eggs
- 1 tbsp. flour
- 1 tsp. salt
- ⅛ tsp. nutmeg
- 2 cups milk
- 1 tbsp. butter

Line a pie plate with pastry, leaving a high edge. Fry the bacon until brown. Drain on paper toweling and crumble. Mix the cheese and bacon and put in bottom of pie. Mix the eggs with flour, salt, nutmeg and milk and pour over cheese and bacon. Brown the butter and pour over the top. Bake 20–25 minutes in moderately hot oven, 375° F., until a knife inserted in the center comes out clean. Underbake slightly, as custard continues to cook after being removed from oven. Serves 6.

SHRIMP QUICHE

- Pastry for 9-inch pie shell
- 1 can (5 oz.) shrimp, drained
- 1 jar (2½ oz.) sliced mushrooms, drained
- 2 tbsp. butter or margarine
- 1 cup grated Swiss cheese
- ¼ cup grated Parmesan cheese
- 1 tbsp. flour
- 3 eggs
- 2 cups light cream
- ½ tsp. seasoned salt
- 2 tbsp. sherry
- ¼ tsp. pepper

Rinse shrimp in cold water; drain and pat dry with paper toweling. Cut shrimp in half lengthwise. Sauté mushrooms in 1 tbsp. butter or margarine until golden. Line pie plate with pastry, leaving high crimped edge. Prick bottom about 8 times. Bake at 400° F. for 5 minutes; remove from oven and allow to cool before filling. Mix Swiss cheese, Parmesan cheese and flour. Sprinkle half of the cheese mixture in pie shell; add half of the sautéed mushrooms, then top with half of the shrimp. Repeat process, using remaining cheese, mushrooms and shrimp. Beat eggs slightly; stir in cream, seasoned salt, sherry and pepper. Pour over all. Brown remaining butter or margarine and pour over top. Bake at 375° F. for 25–30 minutes or until knife inserted in center comes out clean. Remove from oven; let stand 10 minutes before serving. Serves 6.

CHICKEN QUICHE TARTS

- 2 pkg. (9½ oz. ea.) pie-crust mix
- ¾ lb. grated Swiss cheese
- 3 eggs, beaten
- 1¾ cups light cream
- ¼ cup minced onion
- ½ tsp. celery salt
- 1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
- Dash black pepper
- 2 cans (4¾ oz. ea.) chicken spread
- ¼ cup grated Parmesan cheese
- Sliced pimiento-stuffed olives, garnish

Prepare pie crust, following package directions; chill slightly. Combine Swiss cheese, eggs, cream, onion, celery salt, Worcestershire sauce, pepper and chicken spread. Roll out half of dough at a time; cut out a total of 30 four-inch circles. Place pastry circles in large muffin cups. Fill cups with chicken mixture and sprinkle tops with Parmesan cheese; garnish each cup with a slice of olive. Bake at 450° F. for 10 minutes. Reduce heat to 300° F. and continue baking for about 20 minutes or until set. Cool slightly before serving. Makes about 2½ dozen miniature quiches. ■

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Lingerie from left—first: Following the natural line are Kayser-Roth's "Wisp-on" bra, $5, and petti-pants, $6, of nylon/Lycra tricot. Second: To take the plunge with ease: Gossard's lightly wired bra of nylon/Dacron/cotton, $6. From Gossard, a dainty brief of nylon/Lycra stretch lace, $5. Center: For a rounder shape, Formfit's gently underwired "Bon Mot" bra of nylon/Lycra, $6. Next to nothing is this hip-riding pantie of Vyrene/nylon tricot; Formfit Rogers, $4. Fourth: For smoot shaping, Warner's nylon lace-tricot bra, $3.50. Designed for freedom, Wa ner's lacy nylon/Lycra brief, $4. Last: From Maidenform, a bra that wor in many ways. Of nylon lace, marquisette, it has stretch straps, is cut fo low necklines, with thin booster lining and cushioned underwire to ac shape to your own, $5. Lightweight, Lycra pantie girdle. $4; Maidenform

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continued from page 55

man in his middle thirties, whether married or not, led an intense and varied love life. In the evening, when the two of them visited the pub at the end of the road, he would thrust his bright face forward and relate the smallest detail of his exploits. He never mentioned Betty, the girl he lived with.

One evening at the beginning of the second week the doorbell rang, and Avery went downstairs to answer it. On the doorstep stood a small, homely figure, wearing a brown suit and overcoat.

"Jack Johnson's my name," he said uncertainly. "Johnson's Fair Deal, that's me."

"Come in," Avery said.

"This is the right place, isn't it? Mayfly . . . and all that?"

He carried a soft leather bag, which he laid carefully on the floor as if it contained all he possessed.

"I'm John," Avery said.

Johnson took his hand and squeezed it warmly. "Using your own name, are you?"

"Yes. Christian name."

"What's he like, Mayfly? How's he bearing up?"

"Fine. Just fine."

"I hear he's quite a one for the girls."

While Johnson and Haldane talked in the drawing room, Avery slipped upstairs to Leiser.

"Jack Johnson's come. The wireless instructor."

"I thought we didn't start that till next week."

"Just the elementary drill this week, to get your hand in. Come down and say hello."

They went downstairs, and Leiser shook Johnson briefly by the hand, without formality, as if he did not care for rankers. They talked awkwardly for a quarter of an hour until Leiser, protesting tiredness, went sullenly to bed.

At the end of the next day Johnson made his first report. "He's slow," he said. "He hasn't worked a Morse key for a long time, mind. I know it's all of twenty years, sir; you can't blame him. But he *is* slow, sir, very." He had an attentive, nursery-rhyme way of talking, as if he spent much time in the company of children. "The boss says I'm to play him all the time—when he starts the job too. I understand we're all going over to Germany, sir."

"Yes."

"Then we shall have to get to know each other," he insisted, "Mayfly and me. We ought to be together a lot, sir, the moment I begin working him on the set. It's like handwriting, this game, we've got to get used to one another's handwriting. Then there's schedules, times for coming up and that; signal plans for his frequencies. Safety devices. That's a lot to learn in a fortnight."

"Safety devices?" Avery asked.

"Deliberate mistakes, sir; like a misspelling in a particular group, an *E* for an *A* or something of that kind. If he wants to tell us he's been captured and is transmitting under control, he'll skip the safety device." He turned to Haldane. "You know the kind of thing, captain."

"There was talk in London of teaching [illegible] high-speed transmission on tape. Did you happen to know what became of that idea?"

"The boss did mention it to me, sir. I understand the equipment wasn't available, the transistorized stuff. The boss said we were to stick to the old methods, but change the frequency every two and a half minutes, sir; I understand the Jerries are very hot on direction-finding these days."

"What set did they send down? It seemed very heavy for him to carry about."

"It's the kind Mayfly used in the war, sir, that's the beauty of it. The old B-Two in the waterproof casing."

"What does it weigh?" Haldane asked.

"About fifty pound, sir, all in. The ordinary suitcase set. It's the waterproofing that adds the weight, but he's got to have it if he's going over rough country." He hesitated. "But he's slow on his Morse, sir."

"Quite. Do you think you can bring him up to scratch in the time?"

"Can't tell yet, sir. I'm just letting him handle the buzzer at present."

"Thank you," said Haldane.

At the end of the first two weeks they gave Leiser an old suitcase of dark-green canvas with leather on the corners. Inside were two boxes of gray steel. He reached out and touched them, shyly, as if they might be hot; turned the dials, stooped and read the legend by the switches. It could have been the set he had in Holland: transmitter and receiver in one box; power unit, key and earphones in the other. Crystals, a dozen of them, in a bag of parachute silk with a green drawstring threaded through the top. He tested the key with his finger; it seemed smaller than he remembered.

Day after day Leiser and Johnson sat at the small table in the bedroom tapping out their messages. For some reason Leiser insisted on treating Johnson as an outsider, not admitting him properly to the companionship which he fancied to exist between Avery, Haldane and himself. There was a particularly absurd scene at breakfast. Leiser raised the lid of a jam-pot, peered inside, and asked Avery, "Is this bee-honey?"

Johnson leaned across the table, knife in one hand, bread and butter in the other. "We don't say that, Fred. We just call it honey."

"That's right, honey. Bee-honey."

"Just honey," Johnson repeated. "In England we just call it honey."

Leiser replaced the lid, pale with anger. "Don't you tell me what to say."

Haldane looked up sharply from his paper. "Be quiet, Johnson. Bee-honey is perfectly accurate."

As the two weeks' training neared their end, Mayfly house was several times visited by specialists of one kind or another from London. A photographic instructor came, a tall, hollow-eyed man, who demonstrated a subminiature camera with interchangeable lenses; there was a doctor, who listened to Leiser's heart for minutes on end. The Treasury had insisted upon it; there was the question of compensation. Leiser declared he had no dependents, but he was examined all the same to satisfy the Treasury.

Leiser drew great comfort from the gun Avery had given him after his weekend's leave. "There isn't a gun to beat it," he would say. "Not for the size. Take my advice, John, a three-eight's best."

"Nine millimeter they call it now."

Their next visitor was a meager, dark-faced man called Hyde. He had brought an assistant, a plump man who was sucking a throat lozenge. Hyde had come to give Leiser a new identity. He had papers for him to sign, identity documents, a form of ration card, a driving license, a permit to enter the border zone along a specified area, and an old shirt in a briefcase. After lunch he laid them all out on the drawing-room table while the photographer put up his camera.

They dressed Leiser in the shirt and took him full face with both ears showing according to the German regulations, then led him to sign the papers. He seemed nervous.

"We're going to call you Freiser," Hyde said, as if that were an end to the matter.

"Freiser? That's like my own name."

"That's the idea. For signatures and things, so that there's no slip-up. You'd better practice it a bit before you sign."

"I'd rather have it different. Quite different."

"We'll stick to Freiser, I think," said Hyde. "It's been decided at high level."

There was an uncomfortable silence.

"I want it different. I don't like Freiser, and I want it different." He didn't like Hyde either, and in half a minute he was going to say so.

Haldane intervened. "You're under instructions. The Department has taken the decision. There is no question of altering it now."

Leiser was very pale.

"Then they can bloody well change the instructions. I want a different name, that's all. My God, it's only a little thing, isn't it? That's all I'm asking for: another name, a proper one, not a half-baked imitation of my own."

"I don't understand," Hyde said. "It's only training, isn't it?"

"You don't have to understand! Just change it, that's all. Who the hell d'you think you are, coming in here and ordering me about?"

"I'll telephone London," Haldane said, and went upstairs. They waited awkwardly until he came down.

"Will you accept Hartbeck?" Haldane inquired. There was a note of sarcasm in his voice.

Leiser smiled. "Hartbeck. That's fine." He spread out his hands in a gesture of apology. "Sorry, Captain: Hartbeck will be fine."

Following upon Hyde's visit, Leiser received daily briefings about his cover. Stage by stage he, Avery and Haldane constructed in tireless detail the background of the man Hartbeck, establishing him in his work, his tastes and recreations, and choice of friends.

Woodford came with news of the Department. "The Director's putting up a marvelous show," he said. "We leave for Lübeck a week from today. Jimmy Gorton's been on to the German frontier people—he says they're pretty reliable. We've got a crossing point lined up, and we've taken a farmhouse on the outskirts of the town. He's let it be known that we're a team of academics wanting a quiet time and a bit of fresh air." Woodford looked confidingly at Haldane. "The Department is working wonderfully. As one man. And what a *spirit*, Adrian! No watching the clock these days. And no *rank*. Dennison, Sandford . . . we're just a single team. How's Mayfly bearing up?"

"All right. He's upstairs with Johnson now, doing wireless."

"Any signs of nerves?"

"None so far as I know," Haldane replied, as if he were unlikely to know anyway.

The next day, a Saturday, Avery and Haldane returned to London. Leiser was to remain in Oxford with Johnson until the whole party left for Germany on Monday. On the Sunday, an Air Force van would call at the house to collect the wireless suitcase. This would be independently conveyed to the farmhouse near Lübeck from which Operation Mayfly would be launched.

It was Saturday evening. Sarah was in bed. Her mother had brought her to London.

"If you ever want me," Avery said, "I'll come to you, wherever you are."

"You mean when I'm dying." Analyzing, she added, "I'll do the same for you, John. When do you leave?"

"Monday. There's a group of us."

"He cost three hundred dollars—and for fifty dollars we coulda got a cocker spaniel with papers!"

Which part of Germany?"
Just Germany, West Germany. For
nference."
More bodies?"
Oh, for God's sake, Sarah, do you
nk I want to keep it from you?"
Yes, John, I do," she said simply. "I
nk if you were allowed to tell me, you
uldn't care about the job. You've got
ind of license I can't share."
ler mother came in with tea.
When are you getting up?" he asked.
Monday, probably. It depends on
t the doctor says."
She'll need quiet," her mother said,
went out.
If you believe in it, do it," Sarah said.
t don't ——" She broke off, shook
head. "If it weren't for Anthony, I
ly would leave you. You never talk
ne: any more than you talk to An-
ny. He hardly knows you."
I can't talk about my work, you
w that. I tell you more than I should
is. That's why you're always sneer-
at the Department, isn't it? You
't understand it, you don't want to;
don't *like* it being secret, but you
ise me when I break the rules."
Don't go over that again."
hey sat in silence.
You ought to meet Leclerc," said
ry. "I think you ought to talk to
. He keeps suggesting it. Dinner . . .
night convince you."
What are they like?" she asked.
e agents? Why do they do it?"
For loyalty, partly. And partly for
ey, I suppose."
You mean you bribe them?"
Oh, shut up!"
Are they English?"
One of them is. Don't ask me any
e, Sarah; I can't tell you." He ad-
ed his head toward hers. "Don't ask
sweet." He took her hand.
And they're all men?"
Yes."
ddenly she said, it was a complete
k, no tears, no precision, but quickly,
compassion, as if the speeches were
and this were the choice: "John, I
t to know, I've got to know, now,
re you go. It's an awful, un-English
tion, but all the time you've been
ng me something, ever since you
this job. You've been telling me
le don't matter, that *I* don't, An-
y doesn't; that the agents don't.
've been telling me you've found a
tion. Well, what sort of vocation?
you a martyr, John? Should I ad-
you for what you're doing? Are you
ing sacrifices?"
atly, avoiding her, Avery replied,
s nothing like that. I'm doing a job.
want me to say double-think, don't
? You want to demonstrate the
dox."
ohn, when you came back last night
looked as though you'd fallen in
. I thought for a moment you'd
d a woman. That's really why I
d whether they were all men. Now
tell me you're nothing, and you seem
d of that too."
e waited, then, smiling, the smile he
Leiser, he said, "Sarah, I missed
terribly. When I was in Oxford I
to the house, the house in Chandos
, remember? It was fun there,
't it?" He gave her hand a squeeze.
l fun. I thought about it, our mar-
; and Anthony. I love you, Sarah."
e remained silent, so he continued,
hought perhaps if we lived in the
try, bought a house . . . I'm estab-
d now: Leclerc would arrange a loan.

The word is light. The cigarette is Carlton.

A milder cigarette than you'd ever imagine.

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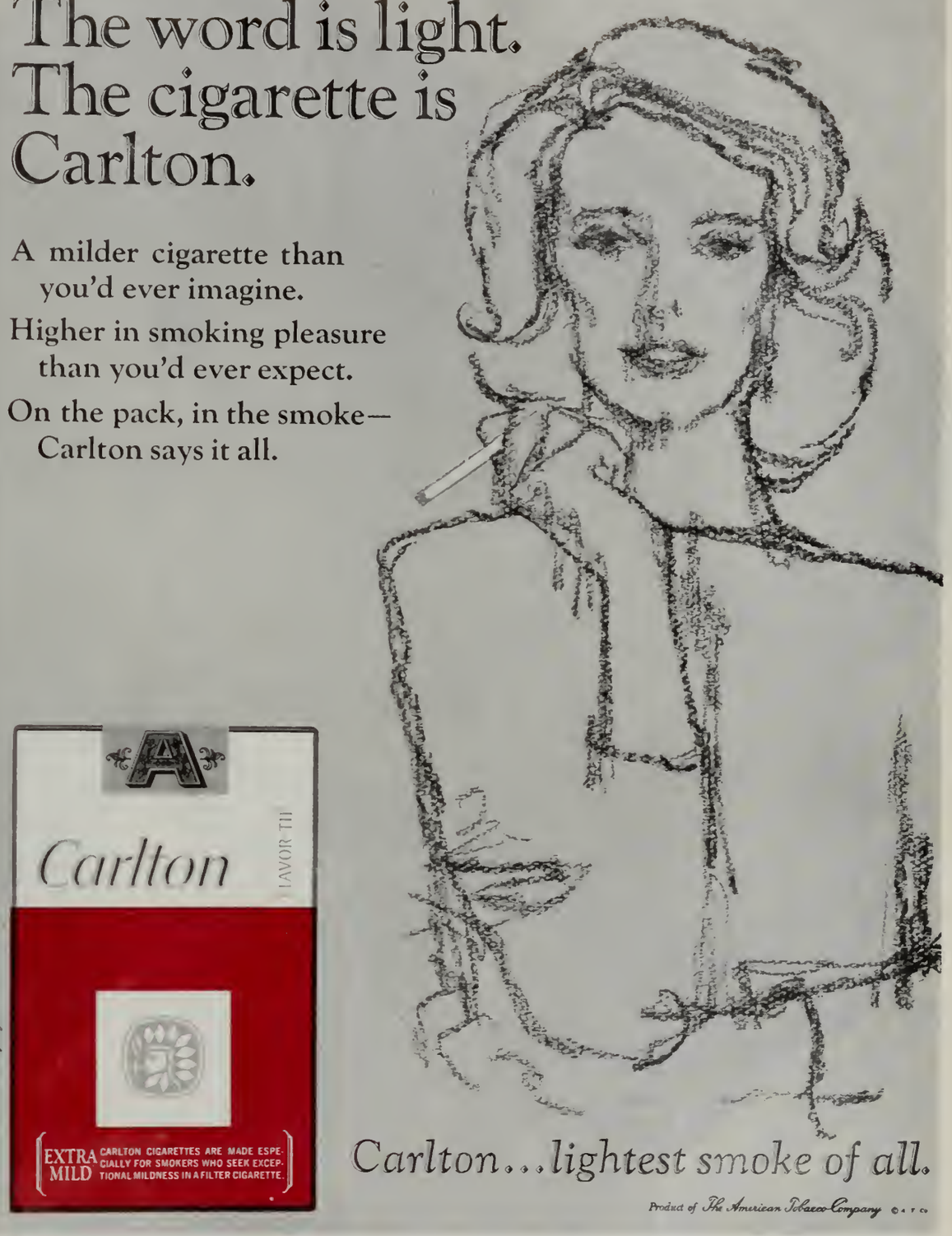
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Then Anthony could run about more. It's only a matter of increasing our range. Going to the theater, like we used to at Oxford."

She said absently, "Did we? We can't go to the theater in the country, can we?"

"The Department gives me something, don't you understand? It's a real job. It's important, Sarah."

She pushed him gently away. "My mother's asked us to Reigate for Christmas."

"That'll be fine. Look . . . about the office. They owe me something now, after all I've done. They accept me on equal terms. As a colleague. I'm one of them. I can tell Leclerc, can't I? I can tell him you'll come to dinner?"

"For pity's sake, John," she snapped, "don't try to run me like one of your wretched agents."

Control said, "You spoke to Hyde?"

"Yes."

"Well, what did he say? What have they got down there?"

Smiley handed him a whisky and soda. They were sitting in Smiley's house in Bywater Street. Control was in the chair he preferred, nearest the fire.

"He said they've taken over a house in North Oxford. There was just this one agent, a Pole of about forty, and they wanted him documented as a mechanic from Magdeburg, a name like Freiser. They wanted travel papers to Rostock."

"Who else was there?"

"Haldane and that new man, Avery. And a wireless operator, *(continued)*

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OOKING-GLASS WAR *continued*

ack Johnson. We had him in the war. o one else at all. So much for their big eam of agents."

"What *are* they up to? And whoever ave them all that money just for *train-g?* We lent them some equipment from ircus stores, didn't we?"

"Yes, a B-Two."

"What on earth's that?"

"A wartime wireless set," Smiley said ith irritation. "You said it was all they uld have. That and the crystals."

"Oh, well," Control observed with ap-arent relief, "they wouldn't get far ith *that*, would they?"

The farmhouse had stone floors: noth-g would dry them. Johnson lit the tiled ven in the hall as soon as they arrived, ut the damp still lay on the flagstones, llecting in the dips like a tired army.

It was built on one floor with a high anary roof, and lay against a small ppice beneath a vast Flemish sky, a ng, rectangular building with cattle eds on the sheltered side. It was two iles north of Lübeck. Leclerc had said ey were not to enter the town.

A ladder led to the loft, and there hnson installed his wireless, stretching e aerial between the beams, thence rough a skylight to an elm tree beside e road. They had two bedrooms; orton had sent army beds, two to each om, and reading lights with standard een shades. Haldane was very angry out the beds. "Jimmy must have told ery damned department in the area," complained. "Cheap whisky, Naafi od, army beds. What a way to mount operation!"

It was late afternoon when they ar-ved. Johnson, having put up his wire-ss set, assembled a hash of bully beef d egg, and gave them cocoa with a eat deal of sugar. They ate in the hall front of the stove. Johnson did most the talking; Leiser, very quiet, arcely touched his food.

"What's the matter, Fred? Not ngry then?"

"Sorry, Jack."

"Too many sweets on the plane, at's your trouble." Johnson winked at very. "I saw you giving that air stess a look. You shouldn't do it, ed, you know, you'll break her heart."

Avery grinned dutifully. Haldane nored him.

Leiser was concerned about the moon, after supper they stood at the back or in a small shivering group, staring the sky.

It was strangely light; the clouds ifted like black smoke, so low that they emed to mingle with the swaying anches of the coppice and half-obscure e gray fields beyond.

"It will be darker at the border, ed," said Avery. "It's higher ground; ore hills."

Haldane said they should have an rly night; they drank a last whisky, d at quarter past ten they went to d, Johnson and Leiser in one room, very and Haldane in the other.

Some time after midnight, Johnson me into Avery and Haldane's room. "John, are you awake?"

Haldane sat up.

"It's Fred. He's sitting alone in the ll. I told him to try and sleep, sir; ve him a couple of tablets; he wouldn't en get into bed at first, now he's gone ng to the hall."

Haldane said, "Leave him alone. He's all right. None of us can sleep with this damned wind."

Johnson went back to his room. An hour must have passed; there was still no sound from the hall. Haldane said, "You'd better see what he's up to."

Avery put on his overcoat and went along the corridor, past tapestries of Biblical quotations and an old print of Lübeck harbor. Leiser was sitting on a chair beside the tiled oven.

"Hello, Fred."

Leiser looked old and tired. "It's near here, isn't it, where I cross?" he asked.

"About five kilometers. The Director will brief us in the morning. They've done a lot of work on this in London."

"In London," Leiser repeated, and suddenly, "I did a job in Holland in the war. The Dutch were good people. We sent a lot of agents to Holland. Women. They were all picked up. You were too young to remember."

"I read about it."

"The Germans caught a radio operator. Our people didn't know. They just went on sending more agents. They said there was nothing else to do." He was talking faster. "I was only a kid then; just a quick job they wanted, in and out. They were short of operators. They said it didn't matter me not speaking Dutch, the reception party would meet me at the drop. All I had to do was work the set. There'd be a safe house ready." He was far away. "We fly in, and nothing moves, not a shot or a searchlight, and I'm jumping. And when I land, there they are: two men and a woman. We say the words, and they take me to the road to get the bikes. There's no time to bury the parachute—we aren't bothering by then. We find the house, and they give me food. After supper we go upstairs where the set is—no schedules, London listened all the time those days. They give the message: I'm sending a call sign—'Come in TYR, come in TYR,' then the message in front of me, twenty-one groups, four-letter."

He stopped.

"Well?"

"They were following the message, you see; they wanted to know where the safety signal came. It was in the ninth letter; a back shift of one. They let me finish the message, and then they were on me, men all over the house."

"For God's sake, Fred, whose fault was it? Who did it? Fred!"

"Anyone's. You can never tell. You'll learn that." He seemed to have given up.

"You're alone this time. Nobody has been told. Nobody's expecting you."

"That's right." His hands were clasped on his lap. He made a hunched figure, small and cold. "In the war it was easier because however bad it got, you thought one day we'd win. Even if you were picked up, you thought, 'They'll come and get me, they'll drop some men or make a raid.' You knew they never would, see, but you could think it. But nobody wins this one, do they?"

"It's not the same. But it's more important."

"What do you do if I'm caught?"

"We'll get you back. Not to worry, eh, Fred?"

"Yes, but how?"

"We're a big outfit, Fred. A lot goes on you don't know about. You can't see the whole picture."

"There was this girl I had. Works in the bank. I told her I was going away. If anything goes wrong, I don't want anything said, see. She's just a kid."

"What was her name?"

A moment of mistrust. "Never mind. But if she turns up, just keep it all right with her."

Leiser didn't talk after that. When the morning came, Avery returned to the room he shared with Haldane.

"What's it all about?" Haldane asked.

"He was in some mess in the war, in Holland. He was betrayed."

"But he's giving us a second chance. How nice."

The taxi arrived at eleven. Leclerc got out, wearing a duffle coat, heavy brown shoes for rough country and a soft cap. He looked very well.

"Where's Mayfly?"

"With Johnson," Haldane said.

"Got a bed for me?"

"You can have Mayfly's when he's gone."

At 11:30 Leclerc held a briefing in the hall. Leiser came in last. He stood in the doorway, looking at Leclerc, who smiled at him winningly.

Avery said, "Director, this is Mayfly."

His eyes still on Leiser, Leclerc said, "I think I'm allowed to call him Fred. Hullo." He advanced and shook him by the hand, both formal.

"Hullo," said Leiser.

"I hope they haven't been working you too hard?"

"I'm all right, sir."

"We're all very impressed," Leclerc said. "You've done a grand job." He might have been an M.P., talking to his constituents.

"I haven't started yet."

"I always feel the training is three quarters of the battle." He turned to Haldane. "Don't you, Adrian?"

"Yes."

They sat down. Leclerc stood a little way from them. He had hung a map on the wall. By some indefinable means—it may have been his maps, it may have been the precision of language, or it may have been his strict deportment, which combined purpose with restraint—Leclerc evoked in that hour the same nostalgic, campaigning atmosphere which had informed the briefing in the Department headquarters a month before.

He had the illusionist's gift of implying great familiarity with his subject, whether he spoke of rockets or wireless transmission, of cover or the point at which the border was to be crossed.

"Your target is Kalkstadt"—a little grin—"hitherto famous only for a remarkably fine fourteenth-century church." They laughed, Leiser too.

He had brought a diagram of the crossing point, done in different inks, with the border drawn in red. There was an observation tower set well back from the demarcation line: at its foot ran a fence of barbed wire. It had been observed that this wire was only loosely fixed to its staves. East German guards had been seen to detach it in order to pass through and patrol the undefended strip of territory which lay between the demarcation line and the physical border. That afternoon Leclerc would indicate the precise staves. Mayfly, he said, should not be alarmed at having to pass so close to the tower; experience had shown that the attention of the guards was concentrated on the more distant parts of their area; the night was ideal; a high wind was forecast; there would be no moon. Leclerc had set the crossing time for 0235 hours.

Wherever possible over the two hundred yards between the *(continued)*

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foot of the hill and the tower, Leiser should crawl, keeping his head below the level of the bracken. This eliminated the small danger that he would be sighted from the tower. Once across the border Leiser should keep clear of any path. The country was rough, partly wooded. The going would be hard, but all the safer for that; he was to head south, because in that direction the border turned westward for some ten kilometers. By moving southward Leiser would put himself not two but fifteen kilometers from the border, and more quickly escape the zonal patrols. If he walked east, then south, he would reach the Marienhorst Lake. At the eastern end of the lake was a disused boathouse. There he could lie up for an hour and eat something. By that time Leiser might care for a drink, Leclerc said—relieved laughter—and he would find a little brandy in his rucksack.

"I couldn't have something with gin, could I?" Leiser asked. "White Lady's my drink."

There was a moment's bewildered silence. "That wouldn't do at all," Leclerc said shortly, Leiser's master.

Having rested, he should walk to the village of Marienhorst and look around for transport to Schwerin. From then on, Leclerc added lightly, he was on his own.

"You have all the papers necessary for a journey from Magdeburg to Rostock. When you reach Schwerin, you are on the legitimate route. I don't want to say too much about cover because you have been through that with the captain. Your name is Fred Hartbeck, you are an unmarried mechanic from Magdeburg with an offer of employment at the State Cooperative shipbuilding works at Rostock." Leclerc smiled. "I am sure you have all been through every detail of this already. Your love life, your pay, medical history, war service and the rest. There is just one thing that *I* might add about cover. Never *volunteer* information. People don't *expect* you to explain yourself. If you are cornered, play it by ear. Stick as closely to the truth as you can. Cover," he declared, stating a favorite maxim, "should never be *fabricated* but only an extension of the truth."

Leclerc now addressed himself to the question of Leiser's target; he gave a resumé of the indicators, suggesting somehow that they confirmed suspicions which he himself had long harbored. He sought to imply that theirs was a Department of enormous skill and knowledge, enjoying in its access to money, its intercourse with other services, and in the unchallenged authority of its judgments an unearthly, oracular immunity, so that Leiser might well have wondered why, if all this were so, he need bother to risk his life at all.

"The rockets are in the area now," Leclerc said. "The captain has told you what signs to look for. We want to know what they look like, where they are and above all who mans them."

"I understand."

"You must try the usual tricks. Pub gossip, tracing an old soldier friend, you know the kind of thing. When you find them, come back."

Leiser nodded.

"At Kalkstadt there's a workers' hostel." He unfolded a chart of the town. "Here. Next to the church. Stay there if you can. You might even hear something of a man who used to be employed at the station, Fritsche. He gave us some interesting details about the rockets, then disappeared. You could ask at the station, say you're a friend of his. . . ."

There was a slight pause.

"I have deliberately avoided the question of wireless communication," Leclerc said, indicating by his tone that they were nearly done. "I imagine you have gone over that enough times already."

"No worries there," Johnson said. "We've had some very nice dummy runs, haven't we, Fred?"

"Oh, yes. Very nice."

"As regards getting back," Leclerc said, "we must play the war rules. There are no submarines anymore, Fred; not for this kind of thing. When you return, you should report at once to the nearest British consulate or embassy, give your proper name and ask to be repatriated. You should represent yourself as a distressed British subject. If you're in trouble, don't necessarily move west straight away. Lie up for a bit. You're taking plenty of money."

Avery knew he would never forget that morning, how they had sat at the farmhouse table, their strained faces fixed upon Leclerc as in the stillness of a church he read the liturgy of their devotion, moving his little hand across the map like a priest with the taper. All of them in that room—but Avery perhaps best of all—knew the fatal disproportion between the dream and reality, between motive and action. Avery had talked to Taylor's orphaned child, stammered out his half-formed lies to the Finnish police inspector, and returned from a nightmare journey to see his own experiences remade into the images of Leclerc's dream. Yet Avery, like Haldane and Leiser, listened to Leclerc with the piety of an agnostic, feeling perhaps that this was how, in some clean and magic world, it really ought to be.

When the meeting was over, Leclerc took Avery aside. "Just one point, John, he's not to take a gun. It's out of the question. The Minister was adamant."

Avery stared. "No gun?"

"I think we can allow the knife. That could be a general-purpose thing; I mean, if anything went wrong we could say it was general purpose."

After lunch they made a tour of the border—Gorton had provided a car. Leclerc brought on his knee a handful of notes he had made from the Circus frontier report, together with a folded map.

They followed a dirt road along the top of a hill, and wherever it ran close to the frontier they stopped the car and got out. Leiser was shrouded in a mackintosh and hat. The day was very cold. Leclerc wore his duffle coat and carried a shooting stick. The first time they stopped, and the second, and again at the next, Leclerc said quietly, "Not this one." As they got into the car for the fourth time he declared, "The next stop is ours."

Avery would not have recognized the place from Leclerc's sketch map. The hill was there, certainly, turning inward toward the frontier, then descending sharply to the plain below. But the land beyond it was hilly and partly wooded, its horizon fringed with trees against which, with the aid of glasses, they could discern the brown shape of a wooden tower. As they scanned the ground, Avery could make out here and there the worn mark of an old path.

"It's mined. The path is mined the whole way. Their territory begins at the foot of the hill." Leclerc turned to Leiser. "You start from here." He pointed with his shooting stick. "You proceed to the brow of the hill and lie up till takeoff time. We'll have you here early so that your eyes grow used to the light. I think we should go now. We mustn't attract attention, you know."

As they drove back to the farmhouse the rain came bursting against the windscreen, thundering on the roof of the car. Avery, sitting next to Leiser, was sunk in his own thoughts. He realized that while his own mission had unfolded as comedy, Leiser was to play the same part as tragedy.

"Incidentally," he said suddenly, addressing himself to Leiser, "hadn't you better do something about your hair? I don't imagine they have much in the way of lotions over there. A thing like that could be insecure."

"He needn't cut it," Haldane observed. "The Germans go in for long hair. Just wash it, that's all that's needed. Get the oil out. A nice point, John, I congratulate you."

The night came slowly, struggling with the wind. They sat at the table in the farmhouse, waiting; Leiser was in his bedroom. No one talked. The pretending was over. Not even Leclerc, master of the public-school catchword, bothered anymore. They had relapsed into a state of somnolent fear, like men in a submarine. Now and then Johnson would be sent to the door to look for the moon, and each time he reported that there was none.

"The weather reports were pretty good," Leclerc observed, and drifted away to the attic, where Johnson had his wireless.

Avery, alone with Haldane, said quickly, "He says the Ministry's ruled against the gun. Leiser's not to take it."

"And what bloody fool told him to consult the Ministry in the first place?" Haldane demanded, beside himself with anger. And then, "You'll have to tell Leiser. It depends on you."

They had some food and afterward Avery and Haldane took Leiser to his bedroom.

"We must dress you up," they said.

They made him strip, taking from him piece by piece his warm, expensive clothes: jacket and trousers of matching gray, cream silk shirt, black shoes, socks of dark-blue nylon. He sat on the bed naked except for his watch, crouched forward, his white skin mottled from the cold. Haldane opened a trunk and extracted a bundle of clothes and half a dozen pairs of shoes.

As Leiser put on each unfamiliar thing—the cheap, baggy trousers of coarse serge, broad at the foot and gathered at the waist, the gray threadbare jacket with arched pleats, the shoes, brown with a bright, unhealthy finish—he seemed to shrink before their eyes, returning to some former estate which they had only guessed at. His brown hair, free from oil, was streaked with gray and fell undisciplined upon his head. He glanced shyly at them, as if he had revealed a secret; a peasant in the company of his masters.

"How do I look?"

"Fine," Avery said. "You look marvelous, Fred."

"What about a tie?"

"A tie would spoil it."

He tried the shoes one after another, pulling them with difficulty over the coarse woolen socks.

"They're Polish," Haldane said, giving him a second pair. (*continued*)

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"The Poles export them to East Germany. You'd better take these as well — you don't know how much walking you'll have to do."

Haldane fetched from his own bedroom a heavy cashbox and unlocked it. From it he took a shabby brown wallet with a compartment of plastic which held Leiser's identity card, fingered and stamped; beside it was an authority to travel, and an offer of employment from the State Cooperative for shipbuilding in Rostock.

"Food registration card . . . driving license . . . Party card. How long have you been a Party member?" Haldane asked.

"Since 'Forty-nine."

He put in a photograph of a woman and three or four grimy letters, some still in their envelopes.

"Love letters," he explained shortly.

He handed Leiser a bundle of bank notes from the box. Leiser signed a receipt for the money. Haldane glanced at the signature and put the paper in his briefcase.

Leiser unbuckled his expensive watch and dropped the watch into Haldane's open palm; they gave him a steel one of Eastern manufacture; and the knife.

"I know the form," said Leiser, and hooked the black scabbard into the waistband of his trousers. "What about my gun?"

"You don't take one," Avery said.

"No gun?"

"It's not on, Fred. They reckon it could lead to a dangerous situation. Politically, I mean. Sending an armed man into East Germany. They're afraid of an incident."

"Afraid."

For a long time he stared at Avery, his eyes searching the young, unfurrowed face for something that was not there. He turned to Haldane.

"Is that true?"

Haldane nodded.

Suddenly he thrust out his empty hands in front of him, cupped in a terrible gesture of poverty, his shoulders trembling in the cheap jacket, his face drawn, half in supplication, half in panic.

"The gun, John! You can't send a man without a gun! For mercy's sake, let me have the gun!"

"Sorry, Fred."

His hands still extended, he swung round to Haldane. "You don't know what you're doing!"

Leclerc heard the noise and came to the doorway. Haldane's face was arid as rock; Leiser could have beaten his empty fists upon it for all the charity it held. His voice fell to a whisper. "What are you doing? Oh my God, what are you trying to do?" To both of them he cried in sudden revelation, "You hate me, don't you! What have I done to you? John, what have I done? We were pals, weren't we?"

Leclerc spoke as if he were deliberately emphasizing the gulf between them. "What's the trouble?"

"He's worried about the gun," Haldane explained.

"I'm afraid there's nothing we can do. It's out of our hands. You know how we feel about it, Fred. Surely you know that. It's an order, that's all. Have you forgotten how it used to be?" He added stiffly, a man of duty and decision, "I can't question my orders. What do you want me to say?"

Leiser shook his head. His hands fell to his sides. "Never mind." He was looking at Avery.

"A knife's better in some ways, Fred," Leclerc added consolingly. "Quieter."

"Yes."

Haldane picked up Leiser's spare clothes. "I must put these into the rucksack," he said, and with a sideways glance at Avery he walked quickly from the room, taking Leclerc with him.

Leiser and Avery looked at each other in silence. Avery was embarrassed to see him so ugly. At last Leiser spoke. "It was us three. The captain, you and me. It was all right, then. Don't worry about the others, John. They don't matter."

"That's right, Fred."

Leiser smiled. "It was the best ever, that week, John. It's funny, isn't it: we spend all our time chasing girls, and it's the men that matter; just the men."

"You're one of us, Fred. You always were; all the time your file card was there. We don't forget."

"What does my card look like?"

"It's two pinned together. One for then, one for now. It's in the index . . . live agents, we call it. Yours is the first name. You're the best man we've got."

"You said it was alphabetical order," Leiser said sharply. "You said it was a special index for the best."

"Big cases go to the front."

"And men all over the world?"

"Everywhere."

Leiser stared slowly round the bare room, then at the cuffs of his coarse jacket, then at Avery, interminably at Avery, until, taking him by the wrist, but lightly, he said under his breath, "Give us something. Give me something to take. From you. Anything."

Avery felt in his pockets, pulling out a handkerchief, some loose change and a twist of thin cardboard, which he opened. It was the photograph of Taylor's little girl, the one he'd got in Finland.

"Is that your kid?" Leiser looked at the small, bespectacled face; his hand closed on Avery's. "I'd like that." Avery nodded. Leiser put it in his wallet, then picked up his watch from the bed. It was gold, with a black dial for the phases of the moon. "You have it," he said. "Keep it." Suddenly he asked: "How long you been in the outfit, John?"

"Four years."

"How old were you when you joined?"

"Twenty-eight. It's the youngest they will take you."

"You told me you were thirty-four."

"They're waiting for us," Avery said.

In the hall they had the rucksack and the suitcase, green canvas with leather corners. He tried the rucksack on, adjusting the straps until it sat high on his back; he lifted the suitcase and felt the weight of the two things together.

"Not too bad," he muttered.

"It's the minimum," Leclerc said. They had begun to whisper, though no one could hear. One by one they went out and got into the car.

A hurried handshake and he walked away toward the hill. There were no fine words; not even from Leclerc. It was as if they had all taken leave of him long ago. The last they saw of him was the rucksack gently bobbing as he disappeared into the darkness.

Leiser lay in the bracken on the spur of the hill, stared at the luminous dial of his cheap watch. Ten minutes to wait. Ahead of him the ground descended sharply; he could make out nothing in the darkness below him. Suppose it were marshland down there? He tried to discern the tower on the hill, but it was lost against the blackness of the surrounding trees.

Seven minutes. Don't worry about making noise, they said, the wind will carry it south. Run beside the path, on the south side, that means to the right, keep on the new trail through the bracken, it's narrow but clear. If you meet anyone, use your knife, but for the love of heaven don't go near the path.

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His rucksack was heavy. Too eavy. So was the suitcase. ne minute to go. They'd set s watch by Avery's clock.

He was frightened. Sud- enly he couldn't keep his ind from it anymore. Perhaps e was too old, too tired; per- aps he'd done enough. Per- aps the training had worn m out. He felt his heart ounding his chest.

He was running like a mad- an. He tripped, and the ruck- ck brought him down, he felt s knee against his chin and ie pain as he bit his tongue, ien he was up again and the itcase swung him round. He alf fell into the path and aited for the flash of a burst- g mine. He was running own the slope, the ground ave way beneath his heels, the itcase rattling like an old r. Why wouldn't they let him ke the gun? The spleen rose his chest like fire, spreading der the bone, burning the ngs. Avery had lied. Lied all e way. The ground leveled t; he fell again and lay still, nting like an animal.

He began crawling up the ll, pushing the suitcase in ont of him. The water was eping through his clothes; on it ran freely over his ighs and knees. He looked up e slope and caught sight of e observation tower against e trees on the horizon.

He lay still. It was too far: could never crawl so far. e unbuckled his rucksack, ood up, holding it under his m. Taking the suitcase in s other hand he began walk- g cautiously up the rise, eping the trodden path to s left, his eyes fixed upon the eleton outline of the tower. Then he saw the sentry, t ten yards from him, back rned, his rifle slung over his oulder, his bulky body sway- g from left to right as he mped his feet on the sodden ound to keep them from ezing. Leiser could smell to- cco. He put down the ruck- ck and suitcase and moved stinctively toward him; he ght have been in the gym- sium at Headington. He felt e haft of the knife sharp in s hand, cross-hatched to pre- nt slip. The sentry was quite young boy; Leiser was sur- ised how young. He killed n hurriedly, one blow, as a eing man might shoot into a owd; shortly, not to destroy t to preserve; impatiently, he had to get along.

"Can you see anything?" ldane repeated.

"No." Avery handed him the glasses. "He just went into the dark."

"Can you see a light from the watch- wer? They'd shine a light if they heard n."

"No, I was looking for Leiser," Avery swered.

"You should have called him May- ," Leclerc objected from behind. "Now Johnson knows his name."

"I'll forget it, sir," Johnson said.

"He's over, anyway," Leclerc said and walked back to the car.

They drove home in silence.

As they entered the house, Avery felt a friendly touch upon his shoulder and turned, expecting to see Johnson; instead he found himself looking into the face of Haldane, but so altered, so at peace, that it seemed to possess the calm of a man who has survived a long illness; the last pain had gone out of him.

"You did well," Haldane said. "I propose we go early to bed. There is nothing more for us to do. Until tomorrow night, of course." At the door he stopped and without turning his head he remarked, "You know, it doesn't seem real. In the war there was no question. They went or they refused. Why did he go, Avery? Jane Austen said money or love, those were the only two things in the world. Leiser didn't go for money."

"You said one could never know. You said so the night he telephoned."

"He told me it was *(continued)*

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ate. Hatred for the Germans; and I lidn't believe him."

"He went, anyway. I thought that as all that mattered to you, you said you didn't trust motive."

"He wouldn't do it for hatred, we know that. What is he, then? We never knew him, did we? If he dies now, tonight, what will be in his mind?"

"You shouldn't speak like that."

"Ah." At last he turned and looked at Avery, and the peace had not left his face. "When we met him he was a man without love. Do you know what love is? I'll tell you: it is whatever you can still betray. We ourselves live without it in our profession. We don't force people to do things for us. We let them discover love. And, of course, Leiser did, didn't he? He married us for money, so to speak, and left us for love."

Very carefully Leiser rinsed the knife. In the boathouse he ate his ration and drank the brandy in the flask. "After that," Haldane had said, "you live off the land; you can't run around with tinned meat and French brandy." He opened the door and stepped outside to wash his hands and face in the lake.

The water was quite still in the darkness before dawn. He threw the empty meat can and the brandy bottle far out, and as they hit the water he began walking east, along the track which skirted the lake.

He must have walked through half a dozen villages. Each was empty of life, quieter than the open road because they gave a moment's shelter from the rising wind. He passed a farmhouse. Halfway up the drive stood a motorbike, an old mackintosh thrown over the saddle. There was no one in sight when he started the engine.

It made a terrible noise; it seemed to fill the dawn with sound, echoing across the frosted fields and stirring the roosting poultry. The mackintosh had leather pieces on the shoulders; as he bounced along the dirt road its skirt fluttered behind, rattling against the spokes of the rear wheel. Daylight came.

Soon he would have to eat. He couldn't understand why he was so hungry. Perhaps it was the exercise. He would eat, but not in a town, not yet. Not in a café where strangers came.

He drove on. His hunger taunted him. He could think of nothing else. He turned onto a farm track and stopped. The house was old, falling with neglect; the drive overgrown with grass, pitted with cart tracks. A light burned in the kitchen window. Leiser knocked at the door. No one came; he knocked again, and the sound of his knocking frightened him. He thought he saw a face at the window; it might have been the reflection of a swaying branch.

He returned quickly to his motorbike, realizing with terror that his hunger was not hunger at all but loneliness. He must lie up somewhere and rest. He thought: *I've forgotten how it takes you.* He drove on until he came to the wood, and rested there until evening. The fields were still light, but the wood in which he lay gave itself swiftly to the darkness. He struggled into the harness of his rucksack and once again felt the hot, raw pain in his shoulders as the straps found the old bruises. Picking up the suitcase, he walked across the field to the road where the motorbike was waiting; five kilometers to Langdorn.

When he got there it was already dark; the only lights in the main street stole from the shuttered windows. There was no traffic. He rode through the town, found a disused church and left the motorbike by the vestry door. Walking back into the town, he made for the railway station. The ticket agent wore a uniform.

"Kalkstadt," Leiser said. "Single."

The official held out his hand. Leiser took a bank note from his wallet and gave it to him. The official shook it impatiently. For a moment Leiser's mind went blank while he looked stupidly at the flicking fingers and the suspicious, angry face behind the grille.

Suddenly the official shouted: "Identity card!"

Leiser smiled apologetically, "One forgets," he said, and opened his wallet to show the card in the plastic window.

"Take it out of the wallet," the official said. Leiser watched him examine it under the light on his desk.

"Travel authority?"

"Yes, of course." Leiser handed him the paper.

"Why do you want to go to Kalkstadt if you are traveling to Rostock?"

"Our cooperative in Madgeburg sent some machinery by rail to Kalkstadt. Heavy turbines and some tooling equipment. It has to be installed."

"How did you come this far?"

"I got a lift."

"The granting of lifts is forbidden."

"One must do what one can these days."

"These days?"

The man pressed his face against the glass, looking down at Leiser's hands.

"What's that you're fiddling with down there?" he demanded roughly.

"A chain; a key chain."

"So the equipment has to be installed. Well? Go on!"

"I can do the job on the way. The people in Kalkstadt have been waiting six weeks already. The consignment was delayed."

"So?"

"We made inquiries . . . of the railway people."

"And?"

"They didn't reply."

"You've got an hour's wait. Train leaves at six-thirty." A pause. "They've killed a boy at Wilmsdorf," he said. "Swine." He handed him his change.

When the train reached Kalkstadt, Leiser waited until the other passengers had left the platform. An elderly guard collected the tickets.

"I'm looking for a friend," Leiser said, "a man called Fritsche. He used to work here."

The guard frowned. "What was his first name?"

"I don't know."

"Fritsche, here, at this station?"

"Yes. He had a small house down by the river; a single man."

"A whole house? And worked at this station?"

"Yes."

The guard shook his head. "Never heard of him." He peered at Leiser. "Are you sure?" he said.

"That's what he told me." Something seemed to come back to him. "He wrote to me in November . . . he complained that Vopos had closed the station."

"You're crazy," the guard said. "Good night."

"Good night," Leiser replied; as he walked away he was conscious all the time of the man's gaze upon his back.

There was an inn in the main street called the Old Bell. He waited at the desk in the hall; nobody came. He opened a door and found himself in a big room, dark at the further end. A girl sat listening to an old phonograph.

"I'm looking for a room," Leiser said. "I've just arrived from Langdorn."

There were stuffed birds round the room: herons, pheasants and a kingfisher. "I'm looking for a room," he repeated. It was dance music, very old.

"They're not allowed to take you. There's a hostel near the church. You have to stay there."

"Where's the church?"

With an exaggerated sigh she stopped the record, and Leiser knew she was glad to have someone to talk to.

"It was bombed," she declared. "There's only the tower left."

Finally he said, "Surely they've got a bed here. It's a big place." He put his rucksack in a corner and sat at the table next to her. He ran a hand though his thick, dry hair.

"You look all in," the girl said.

His blue trousers were still caked with mud from the border. "I've been on the road all day. Takes a lot out of you."

She stood up self-consciously and went to the end of the room, where a wooden staircase led upward toward a glimmer of light. She called out, but no one came.

"Steinhäger?" she asked.

"Yes."

She returned with a bottle and a glass. She was wearing an old brown mackintosh, with epaulets and square shoulders.

"Where are you from?"

"Magdeburg. I'm making north. Got a job in Rostock." How many more times would he say it? "This hostel; do I get a room to myself?"

"If you want one."

The light was so poor that at first he could scarcely make her out. Gradually she came alive. She was about eighteen, and heavily built; a pretty face but bad skin.

"Who are you?" he asked. She said nothing. "What do you do?"

She took his glass and drank from it, looking at him precociously over the brim as if she were a great beauty.

"Much going on here?" he asked.

"It's dead. Nothing."

"No boys?"

"Sometimes."

"Troops?" A pause.

"Now and then. Don't you know it's forbidden to ask that?"

Leiser helped himself to more Steinhäger from the bottle. "What's wrong with this town?" he asked. "I tried to come here six weeks ago. They wouldn't let me in. Kalkstadt, Langdorn, Wolken, all closed they said. What was going on?"

Her fingertips played over his hand. "Nothing was closed."

"Come off it," Leiser said and laughed. "They wouldn't let me near the place, I tell you. Roadblocks here and on the Wolken road." He thought: *It's eight-twenty; only two hours till the first schedule.*

"Nothing was closed." Suddenly she added, "So you come from the west; you came by road. They're looking for someone like you."

He stood up to go. "I'd better find the hostel." He put money on the table.

The girl whispered. "I've got my own room. In a new flat behind the Friedensplatz. A workers' block. I'll do whatever you want." *(continued)*

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Leiser shook his head. He picked up his luggage and went to the door. He knew she suspected him.

"Good-bye," he said.

"I won't say anything. Take me with you."

"I had a Steinhäger," Leiser muttered. "We didn't even talk. You played your record all the time." They were both frightened.

The girl said, "Yes. Records all the time."

"It was never closed, you are sure of that? Langdorn, Wolken, Kalkstadt, six weeks ago?"

"Why would anyone close this place?"

"Not even the station?"

She said quickly, "I don't know about the station. The area was closed for three days in November. No one knows why. Russian troops stayed, about fifty. They were billeted in the town."

"Fifty? Any equipment?"

"Lorries. There were maneuvers farther north, that's the rumor. Stay with me tonight. Stay with me! Let me come with you. I'll go anywhere."

"Which way did they go?"

"North. Listen, no one will even know. I don't talk, I'm not that kind. I'll give you anything you want."

"Toward Rostock?"

"They said they were going to Rostock. We were told not to tell. The Party came round all the houses."

Leiser nodded. He was sweating. "Good-bye," he said.

"What about tomorrow, tomorrow night? I'll do whatever you want."

"Perhaps. Don't tell anyone, do you understand?"

She shook her head. "I won't tell them," she said, "because I don't care. Ask for the Hochhaus behind the Friedensplatz. Apartment nineteen. Come anytime. I'll open the door. You give two rings and they know it's for me. You needn't pay. Take care," she said. "There are people everywhere. They've killed a boy in Wilmsdorf."

He walked to the market square, looking for the church tower and the hostel. Huddled figures passed him in the darkness; some wore pieces of uniform: forage caps and the long coats they had in the war. The tower was black and empty. It reminded him suddenly of the turret on the border, of the moment when he killed the sentry: just a kid; even younger than Avery.

He closed the door of the hostel room, put down the rucksack and the suitcase, and looked round the walls. There was an electric socket beside the window. The door had no lock so he pushed the armchair against it. He took off his shoes and lay on the bed. He thought of the girl, and wondered how long it would be before she betrayed him.

He remembered Avery: the warmth and English decency of their early companionship; he remembered his young face glistening in the rain, and his shy, dazzled glance as he dried his spectacles. He looked at the ceiling. In an hour he would put up the aerial.

The room was large and bare with a round marble basin in one corner. A single pipe ran from the basin to the floor, and he hoped it would do for grounding the transmitter. He drew his knife and carefully scraped the pipe clean on one side. The ground was important; Jack had said so.

He remembered Johnson's benign voice running on about the aerial: "If it's indoors, it's a headache, and indoors it'll be. Now listen: zigzag fashion across the room, quarter the length of your wave and one foot below the ceiling. Space them wide as possible, Fred, and not parallel to metal girders, electric wires and that, see?"

Leiser thought: *I'll take it to the picture frame, then back and forth to the far corner.* He began writing the first message in his notebook, capital letters, like a prisoner writing to his wife. The message composed, he drew a line after every two letters, and beneath each compartment he entered the numerical equivalent according to the chart he had memorized. Then he divided the line of numbers into groups of four and deducted each in turn from groups inked on a strip of silk; finally he converted the figures into letters again and wrote out the result, redividing them into groups of four.

Fear like an old pain had again taken hold of his belly, so that with every imagined sound he looked sharply toward the door, his hand arrested in the middle of writing. But he heard nothing; just the creaking of an aging house, like the noise of wind in the rigging of a ship.

He looked at the finished message, conscious that it was too long. There were forty-two groups. He pushed the table away from the window and lifted the suitcase, praying that nothing was broken from the journey. In the spares box his trembling fingers discovered the silk bag of crystals for changing transmission frequencies. He shook the crystals onto the coarse blanket that covered the bed. Each was labeled in Johnson's handwriting with a single figure denoting the place where it came in the signal plan. He arranged them in line on the blanket. The crystals were the easiest part. He tested the door against the armchair. The handle slipped in his palm. The chair provided no protection. In the war, he remembered, they had given him steel wedges. Returning to the suitcase he connected the transmitter and receiver to the power pack, plugged in the earphones and unscrewed the Morse key from the lid of the spares box.

Then he saw it. Pasted inside the suitcase lid was a paper showing a half dozen groups of letters and beside each its Morse equivalent; they were the international code for standard phrases, the ones he could never remember.

When he saw those letters, drawn out in Jack's neat, post-office hand, tears of gratitude started to his eyes. He never told me, he thought, he never told me he'd done it. Jack was all right after all. Jack, the captain, and young John: what a team to work for, he thought; a man could go through life and never meet a set of blokes like that. He steadied himself, pressing his hands sharply on the table. He was trembling a little, perhaps from the cold; his damp shirt clung to his shoulder blades; but he was happy. He glanced at the chair in front of the door and thought: *When I've got the headphones on I shan't hear them coming.*

Next he attached aerial and ground wire to their terminals, and fastened the ground wire to the water pipe with adhesive tape. Standing on the bed, he stretched the aerial across the ceiling in eight lengths, zigzag as Johnson had instructed, fixing it as best he could to the curtain rail or plaster on either side. He took from the bed the first crystal in the line, plugged it into the far left-hand corner of the set, and settled down to

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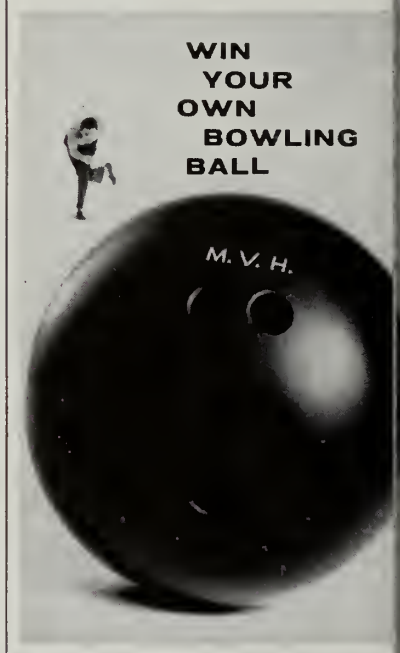

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ıe the transmitter, muttering gently he performed each movement. *Ad-t crystal selector to "Fundamental all stals," plug the coil; anode tuning and ial matching controls to ten. . . .*

He sat back with a grunt of satisfac-n, lit a cigarette, wished it were an glish one, because if the police came now they wouldn't have to bother out the brand of cigarette he was oking. Three minutes to schedule. e third finger of his right hand ooked over the Morse key. JAJ's my st call sign, he thought, Johnson's my me, they call me Jack, that's easy ough to remember. JA, John Avery; Jack Johnson. Then he was tapping ut. A dot and three dashes, dot dash, dot and three dashes, and he kept nking: *It's like the house in Holland, there's no one with me.*

Say it twice, Fred, then get off the air. switched over to receive. A crackle the earphones. "QSA3: hearing you ll enough," that's all they were saying. 'Steady, boy, steady," he muttered. settled into the chair, switched to nsmit, looked at his own encoded ssage and tapped out four-two be-ıse there were forty-two groups. His ıd was coated with dust and sweat, right arm ached, perhaps from rying the suitcase.

You've got all the time in the world, ınson had said. We'll be listening: u're not passing an exam. He took his ıdkerchief from his pocket and wiped grime from his hands. He was ter-ly tired; the tiredness was like a physi-de-pair, like the moment of guilt be-e making love.

He reached for the key and began tap-g. Keep the hand loose, first and ond fingers on top of the key, thumb ıeath the edge, no putting the wrist the table, Fred. Breathe regular, ed, you'll find it helps you to relax. Why were his hands so slow? Once took his fingers from the key and red impotently at his open palm. His ist was too stiff. All the time he was ring it over to himself—dot, dot, h, then a K, he always knew that , a dot between two dashes—his lips re spelling out the letters, but his ıd wouldn't follow, it was a kind of mmer that got worse the more he ke. He lost all notion of time; the eat was running into his eyes. He ot mouthing the dots and dashes, and knew that Johnson would be angry ause he shouldn't be thinking in dots d dashes at all but musically, de-dah, ı, the way the professionals did. The ınding of his heart outran the weary ping of the key, and still he went signaling because it was the only ng left to do. He was waiting for the ice now, wishing they'd come—take , take it all—longing for the footsteps. ve us your hand, John, give us a hand. When at last he had finished, he went k to the bed. Almost with detachment caught sight of the line of numbered stals on the blanket, forgotten, un-ıched.

very looked at his watch. It was arter past ten. "He should come on in e minutes," he said.

Leclerc announced suddenly: "Gor-'s telephoned. He's received a tele-m from the Ministry. They have ne news for us apparently. They're ding out a courier."

"What could that be?" Avery asked. "I expect it's the Hungarian thing. may have to go back to London."

A satisfied smile. "But I think you people can get along without me."

Johnson was wearing earphones, sitting forward on a high-backed wooden chair carried up from the kitchen. The dark-green receiver hummed gently; the tuning dial, illuminated from within, glowed in the half-light of the attic.

Haldane and Avery sat uncomfortably on a bench. Johnson had a pad and pencil in front of him. Suddenly he sat bolt upright, nodded sharply to Haldane and Avery, switched on the tape recorder. He smiled, quickly turned to the transmission switch and was tapping. "Come in, Fred," he said out loud. "Hearing you nicely."

"He's made it!" Leclerc's eyes were bright with excitement. "Do you hear that, John?"

"Shall we be quiet?" Haldane said.

"Here he comes," Johnson said. His voice was level. "Forty-two groups."

"Forty-two!" Leclerc repeated.

Johnson's body was motionless, his head inclined to one side, his whole concentration given to the earphones.

"I'd like silence now, please."

For perhaps two minutes his careful hand moved briskly across the pad. Now and then he muttered inaudibly, whispered a letter or shook his head, until the message seemed to come more slowly, his pencil pausing while he listened until it was tracing out each letter singly with agonizing care. He glanced at the clock.

"Come on, Fred," he urged. "Come on, change crystals, that's nearly three minutes." But still the message was coming through, letter by letter, and Johnson's simple face assumed an expression of alarm.

"What's going on?" Leclerc demanded. "Why hasn't he changed his frequency?"

But Johnson only said, "Get off the air, for God's sake, get off the air."

Leclerc touched him impatiently on the arm. Johnson raised one earphone.

"Why's he not changed frequency? Why's he still sending?"

"He must have forgotten! He never forgot in training. I *know* he's slow, but . . ." He was still writing automatically. "Five minutes," he muttered. "Five bloody minutes. Let's change the bloody crystal!"

"Can't you tell him?" Leclerc cried.

"Of course I can't. He can't receive and send at the same time!"

They waited in dreadful fascination. Johnson had turned to them, his voice beseeching. "I told him; if I told him once I told him a dozen times. It's bloody suicide, what he's doing!" He looked at his watch. "He's been on damn near six minutes. Bloody, bloody, *bloody* fool."

"What will they do?" said Haldane.

"If they pick up the signal? Call in another station. Take a fix, then it's simple triangulation when he's on this long." He banged his hands helplessly on the table. "A kid could find him. Do it with a pair of compasses. God Almighty! Come on, Fred, come on!" He wrote down a few letters, then threw his pencil aside. "It's on tape, anyway," he said.

Leclerc turned to Haldane. "Surely there's something we can do!"

"Be quiet," Haldane said.

The message stopped. Johnson tapped an acknowledgment, fast, a stab of hatred. He wound back the tape recorder and began transcribing. Putting the coding sheet in front of him, he worked without interruption (*continued*)

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for perhaps a quarter of an hour, occasionally making simple sums on the rough paper at his elbow. No one spoke. When he finished, he stood up, a half-forgotten gesture of respect.

"Message reads: 'Area Kalkstadt closed three days mid-November when fifty unidentified Soviet troops seen in town. No special equipment. Rumors of Soviet maneuvers farther north. Troops believed moved to Rostock. Fritsche not repeat not known Kalkstadt railway station. No road check on Kalkstadt road.'" He tossed the paper onto the desk. "There are fifteen groups after that which I can't unbutton. I think he's muddled his coding."

The Vopo sergeant in Rostock picked up the telephone; he was an elderly man, graying and thoughtful. He listened for a moment, then began dialing on another line. "It must be a child," he said, still dialing. "What frequency did you say?" He put the other telephone to his ear and spoke into it fast, repeating the frequency three times. He walked into the adjoining hut. "Witmar will be through in a minute," he said. "They're taking a fix. Are you still hearing him?" The corporal nodded. The sergeant held a spare headphone to his ear.

"It couldn't be an amateur," he muttered. "Breaking the regulations. But what is it? No agent in his right mind would put out a signal like that. What are the neighboring frequencies? Military or civilian?"

"It's near the military. Very near."

"That's odd," the sergeant said. "That would fit, wouldn't it? That's what they did in the war."

The corporal was staring at the tapes slowly revolving on their spindles. "He's still transmitting. Groups of four."

"Four?" The sergeant was searching in his memory for something that had happened long ago.

"Let me hear again. Listen, listen to the fool! He's as slow as a child."

The sound struck some chord in his memory—the slurred gaps, the dots so short as to be little more than clicks. He could swear he knew that hand . . . from the war, in Norway . . . but not so slow: nothing had ever been as slow as this. Not Norway . . . France. Perhaps it was only imagination.

"A child," the corporal said. "Or an old man."

The telephone rang. The sergeant listened for a moment, then ran as fast as he could through the hut to the officers' mess across the asphalt path.

The Russian captain was drinking beer; his jacket was slung over the back of his chair, and he looked very bored.

"You wanted something, sergeant?" He affected the languid style.

"He's come. The man they told us about. The one who killed the boy."

The captain put down his beer quickly.

"You heard him?"

"We've taken a fix. With Witmar. Groups of four. A slow hand. Area Kalkstadt. Close to one of our own frequencies. Sommer recorded the transmission. It's all on tape."

It was very late

The fire in Control's grate was burning nicely, but he poked at it with effeminate discontent. He hated working for the Circus at night.

"They want you at the Ministry," he said irritably. "Now, of all hours. Why does everyone get so agitated on a Thursday? It will *ruin* the weekend." He put down the poker and returned to his desk. "They're in a dreadful state. Some idiot talking about ripples in a pond. It's extraordinary what the night does to people. I do *detest* the telephone." There were several in front of him.

Smiley offered him a cigarette. "What Ministry is that?"

"Leclerc's. Have you *any* idea what's going on?"

Smiley said, "Yes. Haven't you?"

"Leclerc's so *vulgar*. He thinks I want to gobble him up."

"Well, don't you? Why *did* we cancel that passport?"

"What a *silly* man. A silly, vulgar man. However did Haldane fall for it?"

"What does the Ministry want?" Smiley asked sharply.

Control held up some papers, flapping them. "You've seen these from Berlin?"

"They came in an hour ago. The Americans have taken a fix. Groups of four; a primitive letter code. They say it comes from the Kalkstadt area."

"Where on *earth's* that?"

"South of Rostock. The message ran six minutes on the same frequency. They said it sounded like an amateur on a first run-through. One of the old wartime sets; they wanted to know if it was ours."

"And you told them?" Control asked quickly.

"I said no."

"So I should hope. Good Lord."

Smiley watched him with skepticism. "We could have stopped them," he said. "We knew enough."

"Of course we could," Control said blandly. "D'you know why we didn't? Plain, idiot Christian charity. We let Leclerc have his war game. You'd better go now."

Smiley still did not go. "I wonder," he said. "You'll never tell me, will you? I just wonder." He was not looking at Control.

"My dear George, I can't think what *has* come over you."

"We handed it to them. The passport that was canceled . . . a courier service they never needed . . . an obsolete wireless set . . . papers, frontier reports . . . who told Berlin to listen for the agent? We even gave Leclerc the crystals, didn't we? Was that just Christian charity too? Plain, idiot Christian charity?"

Control was shocked. "What *are* you suggesting? How *very* distasteful. Who even would do a thing like that?"

Smiley was putting on his coat.

"Good night, George," Control said; and fiercely, as if he were tired of sensibility: "Run along. And preserve the difference between us: your country needs you. It's not *my* fault they've taken so long to die."

The dawn came, and Leiser had not slept. He wanted to wash, but dared not go into the corridor. He dared not move. If they were looking for him, he knew he must leave normally, not bolt from the hostel before the morning came. Never run, they used to say: walk like the crowd. He could go at six; that was late enough.

He half-turned on the bed, pulled the knife from inside the waistband of his trousers. He was shivering with cold. He could feel across his brow the unnatural heat of incipient fever. He looked at the knife, and remembered the clean, friendly way they had talked: thumb on top, blade parallel to the ground, forearm stiff; the way he held it for the boy.

It was six o'clock. He stood up. His shoulders still ached from carrying the rucksack. His clothes, he noticed, smelt of pine and leaf mold. He picked the half-dried mud from his trousers and put on his second pair of shoes.

He went downstairs, looking for someone to pay, the new shoes squeaking on the wooden steps. There was an old woman in a white overall sorting lentils into a bowl.

"What do I owe?"

"You fill in the form," she said sourly. "That's the first thing you owe. You should have done it when you came."

"I'm sorry."

She rounded on him. "Don't you know it's forbidden, staying in a town and not reporting your presence to the police?"

"I'm sorry," Leiser said again. "Give me the form and I'll sign it now."

"You can't," the woman replied. "It's too late. What will you say if they catch you?"

"I'll say I slept with a girl."

"It's snowing outside," the woman said. "Mind your nice new shoes."

Grains of hard snow drifted forlornly in the wind, collecting in the cracks between the black cobbles, lingering on the stucco of the houses.

He crossed the Friedensplatz and saw a new, yellow building, six or seven stories high, standing on a patch of waste land beside a new estate. The flat was on the third floor. He pressed the bell twice, as the girl had told him. She opened the door; she was half asleep, her mackintosh over a cotton nightdress. When she saw him she hesitated, not knowing what to do, as if he had brought bad news. Then she beckoned with her head; he followed her across the corridor to her room, put the suitcase and rucksack in the corner. There were travel posters on the walls, pictures of desert, palm trees and the moon over a tropical sea. They got into bed, and she covered him with her heavy body, trembling a little because she was afraid.

"I want to sleep," he said. "Let me sleep first."

The Russian captain said, "He stole a motorbike at Wilmsdorf and asked for Fritsche at the station. What will he do now?"

"He'll have another schedule. Tonight," the sergeant replied. "If he's got anything to say."

"At the same time?"

"Of course not. Nor the same frequency. Nor from the same place. He may go to Witmar or Langdorn or Wolken; he may even go to Rostock. Or he may stay in town but go to another house. Or he may not send at all."

"House? Who would harbor a spy?"

The sergeant shrugged, as if to say he might himself.

Stung, the captain asked, "How do you know he's sending from a house? Why not a wood or a field?"

"It's a very strong signal. He couldn't get a signal like that from a battery. He's using house current."

"Put a cordon around the town," the captain said. "Search every house. We want him alive."

The sergeant was looking at his hands. "You want him alive. Make sure he transmits. That's the first thing. And make him stay in town. That is the second." *(continued)*

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"Well?"

"We would have to act quickly," the sergeant observed. "Bring some troops into town. Anything you can find. As soon as possible. Armor, infantry, it doesn't matter. Create some movement. Make him pay attention. But be quick!"

"I'll go soon," Leiser said. "Don't let me stay. Give me coffee and I'll go."

"Coffee?"

"I've got money," Leiser said, as if it were the only thing he had. "Here." He climbed out of bed, fetched his wallet from his jacket and drew a hundred-mark note from the wad.

She took the wallet and, with a little laugh, emptied it out on the bed. She had a ponderous, kittenish way which was not quite sane, and the quick instinct of an illiterate. He watched her indifferently, running his fingers along the line of her naked shoulder. She held up a photograph of a woman; a blond, round head.

"Who is she? What is her name?"

"She doesn't exist," he said.

She found the letters and read one aloud, laughing at the affectionate passages. "Who is she? Who is she?"

"I tell you, she doesn't exist."

"Then I can tear them up?" She held a letter before him with both hands, teasing him, waiting for him to protest. Leiser said nothing. She made a little tear, still watching him, then tore it completely, and a second and a third.

She found a picture of a child, a girl in spectacles, eight or nine years old perhaps, and again she asked, "Who is it? Is it your child? Does *she* exist?"

"Nobody. Nobody's kid. Just a photograph." She tore that, too, scattering the pieces over the bed, then fell on him, kissing him on the face and neck. "Who are you? What is your name?"

He wanted to tell her, but she pushed him away.

"No!" she cried. "No! You're a spy," she said, her lips in his ear. "A secret agent. You've got a gun."

"A knife is quieter," he said. She laughed, on and on, until she noticed the bruises on his shoulders. She touched them curiously, with respect, as a child might touch a dead thing.

Later she went out, carrying a shopping basket. Leiser dressed, shaving in cold water, staring at his lined face in the distorted mirror above the basin. When she returned it was nearly midday, and she looked worried.

"The town's full of soldiers. And army trucks. What do they want here?"

"Perhaps they are looking for someone."

"They are just sitting about, talking and drinking."

"What kind of soldiers?"

"Russian."

He went to the door. "I'll come back in an hour."

Leiser blinked at the soldiers like a man emerging from the dark. They filled the cafés, gazed into shop windows; trucks were parked in the square, their wheels thick with red mud. He noted the emblems of the drivers' uniforms, the shoulder boards; they came, he realized, from a variety of units.

He made a tour of the town, went into a dozen cafés, but no one would talk to him because he was a stranger. Everywhere the soldiers sat or stood in groups, as if they had been roused to no purpose.

He ate food, sausage and Steinhäger, walked to the station to see if anything was going on. The same man was there, watching him from behind his little window; and somehow Leiser knew that the man had told the police. Tanks rolled through the town; they carried troops with rifles. The gun barrels were too long, marked white with snow. He made his way across the square, quickly.

She watched him come in; he was out of breath.

"What are they doing?" she asked. She caught sight of his face. "You're afraid," she whispered, but he shook his head.

"I killed a boy," he said.

He went to the basin, examined his face with the great care of a man under sentence. She followed him, clasped him around the chest, pressing herself against his back. He turned and seized her, wild, held her without skill, forced her across the room. She fought him, cursing him, taking him, the world burning and only they were alive; they were weeping, laughing together, falling, clumsy lovers clumsily triumphant, recognizing nothing but each himself, each for that moment completing lives half-lived, and for that moment the whole damned dark forgotten.

Johnson leaned out of the window and gently drew on the aerial to make sure it was still fast, then began looking over his receiver like a racing driver before the start, needlessly touching terminals and adjusting dials.

Leclerc watched him admiringly. "I propose to hear one more schedule and get back to London." He laughed. "We've work to do, you know. This isn't the season for continental holidays."

Johnson might not have heard. He held up his hand. "Thirty minutes," he said. "I shall be asking you for a little hush soon, gentlemen."

There was a draft, followed by the sound of someone cautiously ascending the stairs. A figure appeared in the attic doorway. He wore an expensive overcoat of brown tweed, a little too long in the sleeve. It was Smiley.

He peered round the room, at Johnson, now in earphones, busy with the controls of his set, at Avery staring over Haldane's shoulder at the signal plan, at Leclerc who stood like a soldier, who alone had noticed him, whose face was empty and far away.

"What do you want here?" Leclerc said at last. "What do you want with me?"

"I'm sorry. I was sent."

"So were we all," Haldane said, not moving.

A note of warning entered Leclerc's voice.

"This is my operation, Smiley. We've no room for your people here."

There was nothing in Smiley's face but compassion, nothing in his voice but that dreadful patience with which we speak to the insane.

"It wasn't Control who sent me," he said. "It was the Ministry. They asked for me, you see, and Control let me go. The Ministry laid on a plane."

"Why?" Haldane inquired. He seemed almost amused.

One by one they stirred, waking from a single dream. Johnson laid his earphones carefully on the table.

"Well?" Leclerc asked. "Why did they send you?"

"They called me round last night." He smiled kindly, as if he were as bewildered as they. "I had to admire the operation, the way you'd conducted it; you and Haldane. All done from nothing. They showed me the files. Scrupulously kept . . . library copy, operational copy, sealed minutes: just like in the war. I congratulate you . . . I really do."

"They showed you the files? *Our* files?" Leclerc repeated. "That's a breach of security: interconsciousness between departments. You've committed an offense, Smiley. They must be mad! Adrian, do you hear what Smiley has told me?"

Smiley said, "Is there a wireless schedule tonight, Johnson?"

"Yes, sir. Twenty-one hundred."

"I was surprised, Adrian, that you felt the indications were strong enough for such a *big* operation."

"Haldane was not responsible," Leclerc said crisply. "The decision was a collective one: ourselves on the one side, the Ministry on the other." His voice changed key. "When the schedule is finished, I shall want to know, Smiley, I have a right to know, how you came to see those files." It was his committee voice, powerful and fluent; for the first time it had the ring of dignity.

Smiley moved toward the center of the room. "Something's happened you couldn't know about. Leiser killed a man

"Look at the bright side, Ellen; you're lost at least twenty pounds."

on the border. Killed him with a knife, two miles from here."

Haldane said, "That's absurd. It needn't be Leiser. It could have been a refugee coming west."

"They found tracks leading east. It's in all the East German papers. They've been putting it over the wireless since midday yesterday ——"

Leclerc cried, "I don't believe he did it. It's some trick of Control's."

"No," Smiley replied gently. "It's true."

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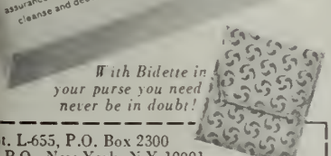

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"They killed Taylor," Leclerc said. "Have you forgotten that?"

"No, of course not. But we shall never know, shall we? How he died, I mean." Hurriedly he continued, "Your Ministry informed the Foreign Office yesterday afternoon. The Germans are bound to catch him, you see; we have to assume that. His transmissions are slow . . . very slow. Every policeman, every soldier is after him. They want him alive. We think they're going to stage a show trial, extract a public confession, display the equipment. It could be embarrassing."

Leclerc said, "Johnson, keep an eye on the clock." Johnson put on his earphones, but without conviction.

Smiley appeared to want someone else to speak, but no one did. He said, "It's a question of what to do. We're not politicians, but one can see the dangers. A party of Englishmen in a farmhouse two miles from where the body was found, posing as academics, a house full of radio equipment. You see what I mean? Making your transmissions," he went on, "on a single frequency— the frequency Leiser receives on. There could be a very big scandal indeed. One can imagine even the West Germans getting angry."

Haldane asked, "What are you trying to say?"

"There's a military plane waiting at Hamburg. You fly in two hours; all of you. A truck will collect the equipment. You're to leave nothing behind, not even a pin. Those are my instructions."

Leclerc said, "What about the target. Have they forgotten why we're here? They're asking a lot, you know, Smiley; a great lot."

"Yes, the target," Smiley conceded. "We'll have a conference in London. Perhaps we could do a joint operation."

"It's a *military* target. I shall want my Ministry represented."

"Of course. And it'll be your show."

"I suggest the product go out under our joint title; my Ministry could retain autonomy in the matter of distribution. I imagine that would meet their more obvious objections. How about your people?"

"Yes, I think Control would agree."

Leclerc said casually, everyone watching, "And the wireless schedule? Who takes care of that? We've an agent in the field you know." It was only a small point.

"He'll have to manage by himself."

"The war rules." Leclerc spoke proudly. "We play the war rules. He knew that. He was well trained." He seemed reconciled; the problem was dismissed.

Avery spoke for the first time. "You can't leave him out there alone." His voice was flat.

Leclerc turned to Smiley. "You know Avery, my aide?"

"The man's probably been caught already," Smiley said. "It's only a matter of hours."

"You're leaving him there to die!" Avery was gathering courage.

"We're disowning him. It's never a pretty process. He's as good as caught already, don't you see?"

"You can't do it!" Avery shouted. "You can't just leave him there for some squalid diplomatic reason!"

Haldane swung round on Avery, furious. "We sent him because we needed to; we abandon him because we must. That is the discipline you admired." He turned to Smiley. "You too. I find you contemptible. You shoot us, then preach to the dying. Go away. We're technicians, not poets. Go away!"

Smiley said, "Yes. You're a very good technician, Adrian. There's no pain in you anymore. You've made technique a way of life—technique replacing love."

He straightened his back, making a statement. "A British-naturalized Pole with a criminal record escapes across the border to East Germany. There is no extradition treaty. The Germans will say he is a spy and produce the equipment; we shall say they planted it and point out that it's twenty-five years old. I understand he put out a cover story that he was attending a course in Coventry. That is easily disproved: there is no such course. The conclusion is that he proposed to flee the country; and we shall imply that he owed money. He was keeping some young girl, you know; she worked in a bank. That ties in quite nicely. I mean with the criminal record, since we have to make one up . . ." He nodded to himself. "As I say, it's not an attractive process. By then we shall all be in London."

"And he'll be transmitting," Avery said quietly, "and no one will listen!"

"To the contrary," Smiley retorted bitterly. "*They'll* be listening."

Haldane asked: "Control, too, no doubt. Isn't that right?"

"Stop!" Avery shouted suddenly. "Stop, for God's sake! If anything matters, if anything is real, we've got to hear his transmission! For the sake of ——"

"Well?" Haldane was sneering.

"Love. Yes, love! Not yours, Haldane, mine. Smiley's right! You made me do it for you, made me love him! It wasn't in you anymore! I brought him to you, I kept him in your house, made him dance to the music of your bloody war! I piped for him, but there's no breath in me now. He's Peter Pan's last victim, Haldane, the last one, the last love; the last music gone."

Haldane shrugged. He was looking at Smiley: "My congratulations to Control," he said. "Thank him, will you? Thank him for the help, the *technical* help, Smiley; for the encouragement, thank him for the rope. For the kind words too; for lending you to bring the flowers. So nicely done."

But Leclerc seemed impressed by the neatness of it. "Smiley, I owe you an apology. And Control, too, I fear. I had thought the old rivalry was still awake. I'm wrong." He inclined his head. "You must dine with me in London. My club is not your mark, I know, but it's quiet there; a good set. Very good. Haldane must come. . . . Adrian, I invite you!"

Avery had buried his face in his hands.

"There's something else I want to discuss with you, Adrian. . . . Smiley, you won't mind this I'm sure, you're practically one of the family . . . the question of registry. The system of library files is really out of date. Bruce was on to me about it just before I left. Poor Miss Courtney can hardly keep pace. I fear the answer is more copies—top copy to the case officer, carbons for information. There's a new machine on the market, cheap photostats, threepence halfpenny a copy, that seems quite reasonable in these dog days . . . I must speak to the people about it—the Ministry—they know a good thing when they see one. Perhaps ——" he broke off. "Johnson, I could wish you made less noise, we're still operational, you know." He spoke like a man intent upon appearances, conscious of tradition. *(continued)*

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Johnson had gone to the window. Leaning on the sill, he reached outside and began winding in the aerial. He held a spool in his left hand like a bobbin. As he gathered in the wire, he gently turned it as an old woman spins her thread. Avery was sobbing like a child. No one heeded him

The green van crossed the station square where the empty fountain stood. On its roof the small loop aerial turned this way and that like a hand feeling for the wind. Behind it, well back, were two trucks. The snow was settling at last. They drove on sidelights, twenty yards apart, following each other's tire marks.

The captain sat in the back of the van with a microphone for speaking to the driver, and beside him the sergeant, lost in private memories. The corporal crouched at his receiver, his hand constantly turning the dial as he watched the line tremble in the small screen.

"The transmission's stopped," he said suddenly.

"How many groups have you recorded?" the sergeant asked.

"A dozen. The call sign over and over again, then part of a message. I don't think he's getting any reply."

"Five letters or four?"

"Still four."

"Did he sign off?"

"No."

"What frequency was he using?"

"Three six five zero."

"Keep scanning across it. Two hundred either side."

"There's nothing there."

"Keep searching," he said sharply. "Right across the band. He's changed the crystal. He'll take a few minutes to tune up."

The operator began spinning the large dial, slowly, watching the eye of green light in the center of the set which opened and closed as he crossed one station after another. "Here he is. Three eight seven zero. Different call sign, but the same handwriting. Quicker than yesterday; better."

The tape recorder wound monotonously at his elbow. "He's working on alternating crystals," the sergeant said. "Like they did in the war. It's the same trick." He was embarrassed, an elderly man confronted with his past.

The corporal slowly raised his head. "This is it," he said. "Zero. We're right on top of him."

Quietly the two men dismounted from the van. "Wait here," the sergeant told the corporal. "Keep listening. If the signal breaks, even for a moment, tell the driver to flash the headlights, do you understand?"

"I'll tell him." The corporal looked frightened.

"If it stops altogether, keep searching and let me know."

"Pay attention," the captain warned as he dismounted. The sergeant was waiting for him impatiently, behind him a tall building standing on waste land. Pale lights shone in almost every window; six floors. Stone steps thick with leaves led to the cellar. The sergeant went first, shining his torch ahead of them. The first room was large and airless, half of brick, half of plaster; at the far end were two steel doors, locked.

"Find the janitor," the captain ordered. "Quickly."

The sergeant ran up the stairs and returned with an old man, unshaven, grumbling; he held a bunch of long keys on a chain.

"The switches," said the sergeant. "For the building. Where are they?"

The old man sorted through the keys. He tried one; it didn't fit.

"Quick, you fool!" the captain shouted.

"Don't fuss him," said the sergeant.

The door opened. They pushed into the corridor, their torches playing over the whitewash. The sergeant found what he was looking for, on the wall behind the door: a box with a glass front. The captain put his hand to the main lever, had half-pulled it when the other struck him roughly away.

"No! Go to the top of the stairs; tell me when the driver flashes his headlights."

"Who's in charge here?" the captain complained.

"Do as I ask."

The sergeant was tugging gently at the first fuse, blinking through his gold-rimmed spectacles; a benign man. With diligent, surgical fingers he drew out the fuse, cautiously, as if he expected an electrical shock, then immediately replaced it, his eyes turning toward the captain at the top of the steps; then a second fuse, and still the captain said nothing. Outside, the motionless soldiers watched the windows of the block, how floor by floor the lights went out, then quickly on again. The sergeant tried another fuse and a fourth, and this time he heard an excited cry from above him: "The headlights! The headlights have gone out."

"Quiet! Go and ask the driver which floor. But *quietly*."

"They'll never hear us in this wind," the captain said irritably. And a moment later: "The driver says third floor. The third-floor light went out and the transmission stopped at the same time. It's started again now."

"Put the men round the building," the sergeant said. "And pick five men to come with us. He's on the third floor."

Softly, like animals, the Vopos dismounted from the two trucks, their carbines held loosely in their hands, advancing in a ragged line. From here and there came a click as the first bullet was sprung gently into the breech.

Leiser unhooked the aerial and wound it back on the reel, replaced the earphones in the spares box and folded the silk cloth into the razor handle.

"Why do you do it?"

She was sitting contentedly on the bed in her nightdress, wrapped in the mackintosh.

"Who do you talk to?" she asked.

"No one. No one heard."

"Why do you do it, then?"

He had to say something, so he said, "For peace."

He put on his jacket, went to the window and peered outside. Snow lay on the houses. The wind blew angrily across them. He glanced into the courtyard below.

"Whose peace?" she asked.

"The light went out, didn't it, while I was working the set?"

"Did it?"

"A short break, a second or two, like a power cut?"

"Yes."

"Put it out again now." He was very still. "Put the light out."

She put the light out, and he drew the threadbare curtains. Outside the snow reflected a pale glow into the sky. They were in half-darkness.

"You said we'd love now," she complained.

"Listen; what's your name?"

He heard the rustle of the raincoat as she stirred uneasily. "Anna."

"Listen, Anna." He went to the bed. "I want to marry you," he said. "When I met you, in that inn, when I saw you listening to the records, I fell in love with you, do you understand? I'm an engineer from Magdeburg, that's what I said. Are you listening?" He seized her arms and shook her.

"Take me away," she said.

"That's right! I said I'd make love to you, take you away to all the places you dreamed of, do you understand?" He pointed to the posters on the wall. "To islands, sunny places ——"

"Why?" she whispered.

"I brought you back here. You thought it was to make love, but I drew this knife and threatened you. I said if you make a sound, I'd kill you with the knife, like I—I told you I'd killed a boy and I'd kill you."

"Why?"

"I had to use the wireless. I needed a house, see? Somewhere to work the wireless. I'd nowhere to go. So I picked you up and used you. Listen: if they ask you, that's what you must say."

She laughed. She was afraid. She lay back uncertainly on her bed, inviting him to take her.

"If they ask, remember what I said."

"Make me happy. I love you."

She put out her arms and pulled his head toward her. Her lips were cold and damp, too thin against her sharp teeth.

"Let's talk a bit," he said. "Are you lonely, Anna? Who've you got?"

"What do you mean?"

"Parents, boyfriend. Anyone."

She shook her head in the darkness. "Just you."

"Listen; here, let's button your coat up. I like to talk first. I'll tell you about London. You want to hear about London, I'll bet. I went for a walk once, it was raining and there was this man by the river, drawing on the pavement in the rain. Fancy that! Drawing with chalk in the rain, and the rain just washing it away. They're crazy people, the English! They think the Thames is the biggest river in the world."

"What's that noise?" she said suddenly. "I know that noise! It was a gun; the cocking of a gun!"

He held her tightly to stop her trembling. "It was just a door," he said. "The latch of a door. This place is made of paper. How could you hear anything in such a wind?"

There was a footfall in the corridor. She struck at him in terror, the raincoat swinging round her. As the soldiers came in, he was standing away from her, the knife at her throat, his thumb uppermost, the blade parallel to the ground. His back was very straight and his small face was turned to her, empty, held by some private discipline, a man once more intent upon appearances, conscious of tradition.

The farmhouse lay in darkness, blind and not hearing, motionless against the swaying larches and the running sky.

They had left a shutter open, and it banged slowly without rhythm, according to the strength of the storm. Snow gathered like ash and was dispersed. They had gone, leaving nothing behind them but tire tracks in the hardening mud, a twist of wire and the sleepless tapping of the north wind. ■

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- ☐ Over-permanented
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- ☐ Sun-damaged hair
- ☐ Brittle hair
- ☐ Splitting ends
- ☐ Over-porous hair

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In jars or new travel size tube

condition* by Clairol®

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continued from page 58

restless Americans to faraway places; in the '40's it was the distant roar of the planes flying high overhead. After three years of her nine-to-five job in the dentist's office, she yearned for variety, motion, excitement. On a vacation she and her mother took a long ride in the 1948 Studebaker she had bought with her savings, to visit relatives in California. There she went to the office of Western Airlines and asked for a job. The woman who was supervisor of stewardesses looked at her and said, "You're self-conscious, aren't you?" She *was* very self-conscious, and somehow the remark set up a bond of friendship between them. When her mother returned to the Midwest, Jacquie Griffin stayed behind to take her training.

At the time, California seemed a strange place. She drove her Studebaker around Beverly Hills, awed and somewhat frightened by the luxurious homes of the movie people. At Christmas, with no snow on the ground, and with the colored lights strung incongruously on palm trees, she felt homesick. But she finished her training, and made her first flight. An older and more experienced stewardess was sent along to help her, but left the plane at the first stop, saying, "You're doing fine; you don't need me." Right then and there Jacquie Griffin knew she had found what she wanted. "Flying was just what I needed," she says. "I loved it from the first day."

To be sure, it was not so glamorous as she had expected. She was stationed in Minneapolis and flew mostly into the small cities west of there; life was a succession of short hops and tiny airports. In winter, a trip might end almost anywhere if a snowstorm closed in. But she liked meeting people on the move. She liked the irregularity of the hours and even the wintertime uncertainty. After all, the people who first settled America were unfazed by the unpredictability of life in a new world, and we all have some of their adventuresome blood in us.

She wound up stationed in Salt Lake City, living as she pleased in an apartment of her own, flying at odd hours to Denver, Sheridan, Wyo., and all the way north to Edmonton, Canada. She earned the fabulous salary—for a Depression baby—of $4,200 a year. And she met big rugged Ed Hicks, the captain on one of her flights.

A quiet man

Ed Hicks is this kind of man: Jacquie knew from the start that he had flown overseas in World War II. Not until she had been married to him for several years did she know that he had flown 86 missions over the China-Burma "hump," had been shot at and had won, among other things, three Air Medals and two Distinguished Flying Crosses. If he had not decided one day to throw out some of his old possessions, and thus run across a box containing his medals, she probably would not know to this very hour.

Ed Hicks, even more than Jacquie Griffin, is a symbol of mobility:

In this year 1965, as he flies from the West Coast to Minneapolis, Captain Hicks often passes over O'Neill, Nebr., one of the checkpoints on the route. Looking down, he sees a little farm along a riverbank. It was on that farm that he once lived as a boy, and mowed the fields with an old-fashioned sickle drawn by three big horses. Now he flies his 15,000-horsepower plane more than four miles high above the farm—just a little dot on the vast expanse of America's landscape that he sees every day.

Captain Hicks is a restless man by nature, for he comes from one of those families that refused to stay put even in America's quieter days. His grandfather was one of the adventurous souls who joined the gold rush; the story goes that he struck it rich in mines around Sutter Creek, but was somehow cheated out of his fortune and left nothing behind him when he died as a still very young man. Ed Hicks's father seems to have been born in Sacramento, but nobody knows for sure; he never had a birth certificate, and the family records, if any, were destroyed in the great Sacramento fire. Father Hicks grew up an orphan, living with a family in Nebraska. There he married, and, feeling his own father's stirrings toward the West, started out with his young bride in a covered wagon.

Born in a shack

Ed Hicks's older sister was born in a tent, Ed himself in a one-room homesteader's shack near Sheridan, Wyo.

He grew up in the lonely, wide-open spaces of Wyoming, on a ranch where his father struggled to grow wheat and cattle. He and his sister drove a wagon to a one-room schoolhouse, and in dry months drove the wagon four miles to haul water home in barrels.

The Depression was even harder on Wyoming ranchers than on Cedar Rapids businessmen, for it happened to coincide with years of terrible drought. The Hicks family barely survived—and young Ed would never have managed to get through high school had it not been for the Government's old Civilian Conservation Corps program. It provided him with a bed and meals, $30 a month pay and a chance to finish his schooling at night.

When he left the CCC, just a few years before the Griffin family became the subject of the first HOW AMERICA LIVES story, he had a diploma, an old automobile and some new suits; and he decided to try his hand at selling Singer sewing machines, town to town and door to door. He slept in his car, washed up at filling stations and, despite all his efforts, found very few families with enough money to buy even such a necessity as a sewing machine. There came a night in Great Falls, Mont., with the temperature at 14 below, when he lost his car for failure to keep up the payments, and found himself out on the street with no place to live and only $4.45 in his pockets.

A friend helped him get back to Wyoming. There he worked in a construction gang and later as an attendant in a mental hospital, 10 hours a day for $5[illegible] a month plus room and board. He might be there yet, just as his wife Jacquie might still be in Evanston, had it not been for that magic carpet, aviation.

As it happened, the Sheridan Chamber of Commerce decided to sponsor a flying school, starting with a course of ground instruction given at night. The two highest-ranking students got scholarships to go on and actually fly planes. Ed Hicks was one of the winners. By the time the war came he was qualified to teach air corps cadets. After a while he went into the service himself, ferried B-17's across the Atlantic and wound up

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the China-Burma theater. y this time he knew for sure hat he wanted to do with is life. "Most of the other ilots said that when they ot out of the service they'd ever look at another air- lane," he recalls. "I said the rst thing *I* was going to do as knock on the door of an rline and ask for a job."

He did, and now is 93rd in eniority among Western Air- nes' 450 pilots. Last year he rned $23,900. This year he arts flying jets and will earn core.

The girl from Cedar Rapids nd the boy from Wyoming ow live in a hacienda-style ouse that cost them $41,500 1960 and at present, thanks the rapid inflation in Cali- rnia real-estate prices, is orth many thousands more. rom their front window they ok out upon the Pacific, here on summer days they exploring in their boat, metimes as far away as atalina Island. They have a ambler, bought new, and a cond-hand Karmann Ghia. The couch in their living om is 13 feet long. The ereo console, brand new and gantic, will play anything er recorded, in brilliant gh-fidelity tones. But per- ps the most spectacular atures of all, in this luxury ouse by the sea, are the cup- ards and the freezer.

Ed Hicks is a big man and big eater, and he still has emories of how his father, ocking up for the winter in e more prosperous years, ould come back from town ith a wagon creaking under 500 pounds of flour or a ton potatoes. Ed Hicks does ost of the grocery buying ow, and he does it on the and scale—an entire steer a time, lobsters and shrimp the case.

When the Hickses go to e supermarket together, ey usually wind up with o carts, piled to the brim. he shopping trips are a sort family joke, "I like the nvenience of having every- ing I need right at hand," ys Jacquie Hicks, "so I al- ays send Ed to the market an empty stomach. But it ts embarrassing sometimes hen people are lined up be- nd us with just an ordinary y's shopping, while we eck out eighty dollars' orth." Says Ed Hicks, "I ess people sometimes won- r, How many kids has this own got? But it's the only ay to buy."

The food moves *out* of the freezer in ge quantities too. When he gets up e after working late the night before, l Hicks likes a steak for breakfast, ng with his eggs and possibly some usages. In the evening he likes a big b of roast beef, or a giant lobster. inking back to the days when her ther was feeding the family on a llar a day, Jacquie sometimes marvels. "In this house," she says, "we have Sunday dinner every night of the week."

Life in California is noted for its informality, and the Hickses lead an even more informal life than most. Indeed, there is one possession in the Hicks home, in a handsome walnut box, that in itself tells a story about one of the great changes in how America lives. This is Jacquie Hicks's silverware—a solid and elaborate setting for six. Yet her house, like so many built today, especially in the Far West, does not have a dining room. The Hickses eat at a counter and bar that separates kitchen from living room.

Captain Hicks usually gets in about 85 hours of flying time a month. Sometimes he is gone overnight; sometimes he gets home at 1:30 in the morning. On many days he does not work at all. Jacquie Hicks is a night person; she likes to sit up and watch the late movies on television until her husband gets home. The children are adaptable to almost any hours: Kevin, three, does not yet go to school, and Cheryl, five, goes to kindergarten in the afternoon. So the Hickses usually go to bed late and rise late. (*continued*)

The day begins when the first of the Hickses decides to get up. Ed Hicks or Jacquie pads barefoot to the kitchen and turns on the big electric coffee-pot. The big breakfast gets made and eaten. The kids go outdoors to play. (You can be outdoors almost every day of the year in Corona del Mar.) Captain Ed gets on the phone to see if his airline wants him to make a trip later in the day. Housewife Jacquie starts making the beds and throwing a batch of clothes into the washing machine.

At first neither of the Hickses was especially fond of life in California. The area around Los Angeles is a little too urban for a former ranch boy; Ed Hicks remembers that he felt "corraled in." Jacquie, who came from a home where good manners were stressed, was startled by some of the things she saw: "When even the fattest ladies in town go shopping in their bathing suits, you begin to wonder if informality hasn't reached the point of sloppiness."

But now they are totally adapted. For days at a time, Jacquie Hicks never takes a skirt out of a closet; she wears slacks and jumpsuits. Ed Hicks wears slacks and sneakers and sport shirts. It is a family joke that, aside from the uniforms he wears to work, he possesses no more formal wardrobe than his rancher father probably possessed—a single "funeral or wedding" suit.

Which brings up a strange point.

The French have a saying, *Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose:* The more things change, the more they stay the same. Does it apply to the Hickses and to how America lives in 1965?

Jacquie Hicks's mother never had a maid or a cleaning woman; though there were plenty of servant girls available in bygone generations, the family never could afford one. Jacquie does not have any household help either—partly because help is so difficult to find, partly for other reasons that we shall explore in a moment.

Jacquie's father, and Ed Hicks's father, too, were great do-it-yourself exponents, in the days when doing it yourself was a practical necessity rather than a hobby. Ed Hicks, with his own hands, redecorated the entire house, installed new gutters and the water softener, replanted the yard and laid down the sprinkling system. Recently he spent a day rewiring the furnace system. "It saved me fifty dollars," he said. And added dourly, "At that it cost me seven dollars for parts."

Jacquie's family always watched the pennies. Ed's family often skirted the edge of bankruptcy. And the ironic thing is, even the Hickses—on an income of around $24,000 a year—feel that they, too, are frequently strapped for cash. One reason they have no household help and Ed does so much of the repair work is that they cannot afford servants and workmen. Right now Ed Hicks pines for a color television set; he just cannot work it into the budget. "We keep wondering how all the bills are going to be met," Jacquie explains. "And the twentieth of the month is always a sad day around here, because that's when Ed makes out all the checks."

Income is a relative matter. The few Americans who earn substantially more than $24,000 a year will wonder how the Hickses manage to get by at all. Families in the $24,000 bracket will sympathize. The great majority of Americans who earn less than $24,000 even in this time of unprecedented prosperity, will want an explanation:

First and foremost of the Hickses' financial problems is the income tax, which represents one of the greatest of all changes in how America lives in 1965 compared with 1940. Americans now pay about 30 times as much in

Kiss me you fool!

(no one will ever know)

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COTY '24' HOUR LIPSTICK

stays on till you take it off

Federal income taxes as they did in 1940. The Hickses, last year, paid $3,900.

Next comes the matter of debt. People used to save up to buy a house or an automobile; now they buy first and pay later. Americans now owe more than eight times as much as they did in 1940 on time payments and personal loans, and 10 times as much on mortgages on their houses. The Hickses, with their big house and some land they have bought for investment, owe more than most—and last year paid out $3,800 in interest. Thus, income taxes and interest last year cost the Hickses $7,700—almost four times as much as the salary on which Jacquie Hicks's father supported his family in Cedar Rapids 25 years ago.

$2,536 for insurance

There is also a new outlook on insurance. Life on the scale the Hickses live gets into the realm of high finance, and a prudent man guards against some of the risks. Indeed, Ed Hicks carries far more insurance than even today's average. Airline pilots hold their jobs only as long as they can continue to pass rigid physical examinations and proficiency tests, given every six months; so Ed Hicks carries an expensive policy that would pay him $45,000 if he should ever lose his license. He also carries $25,000 of disability insurance and $85,000 worth of life insurance. All told, he spent $2,536 on premiums last year.

The Hickses, like most Americans, are devoted to their children; they want to provide a college education for them, so they are putting $960 a year into a mutual fund for the children's benefit. To protect their own futures, as well as anybody can in this era of rapid change, they feel they must put some other money aside; last year their savings and investments amounted to $5,100. And a big house costs money to maintain and furnish; in recent years they have spent an average of $1,400 on furniture and other equipment.

Right off the top of that $23,900 income, in other words, comes $17,696, leaving $6,204 for such day-to-day living as food, clothes, light, fuel, telephone and auto upkeep. It is just as well that Ed Hicks is a do-it-yourself man and that Jacquie Hicks has no great urges to go on clothes-buying sprees or to do a lot of social entertaining. In their mansion by the sea the Hickses live a rather simple life—and, except for the food, a not especially luxurious one.

Even the romantic Pacific plays less of a role in their life than one might expect. Jacquie Hicks has a fair skin, easily freckled, and so do her children; she regards the beach mostly as a place from which you return sunburned and "with sand in your hair and sand in your teeth." Ed Hicks is not sure that the ocean fishing he does from his boat can compare to the thrills of hunting in Wyoming. Skin diving, which some of his friends have urged him to take up, does not appeal to him at all. "I don't mind looking into the eyes of a bear or a wildcat," he says, "but a shark is something else. I just don't go that deep-sea route."

Perhaps you have to be born beside the ocean, not in Iowa or Wyoming, to become attached to it.

And perhaps the French are right about change and sameness.

The Hickses, as it happens, would be much richer than they are—except that they represent another of the changes in how America lives. In the old days, divorce was a rarity in America. Now it is a commonplace: about 17 million living Americans have gone through the divorce courts; one bride in six is marrying for the second time after a divorce; so is one groom in six. Ed Hicks was such a man; he was going through a divorce when he and Jacquie first fell in love. As so often happens, the divorce involved a large cash settlement and, for a time, alimony; it left him flat broke, and he and Jacquie had to start from scratch. At that they are luckier than many other similar couples with smaller incomes where alimony represents a serious financial problem.

Jacquie Hicks is a Presbyterian. Ed Hicks is—or was until his divorce and remarriage—a Catholic. This, too, represents change. There has always been a certain number of "mixed marriages" in our nation, between men and women of different religions or from different immigrant groups, but never so many as today. The sociologists say that mixed marriages of any kind contain special hazards; and, now that the children are getting bigger, Jacquie and Ed Hicks are discovering that she wants to rear the children as Presbyterians; he wants them to go to a parochial school. This is a difference that cannot be compromised; one of these days the Hickses will have to sit down and decide who has won the point, and who has lost.

Jacquie and Ed Hicks, restless Americans of the second half of the 20th century, moved all the way to the rim of our nation, the California seashore. In the meantime, Ed Hicks's parents died—both of them, by dreadful coincidence, killed in automobile accidents, another new feature of the modern American scene. Jacquie's parents now live in Cleveland. They, too, moved onward and upward in the prosperous postwar years. Aulden Griffin's salary as a division manager for a manufacturer of airplane parts rose to around $9,000 a year. They now own, except for a very small mortgage, a beautiful colonial house set in a tremendous yard, where Mr. Griffin still builds patios and fish pools, and Mrs. Griffin grows flowers that win prizes at garden-club showings.

Out of work at 62

Now, however, like many other aging Americans, the Griffins may be in trouble—another of the modern facts of life. Mr. Griffin's company in Cleveland lost some defense contracts and cut back. He lost his job when he was 62. Today's employers, he found, have no use whatever for a 62-year-old businessman, however good his credentials. So he is starting a new and highly speculative career as a real-estate salesman. Mrs. Griffin works weekdays for the Welcome Wagon, and on weekends also sells real estate.

Between them, the Griffins have sold 10 houses since they started. They may make a profitable business out of it, or they may have to cut back on their standard of living. Either way, they will doubtless make out all right. Families that lived through the Great Depression know how to cope with the ups and downs—and thus possess an asset that younger families, brought up in more prosperous times, may lack.

Finally, what of Cedar Rapids, where Jacquie Griffin Hicks lived as a schoolgirl in 1940? Here we come to one of the most dramatic changes of all in 1965's America, the rapidly altering profile of the American city. Some cities have decayed since 1940; others have grown and thrived. Cedar Rapids is one of the fortunate ones. It has a symphony orchestra now, a community theater, an outstanding library, an art museum, one of the best school systems in the world, lots of new churches, new swimming pools and golf courses. But its small-town ideals remain. When a man recently went on a drunken-driving spree, practically all the people in sight dropped what they were doing, gave chase, and held the man until police arrived.

Since 1940 many Americans have moved to faraway places, carrying some of their old habits with them. Many Americans have sat still, have found change erupting under their very feet. Jacquie and Ed Hicks have made a new life for themselves at the edge of the Pacific.

Jacquie's parents are now completing life's cycle in Cleveland. Some of the changes in their lives are superficial. Many are not. But change is the theme. Change is the way America lives. ■

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Blessed medals, of which there are many, are called "sacramentals." Holy water, candles, scapulars and other devotional objects are also sacramentals, or devotional objects blessed and authorized by the Church as aids to piety and worship. Their use by Catholics is a matter of choice, not obligation. And they are not to be confused with the Sacraments, instituted by Christ Himself, which do constitute an obligation upon all Catholics.

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Pattern Backviews

see pages 72–77

Falling for ruffles

6369 6446 5881 6344 6085 5345

Vogue Design 6369 One-piece evening dress, 10–18, $1.50; in Canada, $1.65. Dress shown requires 3⅝ yd. of 45-in. fabric without nap, size 14. **Vogue Design 6446** Jumpsuit, "Easy to Make," 10–18, $1; in Canada, $1.10. Version shown here requires 3½ yd. of 45-in. fabric without nap, size 14. **Vogue Design 5881** "Easy to Make," 10–18, $1.50; in Canada, $1.65. Dress requires 3⅛ yd. of 35-in. fabric without nap, size 14. Lay out your pattern on the lace so as to have a maximum piece left for stole, both in length and width. Our stole is 45 in. long, and requires 3¼ yd. organdy ruffling. **Vogue Design 6344** One-piece evening dress, 10–18, $1.50; in Canada, $1.65. Dress shown here requires 2 yd. of 35-in. fabric with nap, size 14. **Vogue Design 6085** Evening dress, "Easy to Make," 10–16, $1.50; in Canada, $1.65. Size 14 dress requires 3½ yd. of 45-in. fabric without nap. **Vogue Design 5345** Coat, small, medium, large, $1; in Canada, $1.10. Coat requires 3½ yd. of 45-in. fabric without nap, size 14. For ruffles you will need 5 yd. of 45-in. fabric. Cut into 7½-in.-wide strips; gather down center (use buttonhole twist in bobbin) to make a double ruffle to trim coat. "Falling for Ruffles" fabrics at stores on page 122.

Summer boutique

6495 6464 6559 1348

Vogue Design 6495 Loungewear, 10–18, $1; in Canada, $1.10. Long evening dress shown requires 3⅞ yd. of 45-in. fabric without nap, size 14. **Vogue Design 6464** 10–18, 75c; in Canada, 85c. Dress requires 2⅛ yd. of 45-in. fabric. Band requires ½ yd. of 45-in. fabric without nap, size 14. **Vogue Design 6559** Small, medium, large, $1; in Canada, $1.10. Dress requires 3 yd. of 45-in. fabric without nap, size 14; 3½ yd. rickrack trim. **Vogue Design 1348** 10–18, $2.50; in Canada, $2.75. Blouse requires 1¼ yd. of 45-in. fabric without nap. Pants require 2⅝ yd. of 45-in fabric, size 14.

How to Order Summer Boutique Items

The "Never Underestimate the Power of a Woman"† fabric has been made exclusively for *Ladies' Home Journal* by Tiger Fabrics, Inc. It is drip-dry, 100 percent cotton broadcloth 45-in. wide. It can be ordered by mail from *Ladies' Home Journal* at $1.98 a yard in the following combinations: blue-green, red-pink, orange-yellow. Send check or money order payable to Ladies' Home Journal, Dept. JXY-13, P.O. Box 84, New York, N.Y. 10046. Allow three weeks for handling and mailing. Sorry, no Canadian, foreign or C.O.D. orders.

In addition to the accessories shown on page 72, the following items are also available: handbags, headbands, bill and recipe files and assorted desk items. Any of these accessories can be purchased at Bloomingdale's, New York, and branches in Stamford, Conn., New Rochelle, N.Y., Fresh Meadows, N.Y., Bergen County, N.J., or by mail on orders over $3.01, exclusive of sales tax where required. (Outside of Metropolitan New York delivery area add 75c.) Make check payable to and send with order to: Bloomingdale's, Lexington Avenue at 59th St., New York, N.Y. 10022. Allow 3 weeks for delivery. (Note: Fabric can be ordered only from *Ladies' Home Journal* and accessories only from Bloomingdale's.)

Buy Vogue Patterns at the store that sells them in your city. Or order by mail, enclosing check or money order, from Vogue-Butterick Pattern Service, P.O. Box 630, Altoona, Pa.*; or in Canada: P.O. Box 4042, Terminal A, Toronto 1, Ont. *California and Pennsylvania residents please add sales tax.

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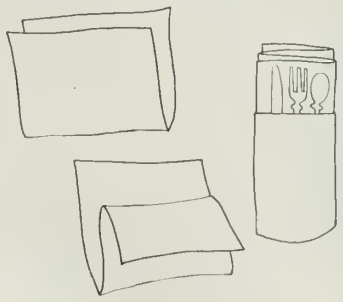
Fancy Ways with Napkins

Give your table setting extra flourish by folding napkins in one of these imaginative, easy-to-make designs.

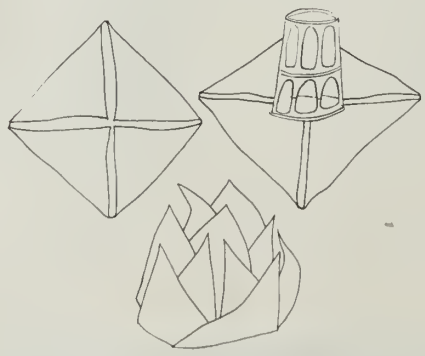
By ALICE KASTBERG

The pocket server is a napkin fold especially suited for buffet entertaining, since it makes a neat package of all the silverware your guests will need. It makes a big contribution to a smooth-running meal by eliminating the return trip for the spoon or napkin that guests so often forget the first time around. For a decorative touch to your buffet setting, mix different-colored nap-



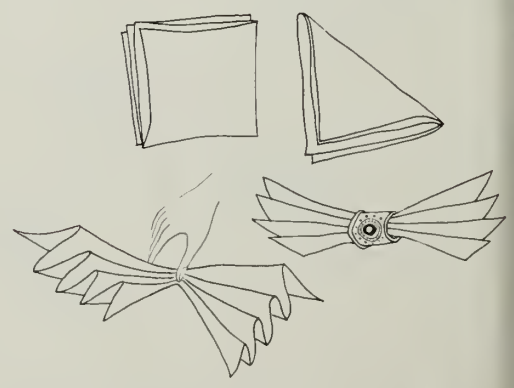
kins—linen, damask, or even paper can be used. To make a pocket server, unfold napkin completely. Then fold in half with open ends at top (drawing, upper left). Fold back the top section by half (lower center), and turn the napkin over. From left to right, fold over four times (with a little practice, your folds will come out evenly). Now place silver in the pocket you've made (right).

The rose is an elegant Origami fold that works well with linen or damask. Unfold napkin and place flat on a table and fold up the four corners to meet at the exact center (left). Press firmly. Repeat this step twice. Turn over, again fold corners into center, and place a small glass upside down in the center (right). Keep glass in place with left hand while you slip your right hand beneath napkin and carefully pull a top corner out and upward against the glass. Pull out the next top corner to the left and keep moving to the left until all 12 corners are up. The last four corners are the key to holding the rose in shape, so pull



them up a bit more snugly. Remove glass, fluff petals and place rose in center of dinner plate.

The butterfly makes a graceful pattern equally at home at a formal table setting or on the patio. It's a good way to show off heirloom silver napkin rings, or you can use the colorful, inexpensive rings available at the dime store or in novelty shops. Still another way to cinch these butterflies is with ribbon tied in pretty bows. Fold a linen or damask napkin in quarters (upper left), then



fold in half diagonally (upper right). Starting at the point opposite the fold, gently fold the napkin back and forth, making soft pleats. Gather in the center with your fingers (lower left) and carefully slip into napkin ring (lower right). Adjust the pleats as necessary. ■

whooosh

Gets you out of the kitchen fast!

Only new Blue Ajax Cleanser contains Bluclorin—the brand new speeded up bleach formula! Bluclorin makes new blue Ajax more stubborn than stains—gets you out of your kitchen fast! Now also available in the new plastic decorator size.

more stubborn than stains!

Health Facts for Travelers

By LUTHER L. TERRY, M.D.
Surgeon General, U.S. Public Health Service, Department of Health, Education and Welfare

Travel in most of the nations of the world poses no real health problems, yet many of the two million Americans going abroad this year will waste some precious vacation days being sick. As a physician who leaves the States quite often, I know that travel, even in the tropics, can be perfectly healthy if a few precautions are taken. Here are the simple rules that keep our medical officers well, even while visiting the most disease-ridden parts of the world:

PACE YOURSELF—LIVE SENSIBLY: It seems to be an American habit to overdo on vacations, and this affects health. The sedentary business girl who spends an entire day walking around the exciting streets of Rome risks crippling blisters and a possible infection unless she has brought along well-broken-in walking shoes. The middle-aged executive who drives from Paris to Cannes in one day will be too exhausted to enjoy the Riviera scenery for some time. Experienced travelers know that adequate sleep—and an occasional nap—can spell the difference between enjoying a trip and becoming so tired that resistance to disease is dangerously lowered.

Jet flights offer special health problems, although most physicians agree that they are acceptable even for heart patients. If you fly to Europe or the Far East, you can cushion the stress of the sudden change in time zones—and help reset your body's inner clock—by taking it easy for a day or so after you arrive.

BE CAREFUL ABOUT WHAT YOU EAT: Simple diarrhea is the traveler's most common illness. It usually arises from contaminated food, causes a good deal of discomfort, and ordinarily clears up in a day or two. It is particularly prevalent in hot countries, where food spoils readily, flies abound and the standards of hygiene are low. Of course, food and water abroad are safe in most large cities and at first-class hotels and resorts; but when in doubt, follow these instructions:

Eat only cooked food that is served hot from the kitchen—no cold meats, salads, custards, ice cream or pastries. Don't eat raw fruit unless you yourself have washed and peeled it just before eating. Drink only bottled water. Use bottled water to brush your teeth, to mix drinks, to make ice cubes. If bottled water is unavailable, boil tap water for five minutes, or use chlorine or iodine water-purification tablets.

If you do get diarrhea despite these precautions, see a physician. He can give you a drug to clear up the disorder; and only he can decide whether you have some more serious illness. To find a physician abroad, I suggest that you ask the American embassy or consulate, the local office of your airline or travel service, or an American resident.

PRE-TRAVEL CHECKUP: It is smart to visit your family doctor before you go abroad. He can make sure you are in shape to travel, and can prescribe any medicine you might need for an emergency, for motion sickness or for stomach upset. Since a toothache can ruin a vacation, it also is a good idea to get a dental checkup. And get from your eye doctor a copy of the prescription for your glasses.

If you have diabetes, are allergic to penicillin or other drugs, or have any medical condition that may require emergency care, you should carry at all times, here or abroad, a tag or bracelet or card describing your condition.

DON'T FORGET YOUR VACCINATIONS: The most important vaccination, legally required by the United States and many other countries, is for smallpox. This country also requires vaccinations for yellow fever and cholera if you are returning from areas where these diseases are present. Your local health department, or the Public Health Service in Washington, D.C., can explain the current requirements.

To be recognized as valid, your smallpox or other required vaccinations must be recorded by your doctor, and stamped by the local or state health department in a yellow booklet entitled "International Certificates of Vaccination." No other kind of record, letter, or document is accepted.

Some additional vaccinations I recommend, even though they are not required by law, are:

Typhoid and paratyphoid, except for infants under one year.

Polio, tetanus, diphtheria, especially for children under 16 who are not shown to be immune by the Schick test.

Whooping cough, for babies and preschool children.

Louse-borne typhus, for travelers to Eastern Europe and the interiors of tropical countries.

Some vaccinations take effect in a few days, while others become protective only after several weeks. I suggest that you start your vaccinations at least two months before you leave for overseas. That will allow for reasonable spacing, and time to build up your resistance to disease. Don't make the mistake of waiting until the last minute for vaccinations, as the columnist for a leading newspaper did recently. He passed through a yellow-fever-infected area in Africa on his way to cover a border dispute in India, and ended up in quarantine there for several days because his vaccination was not 12 days old, as Indian law requires.

One last word of advice: If you should become ill shortly after returning home, see your doctor at once and tell him where you have been. Most likely you have a minor upset caused by the change and excitement of being home; your doctor will be able to give you something for it and relieve your concern.

* * *

Single free copies of health information leaflets for travel in Europe, in Latin America, in Asia and in Africa are available from the Public Inquiries Branch, U.S. Public Health Service, Washington 25, D.C. ■

TABASCO GREEN MAYONNAISE

1 cup mayonnaise
½ avocado pureed
½ tsp. Tabasco
1 tsp. lemon juice

Blend avocado, Tabasco and lemon juice into mayonnaise. Serve over your favorite salad.

TABASCO FRENCH DRESSING

1 cup French dressing
2 tbsps. chili sauce
½ tsp. Tabasco
1 diced pimento
2 minced green onions
Several sprigs watercress, finely chopped

Combine ingredients; blend well.

Tabasco is a *seasoning.* Use it the way you use salt, onions, parsley or herbs, adding by measure while cooking. It is made from peppers grown by the McIlhenny family on Avery Island, blended and mellowed for three years in oaken casks. Unique aroma and flavor make Tabasco brand pepper sauce a world-wide seasoning-favorite.

NEW 40 page recipe booklet, "The Art of Seasoning": Appetizers, Soups, Eggs, Sauces and Dressings, Vegetables, Seafoods, Entrees. Just send flap from Tabasco carton or 10c to Tabasco, Department LH-5, Avery Island, Louisiana.

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There *are* imitations—be sure the brand is Tabasco

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The Grow-Marks

A SHORT STORY BY LESLEY CONGER

Trudy swallowed, with a wince and a shudder, a mouthful of coffee grown stone cold. Carrying her cup before her as if it contained a mass of writhing angleworms, she crossed the kitchen to the sink and poured the rest down the drain. The morning sun ricocheted from a mixing bowl full of water to the ceiling, where a round dazzle of light broke into a crazy dance as she dropped her cup and spoon into the bowl. The room smelled of brownies, a command performance for five-year-old Ritchie, who was out in the digging patch making a town, an airport and a freeway, and letting the garden hose supply a muddy river. But Trudy's mood ran darkly counter to the bright day; sighing through clenched teeth, she went back to the nook and picked up the paint color cards she had been studying.

Camellia Pink? Not with that linoleum, no. Backing up against the table, Trudy narrowed her eyes and surveyed the kitchen, squinting at the cupboards and trying to use her imagination as a paintbrush. Heavenly Blue was just too blue, and as for Sea Foam Green—Trudy wrinkled her nose and said aloud, "Cream of spinach soup!" Cloud White? Butterscotch Beige? April Yellow? With a dogged abandon, Trudy sloshed yellow on the drawers, yellow on the cupboards above the sink, yellow on the front of the flour bin, yellow—but her imaginary paintbrush ran dry when it reached the doorway into the dining room.

It would have to be painted anyway. They had redecorated the rest of the house almost two years ago, and it was the kitchen's turn no matter *what.* But Trudy dropped the color cards on top of the kitchen stepladder and went over to the doorway, where she leaned against one side of the doorframe and gazed at the family grow-marks on the other side. It has to be painted anyway; but it isn't the same, she thought, to have to paint it for somebody else. She touched one of the marks. ZANNA, FEB. '64, read the lettering in India ink; not far below it another said, BARB., MAY '60. Roxanna, now eight, was a shade taller than Barbara had been, but both of them were probably destined to be taller than Trudy herself. RITCHIE, JULY '61. Trudy, bending down, smiled as she remembered a two-year-old boy with his sisters holding him firmly against the doorframe so that Len could make the mark with ruler and pen. So much of our life, she thought, straightening up again: BARB., MAY '64 was above the level of Trudy's eyes, and Barbara was twelve now, all legs and a flying mane of streaky blond hair. I can't paint it, Trudy thought, I just can't!

The oven timer rang. She set the pan of brownies to cool on the breadboard and then picked up the color cards and laid them, face down, on the windowsill. Maybe Len would forget to phone and ask her about the paint, she thought; she was supposed to tell him what to get, so he could buy it on his way home. Or maybe something would happen and Len would change his mind about moving; maybe, she invented extravagantly, maybe the biochem laboratories at the state university would blow up or burn down, maybe the whole project would be canceled, and then they could just stay here, and Len would go on teaching at the junior college as usual, and when she did paint the kitchen she could just copy the grow-marks off and ink them in all over again on top of the new paint. And the sweet peas would bloom against the garage wall, and the apples would turn big and greeny-yellow; Ritchie would go on with his endless landscaping of the digging patch, Zanna would hang by her knees from the gym-set rings, and Trudy would dust the big fancy banister every Monday morning and vacuum the carpeted stairway. The leaves would turn and fall, and fog would drift into the winter garden, and then suddenly there would be the crocuses again. . . .

And maybe it would rain peppermints tomorrow, that was the truth of it.

It was a wonderful opportunity for Len, and it had come just when he had begun to feel the need, he said, to stretch his mind and to grow a little. But the university was 250 miles away. Len had already talked to a real-estate agent; all that remained was to repair one sagging section of back fence and to paint the kitchen, then call Mr. Dexter, put up a sign, and wait for customers.

There were some lovely old houses near the university. With luck they might even find another house with a big porch instead of a big two-car garage, with trees instead of a pool-table lawn, perhaps even with a fancy banister sweeping down to a grand, impractical, space-wasting front hall—but it wouldn t be the same. They had lived in this house since Roxanna was born; in fact, she had narrowly missed being born in the house instead of in the hospital. Eight years, Trudy calculated, was the longest she had ever lived anywhere in her whole life, for she had spent her first nineteen years moving from one city apartment to another, one city to another, in quest of some pot of gold her father had never been able to find. Eight years—Trudy's eyes widened—why, that was over one-fourth of her life so far! She went to the breadboard and marked off the brownies into squares. . . .

Barbara drained her glass of milk and reached for her second brownie, her legs stretched out, her heels on the floor, and her feet swishing back and forth like windshield wipers. Zanna, nibbling dreamily, picked the color cards from the windowsill and held them up before her. "Can I have these when you've got the color picked?" she asked. "Can I, Mom?"

Ritchie scooted across the kitchen from his perch on the stepladder. "Hey, what are they? I want them."

"I asked first, Mom! I asked first!"

"I'm not through with them anyway," Trudy said. "Put them back."

"'What are they, I want them'—oh boy!" Barbara hooted scornfully. "How can you want something when you don't even know what it is?" She stood up, brushing brownie crumbs from her sweater. "Anyway, I know what *I* want." She posed aggressively in the middle of the room. "Mom, look. Don't I need a new skirt? Look, really!"

Trudy turned and tilted her head, looking hard. It was quite true. Skirts were short, but not *that* short. "You've been growing again," she accused.

"Measure me," Barbara said.

Zanna slid off the nook bench and ran for a ruler and pencil, while Barbara stepped out of her loafers and flattened her back against the doorframe.

"Make me a new mark," Ritchie demanded. "I've been growing again too."

Trudy leveled the ruler on Barbara's head. "I think you're as tall as I am," she said. Somewhere, down below waist level, there would be a mark for Barbara at the age of four, a good foot and a half shorter than the willowy girl who now slipped out from beneath the ruler and looked at it with astonishment.

"Hey, let's measure you, then," Barbara said.

Trudy pulled off her flats and stood against the grow-marks.

"Is it straight?" Barbara asked Zanna who backed off for a better view.

Ritchie was sitting cross-egged on the floor, impatiently picking at a stubborn knot in his sneaker laces. "Are you still growing, Mom?"

Trudy, without moving her head, glanced sideways at the clock. It was past four. Len would be phoning any minute now to ask about the paint, and the color cards still lay here. She bit her lip, thinking that even as Barbara made the mark at the ruler's edge, she had to be planning to obliterate them all, all these marks that recorded their years here in this house.

"*Are* you?" Ritchie asked.

"Am I what?" Trudy said.

"Still growing?"

"No," she answered. "No, I'm not growing. I stopped growing long ago."

"Is Daddy still growing?"

"No, Daddy's not growing."

"Look!" Barbara pointed dramatically at the marks. "I'm just as tall as you are, Mom, look!"

"Where's the ink?" Zanna wanted to know. "We've got to make it in ink, and put Mom and the date there, don't we?"

"Well, I guess *not*," said Barbara. "Not if we're going to paint the kitchen so we can sell the house."

"Oh. I forgot." Zanna stood silent for a moment, looking at the grow-marks. "That's sad, isn't it?" she said at last. "I wish we could leave them."

"That'd be silly," Barbara said. "Who else cares how we grew? We can make marks in our new house, can't we? We'll still be growing."

"Except Mommy and Daddy," said Ritchie. He made a furious face over his still-knotted shoelace. "*They* won't still be growing."

Trudy rinsed the children's milk glasses at the sink, where she could wipe her eyes without being seen. No, she thought, not growing in a way you can mark on a doorframe; but there are other ways to grow. *Grow* was the word Len had used—this new job would give him a chance to grow; or else, he had said, like a potted plant in a pot too small, he would become root-bound and die. She turned from the sink, and, seeing Ritchie still involved with his shoelace, she bent to help him. But he put out his hand to ward her off. "No, *I'm* gonna get it," he said, obstinately.

Trudy took a deep breath and straightened up. Why, next fall, Barbara would be in junior high school, and Roxanna in fourth grade, and Ritchie—Ritchie would be a first-grader and no longer at home. Then *I* can grow, too, Trudy thought; why not? She picked up the color cards and held them out at arm's length. There would be new marks on a new doorframe in a new kitchen, and perhaps beneath them and hidden by a layer of paint, some other family just might have left behind a record: BOB, APRIL '55 . . . JOANIE, MAY '60. . . .

"What do you think of Cloud White?" she asked Barbara.

"Neat," Barbara said, picking up the ruler. Ritchie, his sneakers off at last, was waiting to be measured.

I will always love this place, Trudy thought. I hope the next people here will love it too.

The phone rang. That would be Len. Still holding the cards, she went to answer it. ■

Ace angel baker wins wings

Miss Mary Baker, 225 Main Street, Anywhere, U.S.A., won her wings yesterday when she baked her first Betty Crocker Angel Food Cake.

After dazzling friends and family with a perfect angel, she modestly refused credit for the success.

It was so simple, she said. With a Betty Crocker Angel Food Cake Mix, there's no guesswork. No tricky folding-in by hand. Your mixer does all the work.

So out of my oven came this tall, proud cloud of a cake.

But the wings, we said. Where did you get the wings?

Oh, you mean the button? It comes in every package of Betty Crocker Angel Food Cake Mix.

GENERAL MILLS

Like to win your wings? Apply at your grocer's for a Betty Crocker Angel Food Cake Mix.

King-size sheet lovers!
You don't have to settle for just white.

Springmaid has created a decorator collection of King-size sheets.

Now the Springmaid decorator touch you love so much in regular size sheets is yours in Kings of all sizes—Queen, King, Hollywood and Super-Hollywood. So why settle for white when you can have colorful, festive Springmaid patterns on luxurious combed percale to please every taste; and, of course, these beautiful new Springmaid fashions are available in regular sheet sizes, too.

There's *Sunset Rose* (far right), handfuls of fabulous roses sprinkled at random on whiter-than-white combed percale. The top sheet is a dramatic turnback design. The bottom sheet, a breathtaking allover print, has Spring-On elastic corners. Matching pillow cases.

There's *Tapestry* (second from right), a delicate woven border, similar in effect to a rare and priceless Flemish tapestry. With matching pillow cases.

The fresh beauty of a field of flowers is beautifully reproduced with *Spring Song* (below), a striking print of poppies and other wild flowers. Top sheet with lavish turnback pattern or printed hem. Allover print bottom sheet has Spring-On elastic corners. Matching panel-printed or printed hem pillow cases are

available to complete the fashion look.

Echotone Stripes (far left), America's favorite stripe pattern, is now in King sizes, too. Features stripes in alternating soft and bold tones of the same color on sparkling white percale. In eleven beautiful decorator inspired colors.

And for the ultimate in mix-and-match-ability, Springmaid presents *Solid Color Sheets* in a rainbow variety of exciting hues.

Why is Springmaid doing all this? Because Springmaid believes a big, beautiful bed deserves to be beautifully accessorized. So ask for Springmaid Decorator Sheets in King sizes or regular sizes from $2.99 to $10.99. At fine stores everywhere. For the name of store nearest you, write Springs Mills, Inc., 104 W. 40th Street, New York 10018.

The National Association of Bedding Manufacturers has awarded Springmaid a special commendation for its exceptional creativity and contribution to fashion in king-sized linens for the bed.

Springmaid

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by Morgan-Jones,
a division of Springs Mills

Gourmet cooking is gas cooking, naturally

Dressing up beef stew as a family treat (or to meet company) is easier than you might think—when the cooking's done on a modern gas range. Today's gas ranges have an automatic top burner control that holds the precise temperature you set and eliminates pot-watching. A stew simmers evenly, without sticking or burning. Gas always gives you precise heat control in oven and broiler, too. That's why gourmet cooking is gas cooking... naturally.

Herb Bouquet Beef Stew

- 2 pounds beef chuck, cubed
- 1 can consomme
- 2 1/2 cups water
- 1 bay leaf
- 1/2 stick cinnamon
- 1/2 teaspoon peppercorns
- 1/2 teaspoon thyme
- 1/4 teaspoon marjoram
- 6 *each* of small potatoes, carrots, onions
- 1/4 green pepper, cut in thin strips
- 2 medium tomatoes, peeled and quartered

Season meat with salt and Ac'cent; brown slowly in hot shortening in Dutch oven. Add consomme, water, cinnamon and bay leaf. Tie other herbs in a small square of cheese cloth; add. Cover; bring to boil, then simmer over very low heat for 30 minutes. Add potatoes and carrots and cook 25 minutes. Add onions, green pepper, tomatoes and cook 20 minutes longer, or until meat and all vegetables are done. Thicken gravy (if desired) with 2 tablespoons corn starch mixed with 1/4 cup water. Makes six servings.

SMART WOMEN COOK WITH GAS IN BLUE STAR HOMES · PG and E Pacific Gas and Electric Company

Tell Me, Doctor

DR. FREDRICK J. STARE REPORTS ON "THE DRINKING MAN'S DIET"

Coming into Chicago by jet with the ceiling seemingly as low as possible, my main hope was that our pilot had not had the two Martinis before lunch that are suggested in a publication I read recently: *The Drinking Man's Diet.* "Pilots have to keep thin," it says, "and they can't afford to get run-down and nervous on starvation diets."

True, but if they follow the drinking man's diet, they are not only likely to get in trouble with their employers, who like their pilots sober, they will also be in trouble with their diets. Nor should they follow "A New Diet for Fat Pilots," another new gimmick diet I have lately seen, which is identical to the drinking man's diet; or the "Low Carbohydrate Diet" that has been popularized in recent months by some magazines and has also been called "the Air Force Academy Diet," even though the Air Force has nothing whatever to do with it.

The drinking man's diet is another example of diet nonsense that periodically sweeps the country. People fall for such a trick diet because it works, for a time, as does any diet in which caloric intake is appreciably less than calorie expenditure.

"A dinner of squab and broccoli with hollandaise sauce and Château Lafite, to be followed by an evening of rapture and champagne," the drinking man's diet suggests, with "your favorite girl." This may go over well with her, if you can keep from falling asleep. But it is not much of a dinner and not very good nutrition. In fact, most people I know would be hungry on nothing but squab, broccoli and hollandaise sauce for dinner. Though I admit that, with plenty of wine and champagne, the hunger might be forgotten, temporarily.

The diet booklet says: "This really is a very simple diet. It can be summed up in one sentence: Eat less than 60 grams of carbohydrate a day. That's all there is to it."

It is simple. It is also for simpleminded people. Here are the facts behind the gimmick: Most adult men average 350 grams carbohydrate, 125 grams of fat and 100 grams of protein per day, for a total of about 3,000 calories. If the carbohydrate is reduced to 60 grams, that's an immediate reduction of about 1,200 calories. The one specific menu recommended in the drinking man's diet provides much less than 125 grams of fat and 100 grams of protein. So there is plenty of room to make up for it with many calories from alcohol, and whether the alcohol is in Château Lafite, champagne or "two Martinis," it has seven calories per gram.

This current diet craze is just another adaptation of the old high-fat, high-protein diet formula that has been around for years. Dr. Herman Taller's *Calories Don't Count* type of diet of a few years ago was based on the same principle, even though it happened to ban alcohol.

What's wrong with these diets? Here are a few points to remember:

1. They are not complete. To say only "eat less than 60 grams of carbohydrate" is a disservice to the conscientious dieter, who needs to be told what, if he's not to eat his usual food, he should eat instead to maintain good health.

2. The diet prompts the consumption of saturated fats and foods rich in cholesterol as substitutes for carbohydrates. These foods are OK in moderation (as are carbohydrates), but they shouldn't be pushed in our affluent society where 50 percent of males are overweight; have increased levels of cholesterol in the blood; and will die earlier than necessary from cardiovascular disease.

3. Alcohol has its uses and its hazards. To recommend it deliberately as an important part of the daily food intake for a large segment of the public is poor advice. To write that alcohol is not transformed into fat is false. Excess calories of any kind are in part transformed into fat.

4. These diets have no permanent value because people won't stick to them. Eating is a pleasure, and much of its interest lies in the variety of taste sensations. When you cut out the carbohydrate food, you restrict your pleasure considerably. How much more sensible and satisfying it is to eat something of everything!

5. Any gimmick useful as a crash diet is treacherous because it does not encourage the weight watcher to *stay* at his desirable weight after he tires of the gimmick.

More and more researchers are beginning to believe that the main hazards of overweight are not in the weight itself but in the process of becoming overweight, particularly in gaining weight rapidly. Thus a person who takes off 10 pounds in one month, gains it back the third month, and then repeats the process a few months later is subjecting himself to two periods of rapid weight gain, in a constant Yo-Yo process. On-and-off dieting may not be too good for his cardiovascular system!

What is the diet to lose weight on, whether or not you enjoy alcoholic drinks? A diet of foods that provides adequate nutrition. This means a varied diet, containing some meats, fish, dairy products, cereals, fruits and vegetables—yes, and even some fats and sugar. It means foods you like, enjoy and can afford. It means moderate to small portions, probably no seconds, and it can include snacks and drinks. It means cutting *down*, not *out*.

We finally came through the murk at Chicago to a beautiful landing at the edge of the runway, so I think our pilot had not had the two Martinis recommended by the drinking man's diet. Now that we were on the ground, I hope he can relax and enjoy whatever he would like to drink, subject to the rules that all airlines enforce for their pilots. In addition, he can have good food, in variety, and including more than 60 grams of carbohydrate, all in moderation, and still not be a fat pilot or a drinking man but a well-nourished, healthy fellow. ■

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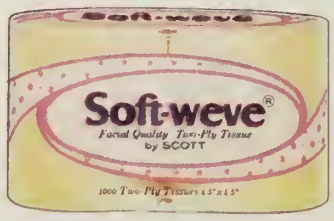

SCOTT MAKES IT BETTER FOR YOU

Topping It Off

Even after the batter's baked, most cakes aren't complete until they're covered with a glossy, fluffy or creamy frosting. There are four basic frostings—cooked, boiled, seven-minute and uncooked-butter—and countless variations on each. For the recipes below, all from the *Journal Dessert Cookbook*, keep one rule in mind: Simple frosting for a rich cake, rich frosting for a simple cake.

BUTTER CREAM FROSTING

½ cup butter or margarine
⅛ tsp. salt
1 tsp. vanilla or almond flavoring
1 lb. confectioners' sugar
5–6 tbsp. cream or 1 egg

Cream the butter or margarine until light and fluffy. Add the salt, vanilla or almond flavoring and half the sugar. Beat until smooth. Blend in part of the cream. Add the remaining sugar, beating until smooth. Add the remaining cream a little at a time until of the right consistency to spread. You may use the beaten egg instead of the cream. Yield: frosting for a 2-layer cake.

ORANGE BUTTER CREAM FROSTING

Use recipe for Butter Cream Frosting, substituting 1–2 teaspoons grated orange rind for flavoring, part orange juice for the cream.

CARAMEL BUTTER FROSTING

¼ cup sugar
6 tbsp. butter or margarine
Pinch salt
½ tsp. vanilla
1 lb. confectioners' sugar

Heat the sugar over low heat in a small heavy pan until golden brown in color, stirring constantly. As the color deepens, the flavor becomes stronger. Remove from heat. Add ⅓ cup boiling water and stir until the sugar is dissolved. Cool. Cream the butter or margarine; add salt and vanilla. Then add the confectioners' sugar and the caramelized liquid alternately, a small amount at a time, mixing well after each addition. Yield: frosting for a 2-layer cake.

CHOCOLATE CREAM-CHEESE FROSTING

2 pkg. (3 oz. ea.) cream cheese
6 tbsp. milk or cream
1 lb. confectioners' sugar
4 oz. unsweetened chocolate
Pinch salt
2 tsp. vanilla

Soften the cream cheese with milk or cream. Blend until smooth. Add the confectioners' sugar ½ cup at a time, blending after each addition. Melt the chocolate, cool slightly, and add to the creamed mixture with the salt. Flavor with vanilla. Beat all together until smooth and well blended. This frosting will keep several days in the refrigerator if covered tightly. Yield: frosting for a 3-layer cake.

RICH COFFEE FROSTING

6 tbsp. butter or margarine
⅛ tsp. salt
1 tbsp. instant coffee
½ tsp. vanilla
1 lb. confectioners' sugar
1 egg white
½ tbsp. light cream

Cream the butter or margarine. Ad the salt, coffee and vanilla. Graduall blend in about 1 cup of the sugar. Ad the egg white and beat until smoot Then add the remaining sugar alte nately with the cream, beating well afte each addition until smooth and th mixture is of a good consistency fo easy spreading. Yield: frosting for a 2 layer cake.

COFFEE FROSTING

3 cups confectioners' sugar
½ cup butter or margarine
Pinch salt
1 tsp. vanilla
¼ cup strong coffee

Mix the sugar, butter or margarine salt, vanilla and coffee. Particularl good on sponge cake. Yield: frosting fo a 2-layer cake.

PEPPERMINT-CANDY FROSTING

2 egg whites
½ cup light corn syrup
1 cup confectioners' sugar
Pinch salt
1 tsp. vanilla
½ cup crushed after-dinner mints

Mix the egg whites with the corn syru and sugar. Add the salt and vanilla. Bea the mixture with an electric mixer o rotary beater until the frosting stands i stiff peaks. Fold in the peppermints. Thi frosting is especially good to use o devil's-food cake. Yield: frosting for 2-layer cake.

SEVEN-MINUTE FROSTING

2 egg whites
1½ cups sugar
Pinch salt
¼ tsp. cream of tartar
2 tsp. light corn syrup
1 tsp. vanilla

Put the egg whites, sugar, salt, crean of tartar, ⅓ cup water and corn syru in a double boiler. Beat with a rotar beater for 1 min., or until thoroughl mixed. Place over boiling water and bea constantly for 7 min., or until frostin will stand in stiff peaks, stirring frostin up from bottom and sides of the pan oc casionally. Remove from heat and plac over cold water or pour into a bowl. Ad the vanilla and beat 1 min. longer, o until thick enough to spread. Yield frosting for a 2-layer cake.

LEMON SEVEN-MINUTE FROSTING

Proceed as for Seven-Minute Frost ing, using only 3 tbsp. water. Omit th vanilla and add 2 tbsp. lemon juice an ¼ tsp. grated lemon rind.

CHOCOLATE-MARBLE SEVEN-MINUTE FROSTING

Add 2 oz. unsweetened chocolate, whic has been melted and cooled slightly to Seven-Minute Frosting just before spreading. For the marbled effect, fol the chocolate in a little at a time.

CHERRY SEVEN-MINUTE FROSTING

Proceed as for Seven-Minute Frosting using ¼ cup water. Omit the vanilla an add 3 tbsp. maraschino cherry juice an 1 tsp. grated lemon rind.

BASIC GLAZE

1 egg white
2 cups confectioners' sugar
Pinch salt
1½ tsp. light cream
¼ tsp. cooking oil

Beat the egg white until foamy; then beat in the sugar and salt. Gradually stir in the cream until frosting reaches a spreading consistency. Stir in the oil. Yield: about ¾ cup, glaze for a 9-inch cake.

BOILED FROSTING

1½ cups sugar
3 egg whites
Pinch cream of tartar
Pinch salt
1 tsp. vanilla or ½ tsp. vanilla and ½ tsp. almond flavoring

Mix the sugar and ½ cup water in a heavy saucepan. Stir, cover, and bring slowly to a boil. Remove cover and cook to soft-ball stage (238° F.). Remove from heat and pour gradually, beating constantly, over the egg whites, which have been beaten until a soft peak forms. Add the cream of tartar, salt and vanilla with or without almond flavoring. Beat until mixture is very glossy, stands up in peaks and will not run. Yield: frosting for a 2-layer cake.

FLUFFY WHITE FROSTING

⅓ cup sugar
1 tbsp. light corn syrup
2 egg whites
1 tsp. vanilla

Combine the sugar, corn syrup and 3 tbsp. water in a heavy saucepan. Cover and bring to a boil. Uncover and continue cooking to the firm-ball stage (244° F.). Just before the syrup is ready, beat the egg whites until a stiff peak forms. Pour the syrup in a thin, steady stream into the beaten egg whites, beating constantly until the frosting is stiff and glossy. Blend in the vanilla. Yield: frosting for a 2-layer cake.

FUDGE FROSTING

2 oz. unsweetened chocolate
¼ cup milk
2 cups sugar
Pinch salt
2 tsp. corn syrup
2 tbsp. butter or margarine
1 tsp. vanilla

Break up the chocolate and add to the milk in a saucepan over low heat. Cook, stirring constantly, until the mixture is smooth and blended. Add the sugar, salt and corn syrup. Stir until the sugar dissolves and mixture boils. Continue to boil, stirring occasionally, until it reaches the thread stage (232° F.). Remove from heat. Add butter or margarine and vanilla and cool to lukewarm without stirring. Beat until thick enough to spread. Frost the cake immediately. Yield: frosting for a 2-layer cake.

CHOCOLATE GLAZE

1 oz. semisweet or sweet chocolate
1 tbsp. butter or margarine
1 cup confectioners' sugar
Pinch salt
½ tsp. vanilla

Melt the chocolate and butter or margarine with 3 tbsp. water over boiling water and remove from heat. Combine the sugar and salt and add to the chocolate mixture gradually, blending thoroughly. Add the vanilla. Pour evenly over the top of cake. Yield: ¾ cup, glaze for a 9-inch layer.

CHOCOLATE MARSHMALLOW TOPPING

18 large marshmallows
2 oz. unsweetened chocolate
1 egg
1 tsp. butter or margarine
½ tsp. vanilla
Pinch salt

Cut the marshmallows in quarters and put half of them into a double boiler with the other ingredients. Cook and stir over barely simmering water for a few minutes until the marshmallows are melted and ingredients are combined. Fold in the rest of the marshmallows and spread on top of the cake. Yield: topping for a layer cake. ■

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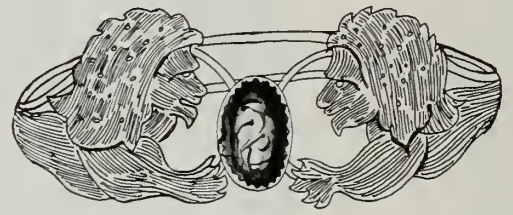
Jungle Gems

By PATRICIA GOULD

Straight from the animal kingdom, an exciting new procession of jeweled wildlife—each beguiling creature with a personality of its own. Capture one now for your jewelry collection.



More fun-loving than fierce is this lion with a twinkle in his eye. Golden cuff bracelet has red cabochon stone, $8, by Judith Green.

Golden serpent, graceful in repose, delicately studded in turquoise. Rhinestone-paved head, ruby-red eyes. Pin, $10 KJL.

Elegant elephant, hand enameled pink, is aglow with green stones and tiny pearls on the end of his tusks. KJL pin, $10.

Casting wide colorful eyes at the world from a mass of gilded plumage, Jeanne's owl pin, $4.

Be bold and wrap a panther 'round your wrist. This one, sleek and spotted, beaded in coral, has enamel heads and eyes that glitter. $25, by KJL.

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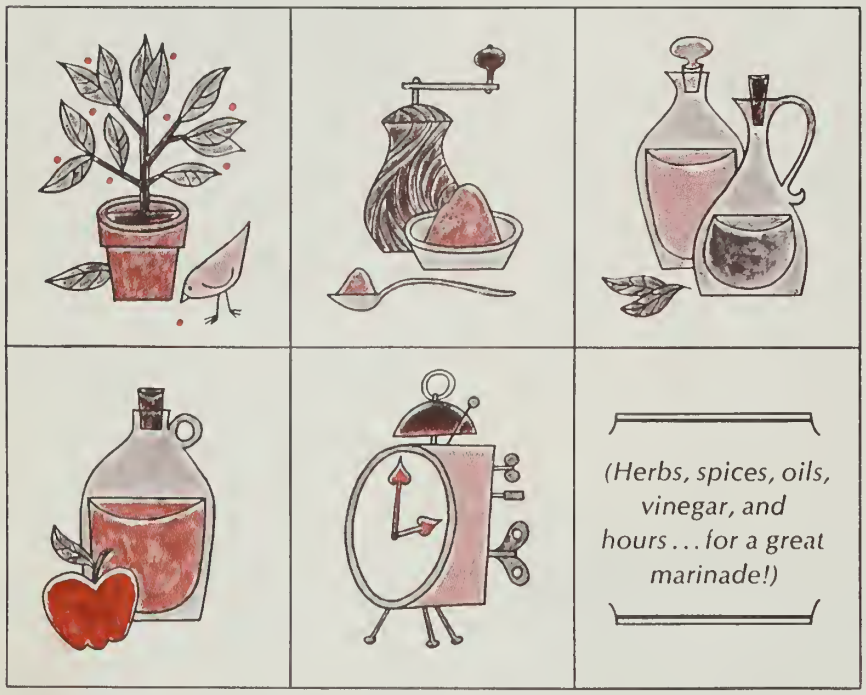
REPEATERS' CLASS *By Louis Ginsberg*

Conflicts of homes are huddled
in this room,
A ragged anthology of tangled forces,
A bully rehearsing all his father's
threats,
A boy is wading in his parents' wrath.
A mother's fears are semaphoring in
A fidgety girl, lost in her infancy.
And girls whose bodies are more wise
than they
Are floundering, bewildered, in
themselves.
Guilt is here traced in an eraser hurled;
And in parabcla of a piece of chalk,
A deep frustration's etched upon the air.

Amid this hubbub and confused array—
Unclassified disorders loose in seats—
The teacher pounds for order in the
class!



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nflict any physical or serious psycho-ogical damage. The real problem now ecomes: By spending so much time elling our children about the dangers nat surround every strange man, do e perhaps do more harm than good?

My present associates at the Insti-ute for Sex Research—John Gagnon, ne sociologist, and Cornelia Christen-on, our curator—and I are firmly con-inced that lurid warnings are harmful; 'e feel that they tend to encourage a ort of paranoid fear of all strangers and ll men and even of life's situations in eneral, without really preventing any gnificant number of these incidents. Ve are confirmed in this belief by an-ther fact shown by our new report: 'he man who molests a child is usually ot a stranger anyway. Like other rimes, these happen most frequently the poorer neighborhoods, and the ffender is often a man who lives in the me boarding house, or a neighbor or iend of the family, sometimes even a elative—someone whom the child nows and trusts. *The "lurking stranger" largely a myth.*

f young girls are *over*warned, per-aps older girls are not warned *enough.* Many of the older victims of rape, our udies indicated, had actually invited ne attack—not knowingly, but through gnorance of social custom, particularly f the customs of young men of a dif-erent social class. For example, a 19-ear-old girl went to an amusement ark, missed her bus home and accepted ride from five young men who were ding away from the park in an auto-nobile. By the young men's standards, ny girl who got into the car with them as openly offering herself for sexual xperience; so the minute she stepped , rape was inevitable. The young men d not even *think* of the incident as pe, even though she resisted; they be-ved that her resistance was just part the game! Another girl of 19 was ped when she foolishly let four boys ve her a ride home from a party; a rl of 14 was raped by a group of boys ho picked her up in an automobile and ot her drunk.

In some neighborhoods and small ommunities, there happens to exist a rt of unwritten law that accepting a de, particularly from more than one oung man, implies acceptance of xual relations. A girl who does not now this—say, a college girl who her-lf comes from a well-behaved sub-ban community but goes to another wn to visit one of her classmates—can uickly get into trouble.

There is a whole range of questions nich make the problem of rape a diffi-lt one indeed. For years—perhaps nturies—people have been arguing nether a full-grown woman can be ped at all if she really wants to resist. nong the skeptics, we found in the stitute study, are many policemen and osecuting authorities. A woman who mplains of rape is likely to meet with ertain amount of suspicion, especially as so often nowadays, she turns out be taller than the man she accuses.

ut our interviews leave no doubt out the answer to the old ques-n. One of the prisoners denied rather nvincingly that he had used force; wever, when we checked his story, found that it had required five stitches to close the cut in the young woman's lip. Another who denied using force turned out to have been armed with a kitchen knife; another with a pistol. Certainly any woman who values her life can be raped, no matter how desperately she would like to resist.

There can also be no doubt, on the other hand, that many men who have gone to prison for rape did *not* use force; they were more or less innocent victims of circumstance. Sometimes the young woman submitted willingly, and later, conscience-stricken, changed her mind. Sometimes, when the incident was discovered, the woman claimed rape rather than admit that she had taken part willingly. This seems to happen especially often in the case of a girl living at home, whose parents find out that she has been engaging in sexual activity.

There is also much room for difference of opinion inherent in all the social customs of dating and courtship. According to the rules, the man is supposed to be the aggressor, the woman is supposed to resist—or pretend to resist. At what point are the woman's protestations, which she has been making all along, supposed to be taken seriously? And how is the man to know? It is a game fraught with difficulties and danger. Sometimes a man who ignores the protestations finds himself charged with rape or attempted rape. Sometimes the man who listens too politely is, in fact, alienating a young lady who might have been the perfect wife for him. This is one of the many ironies of our sexual customs and laws—a subject that will be considered in next month's *Journal.*

The true rapist—the man with the knife or the pistol, the California man who went on the prowl in his automobile— is a dangerous, unfeeling man. He regards women as mere objects, and pays little attention to their physical appearance or even age. Sometimes he is a sadist, for whom inflicting physical harm is an important part of his pleasure. Yet, strangely, although he is among the most unlovable of men, he often exhibits a peculiar masculine vanity that leads to his undoing. Some rapists we interviewed were in prison for making this kind of mistake. In their unthinking way they assumed that the woman enjoyed the experience. Sometimes such a man even suggested another meeting. When the woman had the presence of mind to agree—and the rapist showed up for the "date"—the police were waiting. Otherwise he probably would never have been caught.

In many ways the rapist represents an extreme example of the difference between the masculine and feminine attitudes toward sex—a difference that became apparent in our earlier reports, and that also proves to play an important part in understanding sexual offenders. One of the basic problems of our society is the fact that the average man does not understand the psychology and the feelings of the average woman, and the average woman does not understand the sexual drives and psychology of the average man. In a sense, most sexual offenders are men who have the usual masculine misconceptions about the sexual attitudes of women—but in an extreme, exaggerated and distorted form. In next month's concluding installment of this summary of our new report, I shall explain this in detail.

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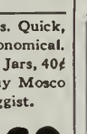

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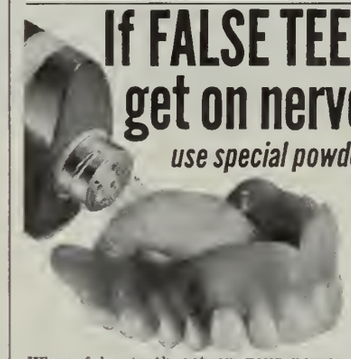

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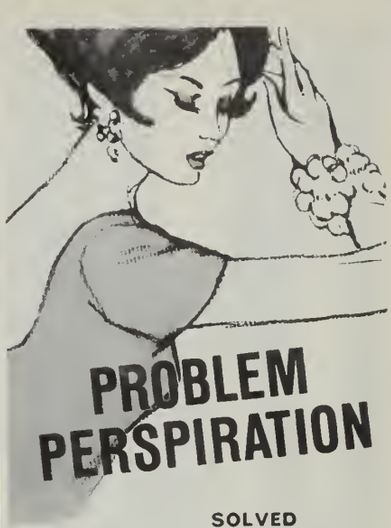

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. . . Margaret Merril

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THE RUTLAND PEARLS

continued from page 69

countries, I spent much of the time with Miss Fanny Todd, who eventually left me her house. Her grandfather had owned practically all the land surrounding the town of Silverton; and he had sold it off to friends in the 1880's. They had built summer places which had gradually turned into winter places. It had become a staple year-round community. There was a handful of families, four of which were the Bakers, the Shauvoloffs, the Rutlands and, of course, the Todds. Except for the fishermen in town and a few storekeepers, Silverton, and certainly its environs, was privately owned.

Fanny Todd lived with her servants in the ancestral home with great, square, high-ceilinged rooms—and lots of polished highboys. The household, except when Dickie, her beloved nephew, was home from college, consisted of Fanny, tall and bony, with dark eyebrows, and her gray hair in the tightest bun imaginable; Alice, the cook and waitress; Maggie, part companion, part nurse—and on Alice's Thursdays off an infinitely better cook than Alice had ever dreamed of being; and Rodney, the chauffeur, a rakish young man who liked to booze, knew everything about cars, and had a wholesome fighting relationship with Fanny. Rodney would slowly, slowly push the car from forty-five miles an hour to sixty-five. No matter how gradual the acceleration, as soon as he hit sixty-five, Fanny, through some fiendish telepathy, would know it. She would open the glass and nudge Rodney's shoulder with her cane.

When I was seventeen, I had been spending the winter at Fanny Todd's house. I had left college—to everyone's consternation—and after a wild few months in a room in Boston, living off my uncle's charge account at S. S. Pierce, I accepted Fanny's offer to spend the winter with her, as Alice had fractured her hip, and Maggie was in Atlantic City after one of her periodic abortive leave-takings of Fanny's service. Everyone knew she would be back in time for Dickie's summer holidays, but no one was boorish enough to mention the fact to either Maggie or Fanny. Fanny said she had never realized how well she could do without Maggie; and Maggie sent everyone but Fanny saltwater taffy and letters from her lonely hotel room saying how happy she was and how nice it was to be by the sea for once without working every single minute.

When my eighteenth birthday came in December, I came downstairs in the morning and found a bouquet of flowers at my place.

"Katharine you are a sight," was Fanny's greeting. "You are much too fat. Your hair is unbecoming so long. And those slippers you are wearing are a disgrace. Everyone says how nice you would look with your hair short and just a little heel. Slipshod!"

I picked up the bouquet of flowers, and underneath it was a long blue velvet jeweler's box, and in it were Fanny's pearls. I started to kiss her, but she shoved me aside. "My brother gave them to me on my eighteenth birthday. I am giving them to you under much happier circumstances than those under which I received them. They have just been restrung by Miss Wallace, who, thank God, looks well. She is absolutely the only person in or out of Boston I trust with *my, your* pearls. Say no more about it, Katharine. Either cut your hair or grow it long enough for a hairpiece. You'll never catch a man the way you look now. To top it off you are too much of a dreamer. Your *attention span*, I believe they call it now, is nil. Men don't like that." In this household of three old maids, except when Dickie was home or Rodney the chauffeur was rung for thrice, there were a great many categorical statements about what men liked and didn't like. "I noticed you with the Titus boy the other night. *He* was on the dance floor. You were in outer space. No wonder he didn't bring you home."

"Maybe I'll catch a spaceman."

"Don't make light of it. Do you want to end your days with no one caring about you? With even your servants preferring Atlantic City?"

"I care about you, Fanny."

"Perhaps? In your way. Your emotional wires were short-circuited too often at an early age. So were mine. A lot of people will knock their heads against that dreaminess of yours. In the end, I think—unlike me—you will be happy. Had I grown up in this period I might have had a chance. Will you kindly make me an old-fashioned omelet for lunch, not a fluffy one. I wish *someone* would tell Maggie how really frail I have become."

The whole rest of my life I was to wear Fanny's pearls. They gave me confidence, especially if there was another woman around prettier or getting more attention than I. I'd think, *Well, kiddo, cop all the men you like; but my pearls are real and yours are false.*

Fanny's pearls were particularly nice, large, Oriental ones with a ruby instead of a diamond clasp. I had had some experience with them before I actually became their owner. When I was at boarding school, I had been rummaging through the highboy in Fanny's room. There, among some old Christmas baubles, gold tops to walking canes, and rhinestone oddments were some pearls. At eleven, pearls were all pretty much the same to me. It never occurred to me anything of value would be in that particular lot, or to bite them or do any of the things which people do to test pearls. I was going back to school that afternoon and stuffed them in my pocket with a rhinestone bracelet and a hair band. I almost threw them away in the ladies' room of the train after trying them on. After I had been back at school a few days, Maggie called to say Fanny was in bed with a doctor and nurse in attendance, because her pearls had been stolen. It took me a good half hour to put two and two together. The resulting blowup could be heard all over Miss Potter's boarding school.

Fanny always wore the pearls to the beach because she felt being near the sea was good for them. Before going in the water, she carefully lowered the pearls into a Dresden bowl of sea water held by some reputable attendant. The salt water was to revive them.

Fanny's early life had been horrible. She had been brought up by a half-brother, twenty-five years older than she, a violent, hard-drinking weakling, whose one strong act had been to ruin completely his sister's life. She had been in love with a young lawyer, David. She had met him twice, only twice in his office. They had corresponded. He had come down to Silverton to sail one day. Fanny's brother watched them with a spyglass from the widow's walk.

Her near neighbor, Disraeli Baker, who had known her since childhood, once told me about it. "For a while she was so happy, in pastel dresses and her hair loose. She was always flat-chested, but that summer she was so attractive. She moved quickly, like a dancer instead of striding. I used to walk with her to the post office in the evening when she mailed her letters to him. Then, the day he came down and they went out in the boat, they didn't get in until late. Her brother was completely drunk. She and David came into the hall, and her brother began to berate them vilely. 'We tried to get back before,' Fanny sobbed, 'but the boat wouldn't answer. The rudder ran through some lobster traps. We became stuck on the bar. It was so shallow it looked as if the gulls were walking on water.' David bore up through the tirade.

"When they got out the door, she buried her face in her hands. 'Why are you doing that?' David asked.

"'Because I feel ashamed.'

"'Mayn't I see?'

"'No.' *(continued)*

Journal Shopping Center

THE GIRLS OF SUMMER pages 60–65

WHITE STAG ROMPER: Ely Moore, all stores, Connecticut; Selber Bros., Shreveport, La. SUZY BRDOKS PLAYSUIT: The Blum Store, Philadelphia; The Parisian, Birmingham, Ala. CARTERS SWIMSUIT: Best & Co., New York; Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D.C. GLEN OF MICHIGAN ORESS: Bonwit Teller, New York; Halle Bros., Cleveland; I. Magnin & Co., West Coast. REGAL SWIMSUIT: Stern's, New York; Broadway Century City, Beverly Hills, Calif. RDSE MARIE REIO SWIMSUIT: Bonwit Teller, Chicago. LAOY VAN HEUSEN TOP AND SKIRT: Bamberger's, Newark, N.J.; J. W. Robinson, Los Angeles. JANTZEN COAT ANO PANTS: Stern's, New York; Jordan Marsh, Miami. MAJESTIC BLUE SHIFT: Lord & Taylor, New York; J. W. Robinson, Los Angeles. LADY VAN HEUSEN SHIRT AND PANTS: Bamberger's, Newark, N.J.; J. W. Robinson, Los Angeles. HARBDR ROAD SWIMSUIT: Bloomingdale's, New York; I. Magnin & Co., West Coast. WHITE STAG CAROIGAN: Best & Co., New York; Joske's, San Antonio, Tex. KORET DF CALIFDRNIA SHIRT AND SHORTS: Macy's, New York; Annabel's, St. Petersburg Beach, Fla.; Jacome's Department Store, Tucson, Ariz. KORET DF CALIFDRNIA DRESS: Annabel's, St. Petersburg Beach, Fla.; Jacome's Oepartment Store, Tucson, Ariz. SLOAT DRESS: Bonwit Teller, New York; Halle Bros., Cleveland; I. Magnin & Co., West Coast. COLE BIKINI: Lord & Taylor, New York; Winkelman's, Detroit; Broadway Century City, Beverly Hills, Calif. LANZ OUTFIT: Bonwit Teller, New York; Julius Garfinckel, Washington, D.C.; Lanz of California, West Coast. JANTZEN JR. SHIFT: Bamberger's, Newark, N.J.; Famous Barr, St. Louis. DAVID STYNE DRESS: Lord & Taylor, New York; Bramson's, Chicago. MAJESTIC YELLOW SHIFT: Lord & Taylor, New York; Higbee's, Cleveland; J. W. Robinson, Los Angeles. RUOI GERNREICH SWIMSUIT: Lord & Taylor, New York; Angie Inc., Chicago; Joseph Magnin, San Francisco. ROBERT SLOAN JUMPSUIT: Macy's, New York; Sanger-Harris, Dallas; May Co., Los Angeles. TEAL TRAINA DRESS: Bonwit Teller, New York; Godchaux's, New Orleans. SPORT TRIO SHIFT: Bloomingdale's, New York; Gidding Jenny, Cincinnati; Bullocks-Lakewood, Calif. GLEN DF MICHIGAN JACKET AND PANTS: Halle Bros., Cleveland.

FALLING FOR RUFFLES pages 74–77

Fabrics available at: STERN & STERN POINT D'ESPRIT: Lord & Taylor, New York; May Co., Los Angeles. GALEY & LORD OTTOMAN: Bloomingdale's, Macy's and B. Altman & Co., New York; Marshall Field, Chicago; J. L. Hudson, Detroit; Bullock's, Los Angeles; Burdine's, Miami. RECORO LACE & EMBROIDERY FABRIC: B. Altman & Co., New York. GOUROON FABRICS: Lord & Taylor, New York. JANICE LACE C1038: B. Altman & Co., New York; Lazarus, Columbus, Ohio; Famous-Barr, St. Louis; Donaldson Golden Rule, Minneapolis. ORGANDY RUFFLES: B. Altman & Co., New York.

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"She kept her face buried; and he went off. The next day she came over to play tennis with me—the same old dark-dressed, tight-bunned Fanny I had always known. Her brother gave her the pearls a few days later, on her eighteenth birthday. It's easy to ask: Why didn't she defy him? The answer is, he had destroyed her so assiduously with his rages from childhood that she was conditioned like one of Pavlov's dogs to fear."

I loved Fanny's pearls and always took good care of them, because when they became unstrung, I became unstrung. Very occasionally she would borrow them for some event, such as a party for her remaining peers.

One spring when I was in my early twenties, it was such a warm night that I came down to Silverton on the midnight train unannounced, and happily went to sleep in my room at Fanny's with the sound of the sea and the sweet, dank smell of half-born spring in the country.

The next morning at about 8:30 I was awakened by Maggie, bearing a cup of camomile tea. She said she had been sent by Fanny, who was anxious to borrow the pearls. "*She* saw your coat in the hall. There's a terrible fuss downstairs. *She's* going to have Count and Countess Borzini for dinner and the Shauvoloffs and Mr. Baker."

Fanny so seldom borrowed the pearls that I was eager to let her have them. I ran into the bathroom where I had left them the night before on a wad of cleansing tissue on the shelf above the water closet. (It was always called a water closet in Fanny's house.) Pearls should always be left on a soft surface, never a cold, hard one. They weren't there! My clothes from the night before had been neatly hung on a hook. "Maggie!" I screamed. "Where are they?"

Maggie began crying and saying, "I didn't see no pearls. I didn't see no pearls."

An aroused March wind howled around the house. We sat there on the edge of the bathtub, and Fanny began to call, "Maggie, Maggie," from downstairs; and we both realized the terrible thing that had happened: Maggie, in one of her frenzies of cleaning up, had nervously thrown the wad of cleansing tissue away and flushed it and its precious burden down the water closet.

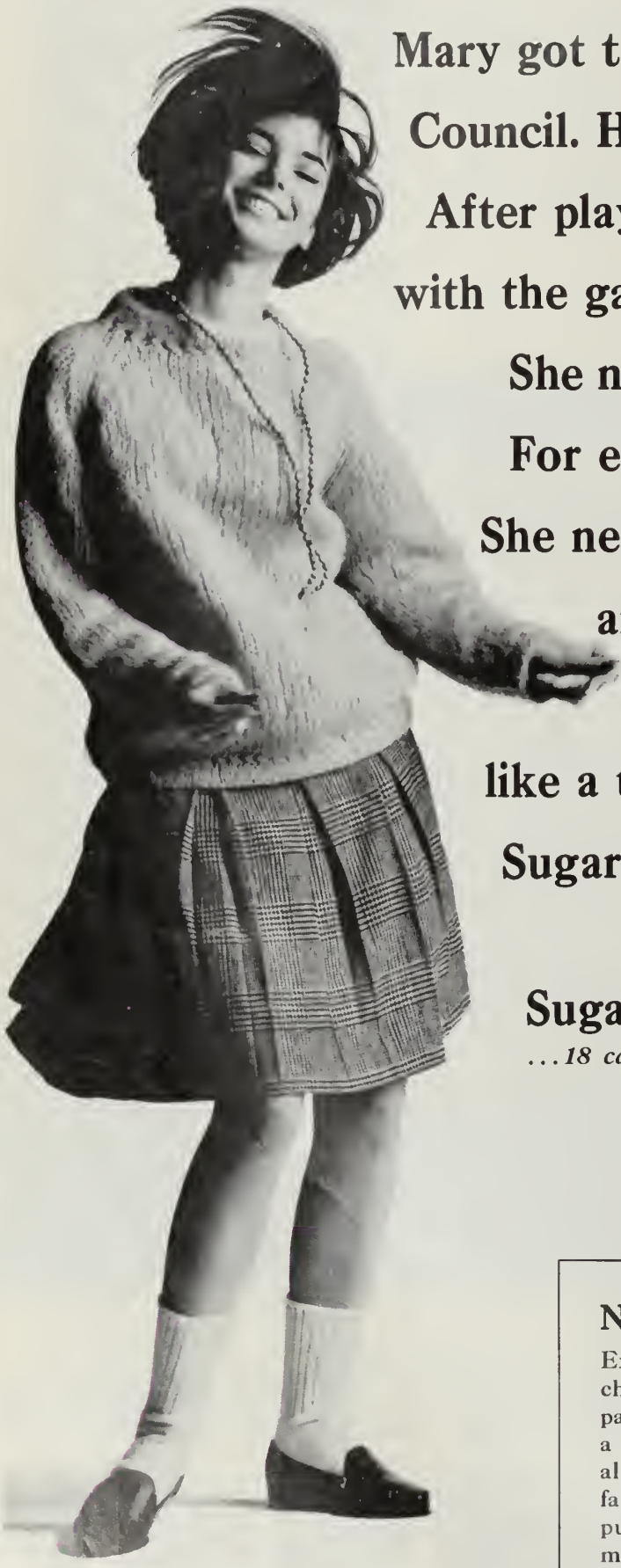
"Maggie," I said, trying to be calm in my hysteria, "tell her that I left the pearls to be strung with Miss Wallace, who sent them down here special delivery yesterday. Tell her they will be here this afternoon. I will run over and ask Mr. Baker what to do."

I put a coat over my cotton nightgown. One always wore cotton nightgowns in Fanny's house. They were ordered in two-dozen lots from R. H. Stearns. I walked through the back gate over the bridge that arched the inlet to Disraeli Baker's house. Once I saw Dissy I knew everything would be all right. And it was. He was sitting in a soft chair by the open French window, wearing a ruby-colored smoking jacket with a yellow rose as a boutonniere. On a delicate round table before him was his breakfast tray with its silver covers and a half-pint of Moët Chandon.

"Katharine, how delightful of you to come," was his greeting. Dissy really liked women. They could be homely or old, but to him they were always lovable, especially if they were in trouble. I once heard him refer perfectly seriously to an extremely bitchy old lady of ninety as "that poor little girl." Dissy was deaf and always kept a pad and pencil near him. I took his pad and wrote: DISSY, THE MOST HORRIBLE THING HAS HAPPENED! FANNY'S PEARLS HAVE BEEN FLUSHED DOWN THE WATER CLOSET. AND SHE WANTS TO WEAR THEM FOR THE DINNER TONIGHT.

Dissy held up his hand. "Before you go any further, Katharine, sit down. I will order an omelet and another glass. Remember, whatever has happened, they are no longer Fanny's pearls. They are *your* pearls." It was like an elder statesman taking over an international crisis. "By the by," he continued, "I am very pleased, because I have forced some yellow roses in the greenhouse. And I'll have some made up into a corsage for you."

Over the champagne and omelet I wrote the whole story, and Dissy came up with a masterly plan of action: "Today is Friday, symphony day. Whatever preparations Fanny is making for the dinner tonight, she will nevertheless, irrevocably, go to symphony. I will call and invite her to go with me in my car and to have lunch at Locke's. We will begin at eleven. I will ask Alicia Harding and Harl Cassidy to meet us for lunch. They are the worst gossips imaginable. Deaf though I am, I can see their little mouths spewing out the vicious words and their jowls aquiver. Fanny, although not a gossip herself, loves to hear it. And she will be diverted from any thought of calling Miss



Mary got to school early for Student Council. Her team won in gym. After play rehearsal, she'll Watusi with the gang.

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Note to Mothers:

Exhaustion may be dangerous—especially to children who haven't learned to avoid it by pacing themselves. Exhaustion opens the door a little wider to the bugs and ailments that are always lying in wait. Sugar puts back energy fast—offsets exhaustion. Synthetic sweeteners put back nothing. Energy is the first requirement of life. Play safe with your young ones—make sure they get sugar every day.

Sugar Information, Inc.

For sweetness with energy, get beet or cane sugar.

Wallace and checking on the pearls."

I took Dissy's deaf pad and wrote: IF THEY AREN'T RUNNING TRUE TO FORM, YOU HAVE ONLY TO MENTION MY NAME. "WHY THAT KATHARINE, SHE DOESN'T DO ANYTHING. SHE'S SO WILD AND BADLY DRESSED."

Dissy laughed and patted my hand. "Katharine, I am sure you can write their dialogue for them. There are plenty of other people Alicia and Harl can't wait to tear apart. I won't have to throw you to them like a giant roast. While all this is happening, I will have the cesspool people drain and strain the cesspool. Rodney will be free to go to Boston to get Miss Wallace, who will come and wash and restring the pearls on the spot. My gardener will replace the sod with squares from my back lawn. And everything will be in order when Fanny returns from symphony."

Fanny accepted Dissy's proposal; and they were to be off within the hour. I walked back to Fanny's, dressed, and put on the corsage of yellow roses, which made me feel better. Rodney had set off to get Miss Wallace. The cesspool man arrived, and began tearing up the lawn. At two the pearls were recovered, blackened beyond recognition. Maggie came down to find the men playing catch with them on the lawn instead of shoveling back the dirt. At 2:30, Rodney appeared with Miss Wallace, who was terribly upset and immediately suffered a gastric attack. "The poor little things. What have you done to them?" The cesspool men quailed before Miss Wallace's indignation. Miss Wallace went on crossly, "If Miss Todd could see these pearls, Miss Rutland."

"Truly, truly they are my pearls now, Miss Wallace," I said defensively.

"I will do what I can. Will someone give me a cup of linden tea, which I have brought with me? Here." Miss Wallace spoke commandingly and set to work on the pearls at the kitchen table. It was like a great surgeon performing an operation under difficult circumstances.

At 4:30, Miss Wallace was finished. "Hold the beautiful pearls in my hand. Keep them next to your skin for a while. They have had a shock," Miss Wallace instructed. Dissy's gardener replaced the sod and came into the kitchen, where Rodney opened a bottle of the applejack he manufactured in Fanny's garage. We all became quite merry and tipsy with the burning dry liquor and relief. At six, Fanny returned, and a relaxed Miss Wallace was smuggled out the back door by Rodney to the train. The pearls awaited Fanny on her dresser.

Just before dinner Fanny came to my room. She held the pearls out to me on the tip of her cane. "Katharine, I have decided not to wear them after all. I want you to wear them. I have invited young Titus at the last minute for you."

"But, Fanny, you wear them, please." What with the strain of the afternoon and Fanny's cold manner, I was close to tears.

"I prefer you to wear them, Katharine."

"No. No. I don't want to wear them. Young Titus isn't worth it. Young! He's always been a hundred and eight and a dipsomaniac to boot."

"Katharine, I must insist you wear these pearls," Fanny repeated implacably.

All through that awful dinner, the pearls, instead of feeling cool, seemed to burn like hot coals against my throat. Fanny was sarcastic and critical of me, while young Titus snickered and the Borzinis pretended oblivion and tried to talk about Italian art in a well-bred way. As we were going out of the dining room, Dissy appeared at my elbow and whispered, "Miss Katharine Rutland appeared at dinner wearing The Famous Rutland Cesspool Pearls," which, once the story eventually got out, was the way they were always referred to by the in-group.

After dinner I packed my bag and left without saying good-bye. I was broke, and Maggie slipped me five dollars from the purse that was always pinned to her corset.

I was living in a dreary, bare room in Boston, in between jobs, waiting for phone calls that never came from one of those impossible men some women are destined to do time with until they meet the right person. I was so mad at Fanny I couldn't go there for bed and a meal. For two weeks I brooded on Fanny's meanness. I lived in a state of depression that can only be brought on by raggedy clothes, a sordid room and a beau who doesn't call. One day I awoke so depressed I just sat, gazing out the window at the dirty snow, in my sooty cotton nightgown with my great string of fabulous pearls. "Wear them day and night," had been Fanny's admonition, "or they will die." There was a knock on the door, and my landlady appeared. She gave me a package from Cartier's, which contained a little silver box, lined with bright red velvet and a set of diamond earrings. There was also a special delivery letter from Fanny, the only letter I ever got from her. Out of it fell a booklet of round-trip train tickets for Silverton. The tall, steady script said:

DEAR KATHARINE:

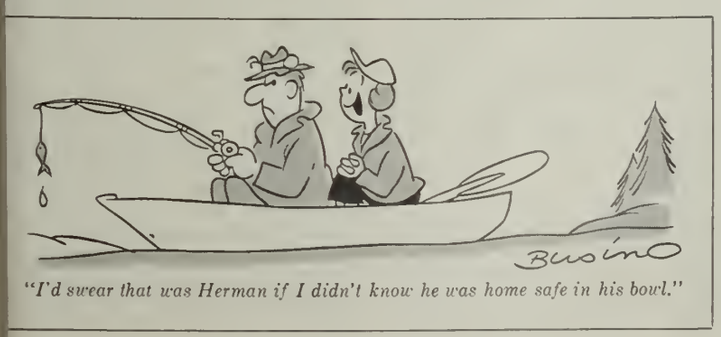
IT HAS TAKEN TWO WEEKS FOR CARTIER'S TO FILL MY ORDER. PLEASE KEEP YOUR PEARLS IN THIS BOX. THAT DAY I KNEW SOMETHING WAS WRONG WHEN RODNEY PASSED US ON THE WAY TO BOSTON DOING AT LEAST EIGHTY; WHEN I RETURNED TO SEE VERDANT SOD WHERE PALE GREEN SOD HAD BEEN; WHEN I REALIZED MY SERVANTS WERE DRUNK. I ASKED MAGGIE WHAT HAD HAPPENED. NATURALLY, AFTER TWO GLASSES OF APPLEJACK, SHE BLURTED OUT THE WHOLE STORY BEFORE DINNER.

I WAS VERY ANGRY WITH YOU, FOR YOUR CARELESSNESS AND SNEAKINESS. THOSE PEARLS MEAN A GREAT DEAL TO ME, ALTHOUGH THEY COMMEMORATE A BITTER MILESTONE IN MY LIFE. BUT A GIFT IS A GIFT.

AT LUNCH IN BOSTON I HAD DECIDED TO GIVE YOU THE EARRINGS AS I SAT AND HEARD THE VICIOUS THINGS ALICIA AND HARL HAD TO SAY OF YOU. THEY WERE IN FULL VOICE AND PARTLY RIGHT. YOU ARE LAZY, DREAMY AND SLOTHFUL AND WILD. BUT I NEVER DID LIKE RUNNING WITH THE HOUNDS.

COME DOWN SOON. MAGGIE MISSES YOU. CHARGE YOURSELF SOME DECENT CLOTHES ON MY ACCOUNT AT STEARNS. MISS WALLACE TELLS ME SHE HAS BEEN SUFFERING SEVERE GASTRITIS. YOU ARE RESPONSIBLE FOR HER CONDITION. F. TODD

I have met many people in my life. I have never met anyone who combined the noble and ignoble as did Miss Fanny Todd. ■



"I'd swear that was Herman if I didn't know he was home safe in his bowl."

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This label identifies the new stain-resistant Melmac cups

American Cyanamid Company, CYANAMID Plastics & Resins Division Wallingford, Connecticut

continued from page 53

the child to feel confident that he's being told the truth; that when he says it will "hurt some, but not for long," that's the way it will be. Parents should help their child believe in the doctor's truthfulness. A mother may tell her child that they are going to the doctor's "just so he can look you over," although she knows the child is due for an injection. When he sees the needle, he feels betrayed by both mother and doctor.

It's hard for children to understand that a doctor's actions are meant to make him feel better, that in hurting him the doctor is trying to help him. And it is difficult for the doctor to win a child's trust when parents use him as a law-enforcement officer, saying, "If you don't behave, I'll take you to the doctor and he'll give you a shot!"

Such remarks tend to emphasize the child's fears while in the hospital, and his need for evidence that he is loved. If a young child's stay in the hospital is prolonged beyond a few days, he is apt to make a partial adjustment. He accepts the attention of the nurses, he smiles a little, he plays a little, and he eats better. When his mother visits him, he may for a few minutes seem more interested in the toy she brings than in her. He is really glad to see her, but he is also angry that she has left him; and he must show this feeling at first. If a young child has been in a hospital for months, he may even pretend he doesn't know his mother throughout a whole visiting hour. This means he needs her more, not less.

Whether or not a child has seemed disturbed in the hospital, he may act very upset when he gets home. He may have outbursts of temper, particularly against his mother, because separation from her was so painful; or he may cling to her excessively, for fear that she will leave him again. He may begin to wet or soil himself again, sleep badly, have nightmares, or develop erratic eating habits. It will help the child to get over his troubled feelings if his mother can show that she understands how angry he sometimes feels, and that she loves him just as much as ever.

To a child of any age there is much that is strange and alarming about a hospital, entirely aside from the painful experiences: being taken away from his parents, being put to bed by a stranger, having X rays in a dark room, seeing doctors and nurses in gowns and masks, being examined by numerous strangers, using a bedpan.

Much that is painful or uncomfortable happens to the child, such as the giving of anesthetics, the return to consciousness after surgery, the discovery that some part of the body hurts, or getting a hypodermic injection, intravenous feeding or blood transfusions, the application of casts, the changing of burn dressings. The child may expect to be hurt even when he won't be.

The older child, who understands more about why he is in the hospital, may still be worried over some questions about the results of his treatment. "Can I play ball when I go home? Can I go to dances when I'm better? Will the gang forget me while I'm away? Will I fall behind my class at school?" Or, more serious, "Will I be able to walk? Am I ever going to get better? Will I be helpless all my life?" An anxious child wants you to listen to his questions without belittling them; at the same time, he needs your support to maintain his optimism.

Children's conscious attitudes toward hospital experiences vary with age. Preschool children commonly believe that they have been placed in the hospital as a punishment. They make such remarks as, "If my mommy will take me home, I'll be good." The children of primary-school age are less confused, but still inclined to think of pain or discomfort as punishment for having done something bad. They also tend to be worried about bodily mutilation or death. The still older child is more aware of the nature of his disease and of the future implications of a disability, but he sometimes tries to deny its extent or existence. A child with severe paralysis, for example, might make plans for a summer of mountain climbing. This seems to be a way of holding off reality until he gradually gains the ability to face it.

Because the mother's presence is the greatest guarantee against emotional disturbance, a few hospitals now permit her to stay with her young child day and night, or most of the day. Sometimes she is merely given a chair and a folding bed. In other hospitals, rooms are set aside especially for mothers with young children.

This arrangement usually works best when the mother shares responsibility with the nurse in taking care of the child. She does for him just about what she would do at home: She bathes and dresses him, toilets him, feeds him, plays with him and comforts him and makes use of the floor kitchen as necessary, if she is invited to do so.

Studies of quite young children who have undergone operations without emotional upsets show that they were usually told in advance the reasons for the operation, and something about what would happen. They were not deceived by their parents about the reasons for going. There are ways to make anesthetics and surgery less disturbing. Children may be given an anesthetic or sedative in their own hospital room, and so escape the possibly frightening experience of the ride to the operating room, seeing instruments and apparatus, seeing nurses and doctors in their strange gowns and masks. One or both parents should be at a child's side, if possible, when he regains consciousness.

Some hospitalizations have to be carried out promptly, whether or not the child is at a sensitive age. In others there is a considerable choice about the timing. Then it is better to perform the operation either during the first few months of the child's life, when he is least apt to be upset by separation from his mother, or when he is past three years. When hospitalization is "elective," it is usually wise to delay if there has been a recent crisis in the young child's life that may have upset him already—a move to a new community, the birth of a new brother or sister, absence of father or mother from home for any length of time, or a death in the family or in the child's circle of friends. Better to wait until the child is on an even keel again. It is a part of your job to tell your doctor about your child's state of mind, so that he can balance this against the purely medical factors.

Naturally, any child will adjust to hospitalization more easily if he has been a secure person at home and if he has learned to look on his doctor as a trusted friend. But he also needs to be reassured that he is going to the hospital to get better, that you want him to go there to get better because you love him. In other words, you try to make it clear that there is no punishment in going.

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In addition, he needs to know the pecific reasons, so far as he can understand them. You may be tempted to tell our child, to allay his fears, that he is going just to be examined, or that he won't have to stay overnight. If he then has surgery or any painful treatment and has to stay for days, his trust in you will be shaken. It's better to tell the truth right from the start, emphasizing your confidence that the hospital treatment will help him to get better.

It's difficult to explain much to children under two and a half or three. Partial preparation can be given by telling a story about how someone else was hospitalized or by playing out the situation with a doll, including the farewells when the mother leaves for the night and the greetings next morning.

A child of three or four can be prepared fairly well by a simplified but truthful account. You could tell a child who is going to have surgery that the doctor is going to fix his leg (or whatever part of the body is involved) so that he can walk more easily. "He'll give you something to make you sleep, and while you're asleep he will do an operation to help your leg. When you wake up, Mother or Daddy will be with you. Your leg will be sore for a while, but it will keep on getting better."

FAITH AND WORKS

By Muriel Spark

My friend is always doing Good
But doubts the Meaning of his labour,
While I by Faith am much imbued
And can't be bothered with my
Neighbour.

These mortal heresies in us
Friendship makes orthodox and thus
We are the truest Saint alive
As near as two and two make five.

© 1965 by Muriel Spark

Even more important than what you tell your child is giving him plenty of chances—day after day—to ask questions. It's only when you know what puzzles him or frightens him that you can reassure him. You'll be surprised how different his worries are from what you had imagined. If he asks questions that you aren't qualified to answer, say frankly that you don't know, and then make sure that he or you have a chance to ask his doctor.

"Playing hospital" helps young children learn something about hospital experiences in advance. They like to dress up as a nurse or doctor, get a doll ready for bed, give it a bed bath or a meal in bed, and take its temperature. Giving the doll "something to make it sleep" helps explain the anesthetic.

It's a good idea to let him pack his own suitcase and put in one or two favorite toys. If he likes to sleep with a favorite cuddly blanket, he should pack that, too, and you should tell the nurse about it. Perhaps he'll feel reassured about his return home if you suggest that he put some of his toys in a special place to wait for him.

On the other hand, it would be a mistake to lead him to think that being in the hospital is a picnic. If he is going to have painful treatments, he should know that some of the things that will be done to him are going to hurt, but that they will help him get better. The fact that you have forewarned him is comforting; when disagreeable things do happen, he remembers that you know about it and that it is part of your plan for helping him.

A child's need to feel that he's very much a part of his family is particularly strong during prolonged hospitalization. He needs constant reassurances that he hasn't been forgotten or abandoned. Visits should be made just as often as possible by both parents. If the child is young and the hospital allows rooming-in by mothers, it is worth trying to arrange for the care of the rest of the family in some way so that you can stay with him, at least for a few days, while he's getting used to the hospital.

The way you handle your good-byes makes a difference. Remember that a young child's concept of time is still very vague. When you are leaving him, your promise to return means very little. He knows only that you are going. One device that is helpful is to leave some personal belonging, such as a glove or purse. It makes the departure seem not quite total, and is a reminder that you will come back. Even so, he will probably cry. But it's better for him to express his anguish than to suppress it. It helps him then if a familiar, friendly nurse comes soon to comfort him.

With the somewhat older child who understands "tomorrow" or "next Thursday," parents should explain their plans for a return visit. If you have told your child when to expect you and for any reason you can't get there, send a message to let him know why.

Some parents find parting so distressing that they try to slip away without saying good-bye. But when you tell a child that you are just leaving the room for a short time and then fail to return, his confidence is shaken. It's much better to be honest about it even though he will be temporarily more upset.

As a rule, visits should be cheerful. Most children are interested in hearing about events at home, getting messages from friends and teachers, and being kept up-to-date on neighborhood developments. But take your cue from the child himself. There may be days when he is thoroughly miserable and wants a chance to pour out his distress. Grown people usually urge a child to be brave and stop crying, especially a boy. When a child is sick or in pain, crying it out may help him relieve his feelings, and he should know that you understand his need to cry. On the other hand, when your child feels that it is important for him not to cry, to prove that he is grown up, you can show your appreciation for his self-control. Even then you can add, "I know you feel sad underneath," so that he won't try to train himself to be a person without any feeling.

Nurses appreciate having certain kinds of information about a new young patient, especially if he cannot tell them himself. If he still uses baby talk, what special words or signs does he use when he wants to go to the toilet? What does he say when he wants a drink of water? Does he have a nickname? When he goes to bed at night, does he want something to cuddle? Does he want the light out? Does he want to say his prayers?

Most children react sharply to their return home after a period in the hospital. It may help him to talk about his hospital experiences, or to act them out in play, and to have you sympathize with him about his disagreeable experiences. After months away, the child is apt to feel that he and his family have grown apart, and to resent it. There may be a new baby; brothers and sisters are older, have new friends, may be in new schools. Home may now seem so strange that he feels unsure of his place in the family circle. He may show a lot of temperament.

Parents will want to make their child feel very welcome at home, but it won't do him any good if they allow him to be disagreeable or tyrannical hour after hour. It will help to clear the air if a mother can show she understands his feelings: "I know how unhappy you were in the hospital all the time. You feel mad at me and Daddy because we brought you there." But she can also say firmly, "I still don't want you to be rude to me."

The parents have to be both firm and understanding, particularly if the child's disability has been newly incurred and he is coming back home to a life that is going to be limited in ways he isn't used to. ■

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NEW AND IMPROVED

CHARLIE CHAPLIN

continued from page 71

manners than not to knock?" he exclaimed, trembling. It was, as the son later described it, an "instantaneous and desperate anger," that "could only have been bred in the humiliation of his childhood, when no closed doors of his own were respected." Eventually Charles Jr. understood. But the hurt came first, and with an impact that held him forever at arm's length. He has seen his father only twice or so in the last decade, but the name is still his pride and despair. The lament echoes in his words, "All my life I've been looking for a way to make my father proud of me."

Of all the Chaplin children, he bears the burden most heavily. Somehow he has lived through roles in such films as *High School Confidential;* through four arrests and three convictions for drunken driving; two disastrous marriages—one lasting three months, the other a month longer; and one self-commitment to a clinic for analysis to "clear away the deep-seated problems I've been living with since adolescence."

He receives the proceeds of one of the two $100,000 trust funds that his father set up for the oldest sons. Now trying to start all over in show business, Charles Jr. desperately wants to be recognized as Charles Chaplin, actor. But in the eyes of everyone he knows he is first, and mainly, Charlie Chaplin's son.

His brother Sydney, most outgoing of the grown children, in his youth when he was flunking out of one school after another, described himself as a "bum," more handicapped than helped by his father's fame. Today, appearing in the Broadway hit *Funny Girl*, he seeks to avoid any searching discussion of his father. "One of the great sentimental fallacies of our age is that you've got to love your parents," he says. "Just because two people were sexually attracted to each other and gave birth to you, suddenly there's a phony tribal custom that says you have to love the people who begot you, as they have to love you."

Against this background of her two half-brothers, one listens to Geraldine Chaplin, born to her father 20 years later, as she talks in her hotel in Soria, Spain, where the cast of the movie *Dr. Zhivago* is on location. The speed of her career bewilders her, as it would bewilder anyone. After a brief Paris appearance in Prokofiev's ballet *Cinderella* in late 1963 (against her father's wishes), she made one film, was signed up for two more and is scheduled to play the leading role, Anne Boleyn, in *Anne of a Thousand Days*, probably opposite Peter O'Toole. In *Dr. Zhivago* she stars opposite Omar Sharif and is receiving $75,000, an astronomical sum for an untrained newcomer. Soon she will appear opposite Henry Fonda. And still the offers pour in.

"It's not me they're hiring," she says almost angrily, yet helplessly. "I know I wouldn't get these chances if my name weren't Chaplin." The irrationality of it terrifies her. The fear that she will fail and disgrace her father, who is already incensed by Geraldine's publicity and Michael's marriage, appalls her.

Sitting curled upon a sofa, she is a pretty girl, perhaps five feet six, slim, almost boyish, with a tiny, piquant Chaplinesque face. She has said that from forehead to nose she is her father, from nose to chin her mother. Under her eyes are two tiny black moles which give her a funny, little sad-clown look, as though she had dropped two black tears while everybody else is laughing. Her coloring is striking: large gray-green eyes set in a pale-white face, framed by dark-brown hair. Her boyish alertness reminds one of a young Katharine Hepburn. She is full of sudden quick glances, almost coquettish; her moods are chameleon-like—now animated, now depressed, her voice dying away to a whisper. At gatherings if the talk shifts away from her, she tends to brood and become silent, or suddenly find an excuse to disappear.

"I felt it most in the ballet, in *Cinderella*," she was saying. "When I danced, it wasn't me, it was Chaplin's daughter." Her father had grudgingly allowed her to go to London, fresh from eight years at a convent school, to study at the Royal Ballet School. When he learned she had been accepted for *Cinderella* without an audition, he wrote her a furious letter and warned her that she was being used for her name. Not her talent, her name. She went ahead anyway. Opening night was a major event of the Paris season, but Chaplin refused to attend. Oona would have come, but, as Geraldine says, "What Daddy thinks and does, Mummy thinks and does."

The experience frightened and depressed her. "The audience looked only for me. They'd applaud wildly anyone they thought was me. Actually, I made just a couple of appearances on stage—I sensed their disappointment. I wasn't good. Then I realized Daddy was right—I *was* being used for publicity purposes, to help sell out the house. It wasn't *me*, but a sensation they were using to attract the public. I was so *disillusioned!*"

She lit a cigarette, puffed it nervously, then snuffed it out. "I'm a failure at ballet; I started too late, I don't have the dedication; I would have been deceiving myself and Daddy if I'd gone on—so I gave it up." Since Chaplin

Meet Charles the Great

The world seldom falls hopelessly in love with a genius. It admires him, pays its respects and moves on to more ordinary idols. But then there is Charles Spencer Chaplin: age, 76; occupation, legend.

Like a dazed teen-ager, the world has sat at his feet since 1914, when Chaplin first exploded silently onto a movie screen—in a Mack Sennett Keystone comedy called *Making a Living*. Within a year, Chaplin was making a spectacular living; from $150 a week he zoomed to an incredible $10,000 a week. And this was only prologue.

George Bernard Shaw called Charlie, the immortal clown in baggy pants, "the only genius ever developed in motion pictures"; Winston Churchill called the Chaplin career "astounding," and Chaplin himself "magnificent." To the divine Sarah Bernhardt, Charlie was "sublime." He made 80 pictures in all—76 of them silents, 74 of them in the "golden age" of the silver screen, before 1930.

Nobody knows exactly how many millions the Chaplin films have earned, but wherever a film projector and a screen have found their way, a Chaplin movie has followed. Industry experts estimate that 300 million people have seen *each* Chaplin comedy—seen him as the "little fellow" with the ridiculous moustache, enormous shoes and too-small derby hat, fighting bullies, slipping on banana peels, chasing—but rarely getting—the girl and, finally, making bitter satiric hash of bullies, dictators and society itself.

Nobody knows, either, how many millions Chaplin has earned over the years. Estimates run up to $30 million, and he led the tax rolls in Hollywood for many years. If he wanted to release his old movies to television (he owns all the rights to everything except a handful of the early shorts), experts say he could probably pick up another million or so overnight. He has never bothered to offer them.

Never has there been a star whose off-screen life could match Chaplin's for sheer drama, mystery, magic, or tragedy. All of his disastrous romances and four marriages made headlines; his tangled tax battles with the U.S. Government and his seesaw politics earned him almost as many violent critics as his joyous films won him friends.

As one of his biographers, Max Eastman, put it: "Chaplin's life has been filled to the brim with what most lives consist of yearning after—wealth and fame and creative play and beautiful women—but he does not know how to enjoy any of the four."

He has been called vain and jealous; as early as 1931, biographers were calling attention to his dread of old age (he was then in his early forties); in a book called *Charlie Chaplin—His Life and Art*, Douglas Fairbanks Jr. wrote a foreword calling Chaplin "selfish beyond all tolerance" and summing him up as a "frail, majestic figure of a man who might have made history had he not thought too much about doing so."

But one fact stands out above all others: Chaplin *has* made history. When his long-awaited autobiography was published last fall, critics pounced on it as a literary event. Other stars wrote autobiographies with ghost writers. Not Chaplin. Every syllable was his own.

When the book appeared, Chaplin was 75 years old; he hadn't made a movie in seven years and no *great* movie in 24 years. Nevertheless, although the book was most revealing in what it failed to reveal, it leaped onto best-seller lists in nine countries. Over a million copies were in print within four months of publication. It was as if "the little fellow" had summoned the audience, just as he always had and always will.

sends her no money—"He thinks a girl my age should support herself," and she agrees—she tried selling ballet tights she'd knitted, then fashion modeling, then small TV parts, and finally, though she knew her father was against it, accepted her first film. "But I have to make good myself. I mean, *be* good, because of these fantastic chances. . . ." Her voice trailed away. "I don't want people to accept me on my name, but on what *I* do, and my big fear is they'll expect too much too soon and I'll end up a great big bomb of a disappointment."

Now and then she interrupts herself with a quick "knock wood!"—as if to placate the fates waiting to trip her up—or she clutches her forehead and sighs, "I've got problems, I've got problems." The impression is of a lonely, extremely bright, highly sensitive girl who fears not only failure but also success.

Is everything sham, like her ballet debut, the reporters flocking to interview her, the crowds jamming the airport to meet her? She feels that no matter what she does, she will never find honesty from others toward herself, although she does take consolation from the fact that the director of *Dr. Zhivago*, David Lean, a man of integrity, tested her before hiring her. "I must have shown something on that test, if only a little, don't you think?" she asks. "Maybe if I do well, the name won't be such a factor anymore."

In Paris she lived in a fashionable neighborhood, but in a one-room basement flat where she cooked, ate and slept with her young bulldog, Boris, named for Boris *Godunov*. Her affection for Boris, her first dog, is extraordinary and not without significance. Chaplin never permitted dogs at home. He cannot abide them, calls them "filthy beasts," is sure their fur carries disease, and washes his hands after he happens to pet one, gingerly. Geraldine sends Boris like a little girl with her first doll, hugging him, letting him give her wet kisses. It was Boris who figured in the revealing father-daughter episode last October when Chaplin's book, *My Autobiography*, came out in London. The book had been Chaplin's major project for seven years; endlessly he wrote and rewrote, and read excerpts to the family, to guests; whenever Oona whispered, "Daddy is working," and shooed the children away, it was the Book.

Now its long-awaited appearance was a literary occasion, and Chaplin came to London to be honored on publication day. Unfortunately, Boris fell ill just as Geraldine was about to leave for London. She canceled the trip. Later, her brother Michael, given the chance to see his father after a long separation, also at the last moment avoided a reunion.

Neither Geraldine, so eager to make good, nor Michael, who seems to have the makings of an actor, has yet confided in their father, one of the most skilled of actors. He does not invite their confidences, and they fear to offer them. "Oh, he's a wonderful father," Geraldine says, and adds in the same voice, "but he's not the kind of a man you can go up and talk to." Of her mother she says, "Mummy is incredible—a perfect artist's wife, a perfect mother. She's calm, sweet, so bloody intelligent and extremely well read. And so much fun." Then Geraldine adds, as though stating a fact of life, "But you can't talk to her either."

Charles Jr. and Sydney, too, speak glowingly of Charlie and Oona's evidently perfect marriage, but it is relevant to recall that the romance faced almost insuperable odds when it began in Hollywood more than 20 years ago.

Oona had gone there hoping for a bit part. She was 17, the deb of the year—a title which has proved unlucky for many others. He was 54, a man who had been married three times before and whose affairs with some of the world's most glamorous women were no secret. To increase the odds, Oona herself was the product of an unhappy marriage. Her father, Eugene O'Neill, the tortured genius playwright, had been divorced from her mother since Oona was two. Chaplin was then looking for a young girl for a play. An agent telephoned him. Chaplin hesitated. "She's probably too young, but I'll see her." It was love at first sight, despite the obvious complexities of his family life.

Charles Jr. recalls: "Sydney and I met Oona the first time when a friend of my father's brought her to the house to play tennis. Oona and I were both eighteen. When we first saw her, we thought she'd be rather nice to take out on a date. But when we saw that she had her eyes in the direction of my father, we bailed out in a hurry."

When Charlie announced his marriage, all of Hollywood eagerly wrote the script: a stage-struck girl had found the father she never had; she could only be infatuated with the famous man old enough to be her father—indeed, her grandfather. A few months at most, and finish. But it began with a honeymoon, and today, 20 years and eight children later, it is still a honeymoon.

Charles Jr. and Sydney understand, and Geraldine tries. "They're so close, and they have been for twenty years," she says. "They still flirt like mad with each other, they always seem to be holding hands, and they always have something to talk about with each other." The result is that Oona and Chaplin have a world of their own into which one does not intrude.

And so the children ask: Will *they* ever find a love comparable to that of their parents? How disappointing anything less would be. Geraldine says it in different words, "As for me, I won't marry for ages. The idea of settling down actually strikes me as horrible." She makes a face. "Imagine having to go home and see the same husband all the time!" Is she playing the sophisticate? Or is she saying, *What I know I can't get, I don't want anyway.*

At the moment Geraldine has no particular boyfriend. Most of her concern deals with Michael. When he left home suddenly two years ago, he came directly to London. She arranged for him to board with the family of Janine Cordell, her close friend and fellow student at the Royal Ballet. Geraldine defends Michael's elopement, but privately she is distressed. "He's only 18 and still a baby," she says. "Whatever he was going through to make him leave home, he's still going through it. He has a lot of hostility—he's always doing things to bug people—but underneath he's a terribly nice boy."

That Michael has talent seems certain. Chaplin insisted on casting him in *The King in New York*, a satire on the United States which has never been released in this country. Oona was against having Michael appear in it. "He's too young, it might hurt him," she protested. She tried finding other talented youngsters. Chaplin refused. He could only see Michael for the role. Michael was then 11.

On his own for the first time, he took a $25-a-week job as a London grocer's clerk and began courting Janine Cordell. He hoped to marry her, he said, "when I have a decent job, money and a future." Tall, dark-eyed, handsome, looking very much Geraldine's brother, he enrolled at the Royal (*continued*)

New:
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Academy of Dramatic Art. Again, a brief, intense span of interest—and he was bored. He began missing classes and finally dropped out. He let his hair grow until it reached almost to his shoulders, grew a beard, and appeared in the same costume daily—sunglasses, corduroy trousers, tieless dark shirt, and black leather jacket. Now he, too, attracted publicity—bad publicity—and back home in Vevey, Switzerland, Chaplin was outraged. Michael told reporters, "No, he doesn't exactly like my hair like this, but I do"—he grinned—"because it gives me a nice feeling around the ears. Rather like wearing a little house you know." Then he walked away.

The Chaplins make annual trips to Ireland for Easter, and Oona invited Michael to come to Dublin. He was planning to go with Janine, but, at the last moment, returned to London. "I just couldn't face my father being out of work as I am now, with no positive plans," he said. And then, angrily, "He must realize that I want to lead my own life, in my own way, and not be guided by his influence."

Friction between father and son increased when police, one midnight, came upon Michael and two friends splashing about in London's Marble Arch fountain, gathering up coins that tourists had tossed in for good luck. The boys had pocketed some 150, worth less than two dollars. Though they were found guilty of stealing—the money belonged to the city, the magistrate ruled—each was given an absolute discharge.

The marriage adventure which finally brought Michael into a head-on collision with his father began early this year. While Geraldine was in Madrid, Michael unexpectedly appeared at a Costa Brava fishing village, not with Janine but with a tall, long-haired blonde named Pat Johns, 26, a divorcée and mother of two children. He introduced her as his fiancée; she was a model, actress, and writer of an unpublished novel, he said. They had met at a party in London months before, and would be married at the British Consulate in Barcelona. Friends said that Michael had lost considerable weight. He brought with him documents claiming him to be 21; but when these failed to stand scrutiny at the Consulate, he admitted he was only 18. The marriage could not proceed without Chaplin's permission.

Michael telephoned Vevey, and for the first time in two years spoke to his father. Chaplin was, as Michael said later, "very stern." "Write me a letter and give me all the details," he demanded. Later his solicitors notified the consul that Michael did not have permission to marry.

A French journalist suggested a way out. In Scotland even 16-year-olds could be married if they had a sheriff's license—easily obtained—and two weeks' residence. Next day Michael and Pat were registered in a Scottish guesthouse as "Mr. and Mrs. Moffat." Two weeks later (Saturday, February 6) they stood before Mrs. Anne Patrick, registrar of the Village of Dumfriesshire, in the parlor of her little house.

It might have been a ceremony out of the silent films, staged by a heartbroken Chaplin. Mrs. Patrick looked around. "You've no witness," she said. She glanced out the window. A Mrs. Sarah Black was walking by. "Sarah," Mrs. Patrick called, "come in, dear, and do us a favor, will you?" Meanwhile, outside, reporters had rounded up a dozen villagers and supplied them with confetti. Flashing bulbs and showers of colored streamers greeted Mr. and Mrs. Michael Chaplin as they emerged. Michael had married his bride without a ring. Instead of kissing each other, they had shaken hands. She wore a long gray cloth coat over skin-tight red toreador pants set off with black boots; he his usual costume of corduroy trousers and heavy black-leather jacket. The ceremony had taken five minutes.

Michael smiled as they pushed their way through the crowd. "I don't care what happens now," he said. "My dad can say what he likes. We're married." Reporters pressed him. "No, I don't want to talk about my father and our relationship. It's meant nothing but trouble for me, being the son of a famous man." He and his wife got into the newspaperman's car that brought them and were driven off.

In Madrid Geraldine exclaimed in surprise, "But I thought he was mad about Janine!"

In Vevey, Miss Edith Mackenzie—"Kay-Kay," the Scottish nanny who has been with the family for 20 years—told a reporter on the phone: "Mr. Chaplin has washed his hands of Michael. Good-bye."

The house in which Geraldine and Michael Chaplin grew up, and in which the remaining six young Chaplins live with their parents, is the magnificent, three-story, 20-room Manoir de Ban, a 37-acre estate which Chaplin bought in 1953. The children have the entire top floor to themselves. The second is occupied by Charlie and Oona. Each has separate double rooms, but the younger children take turns sleeping with their mother.

Geraldine has said she has "happy memories" of her childhood and that all the Chaplin children are happy in their childhood. Indeed, those who visit the Chaplins find themselves submerged in a warm bath of affectionate youngsters, especially when everyone gathers, after dinner, to watch one of Daddy's films.

"Please show us some of your movies," Janey, seven, or "Tadpole" (that's Eugene, just turned 12) will ask their father.

Chaplin fidgets. At 76, he is remarkably healthy. His head is big, his face firm with clear, snapping blue eyes, his skin ruddy: he is all compact energy with a swift, explosive laugh; nothing is languid or at rest about him. The mimic is on tap every minute. He has kept the family enchanted for two hours acting out the whole of *Oliver Twist*, marvelously turning into each character before their eyes: Fagin, Nancy, Sikes, the Artful Dodger; word perfect with cues, offstage action, every dramatic gesture.

But now he says, "Oh, let's look at your mother's movies instead," referring to the home movies Oona loves to take.

"Well," says Oona, "we could see the film I took in Morocco—or the Far East."

Silence. It is a game. Even little Annie Doody (this is five-year-old Annette) knows that father wants to be coaxed. They wait. "Or," says Oona brightly, "shall we go ahead and look at one of Daddy's films?"

"Yes, yes, Dad, let's have yours," Tadpole speaks up. He's just been given a projector and is eager to run it.

"You can't work it properly yet," Daddy grumbles. He must still be won over.

"Oh yes, he's learned, let him try," Oona adds her voice. Finally Charlie, properly coaxed, sits back in an easy chair and the children, freshly bathed and in their bathrobes, sit on the living-

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room floor and then, magically, on the small screen before them, Daddy is clowning in *Shoulder Arms*, or *The Immigrant* or *The Cure*.

Charlie laughs as gleefully as Annie Doody, his little daughter more than 70 years younger than he. "What do you think?" he demands, as the screen flickers white. "Funny, eh?" and does not wait for an answer. Or if he remains to see another, a moment later he sits back, shouts, "Oh, that's funny!" as if he had not seen the same scene a thousand times before; as if The Tramp flicking his cane like a rapier about the face of the baffled policeman were not himself but someone else. "Oh, he's wonderful, isn't he!" says Chaplin. He has no better audience than himself.

As a father, on the other hand, he can be most trying. He is impatient with the children's questions and problems: these are never taken to him but to Oona, who is the arbiter between him and the children. He believes in obedience, persistence, hard work, good manners; that children should be grateful and accept the fact that their parents know what is best for them. Charles Jr. puts it quite strongly: "Dad never lets a child have its own way."

Neither Chaplin nor Oona is given to self-analysis. But Chaplin remembers his early humiliations and deprivations with savage and total recall, and especially the fact that he never went beyond the fourth grade. It has made him almost fanatically insistent that his children, given the opportunity he lacked, should seize it and go on to a university education. That none has achieved this so far is a great disappointment to him.

The question of the younger children's training often leads to discussions between him and Oona.

"Now that she's begun, she must go on," Charlie will assert about piano or dancing lessons.

"Oh, Charlie, she has so much schoolwork, she can't fit it in," Oona objects.

"Then she shouldn't have started. You don't stop something in the middle." And that is the way it stands.

It explains why Geraldine, sent at nine to a day school only 40 minutes from home, had to board there and come home only on weekends. The school, a Catholic convent, emphasizes discipline and strict attention to studies, so Chaplin has high regard for it.

Though he is more mellow, he still doesn't like picnics and must be coaxed to join the children for lunch at the pool; he dislikes most animals because they "mess up" his grounds, and did not tolerate television until a year ago. "I don't approve of them spending so much time on the usual TV nonsense," Chaplin says, a little stiffly. Then, turning to a friend, "Janie is scared of asking me, so is Tadpole, so they send in Annie Doody, who knows what she can do with me. She looks up and says in the wheedling voice, 'Te-le-vision?' What can I do?"

Everyone agrees that Josie—the next to leave home—is the beauty and talent of the family. She is first in her class at Mont Olivet. Her goal is the opera, even though she has been warned how difficult a career it is. She retorted, "I don't care, I'll do it." Vickie, 13, is "very clever, but she's a playgirl," says Kay-Kay, with characteristic directness. Twelve-year-old Eugene—"Tadpole"—is bright, but won't study and is often deprived of movies and watching TV. Seven-year-old Janie is a fine student; Annie Doody can do more than anyone with Chaplin, but it is the smallest, Christopher, who is all precocity. Just turned three, he reels off the makes of guests' cars as they roll up to the house.

Although all the children speak French, often better than English, they may not use it at table. Chaplin has never been able to conquer the language. One day, when the children insisted on chattering in French as if to keep the subject their secret, he issued his ban: no French at meals. Today the rule in Vevey is that everyone must speak English if Chaplin is within earshot.

When he works, virtually the entire house is offbounds. Chaplin is acutely sensitive to sound: among the reasons he can't endure dogs is that he cannot stand the sound of their claws on the floors. Even Annie Doody has been taught not to intrude. "Daddy's *very* working," she reported solemnly one day. At the moment Chaplin is energetically writing an opera based on Hardy's *Tess of the d'Urbervilles* and a movie he wants to produce and direct with Sophia Loren, whom he admires, and his son Sydney in the principal roles.

What is the key to Chaplin, the man—and father? Not long ago when Peter Steffens, a family friend, visited him, Chaplin talked about his life, and the financial security he has arranged for his children. "Thank God," he said, "they are all taken care of, and won't have to go through . . ." Chaplin thumped the arm of his chair, wrote Steffens, and "even now, at 75, and here, on this 37-acre estate, anger rose in his cheeks. What was he getting even with?"

This anger, this inconsolable hurt, tells as much about Chaplin as anything. What *was* he getting even with? With a world that permitted him to live in and out of workhouses and orphanages, subsisting on bread soaked in beef drippings, a world that allowed him as a boy to see his father die of alcoholism?

Dressed in shoddy clothes so as not to be recognized, he used to take Charles Jr. and Sydney through Los Angeles' skid row, pointing out the derelicts and their miserable surroundings. Then he took the boys home to lecture them, "See how lucky you are!" Today he does the same, but by himself. He has been seen, his hat turned down to hide his face, moving along the sadder streets of London, where he grew up, reminding himself, tasting his revenge.

His hurt with the past goes even deeper. During one of his conversations with Steffens, Chaplin spoke of a search he had made for his forebears, hoping they might have been people of achievement. "They were nothing . . . *nothing* . . . NOTHING!" Chaplin exclaimed.

How the Great Charlie must have hated it, when he was part of it; how much he hates it today, and how as a father he does all in his power to see that his children will never be part of it. And yet there is Geraldine so fearful of not doing well, Michael so bitterly defiant, Charles yearning so desperately to emerge, and Sydney's brusque dismissal of the whole subject.

Thus, Charlie Chaplin and his children, 1965.

The rest of the story has yet to be written. ■

No French chef needed:
It's "Philly" Torte

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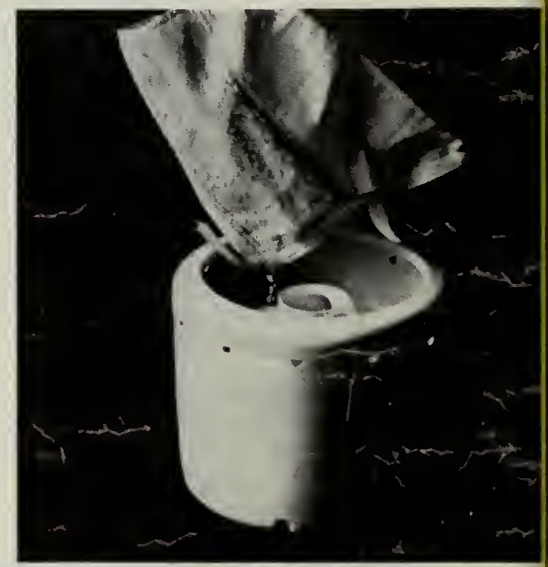

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ARTICLES
34 Tell Me, Doctor: Baldness *Lois R. Chevalier*
38 Medicine Today *Phyllis M. Wright, M.D., with Victor Cohn*
42 The 1965 Kinsey Report (Part II) *Dr. Paul Gebhard*
57 What Every (Mother of the) Bride Should Know *Phyllis McGinley*
58 The Tragedy of Grace Metalious and Peyton Place *Merle Miller*
68 How America Lives—
The Teen-Age Marriage: Love Finds a Way *Barbara Lang*

FICTION
60 My First Love *Edna O'Brien*
82 Good-bye, Bossy *Jessamyn West*

REGULAR FEATURES
8 Our Readers Write Us
12 Pet News
14 Contributors and Editors
17 Have You Heard? *Lois Benjamin*
20 Journal's Journal
24 Can This Marriage Be Saved? *Dorothy Cameron Disney*
52 Amy Vanderbilt: Children's Manners
55 Art Buchwald
106 Journal Shopping Center

FASHIONS AND PATTERNS
22 Journal Original: 24
46 Junior Journal
62 Paris Dreams of a Wedding *Trudy Owett*
78 Paris: Follow the Linen Line *Nora O'Leary*
103 Backviews

BEAUTY
48 A Brush with Beauty *Susan Harney*
51 Project: You

FOOD
On the Summer Scene:
84 When the Cooking Is Easy: Hamburger *Diane Durham*
86 Up from the Sea: Shellfish
88 Fruit of the Season: Strawberries
90 Saucepans and the Single Girl *Jinx Kragen and Judy Perry*
94 Table for Two
98 Party File: Number Three

HOME MANAGEMENT
30 A Bride's First Kitchen *Margaret Davidson*

DECORATING
70 Windows: The Romantic View *Margaret White*

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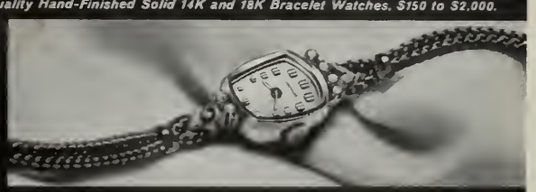

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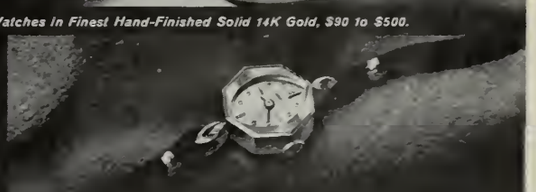

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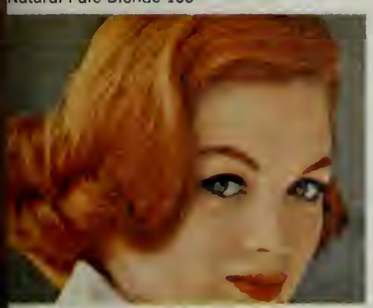
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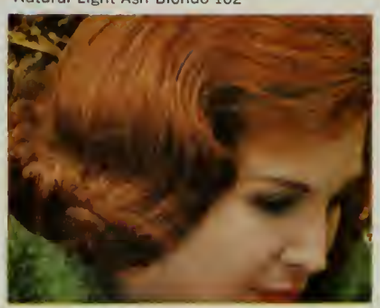
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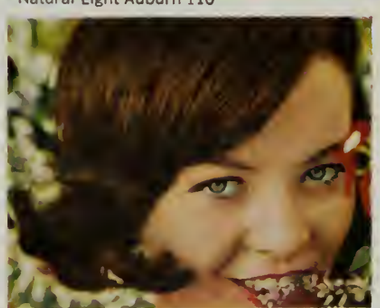
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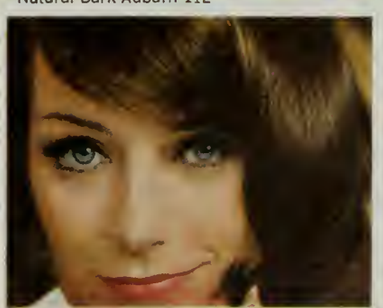
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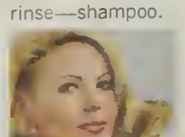
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- ☐ Natural Dark Auburn 112
- ☐ Natural Light Ash Brown 114
- ☐ Natural Light Brown 116
- ☐ Natural Medium Brown 118
- ☐ Natural Dark Brown 120
- ☐ Natural Black 122

†What brand of hair coloring have you used recently?

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Enclose 25¢ for mailing and handling.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip No._____

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Make this your most beautiful summer

This could be the most beautiful summer you've ever known. Although the face of summer may be as pale as milk-and-roses or faintly tanned to satin-gold, above all it must be soft-complexioned, fresh and flawless. Today it is widely acknowledged that the skin in summer needs as much care, if not more, as it does in winters, and the scientific discovery of a natural tropical fluid, or moist oil, which has a remarkable effect on the surface texture of the skin, has now made it possible for a superb complexion to remain radiantly lovely at any and every season.

Skin needs the sustentation of natural oil and moisture at all times, but during the sunny weather it depends all the more on the undiminished supply of both components in order to experience the softening, smoothing, beautifying miracle that ensures an exquisite complexion bloom.

Skin specialists and cosmetologists alike have proved that in summer, the short ultra-violet sunrays have a definite, aging effect on the skin, causing the stratum corneum, or outer surface, to become tougher, thicker and coarser, despite nature's provision of a layer of melanin to protect against the beauty robbing heat. Today, however, it's easy to help protect the beautiful, rose-petal qualities of the complexion by smoothing on this tropical moist oil before using make-up.

Normal or delicate complexions benefit tremendously from the balanced oil and moisture qualities of the beauty fluid. Every skin needs a plentiful supply of moist oil for the plasma colloids, those tiny water carriers of the skin that are responsible for keeping the complexion firm and smooth. The moist oil has hygroscopic characteristics which enable the skin to attract and draw in moisture from the air, assisting in keeping the surface skin fresh and dewy.

Scientists have aptly described the moist oil as a "peeled" beauty oil because it does not contain the heavy sealing elements contained in normal oils, and so its rapid softening and smoothing values are of immense help to summer-dried complexions. To realise the excellent merits of the "peeled" oil, coat the stem of a rose with ordinary oil and place it in a vase of water. The bloom will quickly fade from its petals and it will consequently wither and die.

Conceived by scientific researchers to give the skin becoming milky beauty, the tropical moist oil is now used extensively throughout the world. One of its most important advantages is that it is "isotonic", which means that it has a similar density to nature's own skin fluid, and is able to assist in maintaining the youthfully beautiful appearance of the complexion. Known in Britain as oil of Ulay and in tropical countries as oil of Ulan, it is available in America from Druggists as oil of Olay. By smoothing it gently over your face and neck every day, you contribute to the attainment of a perfect complexion—young, supple, velvet-textured.

Beauty Skin Care Consultants
Recommend

To keep the dewy bloom of youthful loveliness, with the extra touch of a more sophisticated matt surface, smooth on a film of moist tropical oil of Olay. This will ensure that your final make-up has a perfect matt finish, besides protecting against the drying effect of wind and weather.

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Our Readers Write Us

Welcome Back!

Dear Editors: As one of the HOW AMERICA LIVES families of many years ago, I am writing to let you know how pleased we are to know that this excellent series is to be resumed once again.

For years this series made an unusual presentation of the ways of American life and was one of the best features of any magazine. I am hopeful that your new series will seek to delve into the changing and restless life of our people and will seek to present the basic strength of the American home as it is being lived in varying ways in our present culture.

REV. ARTHAYER SANBORN
Nyack, N.Y.

Dear Editors: I have just finished reading John Gunther's HOW AMERICA LIVES in the April issue. Bouquets to him and to you for such a lovely 15 minutes of reading.

My husband and I had the privilege of traveling around the world in 1963, and during our six months' journey we learned how other peoples live. During our travels, uppermost in our thoughts was "thank heaven for our American way of life." I cannot find words to convey our feelings for our wonderful country and the people who inhabit it.

MRS. ALLAN LONG
Woodland Hills, Calif.

Infidelity

Dear Editors: I read your article on infidelity [INFIDELITY: A GROWING PROBLEM IN AMERICAN MARRIAGES, April] with interest. I've found in my experiences with people everywhere that the underlying cause of infidelity is boredom.

How many cases of infidelity did you find among couples who were working toward a goal, be it a college degree or a new house?

The important thing is the planning and waiting for something that both partners want.

LINDA BAGNARD
Montrose, Calif.

Dear Editors: I read with interest and concern your recent article on infidelity. This article puts into focus a question which has been disturbing me for some time. You must make up your minds whether, on this issue of infidelity, you are on the side of *chastity* or on the side of preserving the marital status, as a social unit. The real "problem" which emerges as the concern of the counselors in your article is the increase in divorce caused by adultery, and not the adultery itself.

I suggest that the reason your counselors have found an increase in the role which adultery plays in their counseling problems is not because the incidence of adultery has increased but because it is now considered far more serious and opprobrious than it used to be. Both wives and husbands—especially the wives' expectations have changed—now have, in addition to feelings of hurt, jealousy and disappointment, an honest sense of outrage.

This new concern over adultery reflects what seems to me an extremely healthy and "mature" development. I think it is time that both counselors and the *Journal* dropped all this advice about "not telling," "understanding" and resignation and began to move with the new higher morals of married sexual conduct.

MRS. RICHARD BARDEN
New York, N.Y.

Medicine Today

Dear Editors: Re your article MEDICINE TODAY [April] by Victor Cohn, I was particularly interested in the "dilemma" faced by Dr. Glass in the matter of test-tube babies. The common consensus has been that any life which has begun through the normal method of conception is an "act of God," and therefore men should not attempt to interfere with it in any manner, or to "play God" in trying to duplicate this act by artificial means.

My firm belief is that God gave us our superior brains and marvelous hands so that we could utilize all the other raw materials He provided to their best advantage. The ability to produce embryonic life in a test tube through the use of egg and sperm banks is a dramatic step toward the future possibility of producing babies that are 100 percent free from birth defects. This is no more shocking to me than finding a new drug that can cure cancer, or making an artificial heart out of a Dacron mesh bag.

MRS. H. W. KREIS
Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Editors: Re MEDICINE TODAY in the April issue, I would say that creating life in a test tube is unethical because it is unnatural. Some *necessary* element is bound to be overlooked, and women who accept such an implant may find themselves incubating monsters.

MRS. HELEN FRANK
Monticello, N. Y.

(*continued on page 10*)

Serene,

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YOU COMMAND ALL YOUR WORLDS
THE SILENT WORLD OF THE SEA
THE LOVELY WORLDS ON EARTH
HOW COULD IT BE OTHERWISE
YOU HAVE DISCOVERED THE COOL, CLEAN, FRESH PROTECTION OF TAMPAX

New! nothing to add but your own pie pan

Just pour Betty Crocker's New Graham Cracker Crust right from the package. Shape. And fill. All the ingredients are already mixed—plenty for a big, rich 9″ crust. A crunchy, golden brown crust.

Why not try it tonight brimming with velvety cheese or lemon cream. Easy as pie!

OUR READERS WRITE US

continued from page 8

Scholastis Adolescum Cure

Dear Editors: Three cheers for Art Buchwald and *Scholastis Adolescum* in the April *Journal*. As a third-grade teacher and also a mother of three daughters, I have often encountered this disease, which in our home is diagnosed as "schoolitis."

There are two methods used which temporarily cure this "disease." At school a trip to the nurse's office settles the matter. At home, if a temperature is present, complete bed rest without TV is prescribed. Those lacking temperature wait by the road for the school bus!

MRS. DANIEL AVERY
West Willington, Conn.

Night Eaters

Dear Editors: If ignorance is bliss, maybe I'd better stop reading the *Journal*. First you tell me that my husband is liable to be unfaithful to me,• and next that my chances of maintaining my 50-pound weight loss are infinitesimal.

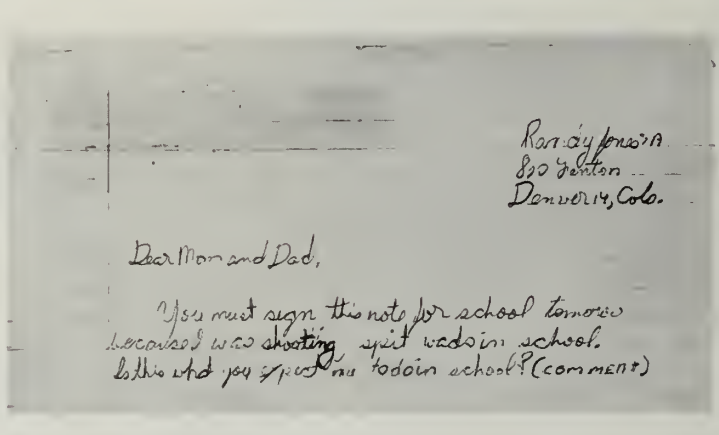
Seriously, I feel your article NIGHT EATING [April] was very discouraging to those of us who are desperately trying to regain our normal weight. Some of us feel we have the answer in Tops Club Inc., a group that operates along the lines of Alcoholics Anonymous. Members meet weekly to weigh in and discuss the problems of excessive eating. This, I feel, is the secret to keeping the pounds off—at least it has worked for me for seven months!

MRS. N. V. OSBORN
Summit, N.J.

• OUR READERS WRITE US *is your forum—your chance to answer back, to share an amusing anecdote. Address comment and opinion letters to: The Letters Editor, Ladies' Home Journal, 641 Lexington Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.*

Great Expectations

Not long ago, Randy Jones, age 13, was caught throwing spitballs in English class at Belmont Junior High School, Denver, Colo. His teacher, Miss Linda R. Lawrence, asked Randy to write home, describing his antics. Mrs. James Jones responded with a warm, wise letter to her errant son, and Miss Lawrence thought it was well worth sharing with you. We did too.



Randy Jones
820 Fenton
Denver 14, Colo.

Dear Mom and Dad,

You must sign this note for school tomorrow because I was shooting spit wads in school. Is this what you expect me to do in school? (comments)

No, son, this is not what I expect from you. There are some things, though, that I do expect. One of these would be that you learn to spell the word "tomorrow" correctly. But, even more important, I would expect you to prepare yourself for "tomorrow," the tomorrow when you will no longer be a boy, full of the devilish energy that seems to be peculiar to boys, but the tomorrow that is so very close, though it seems to be so far away; the tomorrow when you will be a young man. I do expect you to use the mind God gave you for more important things than developing your aim with a spit wad. I expect you to take full advantage of the opportunity you have been given to enlarge your world, and to gain in both intellect and spirit through the knowledge that is available to you: the excitement of a good book; the correct usage of language; the appreciation of a fine work of art; the brotherhood of nations; the sense of the absolute that is mathematics; the fascinating mysteries of the world we live in; the feeling of security that comes from self-discipline. There is very little demand, I find, for expert spit-wad shooters; but there is a huge demand for young men with a sense of responsibility toward themselves and to the world around them. I expect you to do what you know to be the right thing, and not to do those things you know are wrong. I guess, most of all, someday I expect you to be a fine young man that any mom and dad can be proud of.

MOM

P.S. If I have used any words that you don't understand, I also expect you to look them up.

You probably didn't know Hoover now makes things
that dry your hair, cook meals, wash and iron clothes, and clean upholstery.
But you do know Hoover.
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KENDALL

GOOD ONLY IN THE UNITED STATES

Pet News

Shades of Pavlov: Dog-training schools in France have started doing it *electronically*. The new obedience technique, approved and recommended by the nation's thoroughbred breeders' association, involves use of a special dog collar with a built-in electrode. The collar is attached to a wire leash, which has a small pushbutton at the other end. When the master issues a command, the dog either obeys or the master pushes his button and administers a small electric shock. Result: The dog gets hot under the collar, and soon learns not to disobey or perform incorrectly.

Trainers using the new system say it's harmless and may even be superior to the old voice system; they argue that a dog's feelings are easily hurt if his master barks at him—but what's a little shock between friends?

Paris's current war on pigeons is ruffling feathers at the French Society for the Protection of Animals—but the pro-pigeon forces have come up with a secret weapon: *bird control*. The F.S.P.A. wants a sterilizing agent added to the food that pigeon fanciers keep scattering—despite Paris's new anti-pigeon-feeding law.

And where is *your* cat spending the summer? In Los Angeles, Blackford's Hotel for Cats (no humans allowed) is now accepting reservations for its 13th season. James Blackford, proprietor, is not a veterinarian, and sick cats are not accepted. The hotel consists of lobby, kitchen and some 65 private rooms and suites for feline guests. Average occupancy is 250 cats per day (at $1.50-a-day rates; $2.50 for two cats occupying a double room), and the hotel is said to house 3,000 cats a month—more during peak vacation season.

Guests have the run of the hotel, yard, roof and lobby—except for nonaltered tomcats, who are confined to bachelor quarters, safely away from female cats who don't wish to be disturbed. Average stay is 10 days, but comedienne Imogene Coca left her cats at Blackford's for four years, paying their bills at the monthly rate. One died recently (of old age); the remaining two are staying on at a cost of $50 a

month, including meals, American plan.

According to Blackford's, many cats arrive with their own beds, special diets, toys and assorted other possessions, and some get letters from their owners. The hotel is currently holding several wills in which cat owners specify that their pets are to be moved permanently to Blackford's, in the event of the owner's death.

Your dog has been protecting you for years; now you can return the favor—via dog insurance. Any bona Fido family pooch, 4 months to 8 years old

Take this coupon to your grocer's to see if you've won $25,000 in the Jell-O® $200,000 Coupon Sweepstakes.

,880 other chances to win

5 SECOND PRIZES:
VISTA-CRUISER BY OLDSMOBILE.
The Rugged Action Car! Tinted-glass Vista-Roof. Over 100-cu. ft. cargo space.

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Unsurpassed all-channel reception, easy, accurate color tuning. Featuring new Vista Tuner.

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REVERE 8MM ELECTRIC EYE MOVIE CAMERA.
Compact, streamlined camera with amazing versatility, simple to operate.

RULES: 1. Take the above coupon to your grocer's and match its number against the list of winning numbers (lists are all the same) printed on the back of special Jell-O Gelatin Sweepstakes packages or posted on special Sweepstakes Displays—or you can obtain a list of winning numbers by sending a self-addressed, stamped envelope to Jell-O Lucky Number, Box 180, New York, N.Y. 10046.

2. If you have a winning number, mail your coupon via registered mail for verification, to Jell-O Sweepstakes, Box 2, New York, N.Y. 10046—together with your name and address printed on a plain piece of paper.

3. All winning coupons must be mailed by October 22 and received by October 29, 1965.

4. Jell-O $200,000 Coupon Sweepstakes open to residents of U.S.A., its territories, possessions, Puerto Rico, A. P. O. and F. P. O. addresses—except people employed by General Foods, their agents, and residents of Florida, Nebraska, Wisconsin and wherever prohibited by law.

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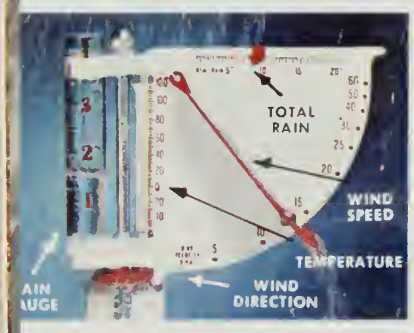
TEA FOR TWO—with refills! 6½" tall Electric Brewmaster boils 3-to-4 cups of water for tea, broth, instant coffee—in jig time! White ceramic with raised grape design—so pretty for serving right at table. Cord included.
50245 Electric Brewmaster. **$2.49**

STRETCH-AWAY FOR LITHE, LOVELY FIGURE! Easy, fun, and so good for you! Strong 33" rubber rope exerciser with hand-grips helps firm and tone your hips, thighs, midriff, arms; helps lift and develop your bust. Booklet incl.
76364 Stretch-Away. **$1.**; 3 for **$2.89**

BOIL THEM ON THE TABLE! White ceramic egg boiler cooks 4 eggs exactly to your taste—**electrically**! Whistles when they're done just the way you want them: soft, medium, hard; turns off automatically! 5½" diam.
67595 Electric Egg Boiler. **$2.98**

ALL DRIVERS NEED NEW "HAPPY BACK"

NOW you can **stop driving yourself**—and **start driving your car!** Forget aches and strains that spoil long-distance motoring—leave you exhausted! New and improved model of famous "Happy Back" is **orthopedically contoured** to relieve painful nerve-pinch, give back firm support! Also great for watching TV, reading, lounging, cards. Top quality foam rubber handsomely upholstered in long-lasting vinyl; 13x10". Specify your choice of Blue, Brown, Green, White or Red.
10090 "Happy Back". **$2.98; 2/$5.50**



ALL THE WEATHER FACTS—at a glance—when you need them! Gives temperature, rainfall, wind speed and direction. Mounts easily on window, fence, truck or boat. Calibrated for **accuracy** by N.T.L. 7x7".
81547 5-In-1 Weather Station. **$1.98**

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20461 3-Tiered, 5x10½x6". **$1.98**
20511 4-Tiered, 5x10½x8½". **$2.49**

IMAGINE! 1000 NAME-ADDRESS for only $1.00! Wonderful way to include new ZIP-CODE address. 1⅝x7/16" labels, in pads, in ivory plastic box. Sc uses! **Print 3-line name and**
42911 Labels (1000). 1 Set, **$1;**

"I'LL HOLD YOUR SCOURING PAD"—This colorful ceramic fruit-basket is as decorative as it is useful! Set it beside your sink or hang it above—it's smoothly scooped to hold pad neatly, cleanly—prettily! 6½x3½x3¼".
65789 Scouring Pad Basket. **$1.00**

FOR INSTANT WEATHER NEWS, turn to Pepi-the-Poodle. When Pepi is blue, the sky is, too. When he's pink, reach for a raincoat—forget your mink! When he's between the 2—the weather is, too. 2½x3½"; Italian alabasterite.
13706 Barometer. **$1; 3/$2.79**

SLEEPING BEAUTY BRA—easy in-and-out front-snap fastener. Curve-caressing glamour for night-time freedom, daytime comfort. Light, lacy, lovely—for lounging, too. Nylon stretch lace. White: **86819** A, B Cup. **86959** C, D Cup. Black: **81653** A, B. **81703** C, D. **$2.98**

YOUR OWN 'DESIGNER-NAME' LABELS! Woven rayon taffeta imprinted with your own by-line. **Print name.**
Hand Made by: **43273** (15). **43281** (45)
Hand-Knit by: **43299** (15). **43307** (45)
Custom-Made by: **43315** (15). **43323** (45)
15 same style, **$1.** 45 same, **$1.98**

LOOK CONFIDENT, POISED, YO—"Erect-Tall" brace helps you your shoulders back—stand tall, Washable, adjustable. For men, use rib-cage measurement.
Erect-Tall Brace. **70276**
70326 34-37" **70466** 38-41"

HANDMADE TEAK BOOKENDS—Handsomest way to support books—on desk, shelf . . . wherever handy! Of Danish design—beautifully grained in natural brown tones! 5½" high, with sturdy 5" metal tuck-under.
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BEST PROTECTION! Self-adhering blue-green plastic—applies easily to all car. home, office windows. Cuts heat radiation in half—lets glare-free light thru! Prevents fading of drapes, etc. Won't tear, buckle. Re-usable. 16½x105".
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SPRAY YOUR WAY to non-stick, greaseless, cholesterol-free cooking; crustless cleaning! Get benefits of factory-coated equipment—at fraction of cost! Invisible, tasteless, non-toxic. Ideal for pots, pans, ovens, grills!
63198 Pan-Coating (7-oz.). **$1.98**

REVOLVING SHELVES—Save cup space, eliminate jumble of boxes tles. **Enamelled steel,** raised edg 2-Tier Rack, 5½" high. 11" dia
21063 Copper. **21113** White. Ea.,
3-Tier Rack, 8½" high, 11" dia
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NOW! NO MOISTURE NEEDED to seal packages for shopping, storing! With this self-sealing tape, you simply peel it off, press it on, and your package is securely sealed! 500" roll of 2" tape in metal dispenser, cutting edge.
81059 Self-Seal Tape. **$1.29; 3/$3.49**

MINIATURE CAMERA, CASE the size of your palm takes detailed pictures! Single fixed focus lens, 2-spd. shutter. Uses hi-speed b. & w. film. 10 frames per roll—1½¢ a shot!
16949 Miniature Camera, Case. **$1.**
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Save Space! Protect Clothes! Handsome hanging "files" assure dust and scuff protection. Embossed, taffeta-textured gold vinyl body; see-thru pockets for at-a glance selection! **Shoe File** holds 18 pairs; **Handbag File,** 8 purses; **Shirt File,** 24 shirts.
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and healthy, can now be covered for accidents, illness or unexpected vet bills by a Houston, Tex., insurance company. The Lamar Livestock Insurance Co., in Houston, has been insuring cattle, show and racing horses for years, but now it's decided—after lengthy research with veterinary associations—that a dog is a good risk too. To qualify for coverage, Rover needs an examination by a licensed vet, vaccinations for rabies, distemper, hepatitis and leptospirosis, plus positive identification. It'll cost you $23.50

a year in premiums. Plus a small additional charge for *maternity* benefits.

Warning: Pet owners and vets have recently been cautioned to go slow on plans to join up with any health-insurance plans for pets. The American Veterinary Medical Association Journal published an editorial reminding vets that there may be serious shortcomings in pet health plans that are not readily apparent at first glance.

Some plans have failed to meet requirements of veterinary ethics and public interest by attempting to set "bargain rates" for professional services; others restrict a pet owner's freedom to select the vet of his choice; still others have increased revenue for the vet, and some, unwittingly, may violate state insurance laws. A.V.M.A. members are forbidden to take part in promoting any pet health-insurance plan, from having a financial interest in an insurance company, from selling or processing insurance policies, and from joining boards of review on claims.

New York City, headquarters for pampered poodles and best-dressed dachshunds, now boasts a traveling pet groomer who makes daily house-dog calls. Mrs. Ilse Bing, a trained groomer, makes her rounds on a bicycle, accompanied by her own Schnauzer and a bag full of grooming tools (clippers, baby shampoo, tweezers, cotton swabs, and so on). Dogs are showered rather than bathed; ticks are tweezered out (swabbing with an alcohol solution to ease the pain); petroleum jelly is applied to paws for protection against "pavement paw" and other urban hazards. Cost of a complete home-grooming session varies from $15 to $25 (about $5 more than a visit to a grooming parlor).

Big Brother has been watching pet owners too. The dog-eat-dog competition among pet-food makers has been growing fiercer lately, now that American families are spending a staggering $615 million a year on food for the cat, the dog, the canary and the goldfish. The Pet Food Institute recently organized a candid-camera study of pet-food buyers in supermarkets, and produced a fascinating 30-minute documentary report. They found that (1) pet owners are *very* pet health-conscious, (2) most families still feed their pets table scraps as well as prepared food—and feel guilty about it (they're *sure* the scraps are bad for the animals), and (3) most owners can't wait to try out new pet products—and are very sensitive about their pets' reactions. *Startling statistic:* Americans now spend more than twice as much money on pet food as on baby food.

In England, where riding to hounds is a way of life, an organization called the Hunt Saboteurs' Association has been busy outfoxing the hunters. Dedicated to killing off the cruel sport forever, the Saboteurs don't just sit back and protest; they actually go out there and sabotage. Favorite methods: throwing scraps of meat to the dogs, so they'll be too full to chase stags or foxes; spreading chemicals on the trail to destroy the scent; exploding firecrackers to scare stags out of their usual woodsy haunts—so the hunters won't find them there; and giving false calls on horns to confuse the dogs. ■

Aren't You Too Young To Feel So Tired?

You notice it day in, day out...even the simplest chores seem to be just too much for you. You get up tired and you go to bed tired. And your mirror tells you that you *look* as tired as you feel. Because fatigue shows up fast on your face, and those lines of tiredness make you look older than you are—older than you *should* look.

There Is Always A Reason Why You Feel And Look Tired

Of course, there's no single reason for that tired look and feeling. But if you're one of the 40 million women between the ages of 15 and 45 who have a period every month, here is one of the most common reasons why you can have that needless tired feeling. Doctors have proved this beyond doubt: As a woman, you may lose much more blood-iron every month than you replace through the foods you eat. Thus, without being aware of it, you can lose energy-producing iron. It is this loss of precious blood-iron that can leave you always looking and feeling tired.

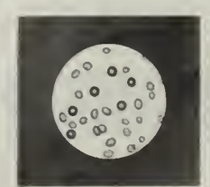
Medical Authorities Say: Women Need Twice As Much Iron

Yes, even if you're only 5 feet 2, you need twice as much iron every day in your diet as your 6-foot husband. It isn't likely that you eat as much iron-rich foods, so you may develop the kind of iron deficit that drains you of your energy and youth. Why risk having the kind of iron-poor blood that can make you very much less than the woman, wife and mother you could be?

Erase That Tired Look From Your Face And Get Rid Of That Tired Feeling

Don't let the periodic drain of precious blood-iron rob you of a full measure of living, when it's so easy to replace any iron that is lost. Put extra iron in your blood by taking Geritol regularly to make up for your monthly losses. Remember, if you've been taking vitamins and still feel tired, vitamins alone can't restore blood-iron. But Geritol *can*. Just two Geritol tablets, or two tablespoons of Geritol liquid, contain *twice* the iron in a pound of calves' liver. In only one day Geritol iron is in your bloodstream carrying strength and energy to every part of your body.

Check your doctor, and if iron-poor blood is your problem, get the iron you need by taking Geritol. Feel stronger fast, in 7 days, or money back from Geritol.



Pale, Iron-Poor Blood
When you're tired and worn-out, your trouble may be due to pale, iron-poor blood like this.

Geritol Iron-Rich Blood
Geritol, with its important supply of iron can change iron-poor into good, rich, red blood.

Save 10¢
on your favorite toothpaste

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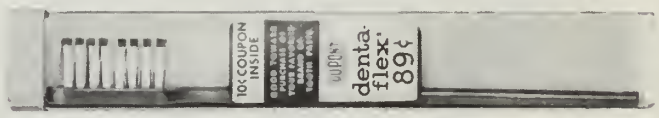

Give your grocer or druggist the coupon inside the "denta-flex" package. He'll give *you* 10¢ off your favorite toothpaste. Your family will get a lot of "free" brushings. And they'll be *better* brushings with Du Pont "denta-flex". Soft "denta-flex" outer bristles gently massage gums as longer, stiffer middle bristles—actually set in 2 tiny springs so they "give" and move up and down — give tooth surfaces and crevices a better workout. Ask for "denta-flex" today. .in four beautiful colors. Look for Du Pont's complete line of toothbrushes, combs, hairbrushes and other toiletries.

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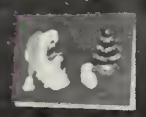
Fine Writing Papers — A most distinguished background for all social correspondence. An unusual collection in heavy demand throughout the year. 50 Sheets, envelopes from $4.50. For samples check box in coupon.



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Air-Cushion your shoes for luxurious walking ease!

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Shrinks Hemorrhoids New Way Without Surgery

STOPS ITCH — RELIEVES PAIN

For the first time science has found a new healing substance with the astonishing ability to shrink hemorrhoids and to relieve pain – without surgery.

In case after case, while gently relieving pain, actual reduction (shrinkage) took place.

Most amazing of all – results were so thorough that sufferers made astonishing statements like "Piles have ceased to be a problem!"

The secret is a new healing substance (Bio-Dyne®) – discovery of a world-famous research institute.

This substance is now available in *suppository* or *ointment form* under the name *Preparation H®*. Ask for it at all drug counters.

Contributors & Editors

Lois Benjamin gets around. In the course of collecting material for her two *Journal* columns, HAVE YOU HEARD? and PET NEWS, she sees movies months before anyone else, meets dozens of celebrities, gets advance peeks at first novels, and is often roped into such offbeat events as animal art exhibits and dog fashion shows, where the hit of the evening can be anything from paw paintings to mother-and-puppy outfits. Mrs. Benjamin, a native New Yorker and Wellesley alumna, is a former newspaper reporter, has coauthored a book on natural childbirth, and is married to *New York Times* reporter Philip Benjamin. The Benjamins live in Manhattan, and are waiting until their two sons are older before buying them a dog.

Merle Miller, who examines THE TRAGEDY OF GRACE METALIOUS AND PEYTON PLACE (page 58), has written 10 books—his latest being an expose of TV called *Only You, Dick Daring!*—and won no awards. Mr. Miller is content with the omission. He doesn't like awards. "Prize committees always choose a man's most lovable books," he says. "I like mean books. I would like to write as well and as meanly as Jonathan Swift, and I'm sure he wouldn't have liked prizes, either." Born 46 years ago in Marshalltown, Iowa, Mr. Miller was Phi Beta Kappa at the University of Iowa, broke into print as a reporter on the old Philadelphia *Record*. During World War II he was editor of the Paris edition of *Yank*, and wrote a first novel, *Island 49*, which was published after his discharge in 1945. Following five years of magazine editing in New York, Mr. Miller turned to free-lancing, and in addition to his books has written many TV shows and two movie scripts, and contributed frequently to magazines and anthologies. At this writing, he is single, working on a motion picture, living in Brewster, N.Y.

The novel backgrounds for our pictures of fish, hamburgers and strawberries (pages 84–89) are a natural outgrowth of artist **Homer Hill's** restless pursuit of a hobby, as well as a profession. A hearty, mustachioed father of two girls who lives and works in a rambling colonial house in New Providence, N.J., Hill is an avid collector of Americana, including cigar-store Indians (he has three around the house). Recently, he found an old piece of clapboard in his attic and painted a picture on it, combining contemporary style and antique flavor. The result was "primitive pop" art, a form that Hill subsequently modified to include three-dimensional objects, thereby producing what we photographed, which is sculptured painting, or painted sculpture, depending on your point of view.

At the age of 10, **Barbara Lang** saw a re-release of the movie, *Gone With the Wind*, and didn't like the unhappy ending. She went right home, which was in New York, and rewrote the ending in 200 happy words, thereby contracting the writing bug. After graduation from Cornell University in 1956, Miss Lang became a publicist, working first for a department store, and then as vice president of a public-relations firm. In between, she wrote short stories and articles, and last year her first book, *Boys and Other Beasts*, was published. For this issue of the *Journal*, Miss Lang has written the HOW AMERICA LIVES feature (page 68), which has, of course, a happy ending.

Imagine a refrigerator

that almost doubles your food space in the same floor space!

It's General Electric's new Spacemaker.

[Model TCF 16C, with 16 cu.ft. of room inside... yet takes up no more floor space than G.E.'s old 8.2-cu.ft. model (1948-52).]

The huge freezer drawer rolls your frozen food out to you.

(No awkward bending, groping or hunting. Only General Electric has it.)

G.E.'s dependable Self-Filling Ice Tray refills itself

automatically when you close the Roll-Out Freezer.

Shelves swing out to hand you what you're looking for.

(They adjust easily—both up and down. There's room for your biggest, widest platters.)

Forget defrosting. Frost never forms anywhere.

And for large families...there's an even bigger Spacemaker.

(Model TCF 19C, with 18.8 cu.ft. of room inside... yet takes up no more space than G.E.'s old 10-cu.ft. model—1948-52.)

All this...

plus the General Electric quality that's known, respected and wanted by millions.

Get the complete G-E quality story and see the Spacemaker refrigerators at your General Electric dealer's. Mix-or-Match colors. Coppertone or white. Quality service wherever you live.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Other people claim to have all of the real orange flavor in this cylindrical form. This cannot be true. Here's why: Although frozen orange juice starts with 100% orange juice, no concentrate (not even Minute Maid) ever captured more than 33% of the essence of fresh orange flavor. Now, at last, we've developed a secret new process that actually gives you up to 91% of the natural flavor. Incredible? So's the taste of new Minute Maid.

Beware of imitations.

Have You Heard?

By LOIS BENJAMIN

Scientists have finally found a cure for muddy tracks on the living-room rug. They're matching the *rug* to the *mud*. Soil specialists at the U.S. Department of Agriculture are helping carpet manufacturers find the exact shades of dirt in various parts of the nation. The manufacturers hope to weave the dirt colors into rug patterns, so that, wherever you live, tracked-in grime will blend neatly into the background. According to the U.S.D.A., soil surveys have already been made for over 822 million acres of American land—so the rug men can start building their mud pile anytime now. Only problem for housewives: What happens if you buy a Mississippi-mud-color carpet—and then move to North Dakota?

HAVE YOU SEEN . . .

The latest, wildest thing in jigsaw puzzles—an original Salvador Dali creation, limp watches, crawling insects, and all? *Double Image*, a gen-

uine surrealist puzzlement, even has a subtitle: *Apparition of the Invisible Bust of Voltaire*. It belongs to the new movement—Jigsaw Puzzles of the Absurd—launched with fantastic success last Christmas by *Springbok Editions*. (They started with a squiggly abstract-art puzzle—a replica of a splashy Jackson Pollock masterpiece; but that was too easy—it had corners. So then they followed with round puzzles that had no pictures on them at all—like *Little Red Riding Hood's Hood*, which was nothing but a big red circle.)

Dali's puzzling masterpiece shows three women in an archway, casting out magic wheels of fortune. If you stand back and close your eyes slightly, you spot the apparition of the hidden bust of Voltaire.

But, *first*, you've got to put together more than 500 interlocking pieces—including all those crawling insects.

HAVE YOU SEEN . . .

The girl behind the biggest glasses on television? She's Carole Shelyne, one of the go-go-ing dancers on *Shindig*, that fantastically successful ABC-TV tribute to teen-aged music and perpetual motion. Miss Shelyne gets stacks of fan mail from *Shindig*'s millions of viewers—young, middle-aged (20-ish) and elderly (over 30). Most of the letters come addressed simply with an enormous pair of glasses drawn on the envelope, and c o *Shindig* underneath. *Inside* the envelopes, besides declarations of love from goggle-eyeing boys, come prescriptions for contact lenses from people who think there really is glass inside those frames. Miss S.'s vision, when last checked, was 20/20.

P.S. "Goggles" Shelyne recently made her debut as a vocalist—with a rock 'n' roll record called, of all things, *Boys Do Make Passes at Girls Who Wear Glasses*.

HAVE YOU SEEN . . .

The absolutely perfect wedding present for absolutely every June bride on your list? It's the magnificent new Michelangelo Bible, a labor of love and art, finished in time for the 400th anniversary of Michelangelo's death. It's the first Bible ever to be illustrated with the world's greatest masterpieces of Biblical art—details of the Sistine Chapel ceiling, photographs of the *Pietà*, and some 121 superb reproductions of Michelangelo's drawings, paintings and sculpture with notes by actor-art connoisseur Vincent Price. You can't get it through ordinary bookstores—only through Sears, Roebuck; it costs $30, but it is a treasure that could well restore a fine old family tradition—the Bible on display in the living room—for good.

THE DAWKS IS COMING

Now that Gonk dolls are gonk, start dawking it up for the Dawk, the next outrageously silly collectors' item for the way-"in" crowd. A Dawk is a nine-inch plastic non-person, with long sheepdoggy hair, sunglasses and beatnik sandals. It won't talk, it can't walk, but it will register silent protest—for or against almost anything. It comes with a picket sign and a whole kit of ready-made messages (Help Teach Old Dawks New Tricks).

Thoughtfully, the Dawk makers have left the backs of the signs blank, so you can write in

your favorite cause. Fair warning: There'll also be a Dawk song, a Western Union Dawkogram (send a Dawk with (*continued on page 20*)

And talk about taste, find a spot of shade and try a glass of delicious Minute Maid Lemonade. It's in your grocer's freezer. But it should be in yours.

So should: Minute Maid Orange Delight, Grapefruit Sections, Tangerine Juice, Banana-Orange, Pink Lemonade. From Florida, naturally.

WIN A GAY EUROPEAN HOLIDAY!

Miracle Whip's Brussels-Paris-Rome Sweeps

YOU WILL FLY VIA

SABENA

BELGIAN World AIRLINES
EUROPE'S MOST HELPFUL AIRLINE

ITALY—Delight in the frescos and fountains, the gardens and galleries of Rome. Visit St. Peter's, the Vatican, the Colosseum. Tour the Appian Way.

KRAFT

Have you dreamed of a romantic holiday in Europe? Now it can be yours—to remember forever—if you enter and win Miracle Whip's Brussels-Paris-Rome Sweeps. You'll see the highlights of renowned cities —splendid palaces, churches, museums. Visit medieval Bruges. Tour France's lovely chateaux country. Dine regally. Be cared for royally—by American Express. Everything is prearranged—first class hotels, meals, and $100 per couple pocket money. Air transportation to New York and return also included. All you need do is relax! Have fun! World-famous Sabena Airlines will jet you from New York to Europe—and back.

50 European Grand Tours!

Each of the 25 Grand Prizes is a 2-weeks' trip for two—to Belgium, France, Italy—including chateaux country.

$$$500 CASH BONUS$$$

FOR GRAND PRIZE WINNERS!

[See easy rules below]

LGIUM—You'll discover beautiful Brussels, the picturesque Grand Place, aterloo. Motor to medieval Ghent and Bruges.

FRANCE—You'll see all the exciting highlights of Paris. Explore Old Montmartre. Visit Versailles, the Louvre. Tour the charming chateaux country. Dine—exquisitely.

A Cessna 150 Airplane and free flight instructions!

You'll enjoy new freedom when you win a Cessna 150. Famous Cessna exclusives include High-Stability Wing—Land-O-Matic Gear—Para-Lift Flaps for shorter takeoffs—slow, smooth descents. A wall of windows and wrap-around rear window and windshield for a view in all directions. Cessna-crafted communications and navigation equipment installed. Free flight instruction program to obtain your Private Pilot's License from a Cessna dealer near you.

5 MGB Sports Cars!

Win this MGB and you win two cars in one: a stylish roadster with comfortable English leather bucket seats, a snug-fitting all-weather top, a ruddy good heater—and a true sports car that reflects the British craftsmanship and dependability inherent in the name MG. Choice of colors—from Tartan Red to powder blue.

9 Atlas Premiers by TRAVELER

TRAVELER BOAT DIVISION
STAMRAY CORPORATION

Spacious new 16-foot family run-about, handcrafted in fiberglass, combines a Deep-V with a conventional hull. Gives you a luxuriously smooth ride and speed when you want it—for skiing or cruising. Back-to-back Siesta Seats fold flat for sun bathing. Upholstered interior in color-keyed vinyl. Motor not included.

50 Lawn-Boy Grass Catcher Mowers

Only Lawn-Boy, with its 3½ hp, two-cycle die-cast aluminum engine, gives you such finger-tip, self-propelled ease while mowing. Finger-tip starting and finger-tip wheel height adjustments plus a finger-tip bag attachment with special grass and leaf catcher chute.

50 Fun Week-Ends-For-2 at a famous Holiday Inn®

Make your reservations at any Holiday Inn in North America for a leisurely week-end vacation—and just plain relax! Reservations will cover Friday and Saturday night through check-out time Sunday—subject to availability and written confirmation. Dine in a Holiday Inn restaurant, visit new shops, see the latest fashions. Your accommodations provide spacious, comfortable double room, air conditioning, pool, plus $50 cash for meals per couple.

20 KitchenAid® Classic Electra Portable Dishwashers

KitchenAid® Classic Electra Portable Dishwasher gets dishes cleaner...drier, too. Push a button and dish washing is done. 4-way wash. Flo-Thru Drying. Big, versatile capacity, connects to sink faucet. No installation, no remodeling cost. Porcelain inside and out. Full width guide bar. Plastic laminate work surface top.

EASY RULES...NO PURCHASE REQUIRED TO ENTER!

1. Send name and address together with a Miracle Whip Salad Dressing label, or a piece of paper 4" x 5" on which you have written Miracle Whip Salad Dressing in plain block letters. Wisconsin residents send name and address on plain piece of paper.

2. Mail entries to Miracle Whip Sweeps, Box 1117, Chicago, Ill. 60677. Enter as often as you like. Entries must be postmarked before midnight, July 3, 1965, and received before midnight, July 13, 1965.

3. Winners will be chosen by drawing 15 days after close of Sweeps. First 25 names drawn win the Grand Prizes, each a 2-weeks' vacation for two to Brussels, Paris, Rome and return. Prizes include air transportation between winners' homes and New York, jet flight to Europe via Sabena Air Lines, plus hotel accommodations, meals and sightseeing on tour prearranged by Kraft through American Express, and $100 pocket money per couple. Next 135 names drawn win next 135 prizes in order of value. Winners notified by mail. a winner is unable to take the trip, no alternate prize will be awarded.

5. If a Grand Prize winner has sent in with the winning entry a Miracle Whip label (or appropriate substitute as described in Rule #1) clipped together with a blank sales slip (or appropriate substitute as described in Rule #6) a $500 Cash Bonus will be awarded.

6. Get free dealer or distributor sales slip at stores selling any of the Sweeps prizes shown above . . . or use as a substitute a piece of paper 4" x 5" on which you have written the words Brussels-Paris-Rome Sweeps followed by any of these names: Cessna Airplane, MGB Sports Car, Atlas Premier Traveler Boat, Lawn-Boy Mower, Holiday Inn®, KitchenAid® Dishwasher.

7. This Miracle Whip Sweeps is void outside the U.S. and wherever prohibited, taxed, or restricted by federal, state or local regulations. Employees of Kraft Foods, its advertising agencies, and the judging organization and their immediate families are not eligible. State, federal and other taxes imposed on

CLIP THIS REMINDER FORM (or use plain sheet of paper)

Miracle Whip Sweeps, Box 1117, Chicago, Illinois 60677

☐ Enclosed is a Miracle Whip label, or appropriate substitute, according to rule number 1.

☐ Enclosed and clipped together are a Miracle Whip label, or appropriate substitute; and a Bonus sales slip, or appropriate substitute, as described in rule number 6.

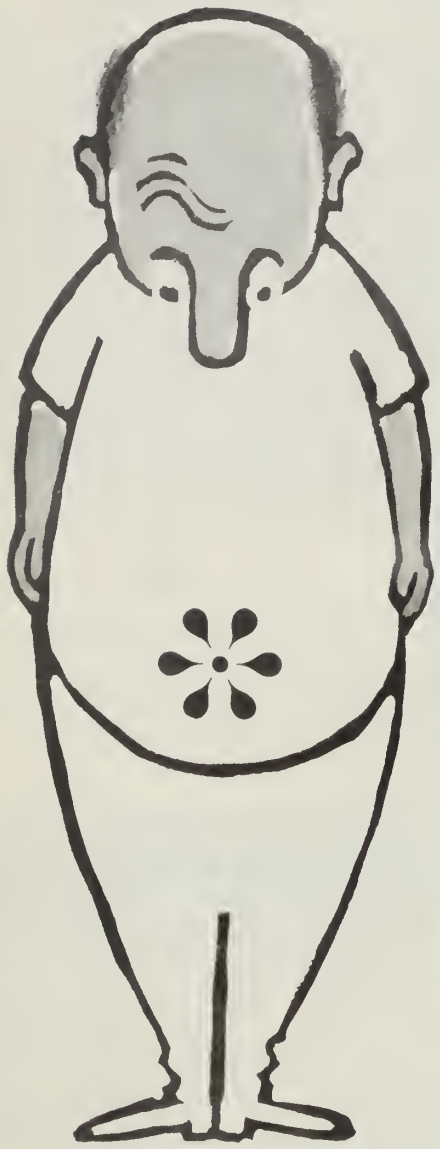
Please enter my name in the Miracle Whip Sweeps.

Name_____

Street_____

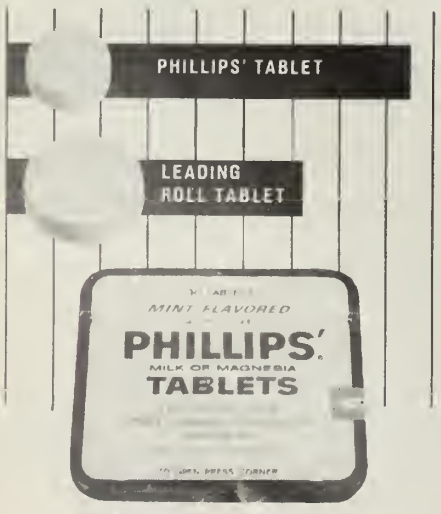
City_____ State_____ Zip Code_____

Sweeps closes midnight July 3, 1965.



UNCERTAIN STOMACH

When your stomach feels uncertain from indigestion, heartburn, gas pains, nausea or other symptoms of excess acidity, remember this: **Each small PHILLIPS' TABLET consumes 37% more excess acid than the leading candy-type roll antacid tablet.**



NO WATER NEEDED

HAVE YOU HEARD? *continued*

your message), a Dawk dance, to be known also as "The Protest." This calls for the dancer to stand still and gently sway his upper torso, with his right hand waving an imaginary protest sign.

HAVE YOU READ . . .

You Can't Get There From Here, a tenderly funny, bittersweetly happy novel about a sensitive New York boy's search for his missing father, and the errant father's search for himself. Author Earl Hamner Jr. knows what adolescence is all about (and in his book the adolescent is the *father*, not the 16-year-old son). The young hero, Wes Scott, has all sorts of wacky adventures during his one-day safari—a sort of wild-father chase in the wilds of New York. The characters are all delightful, and so is the book. Father's Day is June 20; *he'd* like it too. (Random House, $3.95.)

HAVE YOU SEEN . . .

Terence Stamp, the latest acting sensation from England, as the terrifyingly sick, sick, sick young non-hero of *The Collector*. Stamp plays Freddie Clegg, the perfectly ordinary British nobody who works in a bank, lives with his auntie, and collects butterflies for kicks—until one day he wins $200,000 in a lottery and "collects" a real live girl for kicks instead. Samantha Eggar makes a beautiful Collector's item, and director William Wyler made the movie almost as disturbing, scary and memorable a tragedy as the John Fowles best seller. Not *quite*, but almost—thanks largely to the splendid Stamp stamp on Freddie, the gentlest, most pathetic psychopath in modern fiction.

■ Now comes the do-it-yourself girdle. It's all done with mirrors—and a secret code, which translates your measurements into a custom-made corset as fast as you can say 36-26-42. The system was invented by two British lady corset designers, for whom figure problems are apparently a whalebone cinch (they also invented a clip-on bra, and something called Torreo-draws). The do-it-yourself girdle involves measuring yourself in 12 strategic places, then sending the results to a factory, which translates your statistics into code. The code translates back into girdle parts; when all the parts are put together, they sew up into a perfect fit—unless, of course, you went off your diet after you measured up.

Journal's Journal

JUNE 1 Hang onto your seat—in an hour you'll be shooting Colorado rapids and jogging to the bottom of Grand Canyon, via mule. All vicariously, courtesy of NBC-TV's remarkable color show, *Grand Canyon*, with Joseph Wood Krutch, the naturalist, as guide. Don't miss the rapids-shooting; it's a fantastic re-creation of explorer John Wesley Powell's historic first voyage down the rolling river.

JUNE 4 Grab copy of *Is Paris Burning?*, the spellbinding, absolutely true hour-by-hour account of the intrigue leading to the liberation of Paris in 1944—the Allies' elaborate plans for freeing the city, Hitler's plans for destroying it, the French Communists' tug-of-warring with De Gaulle's forces for control of whatever was left. By Larry Collins and Dominique Lapierre (Simon & Schuster, $6.95).

JUNE 5 Get to the $2 window; they're off and running for the Belmont Stakes, third prong in racing's triple crown (after the Kentucky Derby and the Preakness). Can't make it to the track? Stay home, sip a horse's neck, and catch the photo finish on CBS.

JUNE 11 He kids you not; Jack Paar quits TV tonight. After eight years of keeping up with the insomniacs, Paar's retiring to Poland Springs, Maine, to run his own station. They sign off early up there.

JUNE 12 Happy Birthday, *Monitor*. Radio's pioneer talk show, 10 years old today, kicks off a week of celebration with 50 visiting celebrities—from Bob Hope and Jack Benny to George Hamilton and Bobby Darin. Also some ladies named Gina, Olivia and Bette. (NBC.)

JUNE 13 In Turin, Italy, they're toasting the late Aly Khan (born there this date, 1911). Here, those who would have toasted him are reading *Aly*, Leonard Slater's exhaustive tribute to the all-time international champion of *la dolce vita*. (Random House, $4.95.)

JUNE 18 Want to bet? Then don't miss *Everybody's Got a System*, ABC-TV'S documentary study into the gambling urge. Terry-Thomas, noted British comic, talks to winners and losers, investigates the odds and tells why nobody quits when he's ahead.

JUNE 20 Be extra nice to Daddy; he's King for a day.

8 times more power to stop pain of HEMORRHOIDS!

Soothing Nupercainal concentrates on pain! Prolonged relief of pain, burning and itching starts in minutes.

If you suffer the almost unbearable misery of hemorrhoids, remember this about remedies you can buy for temporary relief. The leading "shrinking" preparation actually contains no anesthetic to relieve that pain.

No wonder so many doctors recommend Nupercainal Ointment. Soothing Nupercainal stops pain, itching, burning fast . . . gives prolonged relief . . . because Nupercainal has *over eight times more pain-killing power* than the other most commonly-used topical anesthetic!

Nupercainal quickly puts raw nerve ends to sleep . . . thus puts pain to sleep. Lets you go about your business . . . relieved of the stabbing pain, burning and itching torment of hemorrhoids. Get Nupercainal Ointment today—handy applicator with each tube. Start to live again, in comfort!

Nupercainal®
OINTMENT

LOOK
for the special
JOURNAL ORDER CARD
bound between pages 60 and 61 of this issue!

FEET HOT...BURN OR PERSPIRE?

Get relief from hot, burning, perspiring feet! Every morning apply Dr. Scholl's FOOT POWDER. Helps keep feet dry, cool, comfortable . . . eases tight shoes. Also helps prevent Athlete's Foot infection. Sold at all stores. 19¢, 50¢ and 90¢.

Dr Scholl's
FOOT POWDER

Stop Foot Odor Up To 24 Hours!
New spray deodorant kills odor-causing germs on contact. Cools, refreshes and deodorizes feet.

NEW! Dr Scholl's
FOOT DEODORANT

There's always been a salt that sells for a little less

And, there probably always will be. Just as a round steak will always sell for less than a T-Bone. That's the way it is. Even fifty years ago, a housewife could find some salt for less than Morton.

It's true today, too. Morton still costs a little more. Maybe as much as ten cents, for the entire year. But, then why stop on a dime? Since all salt is so inexpensive, join the two out of three American salt users who shake the best.

When it rains, it pours.

JOURNAL ORIGINAL 24

Cultivate a lasting garden of spring flowers with glass beads imported from France. Instead of a green thumb you'll need dexterous fingers to string opaque and transparent beads on wire, then shape into tulips, daisies, buttercups and other flowers that sparkle with enduring freshness. Two kits were designed especially for the *Journal* by Sass Kolar. The centerpiece kit, above, includes a milk-glass goblet vase; the candle-arrangement kit, left, includes a solid-brass candlestick and milk-glass epergnette, both by Westmoreland. In each kit you will find all the necessary items to complete the arrangements shown here: beads, wire, floral tape for stems. Detailed instructions guide you step by step from stringing and shaping through arranging the completed flowers in a Styrofoam ball. Centerpiece kit is $9.98; candlestick kit, $12.98. Both are approximately 15 inches high.

Fill out coupon, enclosing personal check or money order. New York City residents add 4% sales tax. Sorry, we are unable to handle Canadian, foreign or C.O.D. orders. Please allow three to four weeks for handling and mailing.

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Dept. JBJ, P.O. Box 84, N. Y., N. Y. 10046

Please send me the following item(s), for which I enclose $_____

_____ Goblet Vase Centerpiece Kit(s). Kit includes hand-made milk-glass goblet vase, imported glass beads, and all of the essential materials necessary to complete the arrangement. JBJ-24/A $9.98

_____ Candlestick Arrangement Kit(s). Kit includes solid-brass, hand-turned, hand-polished candlestick; hand-made milk-glass epergnette, and all essential materials necessary to complete the arrangement. (Candle not included).. ..... JBJ-24/B $12.98

PLEASE PRINT NAME

PRINT ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP CODE

Ask any cream pie about Philco Instant Cold.

You'll learn that Instant Cold is the most important difference in refrigerators today.

Philco Instant Cold keeps food fresh longer. Chills faster. Gives more cold in less running time. Shrugs off kitchen heat, no matter how often you open the door.

Most refrigerators just don't have the reserve power to keep proper food-preservation temperatures when the traffic gets heavy. That's why Philco developed Instant Cold.

In documented tests where refrigerator doors were opened up to 72 times a day, Philco Refrigerators with Instant Cold maintained uniform food-protecting temperatures far better than six other leading makes. And they chilled foods faster than any other brand tested!

NO FROST, TOO. Of course there's no defrosting ever in this new Philco — No Frost in the refrigerator section and No Frost in the freezer. Your choice of colors at no extra cost. And the Model 17RM58 shown gives you a giant 16.3 cubic feet of space in just 30 inches of cabinet width!

NEW POWER SAVER. Saves electricity the others waste. Just push a button for peak performance with far greater economy. You save as much as $15.76 a year* in electric bills. It's a Philco exclusive!

Isn't this everything you could want in a new refrigerator? Of course it is. Ask any cream pie. Better yet, ask your Philco dealer.

*Based on locale and national average electric rates.

For the name of your nearest Philco dealer, call Western Union by number and ask for Operator 25.

PHILCO
A SUBSIDIARY OF Ford Motor Company

TELEVISION · STEREO PHONOGRAPHS
RADIO · HOME LAUNDRY · RANGES
REFRIGERATORS · AIR CONDITIONERS
FAMOUS FOR QUALITY THE WORLD OVER®

Can *This* Marriage Be Saved?

AVA AND TRACY HAD A PROBLEM CHILD — By DOROTHY CAMERON DISNEY

Traditionally, most quarrels between husband and wife have been concerned with finances, but some recent surveys have found that quarrels over management of the children are now first in frequency. There is no more dangerous subject on which parents could fight. All evidence agrees that the exact form of discipline is much less important than consistency in discipline, and if Dad and Mom have widely different ideas, and practices, the result is likely to be disastrous to the offspring. For the prevention of juvenile delinquency, what can be done for the youngsters directly is not so helpful as what can be done to create a harmonious relationship between the parents. The counselor in this case was Mrs. Phyllis Wetherill.

PAUL POPENOE, Sc.D.,
Founder and president of The
American Institute of Family Relations

"When my boy was dismissed by the private kindergarten," said dark-haired, 30-year-old Ava, "I seemed to fall apart." Her madonnalike face showed acute distress. "It confirmed my fears that I am a poor mother to Chris, and that means to me I am a failure at marriage. My husband gallantly disagrees, but Tracy can't fool me. He is every bit as worried about our son's future as I am, and there is definite conflict between us.

"The kindergarten teacher, a spinster, called both of us into conference to explain why it was necessary to expel Chris. Her reasons were dismally familiar. Chris refused to follow the simplest directions, shouted and disturbed the others during the quiet hour, threw tantrums, bullied the smaller children and, as a grand climax, hit a little girl over the head with a paint pot.

"From the day Chris began to walk, he has been destructive, defiant and oh! how dirty. He is now completely beyond my control, and Tracy can handle him only with corporal punishment and through fear. Tracy is the head statistician for a manufacturing plant. He earns $14,000 a year. That sounds adequate, but we are purchasing a house in a prosperous community, buying good furniture, and we also carry the heavy financial burden of my ever-needy family.

"Just two weeks ago my stepfather had one of his chronic emergencies—he is too shiftless and drinks too hard to hold a decent job—and Tracy had to telegraph a hundred fifty dollars to my mother in Texas to repair their trailer, bail out my young stepsisters and brothers, and put them on the road again. This is an old story. They are migrant workers.

"In our kindergarten conference the teacher came right out and said Chris was abnormally aggressive, seriously maladjusted, and that what he needed was the attention of a psychiatrist. Tracy got furious, but I was scared to death. If Chris is emotionally unstable, he gets it from my side. Tracy's father is a retired clergyman and, in some ways, an old crank. But Tracy comes from fine people and a respectable background. I don't.

"My father vanished from the scene before I was born; I think it highly likely I was illegitimate. My mother and stepfather live in the midst of filth and confusion—one year I enrolled in five different schools in five different states—and both of my parents have been in jail. My stepfather served one prison term for impairing the morals of a minor.

"I managed to get a high-school education—I graduated at seventeen—through determination and sheer luck. The summer I was twelve my family stayed put in a work camp. All seven of us lived in a dirty ramshackle trailer overrun with ants and cockroaches. There were moldy scraps of food ground into the floor and spattered on the walls, and empty wine bottles everywhere. I picked cotton that summer, kept an eye on the younger children and, late in the season, helped box the prune crop.

"One morning I fished a newspaper out of a garbage can, read the want-ad column and stole a dime from my mother's purse to use the telephone. That telephone call landed me a job as a live-in baby sitter. After I promised to give her every penny of my wages, Mother let me leave the camp.

"I moved into a clean house with a clean, pretty mother, a clean father who used soap and a razor, three clean, pretty little girls. In September, my family was ready to move north to pick the walnut crop, but my wonderful employers invited me to continue on my job and finish my education. Although they would never in the world admit it, for fear of hurting my feelings, I am positive they paid my mother to allow me to stay behind. For a while I had a lonesome, empty feeling that she had traded me off for money to give to a man who beat her up and abused her children. I missed my mother, but not for long.

"Soon I woke up to the fact I had a heaven-sent opportunity to change my whole life and make something of myself. In the home of my employers—who are still dear friends of mine—I found the kind of father I had always longed for. I found a new mother. From the age of twelve I struggled and worked to become a woman like her. But I haven't made the grade. I am a flop as a person. I can tell from the way Tracy acts.

"Last night he and I had a bitter quarrel. One of the other mothers, with whom I am friendly and who has a child in the same kindergarten, telephoned and inquired about Chris's absence. She knows nothing about my background, of course! She doesn't even know Chris has been expelled. I was ashamed to tell her, and merely said Chris had a bad cold and might not return to school for some time.

"Tracy heard me fibbing on the phone and flew into a rage at my 'stupid lie.' He said I should speak the truth to my friends, and either crack down on Chris or else ignore his unruliness and learn to live with it. No doubt Tracy was right when he said I was plain dumb to let a five-year-old get my goat, but criticism from him rips my heart out. Anyhow, I started to cry—Tracy hates a weepy woman. He was so disgusted he stalked off to bed without me. A few minutes later I crept in beside him and kissed him, but he pretended to be asleep. I burst into tears again—I am very dependent on my husband's approval and his love—and he immediately climbed out of bed and went and watched television until finally I fell asleep. When I woke in the morning, he was gone, although it was barely six A.M.

"Chris was up and about, bright-eyed and bushy-tailed, and had already turned the living room and kitchen into a shambles. He had dragged out all the pots and pans, thrown the chair and sofa cushions on the floor, upset the garbage can and smeared the contents over the freshly waxed linoleum and on himself. Oh, how I wanted to slap him! But I recalled too well how I disliked being slapped and yelled at as a child.

"I pointed out to Chris in a calm voice that he had made a great deal of extra work for me—something he already knew—and told him he couldn't have dessert for lunch. He said he was sick of dessert. Sucking his thumb and whining, he trailed me around while I tidied the living room, swept and rewaxed (*continued on page 26*)

This series is based on information from the files of The American Institute of Family Relations of Los Angeles, a nonprofit educational, counseling and research organization that has a staff of 70 counselors and is the oldest and largest marriage-counseling center in the world. The true stories reported here are drawn from interviews with couples and counselors involved. Names, geographic locations and other minor details have been altered to conceal the identity of the couples who sought counseling.

Kraft Suspense Theatre Thursday Night NBC-TV

High-rise desserts:
They're "Philly" Soufflés

awberry Soufflés—to serve in your ttiest glasses, cups or dessert dishes. the high-rise effect, wrap a 3-inch ar of aluminum foil around the top ach container; secure with tape.

or 6 servings soften 2 envelopes un- ored gelatin in ½ cup cold water; in 1¾ cups boiling water until dis- ed. Now the magic: blend an 8-oz. pkg. Philadelphia Brand Cream Cheese with ⅔ cup sugar. Gradually add gelatin, 1 tablespoon lemon juice and juice from 1 10-oz. pkg. frozen strawberries; chill until slightly thickened. Fold in strawberries and 1 cup heavy cream, whipped. Pour into containers with foil collars; chill until firm. Remove collars; garnish with swirls of whipped cream and strawberries.

PHILADELPHIA BRAND CREAM CHEESE KRAFT K

k for the famous name in the oval. Guaranteed Fresh when you buy it or your money back. That's Kraft's promise to you.

continued from page 24

the linoleum. I gave him breakfast and his first bath. It's lucky I'm fast and well organized at housekeeping; sometimes I have to put Chris in the tub and scrub him two or three times a day. I am terrified that he will take after my dirty, sloppy family. Because he may be following their pattern, I am sure I nag and fuss at him too much at times. Then I am likely to feel conscience-stricken and be too easy. I wish I could be consistent in my discipline. So does Tracy.

"By twelve o'clock I was caught up with my household schedule, including the ironing, and the house was spotless. I served Chris lunch without dessert. I then discovered he had soiled his pants on purpose, even though he was toilet-trained. I bathed him again and washed the pants. It was my afternoon to read a report to our local Woman's Club—I am the only noncollege member in the group—but I was so depressed and discouraged I hardly thought I could make it to the meeting. I had a raging headache. By the time the sitter showed up, I had pulled myself out of the dumps, washed and set my hair, pressed my best suit, and off I went. Everybody congratulated me on the report.

"It may sound absurd, but I've succeeded at almost everything I've tried, except motherhood. I belong to three of the best clubs in our community, and I am an officer in two of them. At eighteen I had a well-paid junior-executive job with excellent chances for advancement, which I gave up like a flash to marry Tracy, who is quite a bit older. As a girl, my ambition was to become the wife of a successful man and a wonderful mother to his children, a woman who could go anywhere with her family and be welcome. I married the successful man, but I'm an unsuccessful mother.

"It's real ironical. Until Chris was born, in my seventh year of marriage, I thought I was succeeding as a wife and believed Tracy loved me. Now I halfway believe that in gaining a son, who doesn't love me or anybody else and acts as though he hates the world, I lost my husband's love.

"Tracy and I have lost on our physical closeness and the intimate part of our marriage, that's for sure. Our sexual relationship was interrupted by doctor's orders toward the last of my pregnancy with Chris, and was never resumed on the same warm, sweet basis. Tracy's growing coldness, combined with his increasing criticism of my mismanagement of our son, breaks my heart. I see divorce as the ultimate outcome!"

"I was in the marrying mood when I met Ava," said Tracy, a slender, sensitive-faced man of 42 with a sprinkle of gray in his thinning hair. "But if we hadn't met, it's probable I would have remained a bachelor. I was thirty, and had a small but adequate income. I was lonely, but discriminating.

"The first time I saw Ava I was paying a hospital visit to a chap I hardly knew, because I suspected he was as footloose and lonely as myself. Ava and a physician's wife wheeled in a cartload of books. Both were working two evenings a week as volunteers, Gray Ladies I think they call themselves.

"My acquaintance wolf-whistled, patted the pillow on his bed and winked at Ava; his boisterousness nettled me. In a cool, poised way Ava, a glowing beauty of eighteen, put the fellow in his place. I was attracted by her good looks, her graceful walk, her wide, generous smile. I fell in love with her intelligence and courage, her dignity, her honesty with me. Before she agreed to our marriage she insisted that I hear every sordid, harrowing detail of her life with her white-trash family. That brave confession really sent me on the girl.

"Ava still has the same looks, the walk and, in public, the dignity and poise. But nowadays she cries more often than she smiles. Not long ago she read a sensational newspaper account about an unfortunate child who had been raped and murdered; she wept all day and mailed fifty dollars to the little girl's surviving sister. I had given her that fifty dollars to buy clothes for Chris.

"Was that intelligent? Was it even honest? I don't think so. Is it honest for Ava to tell friends our son is staying home from kindergarten with a cold when, in fact, he has been expelled? Is it intelligent to build up a pretense that is bound to be exposed? Is it courageous to evade the truth? Was it intelligent of Ava to enroll Chris in a private kindergarten against my wishes, when he didn't measure up to its standards?

"I am disappointed in Ava, and painfully, embarrassingly aware of her disappointment in me and my performance as a husband. After twelve years of marriage Ava expects me to behave like an ardent, hot-blooded bridegroom. Is that intelligent? Sometimes I'm not in the mood for love—at my present age I just can't sell myself on a daily schedule—but regularly, every twenty-four hours, Ava *is* in a lovemaking mood. She looks at me and tears well up in her eyes and I know the reason; at that point I feel like a brute for not taking her to bed or on the edge of the sere and yellow. Both emotions are uncomfortable.

"It seems to me there should be some intelligent solution of the problem. I have just as much satisfaction from our sexual relationship as I ever had, and so, I believe, has Ava. But physical love is not as frequent—and I could be philosophical about my diminishing powers were it not for Ava's disappointment and misunderstanding of the situation. She blames our problem on Chris.

"To me, Ava's whole relationship with Chris approaches the irrational, always has. At the time of our marriage, even though I wasn't well established financially, I wanted three children—bing, bing, bing—as quickly as possible. Ava wanted two children, two only, first a boy and then a girl; moreover, she wanted the boy, our Chris, to delay his arrival until we had been married seven years and I was prospering. In seven years she figured we should have five thousand dollars in the bank, a house in a twenty-five-thousand-dollar-bracket neighborhood, tasteful, expensive furniture that would remain in style as we progressed toward an ever more exclusive section of town. Ava's careful calculations as a bride, which I considered cute, if unrealistic and a little silly, and which she calls 'positive thinking,' were fulfilled in every particular. Sometimes my wife's positive thinking is almost scary.

"In stipulating that our firstborn should be male—believe it or not, Ava had Christopher's name carved on the crib in his nursery weeks before he arrived—she neglected to specify that both of us would like a cuddly baby. Chris came into the world with yellow jaundice and the disposition of a cobra. The pediatrician cleared up the jaundice, but the disposition remained. In his infancy my son would stiffen in my arms, turn red in the face and bellow until I put him down. Then he would bellow until I picked him up again.

"Ava and I went through six months of unshirted hell. I then adopted my father's suggestion and cured Chris of the bellowing in a single afternoon. One Saturday at naptime when the bellowing began I went in to the baby, satisfied myself he wasn't in pain, wasn't hungry, wasn't wet. I wrapped the child in a crib sheet, mummy-fashion, so he couldn't free his arms and legs—swaddling is the term for the procedure—and firmly pinned the bundle to the mattress. For the next hour Chris yelled the roof down, and during that hour tears rolled down Ava's cheeks like rain while she begged me for permission to go to the child. At the end of the hour Chris had learned his first lesson in civilized behavior. He gave up the bellowing.

"At the age of five Chris is still obstinate and uncooperative—the only person he jumps to obey is his grandfather. My father is an awesome, formidable figure even to me; I'm still halfway afraid of him. With a glance, the mere lifting of an eyebrow, my father can get respect from Chris and bring him to taw. A month or so ago Chris decided he wouldn't eat supper if his meat and potatoes happened to be touching. For several weeks Ava weakly yielded to this ridiculous, childish whim.

"But I keep getting sand in my eyes!"

"A few days ago Father dropped in unexpectedly to share our evening meal. In the general flurry Ava forgot about Chris's food taboo. The kid sat down, cast a disdainful look at his plate, muttered a rude remark under his breath and started to leave the table. Father reached over, thumped Chris on the head with his thumb, one time only and not hard, and said, 'Eat.' Chris ate. Ava ran to the kitchen and had a cry, I'm sure, although in Father's presence I didn't have the nerve to get up and follow, and try to comfort her. Maybe I didn't want to comfort her. For a couple of days Chris polished off every bite of food served to him, but then he relapsed.

"I used to think I would enjoy fatherhood, and perhaps in the future I may enjoy Chris. Right now he and I have very little in common. My son is a problem to me even when he isn't bullying smaller children, disobeying orders or doing some crazy thing. My job at the office is absorbing, but it is taxing. If I settle myself in the evening to read the paper, my boy promptly starts asking questions. If I set aside half an hour for him to ask questions, he is mute. Last night I sat down to relax and play the piano—music helps me unwind—and like a shot Chris plunked himself beside me and began to hammer away at his end of the keyboard.

"When I removed him from the piano bench, his face turned dead white, he whirled around, and ran straight at the living-room wall. He banged his head against the wall—I've occasionally felt like that myself—and raised a goose-egg-sized lump on his skull. It was a terrifying exhibition of rage—so terrifying that it strongly suggested mental instability.

"I have done my best to convince Ava our son is a normal boy, but I'm by no means sure he is normal. Her fear that Chris may inherit pathological behavior patterns from her parents is rubbish, of course, but I've never known another boy to act like Chris. Ava has a bad case of mother-smother love; she nags and picks at the youngster incessantly, inspects and scrubs his ears too often, changes his clothes too often. I see to it that he has a butch haircut.

"Privately I am afraid there is something off-key, screwball in my son; my big fear is that the boy may be mentally retarded. It has been a long time since Ava spoke of the little girl who was supposed to complete our family circle. I, too, have stopped talking about the daughter we now can well afford. Frankly, I just don't care to risk we might have a second problem child.

"I owe a great deal to Ava. Without her encouragement, her patient, unflagging ambitions for me, her uncanny knack of acquiring good friends with influence in my line of work, I would still be plodding along as a mediocre, garden-variety statistician. After three shifts of jobs in twelve years, I'm a man on the way up.

"Ava is an immaculate housekeeper, and I mean immaculate. As a hostess she is absolutely tops. She is an excellent cook. She washes and irons my shirts better than a professional laundry. She designs and makes all her own dresses and most of Chris's clothes, which for my taste are a little too much on the sissy side. She won't allow the kid to wear blue jeans or dirty tennis shoes on the silly theory that jeans and dirty tennis shoes are the badge *(continued)*

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of poor-white trash. Both of us spend too much on Chris, and, to a budget expert, our entertainment spending would probably seem way out of line, but we feel obliged to repay the hospitality of our business and social friends on something like the same scale.

"Ava makes too much of money that we send her family from time to time. The amounts loom large in her mind because she figures some of the money is wasted on liquor; she's probably right, but I don't begrudge a nickel. I'm glad to pay them to stay off our doorstep. On four different occasions before Chris was born, Ava kept a stepsister or brother in our home and tried to send the youngster regularly to school; every damn one of the four played hooky, lied, cheated, stole from us and the neighbors, and eventually ran off and rejoined the old folks. After Chris was born she got worried about the possible effect of her kinfolk on him and had to acknowledge she was beat.

"I admire Ava. I love her. But if she can't get over her irrational concern with our son, I can see no happy prospect for our marriage."

"Ava and Tracy were problem people with a problem marriage who fancied their five-year-old son was responsible for their difficulties," the counselor said. "This intelligent mother and father were fast turning Chris into a problem child because they were densely ignorant of the nature of children.

"My first step was to suggest that Chris be tested by a child psychologist; the five-year-old proved to be as developed mentally as the average seven-year-old, and anything but retarded. The old-maid kindergarten teacher was perhaps justified in 'expelling' Chris, but I do wonder why she took it upon herself to press the panic button and alarm parents who were already unsure.

"After the welcome news of the testing, Tracy and Ava were able to relax. I then undertook to steer them toward better ways of handling their son and ways to straighten out the underlying but quite evident difficulties in their personalities and in their marriage. I recommended several standard books on child rearing which neither had read. With amazement and relief, Tracy and Ava found out how the average child may be expected to behave at two, three, four and five, and discovered Chris was quite normal.

"Chris was a smart, aggressive little boy who practically never got his own way. His mother, in revolt against her own impoverished, disorganized childhood, was on a perfectionist kick, and popped him in the tub whenever she spied a speck of mud on him. His father played the piano for personal gratification only, and pushed the child away—or stood him in the corner to scold, lecture or punish him. His stern old grandfather demanded instant obedience.

"In order to survive, Chris almost *had* to rebel, kick and scream, throw tantrums, start fights, bully smaller children as he was bullied at home by folks larger than himself. I invited Tracy to consider his relationship with his own father. Was it satisfactory? Did he want Chris to fear him as an adult, in the manner he still feared the formidable old gentleman who dropped in on the younger generation for a meal whenever he took the notion? Did Tracy want his son, who in many ways was attempting to model himself on his Dad, as small boys will, to grow up and become a man like himself? Tracy recognized that he was doubtful of his talents and abilities, dependent on feminine cosseting and prodding in his career.

"He wanted none of these things for Chris. It was comparatively easy for Tracy to follow the cut-and-dried but tried-and-true advice proffered by the child-rearing books and soften his brusque, brisk, coolly impersonal approach to his little son. When he learned to appreciate the exploits of Chris at five, he began to enjoy the child. He answered questions when Chris was interested in asking questions. He taught the boy to play a simple piece on the piano, and found with pleasure that he and Chris already shared a common interest—music. When he took pride in his son, their relationship improved, and so did Chris's behavior.

"It was less easy for Tracy to change his attitude toward Ava. However, he eventually learned to show more warmth and spontaneity in lovemaking, and to woo his wife more often, when he came to understand why sexual expression and frequent demonstrations of love meant so much to her.

"Ava wanted and needed physical love, perhaps more often than the average woman, because she needed reassurance that her loveless, deprived and wretched childhood lay far behind her; that all her dreams had been realized; that she was now the wife of a college-educated, successful man, mistress of a sparklingly clean house, and possessed a respectable background.

"Ava's personality problems were tough to solve. Like many people who work and struggle long and hard and finally reach seemingly impossible goals, she paid a high price for success once she won it. A genuine *Grapes of Wrath* kid, born in a no-standards family headed by a drifter so ineffectual he couldn't stick to a permanent job even in the boom times of World War II, Ava started off with everything against her except energy, ambition, willpower, grit.

"She remembers herself as a small girl insisting to her mother that she must and would go to school; she remembers scrounging in trash cans for discarded, broken trinkets she could exchange with classmates for the lunch tickets she had no money to buy, carrying home the remains of school lunches to feed the babies in the filthy trailer where she lived. She remembers how she tried to clean and scrub the trailer, how she scrubbed the babies endlessly, recalls her efforts to protect the little ones from the vicious, drunken quarrels of her elders. She has no explanation of the spark that fired her ambition.

"Ava is a remarkable young woman. Some luck—but not much—was involved in her encountering the people for whom she worked as a nursemaid and who sponsored her through a high-school education. In this affluent day and age anyone with Ava's ambition, enterprise and good looks is pretty sure to find a sponsor. At seventeen Ava got acquainted with a number of well-heeled women, the wives of professional men, by volunteering to do philanthropic work in hospitals. She was then selling cosmetics from door to door; incidentally, she tripled the sales quota of her predecessor. At twenty-one, after her marriage to Tracy, she organized a neighborhood group that collected a larger sum for charity than has ever been raised in history by any neighborhood in her community. In this group she met and charmed members of the family who own the manufacturing plant where Tracy is now employed.

"Most of us are familiar with at least one American success story similar to Ava's story, but less familiar with what very often happens afterward. Once Ava triumphantly arrived at journey's end and there was time to contemplate and solidify her gains, her drive lost momentum. Her gay optimism evaporated, except in public. She lost confidence in herself. She was young and had no philosophy of life.

"Where was she going? Ava wondered. What were her achievements worth? What was she worth? Who was she? She swung from one extreme of moods to the other. One moment she would feel like the miserable little girl of long ago picking in garbage cans, and then she would sit down and weep for all the lost, starving children of the world. The next moment her spirits might lift and she would feel like an efficient young clubwoman, a civic leader fit and ready to start work on a charity drive. At that point, perhaps, she would pause, stare at her face in the mirror and ask herself if she were only playing a part. Maybe she was a fake! Suppose her fellow club members ferreted out the facts of her grim, sordid past?

"In this emotional tug-of-war between past and present, Ava quite often became hopelessly confused. Automatically she transferred the conflict in herself to her husband and her son. Since she was unhappy, she proceeded to make them unhappy. My main assistance to Ava was to help her stop downgrading herself, to see and accept herself as all of her friends and associates regarded her. One by one she and I tabulated, enumerated, evaluated her many accomplishments.

"I assured her that her accomplishments were real. She was no longer a miserable little girl; her left-over feelings of shame, inadequacy and worthlessness no longer had validity. She was now a useful woman and she should try to feel and act accordingly.

"Ava's demands that her house and her child be spotlessly clean every minute of the day rested on what almost amounted to superstition. She was of the opinion there was no middle ground in achieving cleanliness and order. If she stepped out of her home and left a dirty pot in the sink, or an unmade bed, she subconsciously feared she might lose her grip and that her household would revert to the chaos of her youth.

"She grasped the humor in the situation when I pointed it out to her. Nevertheless, she had to train herself to let up on the sweeping and the scrubbing. She also had to train herself to put Chris in blue jeans and allow him to get gloriously and boyishly dirty. When she stopped nagging Chris and helped him to feel good within himself, she won his love. Chris is now a fourth-grader who usually earns high marks, but does get an occasional low mark in 'citizenship.'

"These days Tracy and Ava are more than satisfied with their son and with each other. And they are delighted with their second child, now a lively two-year-old. Her name is Mary. Yes, Ava's positive thinking paid off again. She and Tracy got the daughter!" ■

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*Lumist is Clairol's shadow neutralizer ingredient. ©Clairol Inc. 1965

A bride's first kitchen

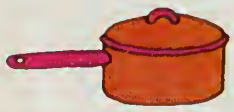
Kitchen showers are fun, but sometimes miss the point—which is, of course, to equip the bride's kitchen with things she *really* needs. To simplify shower-giving, use our list of Basics and Nice-to-Haves as a guide (avoid duplications by deciding beforehand who'll buy what). The list, incidentally, is one our readers ask for often, and applies to any kitchen.

By MARGARET DAVIDSON
Home Management Editor

TOP-OF-STOVE WARE

BASICS

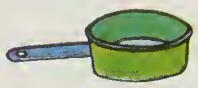
COVERED SAUCEPAN, 1 QT



COVERED SAUCEPAN, 1¼-2 QT.

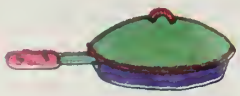
COVERED SAUCEPAN, 2½-3 QT.

DUTCH OVEN OR COVERED SAUCEPAN, 4-6 QT.



SMALL, OPEN SAUCEPAN, 1 PT.

FRYPAN, 6½-8 IN.



COVERED FRYPAN OR CHICKEN FRYER, 10-12 IN.

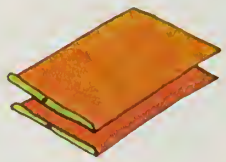
NICE TO HAVE

Teakettle, 1 2 qt.
Double Boiler, 1-2 qt.

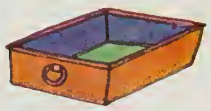
OVENWARE

BASICS

MUFFIN PANS, 6-8 MUFFINS

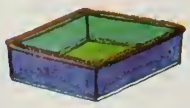


COOKIE SHEETS, 14x10 IN.



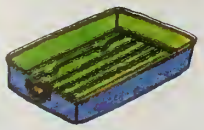
LOAF PAN, 8½x4½ IN.

PIE PLATE, 9 IN.



SQUARE CAKE PAN, 9 IN.

ROUND LAYER CAKE PANS, 9 IN.



BAKE AND ROAST PAN 14x10 IN

ROUND BAKING PAN, 13x9½ IN

COVERED CASSEROLES, 1 QT. AND 2½-3 QT.

NICE TO HAVE

6-8 Custard Cups
Additional Pie Plate
Angel Cake Pan, 10 in.
Spring Form Pan, 13 in.

SMALL UTENSILS

BASICS

MIXING BOWLS, 3 SIZES, NESTING

MEASURING CUPS, ¼ TO 2-CUP SIZES

GRADUATED MEASURES, ¼ TSP. TO 1 TBSP.

2 PARING KNIVES, 2½-3½ IN. BLADE

UTILITY KNIFE, 5-7 IN. BLADE

SCALLOPED SLICING KNIFE, 8 IN. BLADE

CARVING KNIFE AND FORK

CAN OPENER, JAR OPENER

ROTARY BEATER

STRAINER, MEDIUM MESH, 5 IN. DIAM.

ROLLING PIN

VEGETABLE PEELER

GRATER-SHREDDER SET

WIRE WHISK

RUBBER SPATULA

SLOTTED SPOON

2 STIRRING SPOONS

LONG-HANDLED FORK

CORKSCREW

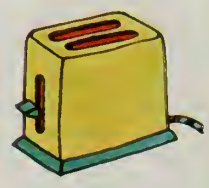
NICE TO HAVE

Canister Set, 4-piece
Bread, Cake Containers
Additional Paring Knives
Grapefruit Knife
French Chef's Knife
Narrow Spatula
Melon-Ball Cutter
Kitchen Shears
Potato Masher
Strainers, fine mesh, 2½-in. diam., and med. mesh, 6-in.
Long-Handled Ladle
Colander
Flour Sifter
Food Mill
Orange-Lemon Juicer
Garlic Press
Food Chopper-Grinder
Roast Baster
Pizza Pan and Pizza Cutter
Pastry Blender
Mix-Stir
Refrigerator Containers
Freezer Containers
Funnel
Quart-size Measure
Dessert and Salad Molds
Minute Timer
Pastry Cloth and Rolling-Pin Cover
Dish Drainer

ELECTRIC APPLIANCES AND MISCELLANEOUS

BASICS

COFFEE OR TEA MAKER

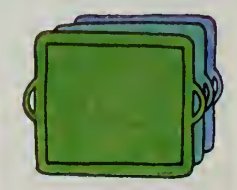


TOASTER

ELECTRIC FRYPAN

PORTABLE ELECTRIC MIXER

KITCHEN CLOCK



TRAYS

SALT AND PEPPER SHAKERS

COOKBOOK

DISH TOWELS, POT HOLDERS

NICE TO HAVE

Blender
Electric Broiler-Rotisserie
Knife Sharpener
Ice Crusher
Plate Warmer
Waffle Iron
Paper-Towel Holder
Paper-Cup Holder

DRAWINGS BY PAUL DAVIS

continued on page 32

This is today's pacesetting stainless—preferred by women of taste. Its perfect weight and balance, careful jeweler finish, outstanding patterns make it truly one of a kind—Solid Stainless by Oneida Silversmiths.

FT TO RIGHT: CHATEAU, TEXTURA, FROSTFIRE, LASTING ROSE, PAUL REVERE. OPEN STOCK AND SERVICES FOR 4, 6, 8 OR 12. IN COMMUNITY® STAINLESS: FROSTFIRE, PAUL REVERE. A 16-PIECE SERVICE FOR FOUR, $24.95. IN ONEIDACRAFT® LUXE STAINLESS: LASTING ROSE, CHATEAU AND TEXTURA. A 20-PIECE SERVICE FOR FOUR, $19.95. WE'D LIKE TO SEND YOU A SPOON, TO TRY ON YOUR OWN TABLE. SEND NAME, ADDRESS AND PATTERN DESIRED, WITH 25¢ IN COIN, TO STLE SERVICES, DEPT. 26, VERONA, N.Y. 13478. OFFER VALID ONLY IN THE U.S.A., EXPIRES JUNE 30, 1965.

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Rubbermaid Turntables unclutter kitchen cabinets, revolve smoothly to put any number of items at your fingertips: spices, condiments, cereals, soaps, soups, baby foods, glassware; even perform as Lazy Susans at the table. You'll find so many uses, you'll want several. Sizes from $1.98 to $4.98.

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MEANS BETTER MADE

WRITE FOR FOLDER SHOWING ALL RUBBERMAID PRODUCTS
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Mrs. Lester Fried of Louisville, Ky., writes: "Adam has set himself a perfect four hour feeding schedule—and he's sleeping straight through the night now, too. He finishes the whole eight ounces most of the time, and seems to enjoy his feedings as much as I do!"

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Evenflo is easier to nurse . . . handier to use. That's why *more mothers use Evenflo than all other nursers combined...according to independent surveys.*

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25¢

mothers know evenflo®

RAVENNA, OHIO

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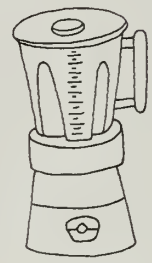
Print the subscribers' names and addresses on plain paper and specify bike size and model. We'll arrange for prompt shipment of your bicycle.

This offer good in Continental U.S. only, until September 30, 1965. Sorry, no bicycle may be sold for cash.

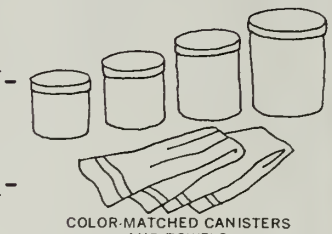
CURTIS CIRCULATION COMPANY
321 Independence Square Phila., Pa. 19105

Shower Her With One Big Splash

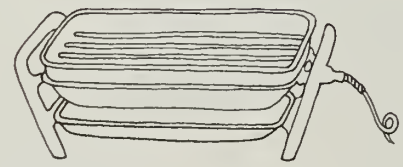


ELECTRIC BLENDER

Here's a bright new shower idea: Why not give the bride one extravagant splash-of-a-gift. Close friends and relatives might pool resources and buy something for their favorite bride she'd dearly love to own but can't yet afford for herself. We have illustrated the kinds of gifts we mean—important items that last and last. (And remember to check with someone close to the bride to find out if she has special needs and color preferences.)

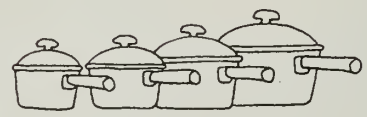


COLOR-MATCHED CANISTERS AND TOWELS

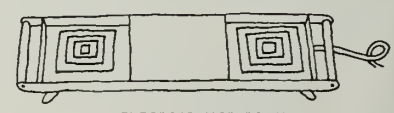


BROILER WITH ROTISSERIE ATTACHMENT

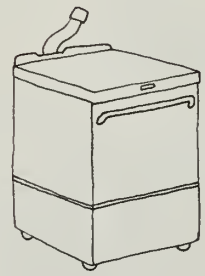
WINDOW GARDEN OF POTTED HERBS



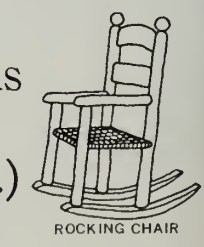
MATCHED SET OF COOKING UTENSILS



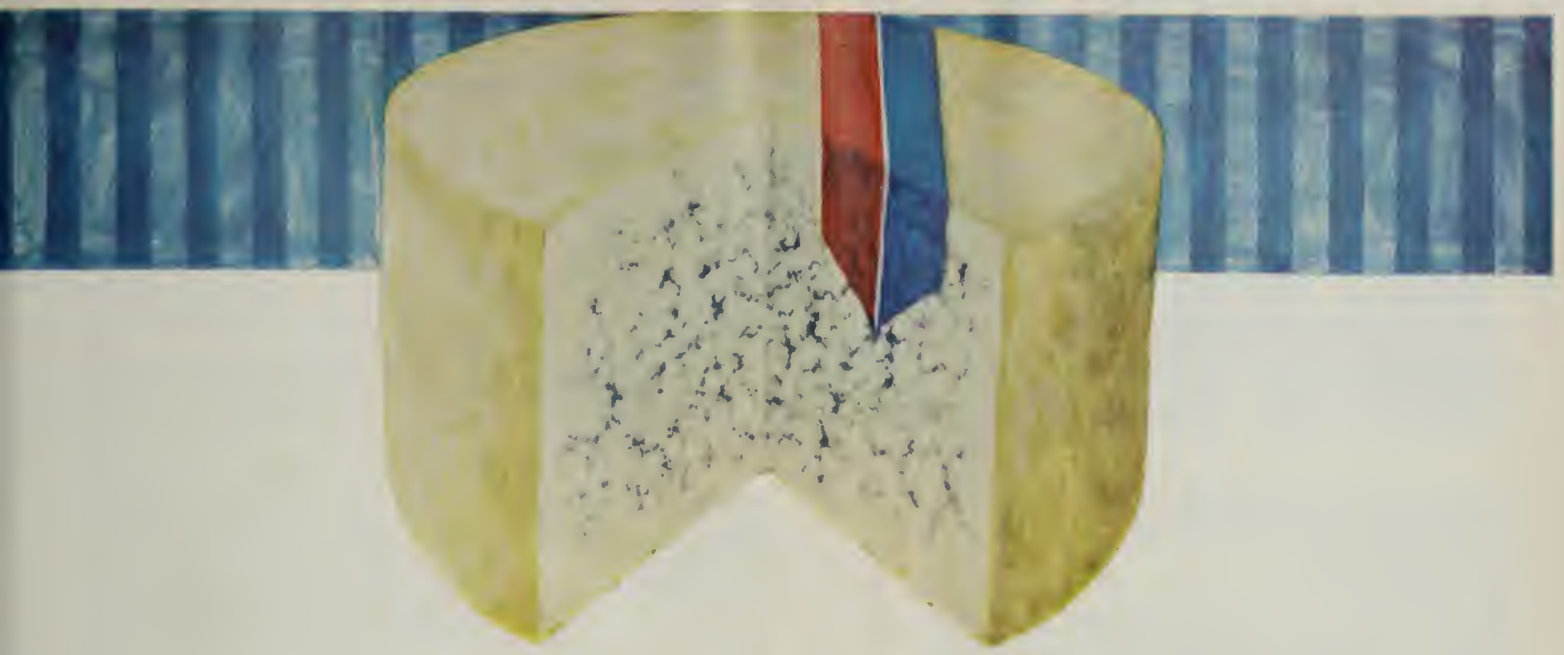
ELECTRIC HOT TRAY



PORTABLE AUTOMATIC DISHWASHER



ROCKING CHAIR



Kraft teaches cheese how to pour like velvet in Roka brand Blue!

isn't easy to make a cheese dressing that pours like liquid velvet d never separates. Especially with so *much* cheese. But Kraft has ne it. *Over one-fourth* of this elegant dressing is superbly aged blue eese, crumbled and creamed and folded into a gently seasoned base of oil and egg yolks and vinegar (two kinds). Try it on *Green Grape Salad:* Combine grapes, cucumber slices, strawberries, curly endive and watercress. Chill and toss with Roka Blue Cheese Dressing. One taste will tell you—*this* is eating *magna cum laude!*

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"TELL ME, DOCTOR: Does my husband have to keep losing his hair?"

BALDNESS:

MEDICINE'S FIRST BREAKTHROUGH

By LOIS R. CHEVALIER

If your husband's hairline is receding, there is one consolation: male-pattern baldness occurs only in virile men who have plenty of the male hormone, testosterone. And if your husband's forehead is getting higher, there is a nine-to-one chance that he is suffering from hereditary, male-pattern baldness, a heretofore incurable condition.

Even so, if you are like most women, you are not happy to see his handsome head of hair diminishing. And you want to know if there is anything in the world that can be done about it. The answer is not simple. It is more like no than yes, and yet it could be maybe. But there is now more reason for hope than ever before.

In an experiment recently reported in the *Journal of the American Medical Association,* Dr. C. M. Papa, a 33-year-old dermatologist who is about to complete his residency at the University of Pennsylvania, had some success with restoring hair in male-pattern baldness.

As far as is known, it is the first time in history that medical science has succeeded in making this centuries-old dream a reality. Dr. Papa's experiment was relatively simple. The skin is a tough envelope, and most substances cannot be absorbed through it; but it will absorb the hormone testosterone. The doctor, who has a nice crop of healthy black hair, tried testosterone cream on 21 men with male-pattern baldness. Sixteen of them showed some improvement. The stunted fuzz on their heads became interspersed with hairs that were big enough and long enough to be seen. Testosterone provided a boost for the follicles these men had left. It did not bring back the follicles that had disappeared; it did produce long, luxurious hairs, although not a great deal of them. None of the 16 successes had to rush out to the barbershop.

DR. C. M. PAPA, the dermatologist whose research is responsible for new hope that hereditary baldness may still turn out to be curable.

Even this very limited victory over hereditary baldness involves some possible dangers and drawbacks; these will be discussed later. But to put this development into proper perspective, it is worth remembering that people have been vainly trying to cure baldness literally since the beginning of recorded time. Five thousand years ago, an Egyptian queen used a concoction of dogs' toes, the hoof of an ass and date husks in an effort to restore her hair. The Ebers papyrus, the oldest medical text in existence, prescribes the fat of a lion, a hippopotamus, a crocodile, a serpent and an ibex. Indeed, since the dawn of civilization, most people seem to have agreed with the poet Ovid, who proclaimed, "Ugly is a field without grass, a plant without leaves, or a head without hair."

Even great men are notoriously sensitive about their baldness. Julius Caesar wore a laurel wreath to cover his naked, shining dome. Woodrow Wilson patronized a practitioner who used special techniques of massaging the head. General Pershing had a recipe for his scalp treatments that included dry-cleaning fluid. And they had plenty of company: Estimates on the number of bald men in the United States range from 40 to 80 percent of the male population.

Theirs is an intricate medical problem. The average person has about 100,000 hair follicles in his scalp. The hair follicle is a tiny tube with a bulb at the bottom, like a clinical thermometer. In this bulb are the hair matrix cells, which grow and divide faster than almost any other cells in the body. As the bulb fills up with them, they are pushed up the tube. Those nearest the surface of the scalp stop growing and dividing. They become keratinized—that is, they change into the tough, pliable substance that is hair. For about three years the matrix cells in the hair bulb keep growing and dividing and the hair from the follicle keeps getting longer. Then the follicle goes into a resting phase for about three months. At the end of the resting period, the matrix cells begin again and make a new hair, which pushes out the old one. Fortunately, the follicles are on different schedules, so usually only about 10 percent of them are resting at any one time. And only 10 percent of the old hairs are eligible for shedding.

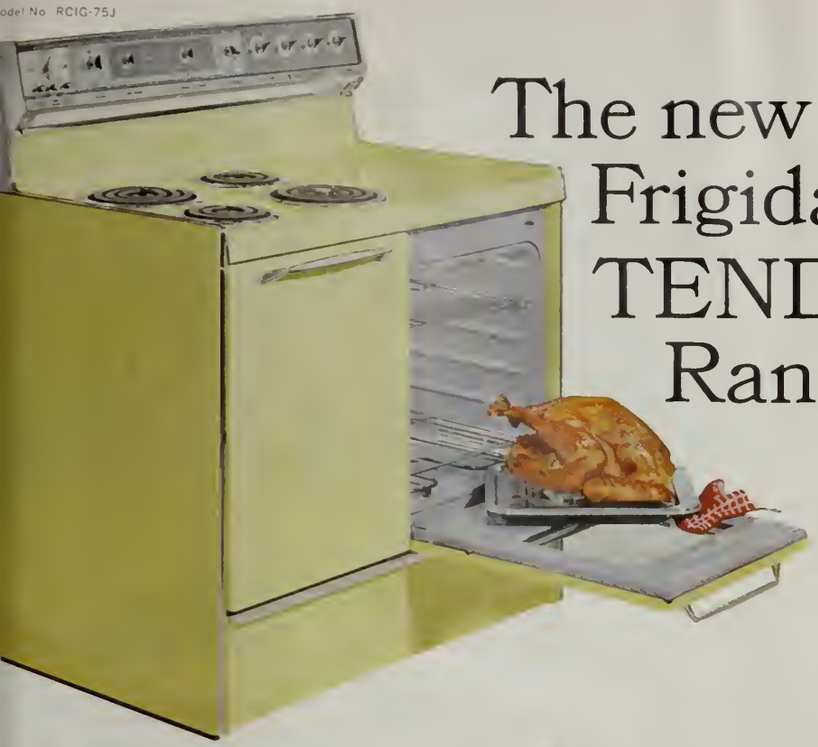
Various events can disrupt this orderly process. In women, pregnancy often puts the hair follicles off schedule. The sight of a hairbrush full of lost hairs has given many young mothers a bad turn. But the condition is temporary.

In the days when diseases like typhoid and yellow fever were common, there were many cases of hair loss after a serious illness. A high fever puts hair follicles into their resting stage. Sometimes a great emotional shock can have the same effect. But, in all these cases where hair loss is due to a disrupted schedule, the condition rights itself. The hair that falls out is being pushed out by a new hair, and in a month or two those new hairs are clearly evident.

Infections of the scalp, such as ringworm, can make bald patches. Any obvious sore on the scalp should be treated by a physician, preferably a dermatologist. This kind of baldness does not sneak up on you unawares.

Sometimes hair follicles can be injured by people's efforts to improve the looks of their hair. Rollers worn tight for long periods can pull out the hair. Harsh chemicals used as hair straighteners can damage the follicles.

But there are two kinds of baldness for which you can see no reason. One is called *alopecia areata,* and it is not very common. The other is hereditary baldness, usually seen in men but sometimes affecting women. It is the commonest kind of all. *Alopecia areata* can *(continued on page 36)*



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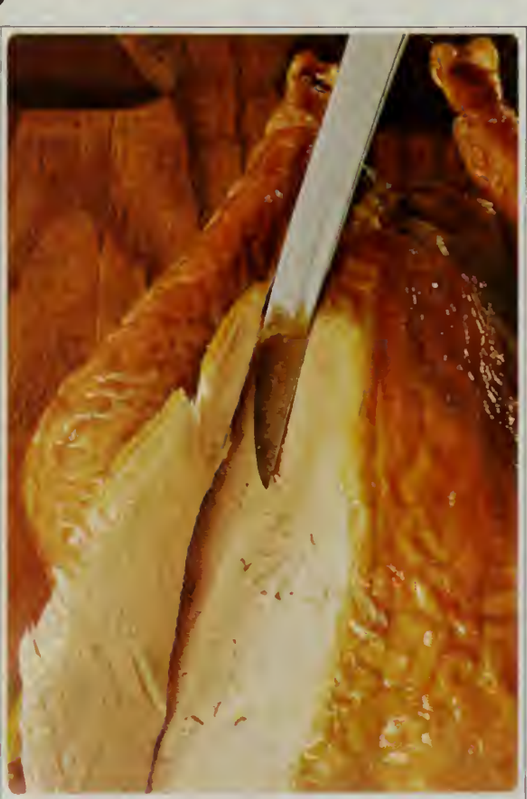

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BALDNESS

continued from page 34

come on at any age and in either sex. It begins in small bald spots, which expand and sometimes cover the whole scalp. The condition seems to be caused by inflammation of the connective tissue around the tiny blood vessels of the scalp. Like other inflammatory diseases, it can sometimes be helped with corticosteroid drugs, but the side effects of these drugs may be worse than the bald patches.

Now, in the much more common male-pattern baldness the hair does not fall out. Instead, the hairs gradually become thin and stunted, until they are virtually invisible. The slowdown of the hair-making cells follows a characteristic pattern on the scalp, roughly the shape of a horseshoe. Usually some visible hair is left at the sides and in back. As the condition progresses, many of the hair follicles disappear. But even when a man has been bald for 20 or 30 years, there are usually some follicles left, putting out their little inadequate hairs.

As you can now see, the question "Can baldness be cured?" has to be countered with another question, "What kind of baldness?" It is possible to show some spectacular "cures" with persons whose hair loss followed a high fever. Massage and tonics make no difference one way or the other when the follicles are just temporarily off schedule. By the same token, massage and tonics have no effect when the hair follicles stop making hairs in *alopecia areata* or when they make stunted ones in hereditary baldness.

Even medical researchers, therefore, are as mystified as they are pleased by the discovery that testosterone does have an effect on hereditary baldness. This is a real medical brain twister, because the male hormone circulating in the body is one of the prerequisites for male-pattern baldness. But when applied directly to the scalp, it seems to have some rejuvenating effect on the cells in the dermis—the lower layer of skin—that provide nourishment for the hair-making cells. It should be emphasized again that this is not the final answer to hereditary baldness. But it does appear to point in the direction of a cure for many patients.

Dr. Papa's experimental patients were residents of a home for the aged and inmates of a county prison. Because they were living in institutions, they could be watched closely and given frequent examinations for untoward side effects. Testosterone is a powerful substance, and it is not safe for any doctor to use it unless he can keep the patient under close observation. It can aggravate certain heart conditions and also cause other complications. It is not practical for general use in cases of baldness.

Meanwhile, other researchers are approaching the problem in other ways. For people who cannot accept the onset of baldness, there is always the possibility of scalp grafts in which small pieces of the back and sides of the scalp are moved up to the bald area. Most people do not want to go through this process, because it is costly and the results seldom look like the photograph in a man's college yearbook. But some people find it worthwhile.

Doctors are not the only persons working on the baldness problem. There are always "hair experts" with fancy names like "trichologists" who make all sorts of promises of baldness cures. Often they blame baldness on dandruff. Dandruff, incidentally, is not a disease. It is normal sloughed-off dead skin mixed with the secretions of the scalp's oil glands. Washing it away is hygienic, but it will not cure baldness. Most such "treatment" is harmless to the scalp, but it may uselessly damage the pocketbook. The wig-makers really give you more for your money.

Dr. Papa believes that a practical treatment for hereditary baldness will be developed. He is now trying out some other hormones less dangerous than testosterone, and hopes to find one that will be safe and effective.

If and when this happens, it may then be possible to start treatment when the first signs of balding appear. Obviously, the more hair follicles there are left, the more hair can be made to grow. So it stands to reason that early treatment will be more successful than late.

Meanwhile, probably the best thing you can do is to tell your husband not to waste his money on "cures" for male-pattern baldness. And, more important, you can reassure him. Tell him you will still love him if he gets bald as an egg. And tell him how virile he is. ■

M O V I N G ?

The Ladies' Home Journal offers a new Curtis publication, New Home Journal, to every subscriber who is moving. If you will let us know your new address eight weeks before you move, you won't miss an issue and we'll send you the New Home Journal free. It helps you plan your move, saves time, trouble and money. For others, it costs $1. So please, to keep your Journal coming, send us your new address and a label from a back copy. For service adjustment requests, send your latest mailing labels, including those from duplicate copies, to: Journal Subscription Service, Phila., Pa. 19105.

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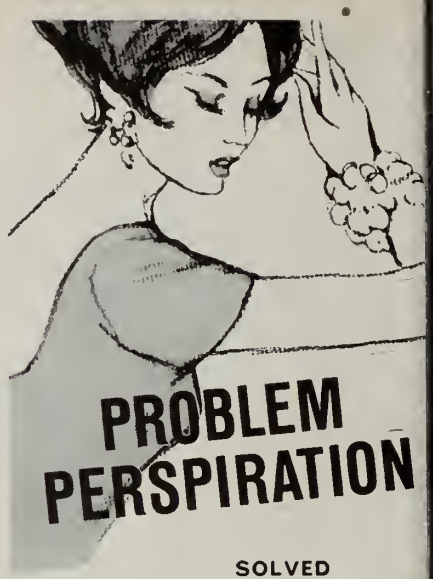

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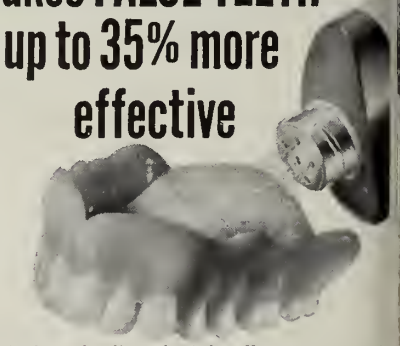

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Medicine Today

BY PHYLLIS M. WRIGHT, M.D., WITH VICTOR COHN

MORE AND MORE Radiologists are going to be X-raying the breasts of apparently healthy women to detect cancer. X rays help find more breast cancers early, it now appears, and could hopefully reduce the breast-cancer death rate, which has remained unchanged for 20 years.

Breast X-raying—medically, "mammography"—is still not simple, and medical authorities do not yet recommend a yearly "mammogram" for every woman. But three types of patients should have regular X-ray checks, states Dr. David M. Witten, a Mayo Clinic radiologist: (1) those who have already had one breast removed; (2) those with breast symptoms or difficulties of any kind; (3) those with family histories of breast cancer.

X-raying on such a scale cannot be done overnight. Also, mammography is not yet generally available, even on a limited scale, because not enough radiologists are trained in the exacting techniques required to take and interpret the films. But the American College of Radiology has endorsed the method as a valuable diagnostic tool, and the U.S. Public Health Service has established four teaching centers.

If mammography becomes practical on a major scale, women past the menopause are likely to be the first group tested. (The Mayo Clinic examined 5,014 women over 40 and found eight early cancers.)

Once breast cancer is found, what is the best treatment? Some studies that were widely reported in the newspapers have cast doubt on the value of radical surgery. Dr. J. H. Farrow of Memorial Hospital in New York City differs with these doubters. Worldwide experience, he reports, shows that extensive surgery cures more patients than any other treatment. In a three-year period, "radical mastectomy" operations were performed on 495 women at Memorial Hospital. Sixty-one percent survived at least five years. Seventeen patients were treated by other measures, and only six lived five years.

ARE MORE BABIES born at night? It may seem that way, but the answer is no. A Swiss doctor analyzed 10,000 deliveries, and the result indicated a stork race to the finish: 50.65 percent were between 7 A.M. and 6:59 P.M.; 49.35 percent were between 7 P.M. and 6:59 A.M. (Warning: these figures may be rigged. Babies delivered by elective Caesarean sections and drug-induced labors are almost always born during the day.)

CAN YOU SAFELY have your baby whenever you want, by simply asking your doctor to induce labor (generally by the administration of a drug called oxytocin and followed by rupture of the bag of water)? A Columbia University group compared 1,000 such cases with 1,000 spontaneous labors. All the mothers in both groups were healthy women who had borne children previously and whose current babies were judged to be full term and carried in a normal position. Although there were no striking differences in the babies' or mothers' health or mortality, the mothers whose labor was induced suffered more frequently from tears and hemorrhaging, and a few more of their babies had temporary breathing difficulties.

The doctors' conclusion: Induction can be used with adequate safety when there is good *medical* reason, but not for convenience alone. One favorite candidate for babies-by-appointment: the wife who is likely to deliver overrapidly and has had previous babies at home or en route to the hospital.

WITH EVERY MISCARRIAGE, a woman's chance of future miscarriage increases. Of women who start their career as mothers with a miscarriage, one in five miscarries the next time. After two miscarriages, between a third and a half miscarry again. After three, more than half miscarry in their fourth pregnancy.

Dr. M.C. MacNaughton reached these conclusions at the University of St. Andrews, Dundee, Scotland, after he studied 133 women whose first pregnancy ended in spontaneous abortion.

DOES SMOKING really affect a baby? Indeed it does. Doctors at the Medical College of South Carolina studied 16,158 pregnancies and found that infants of mothers who smoked were often premature and weighed less at birth.

Mothers who smoked suffered slightly more frequently from spontaneous abortions. There were no important differences, however, in still-births or complications of pregnancy.

A DISCOURAGING REPORT for those who want to stop smoking: Roswell Park Memorial Institute of Buffalo, N.Y., kept track for six months of 588 volunteers who had attended antismoking clinics. Only 14 percent were able to quit; another 13 percent cut their daily smoking by 50 percent or better; 38 percent cut (*continued*)

Their mother never irons their clothes.

They wear Koratron separates that
machine wash and dry–
pleats, pant-creases and all–
and never need ironing.

Koratron pants and skirts and shirts
come in hundreds of quality brands
and they all carry this
unmistakable seal:

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SAD Sue!

PERIODIC PAIN

Every month Sue was miserable because of functional menstrual distress. Now she just takes MIDOL and goes her way in comfort because MIDOL tablets contain:

- An exclusive anti-spasmodic that helps STOP CRAMPING . . .
- Medically-approved ingredients that RELIEVE HEADACHE, LOW BACKACHE . . . CALM JUMPY NERVES . . .
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"WHAT WOMEN WANT TO KNOW" **FREE!** Frank, revealing 32-page book explains menstruation. Send 10¢ to cover cost of mailing and handling to Dept. Y65, Box 146, New York, N.Y. 10016. (Sent in plain wrapper)

GLAD Sue FOUND OUT ABOUT MIDOL

continued from page 38

down somewhat less. Four percent (mainly men, we assume) switched to pipes or cigars.

TEEN-AGERS SUFFER, among other things, from "gross ignorance" about health and drugs, according to a report by five organizations (the National Education Association, the U.S. Office of Education, the American Medical Association, the United States Public Health Service and the National Congress of Parents and Teachers). As many as seven high-school seniors in 10, they found, think it's all right to take "pep" or sleeping pills without medical supervision. Many believe that a pharmacist is "the best source of help" for a persistent cough; and a nonmedical practitioner for painful back injury. The five groups say health education is "virtually nonexistent or totally inadequate" in most schools, though the need for it "has never been more urgent."

OUR DAUGHTERS may not be able to dance at their weddings if we may judge by the rate even younger teen-agers are developing bunions, corns, calluses and worse. Pointed-toed shoes are most often the cause of the trouble. The American Academy of Orthopedic Surgeons deplores "an ever-increasing tendency toward 'stylizing' children's and teen-agers' shoes," and pleads for footwear to be redesigned for natural growth. The medical coauthor of this column adds a heartfelt "Amen!" after several recent skirmishes with shoe salesmen. An attempt to find round-toed tennis shoes for her seven-year-old daughter ended unsuccessfully, with the salesman assuring her that pointed-toed styles are "what everybody wants."

TOO MANY PARENTS and teen-agers view the skin eruptions of adolescence as a temporary, unavoidable nuisance that will vanish with maturity. However, acne should be treated by a trained dermatologist to avoid the all-too-frequent permanent scarring, both emotional and physical.

This is the view of Dr. George C. Andrews, consulting dermatologist at Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center, New York. "Acne is much more serious than many persons believe," he says, but with modern treatment methods, "some of which were not available a decade ago, all cases can be cured within a year or so."

PROSPERITY and boredom may be the chief causes of the menopause syndrome. "In all the years I've worked in a public-hospital clinic," reports a Midwest gynecologist (Dr. Richard Fliehr of Minneapolis), "I've never encountered a woman who complained of menopause symptoms. At my downtown office, not a day goes by that I don't hear a woman complaining about crying spells and other 'symptoms' of the change of life." The poorer woman, he explains, is busy with children and troubles—but "if a woman is in a higher socioeconomic group, her children are grown and she has nothing to do but sit home and look inward. In my opinion, it is essential for her health for a woman to have some extremely absorbing interests outside herself and her home."

NEW LEGISLATION compelling physicians to report to the police suspected cases of child-beating may actually increase the hazards for the injured child. In an article in the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, Dr. John Reinhart says that mandatory reporting might cause the parents of such children to become too fearful to seek medical attention.

Also, an injustice might be done to adults who are summarily reported to the police because of a false assumption that they caused a child's injuries which might have been caused by carelessness or true accident. The Orange County (Calif.) Grand Jury annual report recommends that a physician should not be required to report child abuse "if, in his opinion, it would not be consistent with the health, care or treatment of the minor."

EVERY ONE of America's 30 million dogs may bite if sufficiently provoked, and the most likely victims are small children and delivery men. But if one in your family *is* bitten by a dog, don't panic—even if the dog is a stray and cannot be immediately located. Complete information about the circumstances that caused the dog to bite can usually enable a doctor to decide that the painful, dangerous and expensive antirabies treatment is not necessary. The fact is that most dog bites are the work of home-owned pets, which are almost certainly nonrabid. An analysis of 440 cases of dog bite seen in the emergency room of a general hospital showed that in most cases the bite was provoked and was a logical (to the dog) defense mechanism. Most of the animals bit in self-defense or in an attempt to protect their property (bone, puppies, their owners' car). Many bit unintentionally during play. These bites were usually the "snag" type of bite as opposed to the multiple opposing tooth marks of a viciously biting animal. In only 18 percent of the cases was the bite officially listed as apparently unprovoked, but in these cases the dog's side of the story could not be reconstructed. ■

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Multiple sclerosis is "the great crippler of young adults." An estimated 500,000 Americans, young adults, mothers and fathers, in the active years of community and family service between 20 and 40, have been stricken by MS and related diseases. Cause, prevention and cure remain unknown. The National Multiple Sclerosis Society fights MS through programs of national and international research, community patient services, and public and professional education.

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Just a few drops of soothing Dr. Scholl's ONIXOL in nail groove relieve soreness and discomfort by softening calloused tissue and imbedded toe nail. Sold everywhere.

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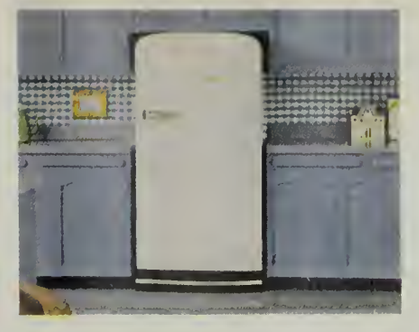

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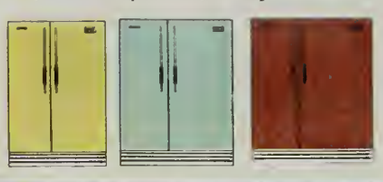
Never before! A 19.1 cu. ft. freezer-refrigerator . . . side by side in one beautiful cabinet . . . just 35¾″ wide, 5′4″ tall! Now, the big family with a small kitchen can shop once a week!

The Admiral Duplex 19's new stand-up design and all-foam Thinwall insulation save valuable space inside and out . . . nearly double your present refrigerator's storage capacity.

The Duplex 19's left side is a spacious 246 lb. freezer. Everything's easy to reach. No stooping. No stretching.

The Duplex 19's right side is a roomy 12.1 cu. ft. refrigerator. Holds gallon milk bottles, tall soft drink bottles, big hams, bulky packages. Your food storage problems are over!

The Admiral Duplex is available with all-new, quality automatic ice maker and automatic defrosting in *both* freezer and refrigerator. In copper bronze, citron yellow, turquoise and white. Brushed chrome doors optional extra. Three sizes: 35¾″ wide (19.1 cu. ft.); 41″ wide (22 cu. ft.); 48″ wide (26.5 cu. ft.). *There's nothing finer at any price.*



Admiral Duplex 19

Newest thin-wall freezer refrigerator

MARK OF QUALITY THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

Shown, Admiral Duplex 19, Model 1959. 35¾ inches wide, 5′4″ tall. In rich copper bronze. Specifications subject to change without notice. Admiral, Chicago. Canadian Admiral, Port Credit, Ontario

Modern dentures are expensive, and like fine jewelry they are easily damaged. Cleaning with abrasive pastes or hard brushing may scratch dentures . . . may cause 'teeth' to be dropped or broken.

But today there's a newer, safer way to clean dentures—*soak* them clean in KLEENITE. This fast-acting powder soaks away discolorations—even smoke stains and film. It restores original whiteness and true natural color.

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More Dentists Now Give KLEENITE To Denture Patients

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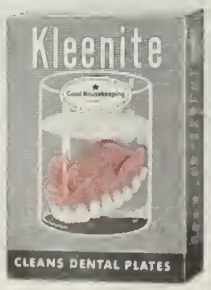

to take advantage of their intellectual and emotional immaturity. Frequently the laws do achieve this purpose. But at other times they result in some strange situations. For example, if a 21-year-old man has an affair with a 30-year-old divorcée who works as a waitress in a tavern, society remains indifferent; if he does so with a high-school girl of 16 or 17, he is considered a corrupter of youth and in most states a statutory rapist. But the 30-year-old waitress may have the mentality of a 12-year-old and no more sense of social responsibility than a 10-year-old, while the 17-year-old girl may be a mature, all-A student.

It is difficult to draw an arbitrary line to establish sexual maturity at any point; but if a line must be drawn, we believe that there are many reasons for thinking it should be set at 16. The average 16-year-old girl is biologically an adult; she is sexually mature, has developed all the physical strength and coordination required for living in our society, and has at least a basic knowledge of the kind of behavior that society expects. Until this century, in which childhood has been prolonged by the vast expansion of high-school and college education, 16-year-olds were accepted as members of adult society, and many girls married at 16. (One of the prisoners who aroused the most sympathy among the institute staff was a Mexican boy who had been convicted of statutory rape with a 16-year-old girl; he pointed out almost tearfully that his own mother was 16 when he was born.)

Our feeling at the institute is that society makes a serious mistake in adopting laws and attitudes that set teen-agers apart from the adult world; when we treat teen-agers like children, we encourage them to behave like children, while in fact they are capable of acting like adults—if we could only let them.

My personal opinion is that the sex laws should be rewritten so that any act between two *mature* people—as long as it is engaged in voluntarily and in private—would be legal. (This is also the recommendation of the Anglican Church, the American Law Institute and Britain's Wolfenden Committee, and is the gist of the new sexual statutes quietly adopted by the state of Illinois in 1961.) Such a law would be far more suited to our modern world—and would result in far fewer injustices—than the old-fashioned statutes now on the books.

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If early marriage were possible and desirable for everyone, perhaps the conflict would be less acute. But the demands of our complex civilization delay the age of marriage, especially for the most intelligent and most sensitive of our young people, the ones who go to college. And we have never squarely faced the fact that some people do not really wish to get married; others, because of personality quirks, really *should* never marry—they are foredoomed to be bad husbands or wives, and would be even worse parents. Society makes no provision for the people unsuited for marriage, nor does it exempt them from the sexual propaganda that surrounds us. They are constantly urged from all sides to lead a rich, full sex life—yet prohibited by law from doing so.

Under laws such as I have suggested, and the state of Illinois has adopted, many of the men we interviewed would never have been in prison at all—including the substantial number who had been convicted on charges of statutory rape or "contributing to delinquency" involving girls over 16; of adultery with older women and of homosexual offenses involving no use of force.

We realize that many Americans may be shocked by this recommendation, yet all these acts, in the opinion of the institute staff, are crimes in name only. We feel that it is one thing to deplore the sexual behavior of adults on moral grounds or even grounds of good taste—but quite another to send them to prison and keep them there at an expense that is equal, in most cases, to the cost of providing a young man with the same number of years of a college education.

We are aware that many people, especially parents, believe that our present sex laws (and the convictions obtained in their enforcement) are a powerful deterrent against more sex crimes. Our research, however, does not bear out this view. It seems to be a rule that laws cannot be expected to change sexual behavior very much; the laws can punish, but not correct or cure, nor even prevent to any great extent.

By the time of adolescence, or certainly by the time of adulthood, every person's sexual habits and preferences seem to be quite rigidly established—partly by innate physical and glandular factors, partly by social conditioning, partly by the rather mysterious forces that the psychoanalysts find at work in our childhoods. The homosexual, for example, is not a homosexual by choice but by force of circumstance. He cannot help being a homosexual and cannot change, except possibly through psychiatric treatment. To us, these circumstances are grounds enough to ask: If he conducts his homosexual activity in private and only with other homosexuals, why should society be concerned?

Adultery is another problem of our society that is more complex than most of us think. Even aside from religious or moral considerations, society certainly has a stake in preventing adultery, for the family is the whole basis of our social structure; and one apparently obvious way to insure that marriages will last is to discourage sexual gratification with anyone except the legal husband or the legal wife. But a closer look shows that this ideal may not always fit the biological truth. A man and wife can be mismated sexually; or they can become sexually unattractive; or years of intimacy can produce the urge for novelty.

Undoubtedly many marriages are broken up by a husband or a wife who has become sexually dissatisfied. If the law, social custom and moral considerations permitted gratification outside the marriage, doubtless many of these marriages would survive, as they do in the Latin American and Southern European countries, where affairs with a mistress or a lover are condoned. On the other hand, there is a great deal to be said against extramarital dalliances even on the simplest practical grounds. They usually involve jealousy and friction, and can lead to emotional involvement that ultimately breaks up the marriage anyway, or makes it a mockery. The entire matter is fraught with nuances of practicality, morality, religious attitudes and the complicated structure of human emotions. It is far too delicate a question to be solved by a law that simply states that the man or woman who commits adultery must go to prison and be supported there by society.

Even under the kind of law I have suggested, many problems of enforcement and justice would remain. What should society do, for example, about men who commit statutory rape with girls under 16, and about the girls who get involved? If these men were "sex fiends" who deliberately set out to seduce the girls, then the message of our report would be that society should be alert to the danger of a large group of vicious Don Juans preying on the innocent and immature. But in 110 cases where we had both the prisoner's story and the official record for verification, it turned out that in 99 of them there was agreement that the girl had done absolutely nothing to discourage the man.

Some of the men we found in prison could not possibly have known that the girl was under 16—she looked, dressed and acted more mature. The men were in a sense, victims of a deception—and so, in a pathetic way, were the girls themselves. Many girls in their early teens hate the idea of being so young. Some of them will do anything in their power to seem old and wise beyond their years. They have older friends who are going out with mature young men, and they try their best to keep up. Usually they merely seek companionship; they want to make friends and have a good time. They do not necessarily want sexual experience, and may even fear it yet come to consider it the price they must pay. Or they may become trapped by their own masquerade; they are not experienced enough to have learned the fine art of escaping unwanted sexual relations, and after so carefully contriving the pretense of sophistication, they find it unbearable to back out at the last minute and reveal themselves as childish frauds. Are these girls really "bad" or just unfortunate? And are their boyfriends sex criminals or just ordinary young men who have made a mistake?

One way of summarizing the institute's report would be this: When the world talks about "sex criminals," it is talking about many kinds of men. These can be roughly divided into two groups.

About Group I there can be no doubt: these men, the callous rapists, the child molesters, the exhibitionists and obscene phone callers, are indeed guilty of antisocial conduct; society must somehow try to restrain them. Fortunately they are far less common than all the recent discussion of sex crimes has led most people to believe; the danger the average woman and her children face from them has been greatly exaggerated.

Group II is made up of men who may have been indiscreet, may have been immoral, but were in no sense vicious: they did what they did in private, and with a willing partner: Such are many of the men convicted of statutory rape, adultery or fornication, and most of the homosexuals. They help inflate the statistics and add to our fears about sex crime. Actually they merely prove that sexual adjustment is difficult and complicated in our modern civilization. ▮

Which hand wore the rubber glove?

For 16 days, Mrs. O'Shaughnessy has washed her dishes in Ivory Liquid—but always with a rubber glove on one hand. Can you tell which one?

You probably find it very difficult to tell, but Mrs. O'Shaughnessy of Wantagh, N.Y., wore the glove on her *right* hand. We asked her to make this test, although she normally uses Ivory Liquid *without* gloves. And she hardly needed their protection—as the unretouched photos show.

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"Soak Dentures or Bridges in KLEENITE"

Special "fast-soak" formula restores original whiteness and true natural color.

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Some of the men we found in priso could not possibly have known that th girl was under 16—she looked, dresse and acted more mature. The men wer in a sense, victims of a deception—an so, in a pathetic way, were the gir themselves. Many girls in their earl teens hate the idea of being so youn Some of them will do anything in the power to seem old and wise beyond the years. They have older friends who ar going out with mature young men, an they try their best to keep up. Usuall they merely seek companionship; the want to make friends and have a goo time. They do not necessarily wan sexual experience, and may even fear i yet come to consider it the price the must pay. Or they may become trappe by their own masquerade; they are no experienced enough to have learned th fine art of escaping unwanted sexua relations, and after so carefully contriv ing the pretense of sophistication, the find it unbearable to back out at the las minute and reveal themselves as child ish frauds. Are these girls really "bad" or just unfortunate? And are their boy friends sex criminals or just ordinar young men who have made a mistake

One way of summarizing the insti tute's report would be this: When th world talks about "sex criminals," it i talking about many kinds of men. Thes can be roughly divided into two groups

About Group I there can be no doubt these men, the callous rapists, the chil molesters, the exhibitionists and ob scene phone callers, are indeed guilty c antisocial conduct; society must some how try to restrain them. Fortunatel they are far less common than all th recent discussion of sex crimes has le most people to believe; the danger th average woman and her children fac from them has been greatly exaggerated

Group II is made up of men who ma have been indiscreet, may have bee immoral, but were in no sense vicious they did what they did in private, an with a willing partner: Such are many c the men convicted of statutory rape adultery or fornication, and most of th homosexuals. They help inflate th statistics and add to our fears about se crime. Actually they merely prove tha sexual adjustment is difficult and com plicated in our modern civilization.

Which hand wore the rubber glove?

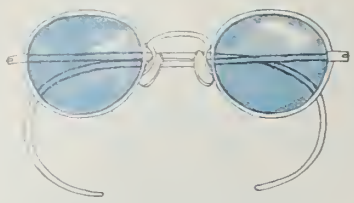
For 16 days, Mrs. O'Shaughnessy has washed her dishes in Ivory Liquid—but always with a rubber glove on one hand. Can you tell which one?

You probably find it very difficult to tell, but Mrs. O'Shaughnessy of Wantagh, N.Y., wore the glove on her *right* hand. We asked her to make this test, although she normally uses Ivory Liquid *without* gloves. And she hardly needed their protection—as the unretouched photos show.

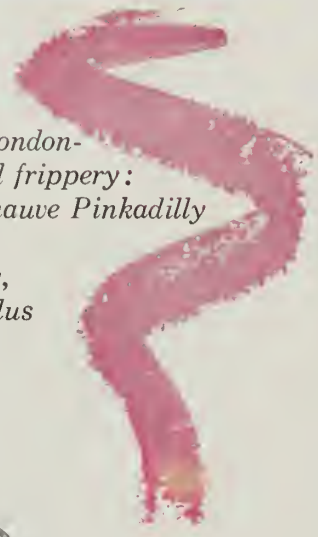
Amazingly, Ivory Liquid is so mild it takes a careful examination through a magnifying glass to detect any difference between the gloved and ungloved hands.

Try Ivory Liquid. You'll like its pure, creamy whiteness and rich, hard-working suds. To convince yourself of its outstanding mildness, just wash dishes as you ordinarily do, but with the addition of one rubber glove. Make the Rubber Glove Test in your own home and you'll stay with Ivory Liquid—the detergent with the gentle first name.

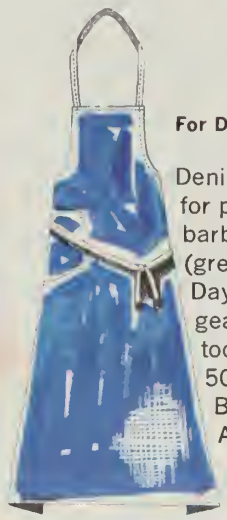
NO WONDER MORE WOMEN RELY ON IVORY LIQUID TO HELP KEEP THEIR HANDS SOFT, YOUNG-LOOKING!



In line with London's Granny look, these little-old-lady specs with pale-blue lenses, deeply curved bows (very European), Lugene, New York, $15.



More London-inspired frippery: misty-mauve Pinkadilly lipstick. Yardley, $1.50 plus tax.



For Dad:

Denim apron for puttering, barbecuing (great Father's Day present, gear for you, too). $2 plus] 50¢ postage, B. Altman, 5th Ave., N.Y.C.

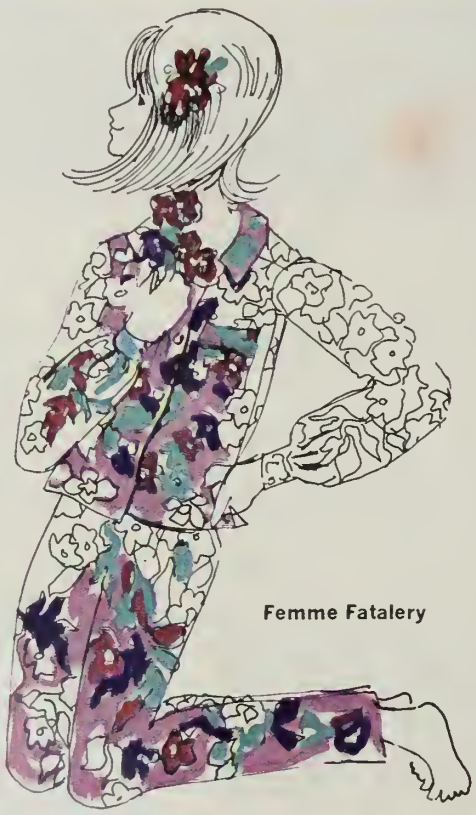
Patrice Gaunder, 17, has uncommon poise and an A scholastic average. She's also America's Jr. Miss, 1965. The $6,000 Pageant award will send her to Michigan State U. Future plans? Teaching, the Peace Corps.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JACK GIBSON

JUNIOR JOURNAL

Beginning here in this issue, a new page devoted to you, the youngest *Journal* readers. We'll cover kicky new clothes, young people to know about, great new things to do and see—everything, in fact, that's of special interest to you. Watch for it each month (and be sure to alert your friends). More to watch for: Beatles, Animals, Nashville Teens, Herman's Hermits and on, and on, and on, in AIP's newly released variety film, *Go Go Mania*. Helene Curtis's booklet, "How to Talk Beauty in Five Languages," is a help for travelers, fun for students (learn to ask for a haircut in Japanese). It's 25¢. Suite 1300, 75 E. Wacker Dr., Chicago, Ill.

What to wear when sneakers just won't do. Slip into these bare-as-can-be Op-dotted-swiss sandals with squat little baby Louis heels. I. Miller, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, $17.



Femme Fatalery

The prettiest look for TV dates, beach parties: side-slit shirt ($8) worn outside lined pants ($9), Dacron/cotton voile, both by Majestic. Lord & Taylor, New York.

Shades of Steve McQueen

Coming on strong for summer—the cowboy look (it started in France with *le bleu jeans*). Mostly Steve McQueen, with a dash of LBJ, it's a look made up of broad-brimmed hats, neckerchiefs, string ties, suspenders. Straw hat in lime, blue, white, natural, yellow, red, orange, black. Azuma, 666 Lex. Ave., N.Y.C., $3 (incl. postage).

Instant slumber-party nightie: Use shell blouse for pattern, cut armholes, neckline from closed end of Pepperell pillow slip. Bind with bias tape. Add bows. Voilà!

DRAWINGS BY RICHARD GIGLIO

Hair color so natural only her hairdresser knows for sure!™

She knows when to stop to look and listen. When not to be too busy for little extras that mean so much to her family! Yet she manages time for herself too. And depends on Miss Clairol for the vibrant young color that means so much to her fresh good looks. Miss Clairol catches and reflects light like natural color at its loveliest. Completely covers gray. And this is like discovering how to make time stand still.

Hairdressers recommend Miss Clairol and use it above all other haircolorings because their professional reputations depend on beautiful results. They find Miss Clairol the most effective way to cover gray. And what's more, it keeps hair in wonderful condition. This, too, is why more women use it. So quick and easy. Try it yourself today.

Even close up, her hair looks natural. Miss Clairol keeps it shiny, bouncy. Completely covers gray with the younger, brighter, lasting color no other kind of haircoloring can promise—and live up to!

MISS CLAIROL

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Good Housekeeping GUARANTEES

A BRUSH WITH BEAUTY

Beauty that's brushed on is the surest kind to come by now (almost all of the new products work best with a brush). Here, a primer of brushes and the beautifiers that go with them. By SUSAN HARNEY, Beauty Editor

Kent brush sleeks hair that's been treated to Clairol's Natural Light Ash Brown Nice 'n Easy.

For highlights with color, Revlon's sable complexion brush.

Fan brush, new Beauty Buff powder, both by Fabergé.

Eve of Roma Miniliner comes with its own Anthracite cake liner.

Have several many-purpose "water color" brushes by Elizabeth Arden; No. 2 is used here as a lip brush. The lipstick, Arden's Sun Gold

Another Arden brush, a bit heftier (No. 4), perfect for lining eyes. Arden's Cardo cake eyeliner.

For shadowing eyes, a midweight brush (No. 5). Brush and Sun Gold Shado are by Arden.

Martha Lorraine Touchdown brush, Cover Girl Natural Frost lipstick.

Deep-cleansing "shave" brush, Super Clean foam; both, Germaine Monteil.

Easy-carry telescoping brush, Natural Blush rouge, Helena Rubinstein.

Blunt little brush, Pearly Blush rouge, by Evelyn Marshall.

Eyebrow grooming brush, brush-on eyebrow color—both by Aziza.

PHOTOGRAPH BY TAD YAMASHIRO

For the joy of a slender figure, try SEGO®, the magical meal that helps you slim.

Find her and keep her . . . your slender self, lively and ready for fun.

SEGO Diet Food has the help you need. More than any other diet food.

Two extra ounces make each 225-calorie meal more satisfying. Extra protein helps that satisfied feeling last longer.

Two luscious new flavors—dark Chocolate Fudge and golden French Vanilla.

Eleven delicious ones for your choosing.

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AMERICAN DENTAL ASSOCIATION

"Crest has been shown to be an effective decay-preventive dentifrice that can be of significant value when used in a conscientiously applied program of oral hygiene and regular professional care."

What does this seal of acceptance on every tube of Crest mean to your family?

It means, together with its accompanying statement, that Crest is accepted by The Council on Dental Therapeutics of The American Dental Association. It means that extensive clinical evidence has proved Crest reduces cavities.

Crest is the only toothpaste backed by 12 years of clinical tests against the same toothpaste but without Fluoristan.® Tests among children, teen-agers, and adults.

You *can* do something to help your family cut down on cavities. Your dentist can tell you how important it is to have regular checkups, watch between-meal treats, and brush regularly—with Crest.

Crest—the toothpaste for families who want fewer cavities.

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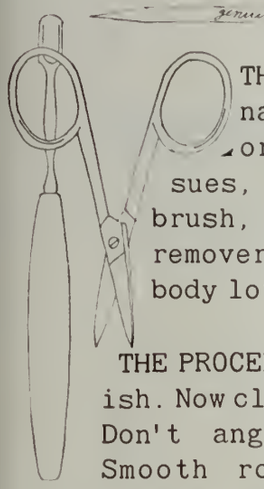
PROJECT: YOU

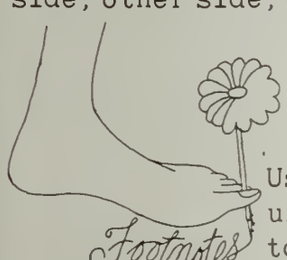
Your feet deserve some attention: Follow our steps to a perfect pedicure.



THE TOOLS—Gather together: nail clippers, emery board, orange stick, cotton, tissues, towel, foot basin, nail brush, polish remover, cuticle remover, base coat, nail enamel, body lotion and pumice stone.

THE PROCEDURE—Remove toenail polish. Now clip nails straight across. Don't angle at the corners. Smooth rough edges with a few light strokes of an emery board. Twirl a thin strand of cotton around the pointed end of an orange stick and dip in cuticle remover.

With this go around nail, saturating cuticle. With other end of stick push back cuticle. Gently nip off loosened dead skin with clippers—never cut cuticle. When cuticles are neat, place feet in basin of warm sudsy water—add a capful of bath oil if you like. Soak feet for three minutes, then scrub briskly with nail brush to remove loosened callous. Dry each toe separately, pushing back cuticle with towel. Now weave tissue between toes to spread them apart. Apply base coat to toenails in three strokes: one side, other side, middle



Footnotes

Use a pumice stone regularly in tub or shower to smooth away hard calluses on sole and heels. A rub of fresh lemon will help to bleach out redness. Use hand or body lotion with a massaging motion. Do this exercise daily for nimble feet: Try to pick a pencil off the floor with your bare toes. Repeat ten times with each foot.

This is a tampon.

Its name is Meds®

It is the only tampon with a glossy-coated applicator for easiest insertion.

It is the only tampon with the new slim plunger for sure, easy positioning.

It has a soft fabric covering to prevent fluff-off, make removal easier, complete.

It is uniquely constructed to give you the greatest protection of any tampon.

It is made by Modess®.

It is something you'll be very glad to discover.

Amy Vanderbilt

CHILDREN'S MANNERS

At the Table

Q: Our children, four and six, have a hard time sitting still during a meal, and will not keep their elbows off the table. Is it correct for a child to let the hand he is not eating with lie upon the table beside his plate? In Europe, last summer, I noticed that this method seemed to work beautifully with small children. But my husband says that our children should be taught the American way to eat.

A: Etiquette changes. In Europe, children are taught to leave the left hand on the table, though not in such a way that they seem to be leaning on it, or lounging. I was taught this myself as a schoolgirl in Switzerland, in direct contradiction to what I had learned at home; I found the European method graceful and comfortable, and have taught my own children to use it. Of course, both methods are correct, but lively children, especially, may be more at ease following the European custom than the "hand-in-lap" technique.

John Jr.

Q: My 12-year-old son, who has been called "Junior" all his life, now objects to this name. To avoid confusion with his father, he would like to sign his name J. Lee Smith Jr. instead of John Lee Smith Jr., and to be called "Lee." My husband and I approve of this idea, but how shall we explain to friends and neighbors?

Miss Vanderbilt welcomes questions from readers, to be answered in this column as space permits.

A: There is a trend, which I heartily approve, away from the use of "Junior." Every child should have his own name and should not be *called* "Junior" even if he *is* named for his father. I think your son's idea is a good one. As the occasion arises, you should simply tell your friends and relatives that your son now prefers to be called "Lee." He should announce the fact to his teachers and his own friends. It is quite common for teen-agers to decide on a name change of this kind, in an effort to establish their own identity. As a rule, the flossier name changes subside in the late teens. As a preteen, I myself was briefly a romantic Aimée, until my family and friends laughed me out of it.

Adults' Names

Q: What is your opinion of children and teen-agers calling adults by first names?

A: Children should not call their elders by their first names unless they have been specifically asked to do so. A very tiny child, who cannot be expected to manage a long name like "Mrs. Schoonmaker," may be excused for saying "Mary," but if her mother consistently says "Mrs. Schoonmaker" when speaking of her friend, the child will understand in time.

Whispering

Q: We have family gatherings in my mother-in-law's home on Sundays. Occasionally one of the children will come into the living room and whisper to his mother or father—perhaps asking permission to go outside, or to play a certain game. We had never given this a thought until my mother-in-law said that such whispering was impolite and that the children should be corrected. I feel that it is better for the child to whisper briefly than to interrupt the general conversation.

A: There is nothing wrong with a child's whispering under the circumstances you have described. He should get his parent's attention, then say, "Please excuse me for whispering," and get his message across.

Parents at a Children's Party

Q: When giving a party for a preschool child, how can you keep parents from bringing their children and staying throughout the party? If one or two mothers want to stay and help, I am grateful; but when *all* the mothers stay, it creates a problem.

A: I agree. Perhaps when you issue the invitations (for preschool parties, this is usually done by phone) you might say, "I hope you will drop Johnny over at two o'clock. Ellen and Mary are going to help me with the children, so all the mothers won't have to stay."

Who Speaks First?

Q: Is it proper for a girl to say hello to a boy first? Should she wait for him to speak?

A: It is always the lady's prerogative to speak to a man or not, as she pleases. Among teens and preteens, however, there isn't such formality, and the greeting is usually almost simultaneous.

Cutting Meat

Q: I am nine years old. Why can't you cut up all your meat at once?

A: Mothers may cut up meat for a very young child—much younger than nine. Grown-ups and well-mannered children cut one piece, possibly two, at once, but never more.

The Age of Manners

Q: At what age should a child start learning good manners?

A: A child absorbs good manners from the cradle onward. A mother caring for her baby is careful to let her own good manners and her own loving attitude be apparent at all times. Children do not learn good manners in a vacuum. If the mother snarls at the other children and the father barks back at the mother, the tension in the household will affect the tiniest baby—sometimes even physically. Good manners, of course, are not enough. "Manner" can nullify all the thank-you's and pleases in the world. Technical good manners can't cover up innate hostility.

A new illustrated booklet, "Amy Vanderbilt's Table Manners," is now available to Ladies' Home Journal *readers. Please send 25 cents in coin to P.O. Box 1155, Weston, Connecticut.*

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- Brings out natural food flavors by not imposing a flavor of its own.
- Makes lighter salad dressings without that oily taste.
- Most effective of leading oils in cutting down saturated fats.
- Rich in Corn Oil Polyunsaturates.

Made-with-Mazola dressings are salads' country cousins

Basic French Dressing: Combine in jar or bottle 1 cup Mazola Corn Oil, 1/3 cup vinegar, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 1/2 teaspoons salt, 1/2 teaspoon each paprika and dry mustard, and 1 clove garlic. Cover tightly; shake well. Chill several hours, remove garlic. Makes 1 1/2 cups delicious dressing.

Vinaigrette Dressing: Follow basic recipe omitting dry mustard, paprika, garlic. Add 1 hard cooked egg, chopped yolk and all. 1 tablespoon each chopped pimiento, chives and green pepper. Makes 1 2/3 cups.

Creamy Dressing: Follow basic recipe omitting dry mustard and garlic. Increase sugar to 1/4 cup and add 1/4 cup ketchup and 1/2 cup sour cream. Makes 2 cups.

ART BUCHWALD

Meet Mr. Big. He's busy on the phone. Watch him solve the world's problems. Now watch him again. He's talking to Mrs. Big: "Yes, Dear."

It's hard to believe, but the men who run the United States of America are just like you and me only more so. I happened to be in the office of an Assistant Secretary of State the other day, and this is how it went.

The Secretary said, "Miss Winthrop, get me General Ruislip in the Pentagon. . . . Ruislip? This is Status here. I wish you people would let us know when you use those B-52's the next time. Dammit, all hell broke loose with London and Paris. . . . I don't care who gave the order. We have to do the explaining, and I want to be notified. The boss is going over to NATO, and he wants the explanation in writing.

"What is it, Miss Winthrop? Did you get Mr. Peterson? . . . No, I don't have time to see the Russian Ambassador. Tell him to come back later. . . . By the way, where is the folder on Uganda? We're missing eighty-six million dollars, and the Secretary says I've got to find it. . . . Also, Miss Winthrop, send a strong cable to Indonesia and protest the nationalization of American oil companies. . . . No, I can't talk to the Greek Foreign Minister, and also tell the Foreign Policy Association I have to cancel my speech on Thursday. . . . Who? My mother. . . . Yes, send her in.

"Hello, Mother."

"Hello, son. I was just passing by with Mrs. McCarthy and Mrs. Jonas, and I thought I'd stop in to see you."

"That's very nice of you, Mother."

"I told them you never visit me, so the only chance I have to see you is to drop into your office."

"Now, Mother, I saw you last Friday."

"Don't apologize. I know how busy you are. After all, I'm only your mother, and you're so important now, why would you want to see me?"

"Mother, do you have to start that again?"

"You see, Clara? You see, Edna? I only hope your sons are happier to see you when you stop in. Well, I guess we better be going."

"I'll call you tonight, Mother."

"Don't bother. I'm sure you have to call Tito or somebody else. Good-bye."

"Miss Winthrop, on that fifty-million-dollar loan to Argentina, it has to be at four percent. The International Bank is making a study of it now. . . . Who called? The manager of the Madison Bank. . . . Yes, get him. . . . Mr. Smith? . . . I'm overdrawn one hundred thirty dollars? Impossible! . . . No, don't bother. I'll stop by and drop a check off before I go home. Thanks for calling. . . . Miss Winthrop, did you get Mr. Peterson? Well, keep trying. It's the third day I've called him. . . . Let me speak to Ambassador Attwood in Kenya. . . . No, I can't speak at the Harvard commencement in June. Tell them I'm sorry I have no time for talks. . . . Mr. Adler of the Horace Mann Public School? Yes I'll see him.

"Hello, Mr. Adler."

"Your son broke a window with his baseball."

"I'm sorry. How do you know it was his baseball?"

"I have the evidence right here."

"Why didn't you see my wife?"

"She told me to see you."

"I'm sorry. I'll pay for it. Thank you very much for stopping in."

"Well, these things are important, you know."

"Miss Winthrop, did you get Ambassador Attwood? I said Kenya, not Zambia. . . . I'm not yelling! . . . My wife? . . . All right, put her on. . . . Yes, dear. Two loaves of bread, a quart of vodka and a dozen bottles of ginger ale. . . . No, I'm not doing anything. Just chewing the fat. . . . Of course I want to know what he got on his report card. . . . Three *D*'s and an *F* in deportment? I'll speak to him when I get home. . . . How can I speak to him now? . . . Look, I've got a call coming in from Kenya. . . . Naturally I'm interested in my son. . . . Yes, dear, I'll speak to him. . . . Miss Winthrop, cancel Ambassador Attwood's call. . . . Now, son, what's this your mother tells me about your three *D*'s? . . . All right, all right, now be a good boy, and I'll see you when I get home.

"Miss Winthrop, did you get Mr. Peterson? . . . I don't care if the line is busy. Keep trying. . . .

"Hello there, Charlie. I'm glad you stopped in. How many Congo rebels are you people quoting these days?"

"Thirty thousand."

"That doesn't jell with the CIA figures. The boss wants you to go to Leopoldville on Thursday. . . . No, I can't go. I've got the car pool on Thursday. . . .

"Miss Winthrop, did you get Mr. Peterson? Good, put him on. . . . Peterson, I've been trying to see you for three days. It's about my grass. That seed you sold me —— . . . Well, take a look at it yourself. When can you come out? . . . Right now? Great. . . . Miss Winthrop, cancel my appointments for this afternoon. I finally got Peterson to come out and take a look at my lawn."

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Don't compromise on the corn oil in your margarine! Buy Mazola Margarine and be assured of high quality corn oil every time—famous *Mazola* Corn Oil. Low in saturated fat, high in active polyunsaturates, Mazola Margarine is ideal for fat-controlled diets.

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Mazola Margarine is now made by a special process so that it doesn't burn, blacken or smoke at normal frying temperatures. It's precisely because of this new formula that new Mazola tastes better—lighter and more delicate—than any other table spread. Try the amazing test outlined on the back of the Mazola package. Prove to yourself that new Mazola is visibly better, definitely more delicious.

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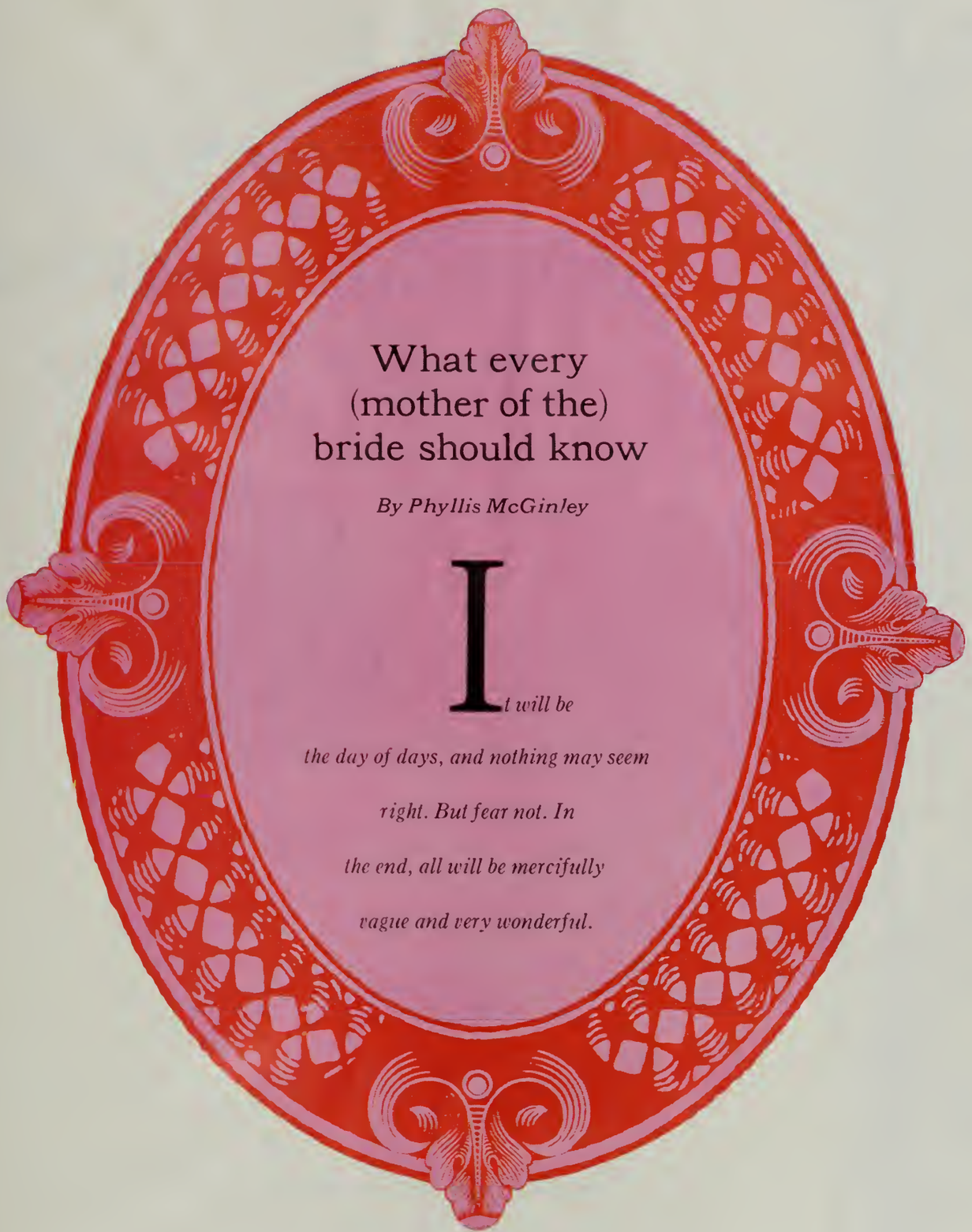
"There must be a simpler way to get my wash as clean as I like it."

"There is!"

The secret's in the tablet. And because Salvo *is* a tablet it delivers more detergent cleaning power than most women get from old-fashioned powders. Salvo is much easier to use, too. No measuring, no spilling, no waste. Shouldn't you give it a try?

It's always so simple with Salvo



What every (mother of the) bride should know

By Phyllis McGinley

It will be the day of days, and nothing may seem right. But fear not. In the end, all will be mercifully vague and very wonderful.

We have had no weddings at our house for a couple of years. Still, nuptial debris continues to turn up now and then around the property like souvenirs of half-forgotten hurricanes. This morning, in a desk drawer, underneath the lining, I came across a penciled guest list with names and addresses heavily checked off or crossed out by my own hand. I threw it in the wastebasket, half with relief, half wistfully, as one disposes of maternity clothes after the event.

Indeed, I decided while I was tearing it neatly to bits, marrying off a first daughter *is* much like having a first baby. Academically you are nervous for the ordeal. A universe of women no hardier than you have come through it triumphantly. But awareness of fact is not the fact itself. You are never really prepared for the delight, the astonishment, or the unrelenting inconveniences of either situation.

You find it hard to believe it is happening to you, this alteration of a world, even though you may have had warnings without number, as had we. This daughter was born to marry as a thrush to sing. Since she had left off snowsuits and put on shoes with heels, there had always been young men about the house, their voices first cracked like cheap fiddles, *(continued on page 103)*

PUSH PIN STUDIOS

The Tragedy of Grace Metalious and Peyton Place

By MERLE MILLER

For this troubled author, Peyton Place was more than a novel that sold 8,000,000 copies and became a famous TV serial. It was a real town, and she couldn't live with it or without it.

PHOTOGRAPH BY TOM YEE

The bus got to Laconia, N. H., at 10:18 in the evening. The temperature was zero, and it had begun to snow. I stood for a moment looking at the nearly deserted streets, then carried my typewriter and suitcase to the Laconia Tavern Hotel. In the cocktail lounge there were three beer drinkers and a television set tuned to the *Alfred Hitchcock Show*.

I ordered a double Scotch and said to Don, the bartender, "Did you ever know Grace Metalious?"

"You bet I knew Grace," he said. "Grace was a very well-known character around town. Her drink was—she called it C.C.—Canadian Club; they say she even put it in her orange juice in the morning."

I asked what he thought of her.

"She was a nice girl," he said, "very nice, and that's all I've got to say about her."

I carried my luggage to my room, two thirds of which was occupied by an ancient bed. I unpacked my suitcase, put the typewriter on the table, and typed the notes of an interview I'd had in New York the day before with Bucklin Moon, who had edited Grace Metalious's last book, *No Adam in Eden*.

"Laconia is not a town that *Life* would ever send a photographer to," he said, "and I doubt the U.S.I.A. (United States Information Agency) would make a film there to illustrate the American way of life. Take the main street, there's nothing clean or well-scrubbed about it."

Before coming to Laconia I had read everything that was published by Grace Metalious: four novels and a few magazine articles. I had also read all that I could find about her and had talked to several people who knew her.

Bucklin Moon said, "You can say what happened to Grace was her own fault—but wasn't what happened to Hamlet his own fault? Isn't it always our own fault? I don't know exactly what the word tragedy means, but I think that's the word I'd use to describe Grace's story."

My feeling at the time was that Grace Metalious's life and death were more untidy than tragic.

True, she had had an unhappy (*continued on page 111*)

My First LOVE

By Edna O'Brien

She was seventeen, naïve, and adoring. He was worldly, famous, unattainable—or so it seemed . . .

Before that, I'd been in love with my mother, my father, two nuns, and a walnut tree. At seventeen I came up from the country to Dublin to study pharmacy, and in my second week I fell in love with a man who sang on a cinema stage.

I was moping around in country clothes—a tweed coat made by the local men's tailor, a double-breasted, square-shouldered affair, and a wide straw hat bequeathed by my mother.

She had added some wax fruit and plastic cherries to take the hand-me-down look off it.

Trying it on now, I see that I must have looked like Annie Oakley, half-hidden under a fruit stall.

I went to a cinema to see an afternoon show, and found that the film was preceded by a stage presentation.

Girls in long pants waved, and danced out of step. A man in a fawn linen suit sang, "Brush those tears from your eyes."

He sang it twice, blew kisses and vanished. I had to wipe my eyes.

Through the war film, through the lot, I sat again until he reappeared, to sing the same song in the same suit, with the same lock of brown hair falling over one eye, and dark skin that looked sultry like the suit. I was sure he smiled at me.

My life took on a hectic, wretched turn. I had to find money to visit the cinema every afternoon. I skipped lectures, borrowed money from my sister, sold jam jars and biscuit tins belonging to our landlady.

And finally I applied for a job as a cinema usherette, so as to be near him. Fortunately, the manager said I was too tall.

I succeeded in going to the cinema four days out of seven, and more than once I sat through the entire show three times.

Finally, I was noticed and told by the management that I could not occupy a seat for longer than one show, having only paid 2s. 6d.

They put me out, into the rain, and as I sheltered under the front canopy "my first love" came out of a side door in a plastic mac, wearing bicycle clips.

He mounted a woman's bicycle and rode off. A woman's bicycle! I'd imagined a white sports car with a hood.

Dublin is a small enough place. I met him at a dance exactly twenty-three nights later. He was singing with a band, and after a couple of songs he sat at the side of the bandstand.

Taking a deep breath, I stood nearby, praying that he would notice me.

He looked me up and down carefully, and said in a sort of Dublin-learned American accent: "Dance, honey?"

"I love your singing," I said at once. So much had to be said in such a brief waltz.

"Uh-huh," he said, and gripped me closer.

"I go to see you often," I said.

"Uh-huh." He sounded hungry.

"That's a nice shirt," I said.

It was a plaid shirt, mainly red.

"Makes all the difference," he said, voicing an advertisement for shirts that was posted in every Dublin bus.

"I love your suit too," I said. It was time he admired something about me.

"Tailors of taste," he said, touching the lapel of his linen jacket.

On his prompting I invited him to tea the following Sunday.

My sister, with whom I shared a flat, had planned to go on a religious retreat, so I knew it would be feasible.

I ought to say that we lived on the top floor of a three-story house near the Dublin cattle market.

There were orange boxes, linoleum, buckets of water, a prickly horsehair sofa and a gas cooker hidden with a cretonne curtain.

Also a bedlam of indignant cow noises from four o'clock in the morning, Tuesday and Wednesday.

On Sunday, after my sister had left, I waxed the floor, hid the buckets of water and things in the bedroom, made scones and, as soon as the pubs were open, rushed out and bought a bottle of Guinness.

I laid the table, put butter and jam on the scones, and placed the bottle of Guinness on a saucer with an opener beside it.

A short story complete on these two pages

The day was hot, and the wasps came to wallow in the jam, so I covered the tea things with newspaper.

Then I made ready with powder and lipstick, and sat at the window to wait.

My greatest anxiety was how I might get him in the hall door and up three flights of stairs, unknown to the landlady and the other lodgers.

He came at four o'clock sharp, and I rushed down to sneak him in.

"Oh, hello! Will the bike be all right?"

I said that it would and drew him in, hurriedly. His hands were damp with sweat.

Once in the room he put his arms around me and began to kiss me, but I was not schooled for kissing and, anyhow, I saw the newspaper on the tea things and rushed to remove it.

He took off his bicycle clips and hung up his mac.

"Would you care for something to drink?" I said.

He pointed at the bottle of Guinness. "Looks kinda lonely," he said.

I thought it was like being in a film to stand there next to him and hear his stark, Americanlike phrases.

I wished I'd put on more scent. The room was hot, as we were under the roof and the window had jammed.

He took off his jacket, and I saw that his white shirt had dark shadows under the arms.

He kissed me in a most alarming way while the kettle boiled; now and then he ran a comb through his hair to restore his dignity.

"What age are you?" he asked. I said that I was seventeen.

"Did you come straight out of a convent?"

I had, but I pretended not.

He ate all the scones, drank three cups of tea, and put his hand on my knee under the table.

After tea we had chocolates. They were in a box my sister had been given, and which she was saving for someone's birthday.

"Kinda far away from each other," he said, and moved his chair next to mine.

We sat for several minutes with our hands entwined. It was perfect for about sixty seconds.

"How about a real drink?" he said, and I had to confess that I'd only bought one bottle of stout.

"Sing a song," I ventured.

"Honey—you kill me."

"But I like your singing."

"Let's try the sofa," he said.

"It's prickly," I said, "the horsehair sticks in you."

"OK—where's the bedroom?"

"You want to comb your hair?" He'd combed his hair about twenty times in the glass of the Holy Pictures. He had dandruff too.

"You're a spunky kind," he said. "Let's go—in there."

I had a quick vision of the shambles in the bedroom with coats piled in there, and buckets of water, and the ash bucket, and all the saucepans, and marrow bones for next day's broth—all on the bed; and what did spunky mean?

"The bed's not made."

He said such a trifle did not matter to us, and spoke of his exact intentions.

"Oh, no, I couldn't," I said.

"What you bring me here for?" He was flushed; he had red skin after all, not the sultry complexion I had supposed.

"To tea," I said.

"Tea! I can have tea at home." He looked around for his jacket.

"I don't know what to say," I said.

"Just remembered an appointment—it's with my manager, lucky I thought of it." He buttoned his jacket and gave his hair a last-minute combing.

"I'll take a few of these for the kids," he said, taking a handful of chocolates from the box.

"What kids?" I had meant to replace the few chocolates we ate, but now, with the whole top layer gone, I would not be able to deceive my sister.

"*My* kids," he said, as he wrapped them in a paper doily.

He threw his coat over his arm and went out, sulking.

"Go easy," I said, as his fallen arches hit the bare boarded stairs. The landlady, of course, heard him.

I sat at the window for hours after that, playing with his bicycle clips and weeping.

Praying that he would notice, she said, "I love your singing."

ILLUSTRATION BY HOWARD TERPNING

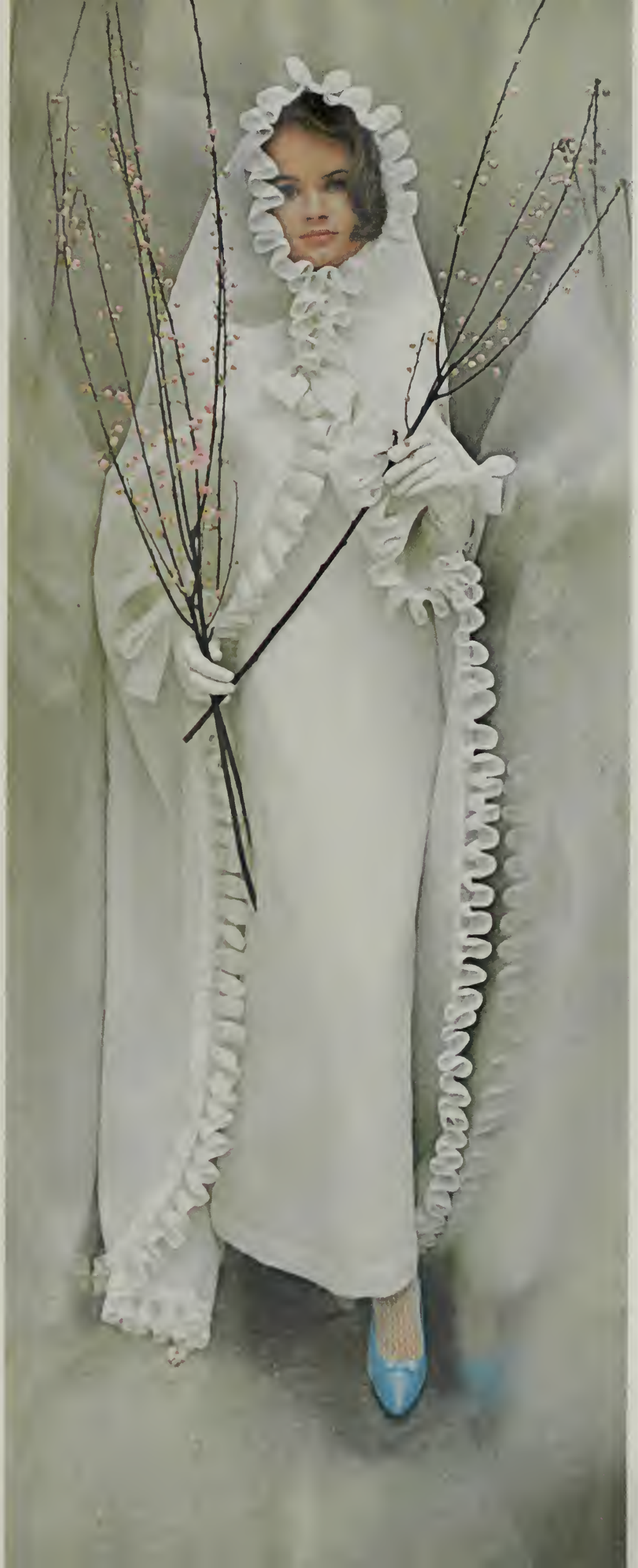
Paris Dreams of a Wedding

Wedding dresses—the kind young girls dream about long before they dream about husbands—stole the show at almost every French couture collection this spring. Never before were wedding dresses so enchantingly individual. And when we asked outstanding Parisian debutantes to pose in them for our photographer, he was pleased to note that not only is it true that every bride is beautiful but also that every girl is a perfect model in a wedding dress.

By **TRUDY OWETT,**
Fashion Editor

Enclosed in a private garden—a trellis veiling scattered with flowers—a dress of cloqué piqué, as simple and charming as a child's party dress. By Yves Saint-Laurent. The something blue for all our brides, Roger Vivier's satin shoes. Our model is Count Ramolino de Coll'Alto's daughter Caroline. The family are direct descendants of Napoleon.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HELMUT NEWTON



a simple double organdy dress is wrapped in its own cocoon—a cloak that ties at wrists and bosom, is bordered all around with a ripple of fluting. By Simonetta and Fabiani. Starting a new tradition, she carries branches of apple blossoms. Our model is Ghislaine Charveriat, granddaughter of Count de Thieulloy, who owns the historical château of Saint Gratien in the Somme.

1 like a field of Queen Anne's lace, an embroidered organdy dress is strewn with appliquéd organdy flowers. Organdy capelet circles round with still more flowers. By Marc Bohan for Christian Dior. Our model is Chantel de Billy, a descendant of Joan of Arc, who delights in parties, dancing and languages. She speaks, besides French, fluent Italian and is studying for a Ph.D. in English. The romantic hairdos for all our brides by Thérèse Chardin.

In full bloom above a mantle of heavy rippled cloqué, an orange-blossom-laden headdress. White satin ribbons wind round the throat, tie and trail to the hemline. By Philippe Venet. Our model, Diane Benoist d'Azy-Culbert, has two American and two French grandparents. She went to college in the U.S., studied art at London's Royal Academy. Her mother is Vicomtesse Benoist d'Azy. We borrowed our brides' stockings from Beautiful Bryans.

Embroidered in intertwining roses, Jacques Heim's organdy dress has a matching capuche that frames the face romantically and its own length of rose-laden train. Our model is Christine Payen de la Garanderie, a descendant of Chevalier du Mont Saint Michel, a founder of the order of Templars.

a curved dress of heavy cotton lattice lace. Over it, a head-to-toe mist of sheerest tulle veiling. Our model once again is Diane Benoist d'Azy-Culbert, who wanted especially to wear this dress designed by her Rue Fabert neighbor, Hubert de Givenchy. All makeup created for Elizabeth Arden by Jacques Clémente.

The Teen-Age Marriage: Love Finds a Way

By BARBARA LANG

John was 19 and Dee Dee was 17 when they eloped. Here are all the joys and heartaches they have experienced since then.

Dee Dee says: "John is the sweetest, warmest, most understanding man in the world."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LEVITON-ATLANTA

Dee Dee Floyd, a vivacious, petite brunette, was 17 and a senior at Headland High School in an Atlanta suburb. John Kortes, tall, blond and reserved, was 19 and a sophomore at the University of Georgia. Both looked even younger, and they had been dating for only two months. But they were in love, and on January 3, 1964, they eloped. Their friends were surprised. Their parents were shocked. Dee Dee and John were ecstatic. They still are.

John says: "You should have seen her face when she was opening those pearls!"

"We just couldn't wait," says Dee Dee with the excitement of a small girl. The Korteses' best friends, the Greens, agree that Dee Dee and John did the right thing. Randy Green, who also is a teen-age husband, puts it like this: "You always think when someone quits school to get married it must be because of pregnancy. But sometimes it's just because they really want to be together, the way it was with Dee Dee and John."

And John is, perhaps, the most pleased of all. "From our first date we knew we were going to get married," he says. It is one of many beliefs that John finds hard to explain and adults will find hard to understand. And yet it is no mystery. Like most teen-age couples, John and Dee Dee decided, in effect, to do much of their growing up while they are married, not before. And so it is really not surprising that their thoughts and actions keep ranging from the remarkably innocent to the model of maturity.

Dee Dee says: "I'm still my mother's daughter, but my first thoughts are always of John."

Their first major quarrel was a good example. It started during an evening of bridge with the Greens and a third couple. The girls said they didn't feel like playing, but the men were enjoying a three-handed game. The wives sat in the kitchen talking, but John recalls: "Every three minutes Dee Dee would come in and say, 'When are we going home?'"

Tension grew, and so did the determination to prevail. The men finally decided they felt like playing cards all night, and sent the girls into the adjoining bedroom to sleep. Mature wives might have reacted with amusement or annoyance; in either case, they probably would have decided to go home. But Dee Dee couldn't think of leaving John for the night.

"I can't sleep well without John being next to me," she explains, "and he knows it. That's what made me so mad!"

When the Korteses finally went home around six o'clock in the morning, both were exhausted and in a state of silent fury. Yet, as soon as they were inside their own apartment, a swift change took place. "I said, 'I don't know what makes me a bad sport,'" Dee Dee remembers. "And then John apologized over and over, and everything was all right. He is the sweetest, warmest, most understanding man in the world!"

John says: "A lot of people say, 'Don't get married. Enjoy yourself.' But I enjoy us."

"Making up" is never too difficult for Dee Dee and John, for if the argument was essentially childish, the same childishness makes a sudden and full reconciliation possible. Sometimes the quarrels end with a word or a gesture. At other times, one of them puts on the recording of "their" song, *Since I Fell for You*, and within minutes they can't seem to remember what they were angry about.

The state of John and Dee Dee's marriage is of importance because there now are one million (*continued on page 100*)

Windows: The Romantic View

Look what's happened to windows: something new, yet wonderfully old world. The face they show to the world within is frilly, flowered, ruffled, soft and pretty. Which means that, whether the view of the outside is romantic or not, there's always enchantment at the window. Being romantic doesn't necessarily mean being impractical. The fabrics we show on these eight pages are as easy to care for as a summer shirtwaist (three are dress fabrics). So why not take the romantic view this summer when all rooms are ripe for refreshment? To send for detailed instructions on how to adapt these window treatments to your own windows, *see page 106.* **By MARGARET WHITE,** **Decorating Editor**

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ERNEST SILVA

In a sun-filled breakfast bay, above, a sprightly glazed cotton chintz frames the window, climbs gaily over walls (including baseboard and cornice). Box-pleated valance and side panels are banded with taffeta ribbon in a bluegrass green picked up from the chintz (pick up whichever color you prefer). For privacy and light control, a scalloped sweep of lattice-woven cotton voile is clipped to a brass rod. "Cecille" chintz by Brunschwig & Fils; "Lattice" voile by Patterson.

Summer is in full season in the airy living room, opposite; all its vivid color recaptured at the windows—the blue of the slipcovers and the sky blue of the Duraseal lacquered wood floor; the yellow of pillows and chair seat; the lacquer red of side table and armoire. Light filters easily through these sheer Dacron batiste curtains, which flow gracefully from a ceiling cornice to the floor—each edged and tied back with a deep pleated ruffle. "Le Printemps" fabric by Quaintance.

In this serene bedroom, curtains take the form of puffy balloon shades, which fill in two tall, deep-set windows. Fabric is sheer enough—Celanese Fortrel batiste—to make lovely back-lighted patterns at the window when shades are let down. Almost as a continuation of the window treatment, the same fabric is used to curtain the bed canopy. "Gossamer" fabric by Cohama.

TO SEND FOR INSTRUCTIONS AND PATTERNS FOR THIS SHADE AND CANOPY, SEE PAGE 106.

At the window, top left, deep-blue felt walls counterpoint white tucked petticoat-flounce curtains and a lace shade, framed by a handsome white molding. Throughout the living room, the blue-and-white theme is played again and again in tablecloth-check upholstery, polka-dot pillows, ceramic table, *tulipier* and ceramic-tile floor. Tucked cotton by Stoffel. Vinyl-treated shade of Venise lace by Janice. Hushalon felt walls.

Reflecting this bedroom's fresh color scheme, bottom left, green-and-white cotton voile curtains frame the window—a deep valance gathered across the top, at the side in stationary panels. Café curtains on white lacquered wood rod conceal air conditioner. (They're in three sections for easy maneuvering.) Radiator has been boxed in, its top and the windowsill covered with Formica. Fabric, "Fougeres" by Margaret Owen.

You can create a room within a room by the strategic use of fabric. The dining gazebo, opposite, is actually a corner of a living room. To "construct" it, fabric was shirred and stretched between rods attached to ceiling and floor moldings, crisscrossed and tied back to create an entrance. Reed-and-rattan chairs and white pedestal table carry out the cool summer theme. Orange-and-white Kodel-and-cotton fabric by Everfast.

TO SEND FOR INSTRUCTIONS AND PATTERNS FOR THESE WINDOW TREATMENTS, SEE PAGE 106.

Light pours into the gleaming black living room, opposite, through a sliding glass window wall. To diffuse the light and to provide privacy, a parallel wall of sliding screens was built directly inside window, each of its black lacquered wood frames filled with a Dacron print, gathered and stretched between two slim rods. Fabric, "Shellbound" by Quaintance. Walls covered with Lintex vinyl cloth by Columbus Coated Fabrics.

Fresh as a breeze, the white-and-blue cotton dotted-Swiss curtains in the living room, above, are a breeze to make too. They're smocked at the top, trimmed at top and bottom with blue taffeta ribbon and gathered on a white wood pole, from which they can billow prettily when the French doors behind them are opened. Completing the room's tricolor theme are flag-red lacquered walls. The dotted Swiss is from ABC Fabrics, Inc.

Room Settings By THOMAS BRITT

TO SEND FOR INSTRUCTIONS AND PATTERNS FOR THESE WINDOW TREATMENTS, SEE PAGE 106. ALL INSTRUCTIONS, PATTERNS WERE PREPARED FOR US BY THE SINGER CO.

Shopping information on page 106.

English Furniture

PARIS: FOLLOW THE LINEN LINE to the new summer sensation. It's the fabric Paris couture designers fell in love with this spring—crisp linen fortified with all the best and newest finishes and shape retainers. Here are standout fashions from three top collections—brilliant examples of the new Paris line on linen.

DIOR *In white, touched with shiny black accents, a shaped shift with long slim sleeves and significant seaming. Of William Ewart suit-weight slubbed linen. Vogue Design 1485. Shoestring belt, Ben King.*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HORST

You can make these identical fashions yours this summer with the same precise tailoring, the same inspired details. Just choose your favorite colors and follow the line-for-line Vogue Patterns we show on these four pages. We made them from the original designs, which were flown to us directly from Paris. By NORA O'LEARY Patterns Editor

DIOR *Under a double-buttoned jacket, a sleeveless dress with full side-wrap skirt and perpendicular pockets, the bodice button for button like the jacket. Of Moygashel sapphire-blue linen. Vogue Design 1484.*

RICCI *Sleeveless dress with buttons in double rows and a front-pleat skirt that flares from a lowered waist. Outline stitching makes the most of seams. Of Amity's parakeet-green rayon and linen. Vogue Design 1486.*

LAROCHE *A slim coat that curves in gently above the waist. Patch pockets have surprise openings at the side. Matching sleeveless dress. Of Moygashel toast linen. Vogue Design 1483.*

Backviews on page 103

ALL JEWELRY FROM CARTIER. HATS BY HALSTON

The first word Lester ever said was "cow." Now he was getting rich, but where was his cow? It was up to Janet to save him from success.

Lester and I were married at the beginning of the Depression, though at the time we had no idea that there was a depression. We knew that we didn't have any money, but we thought this was the way people lived: without money. We had both graduated from college, and every time we had asked our parents for money for textbooks or student-body dues they had said, "You can't squeeze blood from a turnip." But they had always found some, somewhere, and we had been fed and clothed and had our tuition paid, and no one had gone to jail. So, moneyless and jobless, we were married and went on a honeymoon.

The honeymoon at Sequoia National Park was financed by a fifteen-dollar wedding present from my brother, plus twenty-five someone had given Lester.

By JESSAMYN WEST

We came down from Sequoia bone-tired from sleeping on the ground, without sleeping bags, pads or mattresses, and dirt-encrusted from going without baths. Lester had the pioneer spirit, but no pioneer equipment. I didn't even have the spirit. It was a relief to get back to mattresses, bathtubs and food that wasn't roasted in the coals of a campfire. The trouble was, we were back where the amenities were, but we had no money to pay for them. So we went up to Lester's family's ranch. (continued on page 107)

It was a real invasion, noisy as a bombardment. People crowded in the streets to watch.

ILLUSTRATION BY AUSTIN BRIGGS

On the Summer Scene

WHEN THE COOKING IS EASY: HAM-BURGERS

It's almost as un-American not to like hamburgers as it is not to like baseball. For hamburger is just about everybody's meat and makes great chefs of us all (from six to sixty). This summer especially—when barbecue season's on—you'll welcome new variations on the theme. Try our international recipes. They prove that the whole world loves a good hamburger.

By **DIANE DURHAM**
Associate Food Editor

HAMBURGER FRANCAIS
(pictured, opposite page)

2 lbs. ground beef
1½ tsp. salt
1 tsp. dry mustard
¾ tsp. monosodium glutamate
¼ tsp. pepper
2 tbsp. minced onion
2 tbsp. mayonnaise
¾ cup Roquefort cheese, crumbled
6 bacon slices
French bread or individual French rolls

Mix together the ground be salt, mustard, monosodi glutamate and pepper. Sha into 6 patties. Scoop out t center, reserving the me Mix together the onic mayonnaise and ½ c cheese. Place 1 tbsp. of che mixture into center of pat cover with reserve mea Place on broiler rack 4 incl from heat and broil 3–5 m utes; turn. Place a bac slice on top of each; br until bacon is crisp. Garni with remaining cheese; ser on French bread or rol Serves 6

MEXI-CHILI BURGER
(this page, foreground)

¼ cup chopped onion
2 tbsp. butter or margarine
1 lb. ground beef
1 (15½-oz.) can chili con car
1 cup canned yellow kernel corn with sweet peppers
1 tsp. monosodium glutama
½ tsp. salt
3 slices Cheddar cheese
1 (7-oz.) pkg. cornbread rounds

Sauté the onions in butter margarine until transparen crumble the beef and sau until meat just loses pi color. Add the chili, cor monosodium glutamate ar salt, mixing well. Heat minutes. Toast the corn bread rounds; mound th beef-chili mixture on th bread. Top with 2 crosse strips cheese. Broil 2 minute or until cheese begins t melt. Serves 6.

HAMBURGER ITALIANO
(this page, right)

2 medium onions, sliced
1 tbsp. butter or margarine
1 lb. ground beef
2 peeled tomatoes, canned or fresh
½ cup pizza-flavored catsup
1 tbsp. vinegar
2 tsp. sugar
1 tsp. dry mustard
1 tsp. salt
½ tsp. monosodium glutamate
½ tsp. pepper
2 tbsp. grated Parmesan cheese
4 sesame seed rolls

Sauté onion rings in butte or margarine until tender remove ½ of rings and re serve. Crumble the beef an cook, stirring until meat jus loses pink color. Add th tomatoes, catsup, vinegar sugar, mustard, salt, mono sodium glutamate, peppe and cheese; simmer 10 min utes. Serve on sesame see rolls; garnish with onio rings. Serves 4.

More recipes, including Veg etable Crowned Hamburge (this page, left), on page 9

UP FROM THE SEA: SHELLFISH

For those who place the noble shellfish on a pedestal—and who doesn't?—summer is a joyous season filled with all manner of delight: the succulent clam, the lordly lobster, the toothsome shrimp, the tender crab; elegant pleasures like Crab Louis and simpler ones like steamed clams. Every seafood lover has favorite recipes; here are some of our favorites.

SAUCY SHRIMP SALAD
(pictured center)

3 lbs. fresh or frozen shrimp
1 tbsp. shrimp spice
¼ cup lemon juice
2 tbsp. tarragon vinegar
2 tsp. grated onion
2 tsp. salt
1 tsp. white pepper
½ tsp. dry mustard
2 sprigs fresh dill
½ cup pure vegetable oil
3 avocados
½ cup commercial sour cream
1 tbsp. lemon juice
1 tsp. prepared horseradish

Tie the shrimp spice in cheesecloth; cook with the shrimp in boiling salt water 5 minutes or until shrimp turn pink. Drain; plunge into cold water. Shell and devein. Mix together the lemon juice, vinegar, onion, salt, white pepper, mustard, 2 sprigs dill and vegetable oil. Pour over the shrimp. Allow shrimp to marinate 1 hour in refrigerator, stirring occasionally. Halve, pit and peel the avocados; slice into rings, sprinkle with lemon juice. Drain the shrimp; arrange alternating layers of shrimp and avocado on a bed of lettuce. Garnish with sour-cream-dill dressing. For Sour-Cream Dressing: Combine the sour cream, lemon juice, 1 tsp. finely cut dill and horseradish. Serves 6.

LOBSTER SALAD (right)

6 boiled lobsters (1 lb. each)
1½ cups chopped celery
1½ cups mayonnaise
⅓ cup tomato paste
⅓ cup cognac brandy
¼ tsp. Worcestershire sauce
2 lemons, garnish
1 cucumber, garnish
Chickory, garnish

Place the lobster on its back. Split the undershell lengthwise with a sharp knife or scissors. Then, using scissors, cut meat away from sides. Remove and discard the dark vein, the sac near the head and spongy tissue. Remove the green tomalley and coral; set aside. Twist off the claws, reserving the small claws for garnish. Remove meat from the body and cut into bite-size pieces. Crack large claws, remove meat and cube. Rinse shell in cold water; pat dry with paper toweling. Rub inside of shell with mayonnaise. Combine the mayonnaise, tomato paste, cognac, Worcestershire sauce and tomalley and coral; add lobster pieces, celery and mix lightly. Chill about 1 hour to blend flavors. To serve, place lobster shell on bed of chickory and fill with lobster mixture. Garnish plate with lemon wedges and cucumber slices. Serves 6.

More recipes, including Steamed Clams (left), on page 96.

BACKGROUNDS BY HOMER HILL

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NORMAN KARLSON

FRUIT OF THE SEASON: STRAWBERRIES

Bite into a fresh-picked strawberry and suddenly you know it's summer—this summer, last summer, every summer you've ever known. You can taste it, smell it, breathe it, as if you were standing in a field of fresh-mown hay. And if you've any self-interest at all, you'll go right on savoring strawberries, as often and as variously as you can. Besides just eating them right from the basket, try some (or all) of these luscious ways.

STRAWBERRY TARTS
(on shelf, right)
1 (10-oz.) pkg. pie-crust mix
1 (8-oz.) pkg. cream cheese
½ cup sugar
2 tbsp. light cream
2 tbsp. orange juice
1 tsp. orange rind
1 pt. fresh strawberries
GLAZE:
1 cup fresh or frozen strawberries
⅓ cup sugar
1 tbsp. cornstarch

Prepare pie-crust mix, following package directions. Roll pastry ⅛ inch thick and cut out ten 4-inch circles. Lightly grease small tart pans. Fit the pastry into pans and press firmly into place. Prick the bottoms of each shell with a fork or place a small piece of wax paper in each shell and fill with ¼ cup uncooked rice or beans, removing rice and paper after 5 minutes of baking. Bake at 450° F. 10–12 minutes. Cool slightly and remove from pans. Let cheese stand at room temperature until soft. Beat the cheese, sugar, cream, orange juice and rind until smooth. Fill tart shells ¾ full. Wash and hull the berries; cover tarts with whole berries, tips up. Refrigerate. *For Glaze:* Wash and hull fresh berries; puree in blender or food mill. Mix with sugar and cornstarch; cook 5 minutes or until thick and clear, stirring constantly. Strain and cool. Spoon over tarts. Chill. Makes 10.

STRAWBERRY BAVARIAN
(on the compote)
1 qt. fresh strawberries
2 envelopes unflavored gelatin
¼ cup cold water
¼ cup sugar
3 tbsp. Cointreau
2 cups heavy cream

Wash and hull berries. Puree through a food mill or blender; strain (should yield about 2 cups). Dissolve gelatin in water and combine with puree and sugar and heat until gelatin is dissolved. Cool. Add the Cointreau and chill until thickened. Fold in the whipped cream. Pour into a 1½-qt. mold. Chill overnight. Unmold onto a chilled serving plate; garnish with whole berries. Serves 6.

STRAWBERRIES WITH COCONUT CREAM
(this page, right)
1 cup heavy cream
3 tsp. sugar
1 (4-oz.) can shredded sweetened coconut
½ tsp. almond extract
1 qt. fresh strawberries, washed and hulled

Gradually add the sugar to cream and whip until stiff. Fold in half the coconut and the almond extract. Place ⅓ cup of mixture in each sherbet glass; add the strawberries. Sprinkle remaining coconut on top. Serves 6.

More recipes, including Fondant-Dipped strawberries (on shelf, left) and Coeur á la Crème (in green dish), on page 96.

Saucepans and the Single Girl

Nothing sends a girl into a tizzy as fast as cooking dinner for a man. Even if she was born with a wooden spoon in her hand, she will probably not be able to manage the evening without the aid of a few belts of the cooking sherry. Knowing the horrors of such occasions, we have decided to share some of our more distinguished feasts in the hope that they will be of some assistance to you.

You will notice that we have blithely categorized men in what some would feel was an overly simplified fashion. But, each wily man, though he tries valiantly to pass himself off as a unique individual, is actually just a member of an easily defined type. And, for each category of men there is a perfect menu. So have a swig of that cooking sherry and relax.

Copyright ©1965 by Jinx Kragen and Judy Perry. From the book, Saucepans and the Single Girl, to be published in September by Doubleday.

Judy Perry, left, and Jinx Kragen at work on their cookbook for career girls.

FOOD FIT FOR A MAN IN A BROOKS BROTHERS SUIT

In every big city there are thousands, literally thousands, of this breed running around loose. They are usually found sipping Martinis in dimly lighted bars, driving small red sports cars, sailing or skiing, and dreaming of new ways to rise to the top of the Madison Avenue ladder.

Jinx's Brooks Brothers bachelor was a natty young man named Bryan, who could have glibly planned a successful campaign to sell surfboards to Midwesterners.

When you meet your Bryan and are ready to start an all-out campaign, here is a menu well tailored to your purposes.

If you can cook without tripping over it, by all means wear your chicest hostess skirt. This is known as packaging the product. Pile your hi-fi with soft, seductive jazz, and bring out all the candles you can hunt up. Now cross his palm with a Martini and, when he is sufficiently soothed, run this up the flagpole and just watch him salute it!

Flawless Fondue
Spinach-and-Bacon Salad
Strawberries and Kirsch
Riesling

FLAWLESS FONDUE:

1 clove garlic, split
¾ lb. Swiss cheese, grated
Dash salt and pepper
Dry white wine (about 1½ cups)
3 tbsp. cornstarch
1 tbsp. kirsch
1 tbsp. water
½ loaf French or Italian bread

Cut ½ loaf bread into cubes (having a little crust on each cube) early in the day. Set out on cookie sheet so that it will get slightly hard. Use deep baking dish or crockery utensil (not metal). Rub sides with garlic; discard. Put cheese, salt and pepper into dish and add enough wine barely to cover. Cook over medium heat and stir constantly, heating just until cheese melts—no longer. Cheese and wine will not be blended yet.

Make a smooth paste of cornstarch, kirsch and water. Stir cornstarch mixture into cheese and wine. Cook over medium heat and stir until mixture is about as thick as a medium cream sauce. *Serves two.* Serve bubbling hot in a prewarmed chafing dish or crockery dish. Fondue forks are ideal and not very expensive, but you can use those long Japanese hors d'oeuvre sticks.

There's a delightful tradition that goes with fondue, and if you're brazen enough, you really ought to introduce it. If a lady drops her bread, she must kiss the gentleman on her right, and if a man drops his bread, he must drain his glass. Since there are only you two, you'd better spear that bread with a steady hand.

FOOD FIT FOR A MAN IN GRAY FLANNEL LEDERHOSEN

At one point in our career we made the acquaintance of a real-life Jet Setter. It was Judy's conquest. The romance perked along for several months before she decided she must have him over to dinner. She felt that if she offered him something faintly reminiscent of exotic ports of call, he might be convinced that all that roaming was unnecessary when he could get the same things so close to home. The dinner was a triumph.

If you happen to know a world traveler, this menu should stand you in good stead. Need we add that you should invite this fleet-footed creature only if your intentions are serious. Anyone who can afford a round-trip ticket to anywhere in the world these days can certainly treat you to Tournedos Rossini and has no right to take advantage of your warmhearted hospitality.

Phileas Fogg's Worldly
Stroganoff
Wild Rice
Tossed Green Salad
Swedish Cream
Cabernet Sauvignon

WORLDLY STROGANOFF:

½ tsp. salt
4 tbsp. flour
1 lb. top sirloin, cut in ½-inch strips
¼ cup butter or margarine
1 cup fresh mushrooms, sliced
½ cup chopped onion
1 clove garlic, crushed
1 tbsp. tomato paste
1 (10½-oz.) can beef consommé
1 cup sour cream
2 tbsp. sherry wine

Combine salt and 1 tbsp. flour; roll meat strips in mixture. Melt 2 tbsp. butter or margarine in a skillet, add sirloin and brown on all sides. Add mushrooms, onion and garlic; cook until onion is barely tender—about five minutes.

Remove meat and mushrooms from pan temporarily; melt 2 tbsp. butter or margarine in pan drippings and add 3 tbsp. flour, stirring to avoid lumps. Add tomato paste. Pour in consommé and cook, stirring constantly until mixture thickens. Return meat and mushrooms to skillet. (You can now refrigerate and finish later if you wish.) Stir in sour cream and sherry; heat thoroughly, but don't boil. Serve at once. This actually makes 3–4 servings, but the leftovers are great. *(continued on page 92)*

By JINX KRAGEN AND JUDY PERRY

Top-stove meat loaf

New way to make a juicy tender loaf with Campbell's Soup

1. Mix (see recipe). Shape into loaves.

2. Brown on both sides. Cover and cook.

3. Top with rest of soup—finish cooking.

TOP-STOVE MEAT LOAF

Quick, easy, hearty main dish

- 1½ lb. ground beef
- ½ cup dry bread crumbs
- 1 can (10¾ oz.) Campbell's Tomato Soup
- ¼ cup finely chopped onion
- 1 egg, slightly beaten
- 1 tsp. salt
- Generous dash pepper
- 1 tbsp. shortening
- ¼ cup water
- ½ tsp. prepared mustard
- 2 slices process cheese, cut in half

Thoroughly mix beef, crumbs, ¼ cup soup, onion, egg, and seasonings. Shape *firmly* into 2 loaves; brown on both sides in skillet in shortening. Cover; cook over low heat 25 minutes. Spoon off fat. Pour remaining soup mixed with water and mustard on loaves; top with cheese. Cook 10 minutes, uncovered. 4 to 6 servings.

Oven Method: Mix and shape as above. Bake at 350°F. for 40 minutes. Spoon off fat. Pour remaining soup (omit water) mixed with mustard on loaves; top with cheese. Bake 5 minutes more.

They always eat better when you remember the soup

continued from page 90

FOOD FIT FOR A MAN WITH A MILLION

Liz, the girl upstairs, came crashing in one evening to announce loudly that she had met and wooed Mr. Bucks himself, and he was coming to dinner. She considered it a delightful prospect until we pointed out that Scott was probably weaned on fine imported wines and chocolate mousse.

After Liz recovered from her decline, the three of us conjured up a menu that sent Scott home fat and happy, certain that he had found a real prize. We decided that the secret lies in whipping up something that not even the Pump Room has on the bill of fare. This means a real delicacy concocted without concern for the cost of ingredients—thereby indicating that money is no object for you either and that you're certainly not after him for his Granddaddy's coupons.

Opulent Chicken
Wild Rice Green Salad
Irish Coffee Dates & Nuts
Chablis or Grey Riesling

OPULENT CHICKEN:

- 4 chicken breasts, split
- 1½ tsp. salt
- ¼ tsp. pepper
- 1 tsp. paprika
- ½ cup butter or margarine
- ½ lb. fresh mushrooms, sliced (about 4 cups)
- 2 tbsp. flour
- ⅔ cup chicken consommé
- 3 tbsp. sherry wine
- 1 (15-oz.) can artichoke hearts

Sprinkle the chicken breasts with salt, pepper and paprika mixture. Brown in 4 tbsp. butter or margarine and arrange in a large serving casserole. Put another 4 tbsp. butter or margarine in the same skillet in which you browned the chicken, and sauté the mushrooms for about 5 minutes. Sprinkle the flour over them and stir in the consommé and the sherry. Simmer for 5 more minutes. Arrange the artichoke hearts among the chicken breasts and pour the mushroom-sherry sauce over all. (You can now refrigerate and finish later.) Cover and bake at 375° F. for 45 minutes. Serves 4. (If, after pouring the sauce over the chicken, it all looks a mite naked, simply repeat the sauce-making process sans mushrooms and pour over again.)

FOOD FIT FOR A MAN WITH A METHOD

The only actor in our lives actually belonged to Judy, but he was around so much we began to think of Steven as community property. He was a wild-eyed and thick-maned *basso profundo*. Unfortunately for Steven, and for our grocery bill, he was always unemployed, and we were expected to keep our histrionic genius going.

If you know a young Thespian, it goes without saying that he is starving, so have a heart and feed the poor guy. This man loves atmosphere, so load it on thick—a little Beethoven, a volume of Shakespeare opened to Othello's handkerchief scene tossed casually on the coffee table, and a few old playbills placed effectively about the room should turn the trick.

Wear your cleanest leotards, call him "Dahling," and feed him Voluptuous Veal Scallopini.

Voluptuous
Veal Scallopini
Noodles Green Salad
Lemon Sherbet
Cabernet Sauvignon

VOLUPTUOUS VEAL SCALLOPINI:

- 1½ lb. veal scallopini (ask the butcher to cut it for you)
- 4 tbsp. flour
- 1½ tsp. salt
- ¼ tsp. pepper
- 2 tbsp. grated Parmesan cheese
- ½ lb. fresh mushrooms, thinly sliced (about 4 cups)
- ¼ cup butter or margarine
- 1 bouillon cube
- ½ cup boiling water
- 3 tbsp. Marsala or sherry wine

Pound the thinly sliced veal with a mallet or have the butcher do it for you. Dredge with seasoned flour a Parmesan cheese. Sauté meat a mushrooms in butter or margari until meat is golden brown on b sides. Remove to hot platter. A bouillon to pan and stir in wine wh scraping the pan well. Pour the sa over the meat and serve to two.

FOOD FIT FOR AN OLD CHARLIE

We can't deny it. Every girl has old Charlie in her life, hidden som where among the old pompons a discarded sneakers, and we're no d ferent. If yours is any kin to ou 10 to one has it that Charlie isn't a matinee idol; he ties his own tro flies, is a whiz at Monopoly and sincerely nice to your mother. Char was so comfortable that we ne hesitated to ask him to drop o dirty laundry off at Ho Chow's.

Once in a while you will probab become struck with remorse and to a little effort for your old Charl He rates simple fare because he's t one you'll probably end up marryin and, after all, you don't want to sp him. The hidden bonus here is th the meat-loaf leftovers make marv lous sandwiches all week long; so y needn't feel that the extra groceri are a total loss.

Burgundy Meat Loaf
Chinese Pea Pods
Sliced Tomatoes
Parfait Pie
Mountain Red Burgundy

BURGUNDY MEAT LOAF:

- 2 lbs. ground round
- 1½ cups oatmeal
- 1 cup Burgundy
- 6 tbsp. chopped onion
- 1½ tsp. salt
- ½ tsp. pepper
- 2 eggs, slightly beaten
- Generous pinches rosemary, thyme oregano

Combine all ingredients and shape a well-greased loaf pan (4½x8½x2 in. Refrigerate now if you wish. Bake 350° F. for 1 hour. Serves two an some left for hearty sandwiches.

PARFAIT PIE

CRUMB CRUST:

- 1½ cups fine crumbs (vanilla wafers, graham crackers, stale cookies)
- ½ cup melted butter
- ¼ cup sugar

Mix all ingredients together until so of spongy but not gluey. Line 9-inc pie pan with crumb mixture and chi for a couple of hours.

PARFAIT FILLING:

- 1 pkg. strawberry-flavored gelatin
- 1¼ cups boiling water
- 1 pint vanilla ice cream, slightly so
- 1 cup fresh strawberries, cleaned an sweetened

Dissolve gelatin in water and stir i ice cream until melted. Pour int chilled crust. Chill until very, ver firm. Garnish with berries. This ridiculously easy and looks ver pretty. If you're feeling courageou try new combinations of lime-flavore gelatin and crushed pineapple raspberry-flavored gelatin with fres raspberries. The possibilities are u limited. Serves 6 8.

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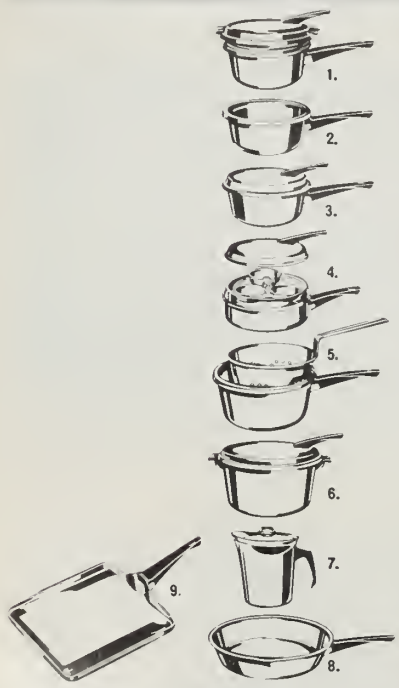

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Kraft Home Cooked Dinners

The quick kind you cook up fresh

COOKING WITH Kellogg's

crusty SPAMbake

New idea for dinner: you make it quick with SPAM and Kellogg's Corn Flake Crumbs.

½ cup KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKE CRUMBS
2 tablespoons brown sugar
⅛ teaspoon ground cloves
1 12-ounce can SPAM
2 tablespoons prepared mustard
Pineapple slices
Melted butter

1. Combine Kellogg's Corn Flake Crumbs, brown sugar and cloves.
2. Cut SPAM crosswise into eight slices. Spread both sides of slices with mustard, then coat generously with a flavor crust of Corn Flake Crumbs mixture. Place SPAM and pineapple slices individually in a foil-lined shallow baking pan; do not crowd. Brush pineapple slices with butter.
3. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 20 minutes. Serve on heated platter, placing a SPAM slice on each pineapple slice. Add parsley, if desired.

Yield: 4 servings of 2 slices each.

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SPAM IS A REGISTERED TRADEMARK FOR A PURE PORK PRODUCT PACKED ONLY BY GEO. A. HORMEL & CO., AUSTIN, MINN. U.S.A.

Table for Two

It takes just over half an hour, from shopping bag to table, to complete this fine feast for two. You can pick up everything you'll need on the way home from the office or shopping.

Chilled Cantaloupe Wedges

Veal Birds

Herbed Rice • Carrot-Zucchini

Sliced Tomato Salad • Butterflake Rolls

Lemon Ice with Blueberry Topping

Coffee

Chilled Melon: Serve 2 chilled cantaloupe wedges with a slice of lime and a sprig of parsley.

Veal Birds: Have your butcher cut 6 thin, even slices of veal measuring about 2½x4 inches long. Pound slices lightly until thin. Sauté 2 tbsp. minced onions in 1 tsp. butter or margarine until transparent. Add 2 tbsp. finely chopped ham, ½ cup bread crumbs and 2 tsp. chopped parsley. Stir in 3 tbsp. chicken broth; mix well. Spread mixture evenly on each slice of veal; roll up and secure with toothpicks, or tie with string. Dredge veal birds in flour and sauté in 1 tbsp. butter or margarine until golden. Reduce heat, add ½ cup chicken broth and ¼ cup dry white wine. Cover and simmer gently 20 minutes. Remove toothpicks or string from birds before serving.

Carrots and Zucchini: Sauté half a clove of garlic in 1 tsp. vegetable oil in skillet until brown; remove. Add ⅓ cup minced onion and sauté until golden. Add ½ cup thinly sliced carrots, ½ lb. zucchini cut in thin slices, ½ tsp. salt, 1 tbsp. water and freshly ground black pepper. Cover and simmer very gently about 20 minutes, or until vegetables are tender. Sprinkle 1 tbsp. grated Parmesan cheese over vegetables and allow them to sit covered about 5 minutes before serving. Sprinkle with chopped parsley, if you like.

Herbed Rice: Combine 1 cup chicken broth, ½ cup uncooked rice and 1 tsp. salt in saucepan. Heat to boiling; stir. Cover and cook over low heat until rice is tender and liquid absorbed. Toss in 2 tsp. parsley and a pinch each rosemary and marjoram.

Tomato Salad: Sprinkle 2 peeled and sliced tomatoes with ⅛ tsp. sugar and 2 tsp. chopped chives. Pour ¼ cup bottled French dressing over all.

Butterflake Rolls: Prepare 1 package refrigerated butterflake rolls according to package directions.

Lemon Ice with Blueberry Topping: Combine 2 tbsp. sugar with ¼ tsp. cinnamon; toss with 1 cup blueberries. Chill. Serve over lemon sherbet.

Shopping List: cantaloupe, lime, parsley, ½ lb. zucchini, carrots, 2 tomatoes, chives, 1 pt. blueberries, 1 lb. sliced veal, 5-oz. pkg. sliced boiled ham, 13¾-oz. can chicken broth, 14-oz. pkg. rice, 8-oz. bottle French dressing, 8-oz. pkg. refrigerated butterflake rolls, ½ pt. lemon sherbet, bottle dry white wine.

HAVE ON HAND: clove garlic, onions, bread crumbs, butter or margarine, flour, rosemary, marjoram, pure vegetable oil, Parmesan cheese, cinnamon, sugar and coffee.

HAMBURGER

continued from page 85

PARTY MIX HAMBURGER

- 1 cup coarsely chopped pitted ripe olives
- 6 oz. sharp American cheese
- 1 tomato, seeded and diced
- 1 small onion, minced
- 2 tbsp. chopped green pepper
- 1 tbsp. wine vinegar
- 1 lb. ground beef
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. chili powder
- ¼ tsp. pepper, freshly ground
- 6 hard square rolls or individual French loaves

Combine olives, cheese, tomato, onion, green pepper and vinegar. Cook meat in skillet, stirring until it just loses pink color; stir in salt, chili powder and pepper. Split rolls lengthwise and spread lightly with butter or margarine. Spread on meat; top with cheese mixture. Place on broiler rack 5 inches from heat and broil 2–3 minutes. Serves 6.

VEGETABLE CROWNED HAMBURGER

- 1 lb. ground beef
- ⅓ cup bread crumbs
- ½ cup tomato juice
- ¼ cup onion, finely chopped
- 1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
- 1¼ tsp. salt
- ¼ tsp. pepper
- 2 tbsp. butter or margarine
- 1 cup chopped mushrooms
- ½ cup chopped celery
- 2 tbsp. grated carrot
- 2 tbsp. chopped parsley
- 1 tbsp. milk
- ½ tsp. paprika
- ⅛ tsp. rosemary
- ¾ cup beef bouillon
- 1 tbsp. flour
- 3 English muffins, split

Combine the beef, ¼ cup bread crumbs, tomato juice, 2 tbsp. onion, Worcestershire sauce, 1 tsp. salt and pepper; mix well. Form into 6 balls; then shape the balls into cuplike shells. Chill. In covered skillet sauté the remaining onions, mushrooms, celery in butter or margarine; cover and simmer 8–10 min. Add the remaining bread crumbs, carrots, parsley, milk, paprika, rosemary and remaining salt; mix well. Fill the hamburger shells with stuffing, pressing the sides in to hold the stuffing. Place in baking pan; bake at 350° F. for 30 minutes, basting with gravy. *For Gravy:* Make a paste of the bouillon and flour. Cook 2 minutes in skillet, stirring constantly. Pour on hamburgers. Serve on toasted English muffin halves. Serves 6.

TRIPLE-DECKER BURGERS

- 1 small white onion, finely chopped
- 2 tbsp. butter or margarine
- 2 (3-oz.) cans mushrooms
- ⅓ cup ground cooked ham
- ¼ cup dry seasoned bread crumbs
- ½ tsp. salt
- ¼ tsp. pepper
- 2 tbsp. dry sherry wine
- 2 lbs. ground beef
- 6 sesame-seed buns

Cook onion in butter or margarine until tender; add liquid from mushrooms. Finely chop mushrooms and add to skillet; simmer until liquid is almost absorbed. Remove from heat; blend in ham, bread crumbs, salt, pepper and sherry. Shape meat into 18 thin patties. Spread half of mushroom stuffing over 6 patties; top with 6 of the remaining patties. Spread remaining stuffing over these patties; top with remaining patties. Seal edges by pressing together. Broil to desired doneness. Serve on toasted buns. Serves 6.

WINE BURGERS

- 2 lbs. ground beef
- ½ cup rosé wine
- 1 small onion, finely chopped
- ¼ cup finely chopped parsley
- 2 tsp. seasoned salt
- ½ tsp. black pepper, freshly ground
- 6 individual French loaves or hard square rolls
- 6 whole pimientos, drained
- 1 (2-oz.) can flat anchovy fillets, drained

Lightly mix together meat, wine, onion, parsley, salt and pepper; shape into 6 long or square patties to fit loaves. Split and toast rolls; place burgers on bottom half. Carefully cut pimientos in half; cover burger with pimiento and top with anchovies. Serves 6.

STEAK TARTARE

- 2 tbsp. lemon juice
- 1 tbsp. prepared mustard
- 3 egg yolks
- 2 tbsp. olive or salad oil
- 1 (2-oz.) can flat anchovy fillets, drained and mashed
- ½ cup minced onion
- 2 tbsp. finely chopped parsley
- 2 tbsp. capers, drained
- Pinch black pepper, freshly ground
- 1–1½ lbs. ground raw sirloin
- Toast

Beat together lemon juice, mustard and egg yolks; slowly add oil, then anchovies, onion, parsley, capers and pepper. Mix lightly with meat and shape into 6 patties. Serve on toast garnished with additional chopped onion, parsley and capers, if desired. Serves 6.

CHUTNEY BURGERS

- 2 lbs. ground beef
- 1 cup chopped sweet onion
- 1 clove garlic, crushed
- 2 tsp. curry powder
- 1 tsp. monosodium glutamate
- 2 tbsp. chopped chutney
- 1 tbsp. chutney syrup
- 2 eggs
- 1 cup plain yogurt
- 2 tbsp. dark brown sugar, firmly packed
- ½ tsp. cinnamon
- Cinnamon raisin bread

Mix together the meat, onion, garlic, curry, monosodium glutamate, chutney, syrup and eggs; shape into 6 patties. Place on broiler pan 3 inches from heat and broil 5 minutes. Combine the yogurt, brown sugar and cinnamon. Turn burgers and broil 3 minutes; spread on yogurt mixture and broil 2 minutes longer (or gently heat sauce and serve separately). Serve on toasted cinnamon raisin bread. Serves 6.

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OLD VIENNA BURGERS

- 2 lbs. sauerkraut
- 3 slices bacon, finely chopped
- ½ cup dry white wine
- 2 tbsp. juniper berries
- Pinch coarsely ground black pepper
- 1½ lbs. ground beef
- 1 small onion, grated
- 1 egg
- ¼ cup dry seasoned bread crumbs
- ¼ cup chopped parsley
- 1½ tsp. salt
- ¼ tsp. pepper
- 12 frankfurters
- 6 hamburger buns

Drain sauerkraut, reserving ¼ cup juice. Fry bacon crisp; add sauerkraut, wine, juniper berries and pinch black pepper; cover and steam 20 minutes. Meanwhile, mix together meat, onion, egg, bread crumbs, parsley, reserved sauerkraut juice, salt and ¼ teaspoon pepper; form into 12 patties. Make about 13 slits in each frankfurter, taking care not to cut all the way through; form into a round and fasten with pick. Broil frankfurters with patties 3 inches from heat, to desired degree of doneness. Split and toast buns. Arrange some of sauerkraut mixture on buns; top with beef patties, frankfurters and remaining kraut. Serves 6.

HAWAIIAN BURGERS

- 1 (1-lb.-4½-oz.) can crushed pineapple
- 1¼ cups seedless raisins
- 1½ lbs. ground beef
- 1½ tsp. monosodium glutamate
- 1 tsp. salt
- ¼ tsp. black pepper
- ¼ tsp. nutmeg
- ⅛ tsp. allspice
- Prepared mustard
- 6 green-tipped bananas, peeled
- Honey
- Waffles or hamburger buns

Mix together pineapple and raisins; let stand a few minutes. Meanwhile, combine meat, monosodium glutamate, salt, pepper, nutmeg, allspice and ¼ cup of the pineapple juice. Form into 12 flat patties. Drain remaining juice from pineapple-raisin mixture. Spread half of meat patties lightly with mustard, then with some of pineapple mixture. Top with remaining patties; press edges together to seal. Arrange patties on broiler rack along with bananas, brushed with honey. Broil 3 inches from heat about 5 minutes on each side. Turn meat and bananas once. Heat remaining pineapple-raisin mixture and serve over burgers on waffles or buns. Serves 6. ■

SHELLFISH

continued from page 87

STEAMED CLAMS

12 dozen steamer clams
Melted butter or margarine
Lemon juice
Freshly ground pepper

Scrub clams with a stiff brush and let them stand in cold water in a shallow pan for at least 3 hours. They will obligingly spit out sand, particularly if you add cornmeal to the water. Rinse several times in cold water. Put clams into a colander (if you have one big enough) and place colander into large kettle; or put clams right in kettle with ½ cup water for each quart of clams. Cover, bring to a boil and steam until clams open, 10–15 minutes. Serve clams hot (allowing 2 dozen per serving), with a dipping sauce of melted butter or margarine seasoned with lemon juice and freshly ground black pepper to taste. Serves 6.

SHRIMP PÂTÉ

5 (5-oz.) cans shrimp
¼ cup minced onion
½ cup butter or margarine
3 tbsp. lemon juice
1 tsp. horseradish
⅔ cup mayonnaise
1 tsp. salt
¼ tsp. white pepper

Drain and mash the shrimp very fine with potato masher. Add the onion. Melt the butter or margarine; pour over the shrimp, mixing well. Add the lemon juice, horseradish, mayonnaise, salt and pepper. This will be a rather stiff paste. Pack mixture firmly into a 3-cup mold. Chill 4–5 hours in refrigerator until firm. Turn out onto serving plate; garnish with whole shrimp. Slice thin and serve with Melba toast or crackers. Serves 12.

DEVILED CRAB

1 lb. fresh crab meat (2 cups)
4 tbsp. butter or margarine
2 tbsp. flour
1 cup milk
1 tsp. dry mustard
1 tsp. salt
Dash nutmeg
1 tsp. lemon juice
1 tbsp. chopped parsley
Dash cayenne pepper
1½ cups soft bread crumbs

Bone the crab meat. Melt 2 tbsp. butter or margarine in saucepan; blend in flour. Add milk slowly; cook, stirring constantly until smooth and thickened. Add mustard, salt, nutmeg, lemon juice, parsley and cayenne. Stir in crab meat. Melt remaining butter or margarine; toss in bread crumbs. Place crab-meat mixture in 6 scallop shells or in a casserole. Cover the tops with buttered bread crumbs and brown briefly under the broiler before serving. Serves 6.

BROILED LOBSTER WITH ALMOND STUFFING

8 live 1½-lb. lobsters
2 qts. soft white bread crumbs
2⅔ cups chopped blanched almonds
1 cup butter or margarine
2 large cloves garlic, crushed
¼ tsp. liquid hot-pepper seasoning
1½ tsp. dried tarragon
½ tsp. salt
⅛ tsp. pepper
¼ cup tomalley and all coral, mixed and mashed (optional)
Melted butter or margarine for broiling and basting

Have lobsters split and claws cracked. Remove green tomalleys and coral and save. Wash lobsters well and remove intestines (black threads). Prepare stuffing by sautéing crumbs and almonds in butter or margarine until golden brown, stirring and turning often. Add rest of ingredients. Place lobsters on broiling pan, shell side down, and brush with melted butter or margarine. Broil about 6 inches from the heat for 10 minutes, basting frequently with melted butter or margarine. Fill lobsters with stuffing and place under broiler again just long enough to brown lightly. Serve with melted butter or margarine, sautéed potato balls or frozen tiny potato bites, lemon wedges and watercress. Makes 8 servings.

CRAB LOUIS

1 lb. crab meat, fresh, canned or frozen
1 tbsp. prepared horseradish
¼ cup chili sauce
2 tbsp. chopped green pepper
2 tbsp. chopped parsley
1 tbsp. chopped scallion
1 tbsp. grated onion
1 tbsp. lemon juice
½ cup mayonnaise
½ tsp. salt
⅛ tsp. pepper
Dash Worcestershire sauce
Dash cayenne pepper
3 ripe avocados
Lemon wedges

Mix all ingredients except crab meat, avocados and lemon juice. Bone the crab meat and carefully mix into the sauce. Cover and refrigerate 2–8 hours to blend flavors. Carefully cut avocados in half; remove pits and brush cut surfaces with lemon juice. Spoon crab meat in center. Serve stuffed avocados on lettuce and garnish with lemon wedges. Serves 6.

LOBSTER-AND-SHRIMP HILLYER

1 lb. cooked lobster meat (4–5 lobsters)
1 tsp. shrimp spice
1 lb. medium-size cleaned and deveined shrimp (fresh or frozen)
½ pt. beer (optional)
8 slices bacon
¼ cup butter or margarine
¼ cup flour
1 cup light cream
1¼ cups milk
¾ cup dry white wine
2 tsp. salt
¼ tsp. white pepper
1 tsp. prepared mustard
1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
2 tbsp. sherry (optional)
½ cup sliced ripe olives
Grated Parmesan cheese
Paprika (garnish)
Parsley (garnish)
Toast triangles

Cut the lobster meat into bite-size pieces. Tie the shrimp spice in a little cheesecloth. Cook with the shrimp in boiling beer or salt water for about 5 minutes, or until they turn pink. Cool in the liquid. Fry bacon until crisp; drain and crumble. *For the sauce:* Melt butter or margarine in a large pan, stir in flour; slowly add cream and milk, stirring constantly. Add wine and cook until sauce is smooth and thickened. Season with salt, pepper, mustard and Worcestershire sauce. Add bacon, simmer for 20–30 minutes to blend flavors. Add the sherry, if you like. Thin the sauce with a little milk if it seems too thick. Add lobster, shrimp and olives. Continue cooking until very hot. (The sauce may be prepared early in the day if you wish, then reheated with the lobster, shrimp and olives for a few minutes just before serving.) *To serve:* Transfer to individual ramekins or a casserole. Sprinkle generously with Parmesan cheese and brown lightly under the broiler. Dust with paprika and garnish with parsley. Serve with toast triangles. Makes 6–8 servings.

HOT CRAB CANAPÉS

1 (6½-oz.) can crab meat
2 (3-oz.) pkg. cream cheese
¼ cup cream
¼ cup mayonnaise
1 tsp. minced onion
½ tsp. chives
½ clove garlic, crushed (optional)
Pinch salt
¼ cup lemon juice
⅛ tsp. Worcestershire sauce
2 drops liquid hot-pepper seasoning
Salted crackers or toast

Whip the cream cheese and cream until smooth. Beat in the mayonnaise. Add the onion, chives, garlic and salt. Blend well. Pick over the crab meat for bones, and marinate in the lemon juice for an hour. Drain. Fold into the sauce. Add Worcestershire sauce and hot-pepper sauce. Spread on salted crackers or toast. Place on broiler pan and broil until brown and bubbly. This mixture may also be served cold as a dip. Yield: about 2 cups dip. ■

STRAWBERRIES

continued from page 89

COEUR À LA CRÈME

1 (8-oz.) pkg. cream cheese
1 tbsp. sugar
¼ tsp. vanilla
Dash salt
½ cup sour cream
½ cup heavy cream, whipped
Fresh strawberries, garnish
Strawberry jelly or preserves (optional)

Allow cheese to stand at room temperature until softened. Beat the cheese, sugar, vanilla and salt until smooth. Fold in the sour cream and whipped cream. Fit a piece of damp cheesecloth into a 2-cup heart-shaped mold or basket. Fill with cheese mixture, press gently and fold edges of cheesecloth over top of mold. Refrigerate overnight. Unmold onto serving plate, and remove cheesecloth. Garnish with strawberries. Serve with soda crackers and strawberry preserves or jelly, if desired. Serves 6.

FONDANT-DIPPED STRAWBERRIES

1 cup sugar
⅔ cup water
2 tbsp. white corn syrup
Dash salt
1 pt. fresh strawberries

In small heavy saucepan, combine and heat the sugar, water, corn syrup and salt. Cook uncovered without stirring to the soft-ball stage or until it reaches 238° F. on a candy thermometer. Gently pour onto wet marble slab or platter. Allow to cool thoroughly. Work the fondant back and forth with spatula or wooden spoon until white and creamy. Knead by hand until smooth and pliable. Place in tightly covered container and store in refrigerator a day. Melt over hot water. Dip the washed and drained berries in the fondant; place on wax paper. Refrigerate until served.

DOUBLE STRAWBERRY ANGEL FOOD CAKE

1 (10½-oz.) pkg. strawberry angel food cake mix
½ cup strawberries
2½ cups confectioners' sugar
Pinch salt
1–2 tsp. lemon juice

Prepare cake mix, following package directions. Allow cake to cool before glazing. *For glaze:* Wash and hull strawberries; puree through food mill or blender. Add the sugar and salt, mixing well. Stir in lemon juice until glaze is consistency to pour thinly over cake. Serves 8.

RAINBOW PARFAIT

1 cup sliced strawberries
2 tbsp. sugar
1 pt. lime sherbet
1 pt. peach ice cream
Whipped cream, garnish

Combine the strawberries and sugar; let stand 30 minutes. Spoon alternating layers of sherbet, ice cream and strawberries into chilled parfait glasses; repeat layers. Top with whipped cream. Freeze until serving. Serves 6.

STRAWBERRY-LEMON CUSTARD MERINGUES

6 egg whites
½ tsp. cream of tartar
½ tsp. salt
1¾ cups superfine sugar
4 egg yolks
⅔ cup sugar
1 tsp. grated lemon rind
6 tbsp. lemon juice
1½ cups heavy cream
1 pt. fresh strawberries, garnish

For Meringues: Allow egg whites to reach room temperature. Beat until frothy; add the cream of tartar and salt and beat until soft peaks form. Gradually sprinkle 1¾ cups superfine sugar over egg whites, beating continuously until very stiff and glossy and sugar is dissolved. Draw six 3-inch circles on brown paper cut to fit baking sheet. Spread meringue over circles, mounding meringue around edges to make sides of shell. Bake at 250° F. for 1 hour. Turn oven off and cool another hour in oven with door ajar. When cool fill with Lemon Custard.

For Lemon Custard: In top of double boiler beat the egg yolks and ½ cup sugar until thick and lemon color. Add the grated lemon rind and lemon juice; stir constantly until mixture starts to thicken and coats the spoon. Remove from heat and cool. Fold in 1 cup whipped cream; spoon into the meringue shells. Chill 24 hours. Wash and hull the strawberries. Whip ½ cup cream, gradually adding the remaining sugar. Spread the whipped cream over the custard; top with whole strawberries. Serves 6.

STRAWBERRIES WITH DEVONSHIRE SAUCE

1 pt. fresh strawberries
1 (3-oz.) pkg. cream cheese
¼ cup cream
1 tbsp. sugar
¼ tsp. grated lemon rind
1 tsp. lemon juice

Wash, hull and halve the berries; chill. Blend together the cheese, cream, sugar, lemon rind and lemon juice until smooth and creamy. Spoon over berries. Serves 4.

OLD-FASHIONED STRAWBERRY ICE CREAM
(made in electric or hand-turned freezer)

1½ pints ripe strawberries
¾ cup sugar
1 qt. thin cream
¼ cup sugar
1 tsp. vanilla

Stem, wash and crush strawberries. Add ¾ cup sugar and let stand in the refrigerator 1 hour. Put through a coarse sieve. Meanwhile, scald cream, stir in ¼ cup sugar and vanilla and chill. Put mixture into freezer container (fill no more than ¾ full to allow for expansion). Fit dasher and top in place and around container pack a mixture of 4 parts crushed ice to 1 part rock salt. Turn crank (by hand or motor) for about 5 minutes, then open container and add berry mixture. Close and continue turning until crank is very hard to turn (or motor on electric models stops). Open, remove dasher, push ice cream compactly in container, cover top with waxed paper or foil and replace lid. Repack with ice and salt and let stand several hours before serving. Makes 3½ pints.

STRAWBERRY SHERBET

2¼ qts. fresh strawberries
2⅔ cups sugar
1⅞ cups water
2¼ tsp. lemon juice
Few grains cayenne pepper
2 egg whites
⅓ cup sugar

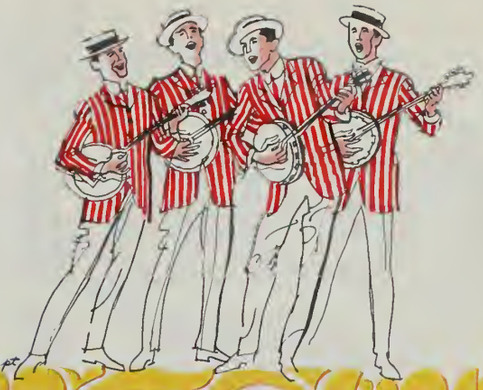
Wash and hull strawberries. Cut in quarters. Sprinkle cut berries with 2⅔ cups sugar. Toss and allow to stand at room temperature for 3 hours. Crush berries by putting through a sieve and/or cheese cloth, to make as fine as possible, or put through the blender. Then add water, lemon juice and cayenne. Pour into freezing trays and freeze until mushy. Beat egg whites until frothy. Gradually add ⅓ cup of sugar, 2 tbsp. at a time, beating well after each addition. Beat the partially frozen sherbet in a cold bowl until well combined. Then fold in the meringue. Return to the freezing trays and freeze until solid. Makes 1½ qts. sherbet.

STRAWBERRY CLOUD TARTS

30 large marshmallows, quartered
1 cup milk
1 cup cream
½ tsp. vanilla flavoring
1½ cups sliced strawberries
12 to 18 whole strawberries
Graham-cracker mix

Heat marshmallows and milk in a double boiler until marshmallows are melted. Chill until mixture has set up, about 1 hour. Whip cream and add vanilla. Fold in marshmallow mixture and sliced strawberries. Pour into 6 tart shells made from graham-cracker mix. Chill overnight. Remove from shell molds and garnish with whole strawberries. ■

Summertime

...and the livin's outdoors

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THE FLEXIBLE STRENGTH FOIL

(bought by more women than all other foils combined!)

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The first thing to do is line the entire inside of your grill with Heavy Duty Reynolds Wrap. Then build your fire right on this special-strength foil. It reflects heat *up*, to cook better and faster with less fuel. And it makes clean-up a cinch—just bundle the ashes in the foil.

SUPER-DUPER BAKED POTATOES

Wrap them in Heavy Duty Reynolds Wrap. Bake 45-60 minutes, less in coals. Top with one of these delicious combinations: chopped chives and sour cream, chopped peanuts and crumbled bacon, paprika and chopped parsley.

HOT HARMONY HERO

Slice a French loaf lengthwise, spread with garlic butter and arrange layers of salami, tomato, cheese, ham. Cut in 6" lengths and around each shape a "boat" of special-strength Reynolds Wrap. Heat on grill 10-15 minutes.

FESTIVE FRANKS

Slit franks lengthwise and fill with chopped onion and/or sliced olives, cheese, chili, mustard, relishes, sliced green pepper or pimiento. Use your imagination! Then wrap each frank in Heavy Duty Reynolds Wrap, double-folding the edges. *(You can do all this in advance . . . your "packages" keep tight and leak-proof in flexible strength Reynolds Wrap, ready for picnic trip or home cook-out.)* Grill 10 minutes over hot fire. Eat right from the foil or slide onto frankfurter bun. You'll find the flavors deliciously blended . . . the franks juicier, zestier clear through.

Picnic Ideas

"FINGER SALADS"—Wrap bunches of carrot and celery strips, scallions, radishes. They'll stay crisp and cool in Reynolds Wrap.

ADD EXTRA CHILL to cold picnic foods by tucking among them aluminum cans of frozen juices . . . which you later use as beverages.

PICNIC SALADS—such as potato or macaroni salads—stay cold when you wrap the jar or bowl in Reynolds Wrap. It insulates!

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Aged over
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Experienced cooks (and smart beginners, too) know just what a good friend Kraft Grated Parmesan is to soups, salads and pasta. Now try it both in and on stuffed tomatoes.

Cut slice from stem end of 4 medium tomatoes. Combine ¼ cup dry bread crumbs, ¼ cup Kraft Grated Parmesan Cheese, ¼ cup melted Parkay Margarine, 2 tablespoons finely chopped green onions, 1 teaspoon salt and dash of pepper. Top tomatoes with cheese-crumb mixture; bake at 350°, 30 minutes. Sprinkle with additional Kraft Parmesan.

TUNE IN KRAFT SUSPENSE THEATRE THURSDAY NIGHT NBC-TV

THE PARTY FILE: NUMBER 3

BACK-FENCE PARTY

June is coming up green all over, and with it comes weekend lawn-mowing, a "hi" over the fence and a chance to catch up with neighborhood doings. Why not invite fencemates over for a back-yard lunch—who knows, it might mean the return of the snow shovel!

EASY BUT SPECIAL

Instead of plates, substitute small-handled breadboards (29¢ to 59¢ at the variety store), which need never see a dishpan. Just wash them under the garden hose with a brush dipped in household bleach. A quick rinse and spread them out in the sun to dry. Tie napkins and silverware to the handles (we're all for the new plasticware—so inexpensive you can toss it away). Take advantage of the garden surroundings and pile ice and fresh fruit in the birdbath.

MENU

Milkman's Specials

cheese • cold cuts

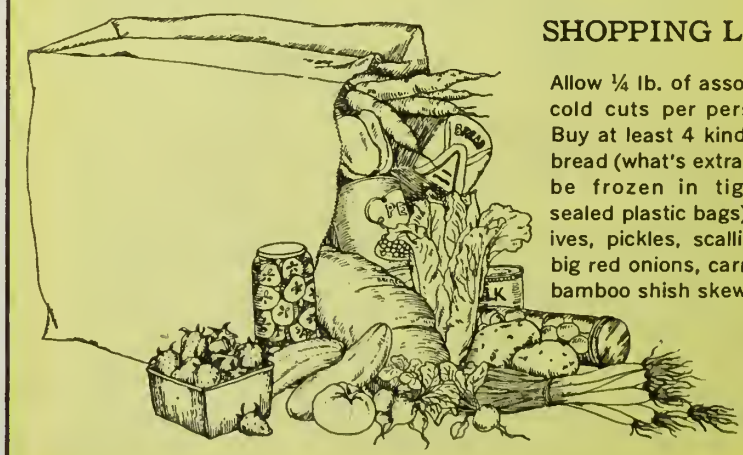
sardines • hard-boiled eggs

tomatoes • lettuce • garnishes

orange-spice cupcakes

chewy cookies • fresh fruit

soft drinks • beer



SHOPPING LIST

Allow ¼ lb. of assorted cold cuts per person. Buy at least 4 kinds of bread (what's extra can be frozen in tightly sealed plastic bags), olives, pickles, scallions, big red onions, carrots, bamboo shish skewers.

THE PARTY FILE

PUTTING ON THE SPREAD

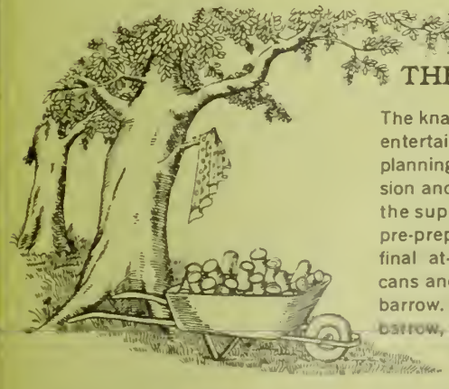
It's *now* that the milkman announces it's National Dairy Month, and he's sure to have cottage cheese to stand in for sunshy butter. Flavor some this way: chopped chives for ham on pumpernickel; drops of lemon juice and tiny slivers of rind as a base for sardines and sliced egg; mustard and chopped pickle for almost any meat or cheese.

HOME-GROWN GARNISHES

Use extra-long bamboo hors d'oeuvre picks, and on them spear radish roses, tiny tomatoes, carrot "leaves," an olive or two, a length of pickle. Spike picks into a block of floral oasis wedged into a flower pot. Or, cut ½-in.-thick rings of red onions, separate rings, put one on each breadboard and fill with garnishes.

HANDY SWEETS

We're all for make-and-freeze-ahead endings for backyard meals. And we insist on a sweet that can be eaten out of hand. Spice cupcakes (the box variety) work beautifully. Be sure to use paper cupcake-tin liners, and when you ice the cupcakes, go right down to the edge of the paper. Orange or lemon icing is our preference. Freeze cupcakes on a cookie sheet, and when frozen, pack in plastic freezer storage boxes. A good chewy cookie would be our other candidate—a freezer roll with raisins.



THE KNOW-HOW

The knack to seemingly effortless entertaining is a maximum of preplanning. A Tuesday baking session and a Friday swoop through the supermarket will pretty much pre-prepare this get-together. A final at-ease tip, buy drinks in cans and stack on ice in a wheelbarrow. Return empties to the barrow, and it's just a few steps away to the trash barrel.

Wyler's®

THIRST AID

Also try orange, grape, pineapple-grapefruit, lemonade, cherry, strawberry, raspberry, low-calorie lemonade, low-calorie iced tea

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Division of
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Warning:

Contents disappear rapidly when mixed with water and ice and exposed to thirsty people!

That's because Wyler's flavor comes from the finest tea and lemons. Mix in a minute—sugar's right in it. In economical ½-gallon size, too!

continued from page 69

teen-age wives in the United States. More girls marry at 18 than at any other age. Teen-age marriages cut short schooling, and all too often end in unhappiness and divorce. But they are here to stay.

The question is: What makes a successful teen-age marriage work?

Dee Dee and John's romance started at a football game. Dee Dee had a date with a friend of John's. John was with another girl. They had met casually in school, but had never dated. At that football game, on a Friday afternoon late in October of 1963, the two couples chanced to sit together and chatted. "I flirted with him a little," Dee Dee admits. At the dance after the game, their "chance" encounters throughout the evening became a shared joke.

The next day John went to Rich's department store, where Dee Dee had a part-time job. "I asked her if she was going steady," John says possessively. "She said 'no,' and before I left to go back to the university Sunday afternoon, I phoned her and lined up three or four dates."

Dee Dee counters: "I turned down *five* dates for homecoming weekend in November, because I didn't know John had a date with the fraternity sweetheart and couldn't ask me!"

Throughout November and December the two saw each other constantly, and John gave Dee Dee his Sigma Pi fraternity pin. By the end of December they had decided to elope. To them, it was the most sensible thing to do.

"My mother had my whole life planned for me," says Dee Dee. "That included college and, eventually, a large wedding. But I didn't want my wedding to be a circus. I just wanted to be John's wife. I know our eloping hurt our parents, and that's the one thing we regret. The only thing."

John's parents, too, had stressed the importance of a college education, and were likely to object to an early wedding. His father, Bert Kortes, is a mechanic on Delta Air Lines' jets. His mother, Mildred, went back to work at Rich's to help pay for their four children's schooling.

But John felt he could marry and continue his education. Like Dee Dee, he believed that he had found the partner with whom he wanted to spend his life—and he did not want to wait.

"I guess it was what you'd call 'love at first sight,'" he says, putting verbal quotation marks around a romantic cliché that he knows adults might refuse to accept. How did he know immediately that he wanted to marry Dee Dee? "She was good-looking, for one thing; and I enjoyed being with her. I looked for a lot of things in a wife: someone who enjoyed children—and Dee Dee worked with them at Rich's and seemed to love them very much. She was style-conscious, and I wanted someone who looked good. Our interests—tennis and water skiing and bridge—gave us a lot in common. She liked to go out and have a good time, and I did too."

Dee Dee says: "You can tell a person who has been brought up well and is from a high-type family—not necessarily in financial terms, but good, God-fearing people. John was a perfect gentleman from our first date, and this impressed me. And he was sweet and easygoing and very thoughtful." She, too, stresses the importance of physical appearance: "Everybody looks at different things for a first impression. I notice a person's teeth and eyes—and John has the most gorgeous blue eyes I've ever seen. I loved the way he dressed—I just loved everything about him."

And yet Dee Dee Floyd (her seldom-used real name is Deadra) was not the type whose friends thought she would marry young. She lived with her parents, Dorothy and George Floyd, and her younger sister, Bonnie, in a comfortable modern home in East Point, a suburb of Atlanta. Dee Dee was a good student and a leader in extracurricular activities. She played the piano and the organ, studied voice and sang in her church choir. Her interest in fashion led to a part-time job at Rich's, where she earned $1.10 an hour as a member of the store's Teen Board. She was loved at home and never had trouble making dates or friends. It's an instinct that she describes well when she says: "I just never met a stranger."

John is rather different. He is self-contained and independent. When he does have an opinion, he expresses it succinctly. His quietness often hides an acute sense of humor. "He loves to clown and exaggerate things," says Dee Dee.

For a month after their elopement Dee Dee and John had kept their wedding a secret because Dee Dee would not have been allowed to complete her senior year at Headland as a married girl. They considered confiding in their parents, but parental wrath worried them more than their lifetime decision. "Eloping was one thing, but then getting right down to brass tacks and telling your parents takes an awful lot of nerve," Dee Dee says. "We knew it was going to hurt them, and I don't like to hurt anybody."

Married teen-agers seek each other's company. Here the Greens visit the Korteses.

So they drove off to get married in a small town and spent only that night together (Dee Dee told her parents she was staying with a girl friend). Then each returned to school. John did buy Dee Dee a ring, and they became formally "engaged." But when Dee Dee's parents began elaborate wedding preparations, the young newlyweds knew they had to tell the truth.

"It was putting such a strain on Dee Dee," says John. "And when her mother was going to start spending money and making reservations, we had to go ahead and tell them."

Like many parents, the Floyds had not wanted their daughter to marry young. But they find it difficult, even with hindsight, to guess what they might have done to guide their daughter to another choice. They had never permitted her to go steady, yet Dee Dee believes that her experience of dating many boys might have helped prepare her to settle down with "the right one." And her parents wonder whether her experience working at Rich's and associating with adults might have helped her mature early.

"We're still a little disappointed," says Mrs. Floyd. "We so wanted Dee Dee to go to college. But I guess the children have their own life to live. They're as happy as they can be, and that's what's important. Still, I don't want to encourage other young people to elope; they're not always as well adjusted and mature as Dee Dee and John are."

Although both families offered to help, the couple gently declined. "I don't like to freeload," says John. "I figured if I'm going to make such a big step as getting married, I have to get out and earn the money on my own."

The parents understood. "You always want to give your children things," says Mr. Floyd, district manager for a trucking firm. "I think it's an injustice to young people to give them everything. I guess the trouble with most parents is they want their children to have what they have—but they forget they've been married twenty-five years."

Dee Dee and John's first major decision was also their first major compromise in married life. John would have liked to continue his education at the University of Georgia, but Athens offered few part-time jobs and inadequate night-school facilities.

Family help is always handy. Dee Dee's mother and sister fit a maternity dress.

"Anyway," says John, "the University of Georgia is no place for a married man. There's too much fraternity life. The brothers would be dropping in all the time, and I'd want to be going over to the house; it would take up too much time."

So the couple decided to live in Atlanta, work during the day and go to school at night. John transferred to Georgia State and took a full-time job as a clerk in the cashier's department at Gulf Oil. Dee Dee easily obtained a full-time job as assistant to the junior fashion coordinator at Rich's, where she was remembered for her sense of responsibility and initiative, and she enrolled at night school to complete the credits for graduation.

While looking for an apartment they could afford, they moved in first with Mr. and Mrs. Kortes for about two weeks and then with the Floyds for about the same time.

"When we were living with John's parents," Dee Dee recalls, "we had to sleep on a folding bed in the living room and keep our clothes in one of the bedrooms. The way things had worked out with our job schedules, we never got up at quite the same time and even though we had been married about two months, we had never actually gotten dressed together. One morning, I was standing in front of the bedroom closet in my underclothes trying to decide what to wear when suddenly John walked in. I just grabbed my robe up to me and blurted, '*Well*, just walk in on me next time, just walk *in*!' 'Good gosh, what do you expect me to do?' he said. 'You *are* my wife!' He sounded so surprised. And then we both looked at each other and just burst out laughing."

By April the Korteses had moved into a modest but comfortable three-room apartment. It cost $100 a month, including air conditioner and dishwasher. And, above all, it was all their own. They furnished it with hand-me-downs from both sets of parents.

John recalls putting up the drapes in the bedroom: "I unscrewed the rods and reset them, and then rehung the drapes so they went all the way across and I thought everything was regulated."

"Oh, please let me tell this," says Dee Dee, interrupting with a laugh.

John nods indulgently.

"What was so funny," Dee Dee continues, "was that he was so dramatic about it. I had been after him for two or three weeks to fix the drapes. I was in the kitchen one Sunday afternoon and he closed the door to the bedroom and wouldn't let me come in. Then he comes in, head high, the conquering hero, and he says, 'Come see it!' And I said, 'Did you fix them?' He said, 'Just come see.' So we go into the bedroom and he gives his big flourish like a Loretta Young opening and he pulls the cord, and only one side of the drapes opens. Then he pulls the other cord, and that side shuts while the other side opens. They just kept going back and forth. And I laughed hysterically."

All the time, without realizing it, the couple was working to break the ties that still bound them to their parents. Mrs. Floyd lived nearby, and it was easy for Dee Dee to drop in—or telephone. "Every two seconds, no matter what she was doing, she had to call her mother," John recalls. "She spent ninety percent of her time on the phone, getting recipes and advice. Boy, that used to make me mad. I wanted her to try things on her own. And she'd tell her mother everything. Finally I said to her, '*When are you going to cut the apron strings?*'"

Dee Dee admits that she resented his accusation at first, but she knew John was right. "Mother is very possessive of me, and it made her feel good when I called to ask her things," she reflects. "But I'm John's wife. I'm still my mother's daughter, but my first thoughts are always of John. That's quite a change," she adds quietly, "even though you're very much in love with someone."

Not every teen-age bride is able to accept her husband's criticism and analyze such a situation.

John, too, had difficulty in making the transition to his new independence. His family was of Finnish extraction (the Korteses moved to Atlanta from Minnesota when John was 10), so he wasn't used to "Southern-style" cooking. He would follow his wife around the kitchen and say about everything, "Mother didn't fix it that way."

"One day," says Dee Dee, remembering the tense moment when she had had enough, "I slammed everything down and said, '*I'm not your mother!*' and that seemed to cure him."

Having been brought up in a comfortable home with a maid, Dee Dee was forced to take ironing lessons from her husband. "She still can't press a pair of pants, and they're the easiest thing!" he says.

Unlike most teen newlyweds, both had worked part time and learned a little about managing money. At first John was earning $300 a month, and Dee Dee about $240; their take-home pay was about $438. They set up a household budget that at first seemed realistic and sensible—as long as both of them continued to work.

Dee Dee kept food expenses to $45 a month, not including lunches. She learned to compare prices, and baked beans became a staple. "Dee Dee has about a hundred different ways she can fix canned beans so they taste really great," John claims loyally. The carefully planned budget allowed $10.65 a month for electricity and telephone, $5 for a $1,000 endowment insurance policy and $10.50 for payments on a stereo set.

They were driving a '61 Comet, which John's parents had given them as a wedding gift, but the car needed repairs and they decided to trade it in. They had planned to replace it with a '60 or '61 model, but they couldn't find one they liked. Besides, summertime was approaching, and both Dee Dee and John had always wanted a convertible. So they bought a white 1963 Chevrolet Impala Super Sport convertible for $3,100 (including interest payments).

"We just fell in love with it," says John. "We decided on it in about five minutes."

This single impulse burst upon their budget like an A-bomb. Now there were monthly car payments of $85.05, plus $25 for gas and $15.81 for insurance. With medical bills, money for clothing, entertainment, household items, gifts and other incidentals, their budget allowed no category called "savings." By early this year they were juggling bills like acrobats, but they were shopping for baked beans in a $3,100 convertible.

The couple's first Christmas together was another financial extravaganza. They had managed to save $130 to spend on presents, but by November Dee Dee had spent the money on John and their parents, and she kept spending part of each paycheck from Rich's (*continued*)

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n additional gifts for John. John had no money to spend on Dee Dee, since every bit of his earnings had to pay for bills. So, in addition to his regular job and night classes, he got a part-time selling job in Rich's men's-wear department each Saturday from Thanksgiving until Christmas, and spent every penny he earned, about $200, on gifts for Dee Dee.

The couple's presents for each other, placed under a ceiling-high Christmas tree, took up half of the living-room floor. Dee Dee had bought John, among other things, a sport coat and four sweaters, John gave Dee Dee a strand of pearls, pearl earrings, lizard shoes, three sweaters, a hostess robe, a nightgown and peignoir and, says Dee Dee, "more than I can remember."

"I just wanted to see her smile and be so happy—and she was," says John. "It was the happiest morning—you should have seen her face when she was opening those pearls." Dee Dee says, "It was our first Christmas together, and we wanted it to be one we'd remember."

Conscious that time was as scarce a commodity as money, Dee Dee kept urging her husband not to leave his school-work for the last minute. John finally got furious about what he considered her incessant nagging. "'When are you going to study this? When are you going to study that? It got so she just about told me to take a book and study when I was going in for a shower," he says. "I finally told her flat one night that the more she kept nagging me the less I'd study!" The ultimatum was enough.

"John doesn't get mad very often, and when he does, it never lasts for long," Dee Dee says. "But I did decide that I had to leave some things up to him."

John had been a Lutheran and Dee Dee a Southern Baptist. Both were deeply convinced of the importance of worshiping together in order to keep a marriage unified. Even before they eloped, they visited each other's church many times and discussed their feeling that denomination was less important than the sincerity of belief in God. Finally, John decided to convert. They attend church regularly, and both place great importance on the strength and unity that their religion brings to their marriage.

Another important milestone came in the spring of 1964, when Dee Dee completed high school and received diplomas from night school and Headland High. "Normally you associate getting married so young with people who would be school dropouts anyway," says Paul R. Lewis, principal of Headland. "Dee Dee was a good student, and we were all disappointed at her stopping her education so early. But she quickly made up for it. I guess everyone's proud of her."

The married "double date" fulfills an important role in the life of fledgling couples. "After you break with your family," says Randy Green, "you need close ties with people who are your contemporaries and in the same situation. You talk about things you don't discuss with single people. And a lot of your old friends don't understand that you have to give up doing some things because you haven't the money or the time."

The Greens also married when they were teen-agers and kept their wedding a secret for seven months while Marty (Mrs. Green) finished high school. Randy, like John, is still at school (John wants to be a C.P.A., and Randy plans to be a minister).

Currently, the Korteses are again living with John's parents to save money for a down payment on a house. John's father suggested the move, which had become compelling because Dee Dee was pregnant. Her baby is due in mid-August, and John says, "We had to get a jump on things and save the money we'll need."

"I backed away from the idea at first," Dee Dee admits. "It's not that I don't love my in-laws, but I hated to give up my own home. But John and I do so want to have our own house."

Although John now earns $388 a month as a purchasing clerk for the Pittsburgh Plate Glass Co., the couple's extra medical bills, plus the fact that Dee Dee gave up her job, had left them no acceptable alternative. The Floyds offered to make the down payment on a house, but once again John and Dee Dee declined. "We're paying my mother and father for groceries and all our other expenses," says John, "so I don't think we're freeloading."

Originally, the Korteses were not going to have children until John finished school. But Dee Dee wanted her own baby very badly. If their decision is another example of youthful unwillingness to wait, it is perhaps also a sign of their faith in the future. "John was actually the one who mentioned it, because he knew how I felt," says Dee Dee. "We can look at each other and tell so much about what the other is thinking without exchanging one word. Anyway, John said he thought we could work it out financially. And, as of now, we plan to have four children!" Thinking back to her elopement and the moment she stood before the justice of the peace, Dee Dee says, "My only thought was, 'This is forever!'" And there can be little doubt that her sense of commitment to her marriage is deeply rooted.

"We always tried to teach Dee Dee that the important things in life are love and religion and working for what you want," says Mrs. Floyd. "We took the children to church and Sunday school, we didn't just send them. We always told them that the main thing in a marriage is to let things be *ours*, not mine or his."

Happily, John's upbringing was much the same, and the responsibility of marriage has helped both of them to mature faster. "The only way John has changed is that he's more thoughtful," Dee Dee says. "Since I've been pregnant, he does little things for me all the time before I even ask. And he's so patient with me when I'm nervous."

John, on the other hand, sometimes thinks that Dee Dee is *too* responsible. "She's so money-conscious now it makes me mad. She doesn't like to go out and have fun, because she doesn't want to spend the money. But I can sometimes talk her into it."

What if Dee Dee had to live the last two years over again? She would make but a single change. "We wouldn't buy that blooming car!" she says. "That was wrong. We should have kept the one we had; repairs would have been a lot cheaper than our new car. It was part of the little kid in both of us." But she has never felt that she missed anything by marrying so young. "I dated a lot of people and had a lot of fun, but I met John, and John was my love. I'll have my own home and my family—and my husband."

John looks at Dee Dee and says, thoughtfully, "A lot of people don't think you should get married young. They say, 'Don't get married; have fun, enjoy yourself.' But I *enjoy us*." He pauses. "I guess I was just cut out to be married."

"To me," says Dee Dee. ■

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MOTHER OF THE BRIDE

continued from page 57

then self-consciously *profundo*. They wore the uniforms of J. Press, incessantly called my husband Sir, and commanded vehicles ranging from foreign motorcycles to baby sports cars.

Absentmindedly, I suppose, as prep-school heroes gave way to world-weary college seniors, I must have considered some of them son-in-law material. But because any candidate who visited us more than once or twice was always enthusiastically described by her as the cleverest, handsomest, most talented fellow of his generation, my guard remained down. Even when a dark-haired stranger a little older than the others—one about whom she talked surprisingly little—appeared quietly at Christmas and came again during spring vacation, I suspected nothing. Certainly he seemed the least eligible of the lot, having just received a grant from his graduate school for a year's study abroad, and one intended to support only a bachelor. So I was taken unarmored when her phone call came (collect, as usual, and at seven in the morning) just before commencement.

"Darlings! News! Richard and I are going to get married in August and rush straight to Europe."

And there you are, caught up in a current too powerful easily to navigate with your customary oars. So there was a ring on her finger for graduation, an announcement in the papers, and three months for me in which to arrange a wedding and learn what it was like having an engaged girl under our roof.

Her behavior was part of the astonishment, and mothers of other brides-to-be ought to be warned. Watch out for storm signals. Perhaps some girls match their mythical image of rosy delight and angelic good temper. It is possible a few fortunate mothers and daughters float hand in hand through this interval, busy of course, but involved in a warm and fireside intimacy. I think the contrary is more normal. I can't recall just what romantic picture I had summoned up, but I am sure it involved midnight confidences, advice given and joyously received, happiness palpable in the air as smog in California. Whatever the expectation, I quickly banished it. This had always been an openhearted girl, biddable and merry. What she turned into suddenly was a changeling, part child, part executive, with a touch of vixen. There were no open quarrels. There were no hysterics. But communication, except on the innumerable details of the wedding ceremony, became difficult.

Love is not always a soothing experience. She needed an emotional outlet, a scapegoat for all deficiencies. And with Richard a continent away, studying for his law-board examination, I became resident victim. (Wise mothers should see to it that their sons-in-law-to-be stay in the vicinity.)

That she had worries was indubitable. They were not classic ones. About marriage itself she had no misgivings at all. Richard was perfection; the wedding pageant she looked forward to. Not even the thought of living penuriously in foreign pensions and furnished flats for a year gave her a moment's concern. But there was Richard's absence to nag at her, and at a dollar for every three minutes you can't spend all the time on the telephone talking to your beloved. At that, she spent enough of it. For what I learned about the young that summer was that they have forgotten how to write letters, even love letters. The bride-to-be was conscientious about acknowledging the gifts that began pouring in. She assiduously addressed invitations and announcements. But to her young man went not a romantic word. Every decision was made, every consolation offered, along the wires. They talked at interminable length about their silver pattern. They chatted about the world, the weather, themselves. And since all of the conversation went on after midnight, when it was nine o'clock on the West Coast and rates economical, none of us had an uninterrupted night's sleep all summer.

Yet the *absence* she could have borne. Time would mend it. The persistent fly in all ointment was her *curly hair*. That was an incurable disease, and one for which, since I was her progenitrix, she held me accountable.

Mothers have to learn to take such laments in their stride and accept their role as culprit. Whatever the girl bewails—a tendency to freckles, a drawing room too small for the reception, refractory ushers, an inclement season—each one is her mother's fault. I am as patient as most women, and accepted the blame. But I must say I found this matter of curls difficult to understand. Evidently it is an affliction indigenous to the present generation.

When I was growing up, the ringleted girl was the belle, the lucky Sunday Child whom we envied. She was Fortune's favorite, forever well groomed and popular, walking her ways serene in the knowledge no untidy strand was straggling down her neck. Nowadays, not to have hair capable of flowing sleekly to the shoulders or of being teased up at night into eccentric pyramids, is worse than being born with a squint. If, therefore, weather turned humid for the wedding (that spectacle of which she was to be star), all would be ruin.

"My darling child," I remonstrated. "You'll be wearing a veil. Nobody will notice your hair."

"*I'll* notice," she would prophesy darkly. "I'll have kinks! If it rains one drop, I'll look as if I had on a fright wig."

While local farmers begged for a downpour, we were forced to storm heaven with petitions for a drought. So, as the summer crept damply on, we began to tiptoe around the house when she was in it like people being wary in a fireworks factory. Anything could set off an explosion.

Fortunately we had personal worries to occupy us. Her father had his hands full coaxing the garden into bloom and re-laying the stones in the patio. I brooded over one great problem that I conjured up: her *luggage*.

For this daughter owned an uninherited defect. She lost things. She left suitcases in stations, her purse in trains, keys in other people's cars. Single gloves from pairs multiplied in her dresser drawers, and unmatched shoes in her closet. She mislaid bicycles, sweaters, traveler's checks, library cards and invitations. So, unless her young husband was made of sterner stuff than most lads his age and station, I feared for the success of their European jaunt. Witless with love, might they not both forget their tickets, miss trains and ships, depart for distant countries without passports or money?

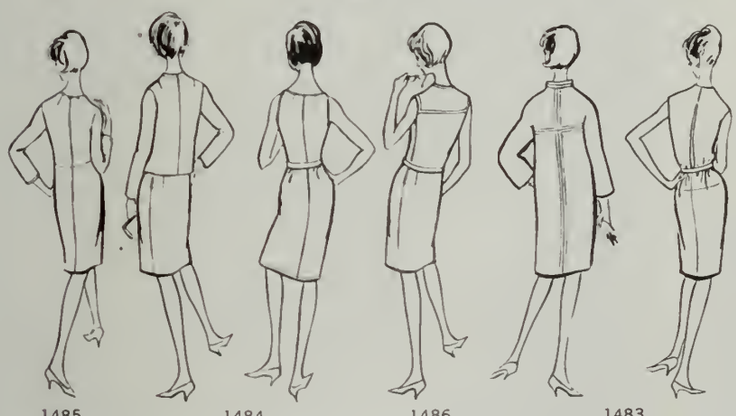
"What she needs isn't a husband—it's a porter," I would mutter to myself as I rescued her handbag from behind the laundry hamper or discovered her engagement ring under the dressing table in her room.

It was as good an obsession as any, I expect, to keep my mind from being unhinged by frustrated attempts to plan the wedding in my own fashion.

For that was something she did smoothly for herself. I would see her happily eating enormous breakfasts at eleven o'clock on July mornings, touchingly young and vulnerable. Then I would find her an hour later with her files and her ledgers and her lists, jotting down plans as efficiently as if she ran the Bridal Shoppe in some (*continued*)

Vogue Pattern Backviews

see pages 78-81



1485 1484 1486 1483

VOGUE PARIS ORIGINAL 1485 Dress designed by Dior. 10–18. $3; in Canada. $3.10. Dress requires 2½ yds. of 45-in. fabric or 3½ yds. of 36-in. fabric without nap, size 14. If you use 36-in. fabric, cut pattern through center of side dart to hem to make a side seam. Be sure to allow for seam allowance on each side.

VOGUE PARIS ORIGINAL 1484 Jacket, dress designed by Dior, 10–18, $3.50; in Canada $3.65. Outfit requires 5½ yds. of 36-in. fabric without nap.

VOGUE PARIS ORIGINAL 1486 Dress designed by Nina Ricci, 10–18, $3; in Canada, $3.10. Dress requires 3¼ yds of 36-in. fabric without nap, size 14.

VOGUE PARIS ORIGINAL 1483 Coat and dress designed by Guy Laroche, 10–18, $3.50; in Canada, $3.65. Dress requires 3⅜ yds. of 36-inch fabric without nap, size 14. Coat requires 4⅜ yds. of 36-inch fabric without nap, size 14.

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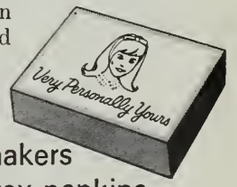

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department store. Nor, oddly, did she lose a single notation. Where she had acquired all that knowledge I have no idea. But she was certain to the final ribbon on the bouquet and the cut of the ushers' coats exactly what sort of ceremony she required. My suggestions were redundant. She designed her own gown, selected her own veil, ordered the announcements, rummaged out addresses, named the music, stipulated the size of the tent and the number of musicians in the orchestra, talked to the organist and admonished the caterer. Only in the latter department did the executive yield to the child. She persuaded that formidable personage to make her cake chocolate underneath its chaste white icing.

My duties consisted chiefly in tagging along to shops with a checkbook or confirming her surmise that our tiny country church wouldn't hold a multitude of people and that, yes, five bridesmaids *would* crowd the aisles. Or else of dutifully mending and packing and putting envelopes into other envelopes.

There was also the matter of finding a frock for myself that wasn't designed for a smaller and more bosomy woman than I. (Couturieres, I have decided, expect all mothers of brides to be no more than five feet tall, short-waisted and devoted to pastel cocktail dresses with sequined jackets.) I also worried about the ushers. I hoped their ranks included some hearty, football types with thick necks. At too many weddings I had stared at the reedlike napes of youth only half-filling their stiff collars and found it both ludicrous and pathetic.

Moreover, I was kept knee-deep in kitchen clutter. For, mark this, mothers of engaged girls: One thing you can count on, before, after and during the simplest wedding, is company to nourish.

They spring up like mushrooms in lawns, descend like bluejays to feeding stations. They come for breakfast, drop in for lunch, linger for dinner, require sandwiches at 11 P.M., and often stay the night. They are friends bearing gifts or relatives panting for a peek at the trousseau. Most often, though, they are feckless comrades of the bride, insouciant as birds and, like birds, quartering wherever they happen to alight—chiefly, I decided that season, in our small guest room. I even fed and lodged the girl's onetime beaux, the wistful or the merely inquisitive. It was a symptom of her distraction that she, who was by nature both generous and considerate, made no apologies for such assaults, and gave only haphazard help. Richard's mother, on the other hand, reported to me how wonderfully domestic was her prospective daughter-in-law, how eagerly she lent a hand around *that* kitchen.

Wrestling with my baser nature, I banished jealousy, and concentrated on the tasks at my doorstep. I supervised the packing up of crates and the sending off of trunks. I answered the phone, slept where and as often as I could, sewed on snap fasteners, and held my peace when the curly hair was mentioned in conversation. And, miraculously, everything that needed to be done got done. Richard returned alive from Western wilds. The bridesmaids stayed in good health, and the bride and I more or less on speaking terms. Over the weather I had no control. It rained for the spinster's tea and showered with the showers. On the day the final photograph was taken, it rained so determinedly that the disgruntled sitter was only restrained from tearing up resulting proofs by the combined efforts of the family. It even sprinkled a little at the rehearsal dinner. But no skies fell. With Richard by her side, the girl's good temper emerged again. And presently it was the morning of the wedding. I woke early. But something woke with me—a fit of depression as black as it was unexpected.

I come now to the heart of this cautionary sermon.

Marriages, like births, are emotional affairs, draining emotional resources. Expectant mothers know these odd moments of pure panic when the tides in which they have been blissfully swimming suddenly engulf them. So do expectant mothers-in-law. No matter how agreeable the circumstances or auspicious the omens, dark waters close over their heads. If they are lucky, the moment will be *only* a moment and will come early in the journey, leaving them strong when they are in sight of shore. My own timing could not have been worse.

Optimistic as a cricket through all the trials and crises of the waiting period, here was I on the very threshold of the wedding, drowning in desolation. And for no reasonable cause. True, I told myself, I was tired. I had been prop and mainstay of the household, their very present help in time of trouble for 10 difficult weeks. But even props can be battered down. True, also, I was in a more actual sense than is common losing my daughter—to a perfectly splendid young man, but one I scarcely knew. (There would be that year abroad, and after that the permanent home 3,000 miles away.) And although I despise self-pitying parents, I ached with deprivation. For 21 years it had been my peculiar pleasure to nurse her through teething, chicken pox and adolescence; to shorten her hems, lend her advice she sometimes followed, praise her triumphs, console her disappointments and correct her spelling. My reign was now forever at an end.

Stonily, I opened the curtains and looked out at the sky beyond the treetops. If anything could have dissolved my mood of ice and granite, it would have been the sight of that benevolent blue air. Here was the finest day of the summer, fresh, sweet and gleaming. But not even the sound of the bride's voice soaring in song, not even her shout of "Isn't it heavenly? My hair's going to stay straight!" could dislodge me from the dark coverts where my spirit hid.

Nobody, fortunately, noticed me. Too much was going on. By nine o'clock the florist's men were encamped, wreathing greens about tent poles, decorating orchestra stand and tables. The cake arrived, sumptuous as the Taj Mahal. There was champagne to set cooling, bathrooms to tidy, telegrams to take in at the door and the insistent phone to answer. The caterer called to say everything was under control and we could expect her little army by the hour specified. For once the gods of chance and of the weather seem smiling on us.

At least it's going to be a good party, I thought drearily. All *that* takes is money.

They tell me we ate breakfast and pieced out an early lunch under my supervision. I do not remember. I watched events as if they were passing on a flickering screen. Dimly I noted an accumulation of people swarming in, with Richard's family among them. I lent safety pins to bridesmaids and pressed out a fancied wrinkle in the bride's train, but automatically. Against protocol, the bridegroom himself came in to embrace his fiancée, and I failed to protest. My husband, having solved the logistics of parking and given a last garnish to garden and patio, was shrugging into his festive uniform as nonchalantly as if he had married off 20 daughters. Then I was myself getting dressed—pulling on new gloves, adjusting my hat, fastening orchids to my purse. (I refuse all shoulder decorations on principle, and saw no reason to change my habits then.)

Things after that grew even vaguer. We were getting into rented cars, disembarking at the church. Somehow I was sitting straight in our flower-hung pew, watching a white carpet unroll down the aisle. We had stipulated Bach and Handel for the organ, but it might as well have played *Tiger Rag* for all I knew. Then a pretty girl was approaching the altar on her father's arm, but she seemed scarcely relative of mine. There was no catch in my throat for Richard's firm responses and the girl's faint voice; no tear for the priest's gentle homily. Absently, I remarked to myself that the ushers' necks were adequate to their collars, and that was a mysterious source of gratification. I noticed also that the bride's hair under her lifted veil, as she returned up the aisle, looked sleek and innocent of curl. But it was half-hearted recognition.

I understand I made a pleasant enough hostess at the reception, greeting friends and strangers as if I were made of flesh and blood instead of stone. I have even seen pictures that show me waltzing on that expensive dance floor with my son-in-law and my husband, so my feet must have carried me about. Faintly I heard a popping of corks, music, conversation. People were exclaiming about the remarkable weather, and my subconscious made me aware that nothing was going amiss by so much as a spilled canapé.

"All this time I've been calling you Tommy . . ."

There were toasts. There was laughter. The ebullient young were kicking off their shoes and stamping delightedly through contemporary dances, sure sign of a successful affair. Then the sun was lowering in the sky, and I wondered mistily if it were not time for bride and groom to leave their revels and depart. And by and by the cake did get cut, the bouquet thrown (cleverly, to the maid of honor), and after a while I was upstairs with the newly married girl and the twittering maids, helping to lay aside the white dress. Yet even then the ice had not wholly melted, not even when I felt her arms vehemently about me as, vixen forever exorcised, she cried softly over and over, "Mommy, darling Mommy. Thank you for the most wonderful wedding in the world."

We were outdoors again on the front lawn with paper rose petals drifting onto the immaculate grass. In the driveway panted the red car that would fetch them to the airport. Richard himself was hugging me, not awkwardly but with manly assurance. I struggled with my frozen mind. There was something I had to tell him, something vital I had forgotten to say. Was it advice? A warning? Did it have to do with—yes, the *luggage*. That was it. What had happened to it, by the way? I must remind him that this brand-new wife of his needed a guardian to look after her traps, that they would never reach England intact.

Then I heard his voice, affectionate but firm, and addressed to the girl. "Come on, woman. Stop dawdling. We've a plane to catch."

I looked at him for the first time that day with unblurred eyes. How grown up he was. But why did he seem so burdened down with accouterments? Was that his wife's purse tucked under, her coats laid neatly over, his good right arm? They were. That was her embroidered handkerchief he held. Those were her gloves stuffed into his pocket. Tidily in the car sat her bags, placed there by him and guarded by his adult concern. The *luggage* was safe. And so, I knew at last, was she.

"Good-bye!" I called happily as the red car whisked down the road. "Take good care of each other."

Then I turned to my husband, who had come to stand beside me. "Hasn't it all been marvelous?" I cried out to him. "What a day and what a wedding! Those two children—they're bound to have a good life. And, you know, I just thought of something. We haven't lost a daughter. We've gained a redcap." ■

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Mrs. Konzet recently participated in a clinical study for new Dove-for-Dishes. Here are *her* findings.

"My hands were red before I used this brand. I noticed that, after the first week's use, my hands were smoother. The scaliness was beginning to disappear. And finally, it was completely gone and my hands were normal again.

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Sweet and Cool

"Chill until firm" are words that herald the cool, refreshing desserts of summer. Leading off with the classic Crème Brûlée, here is a rich assortment of warm-weather desserts, all from the *Ladies' Home Journal Dessert Cookbook*.

CRÈME BRÛLÉE

4 egg yolks
2 cups heavy cream
Pinch salt
1 tsp. vanilla
½ cup brown sugar

Beat the egg yolks until lemon-colored. Heat the cream to boiling point and simmer 1 minute. Pour slowly over the egg yolks, stirring constantly. Return to heat and cook over water, stirring constantly, until just thickened. Add salt and vanilla. Pour into an 8-inch shallow ovenproof casserole, cover, and chill for 5–6 hours, or preferably overnight. Half an hour to an hour before serving, sift the brown sugar and sprinkle evenly ¼ inch deep over the custard. Work quickly so that the sugar remains on top. Place immediately under broiler, 6 inches away from high heat. Broil until the sugar melts. When sugar has melted evenly, remove at once. Leave oven door open and watch carefully; the sugar should melt quickly and bubble a little but not burn. You may put casserole in a pan of ice water or on cracked ice; however, if you work quickly and the sugar melts fast, you should have no difficulty keeping the crème cool and firm so that the sugar crust stays on top. Refrigerate until the crust hardens. Serves 6.

RICH ALMOND CREAM

4 envelopes unflavored gelatin
2 qts. light cream
1⅓ cups sugar
2 cups light corn syrup
1 tsp. salt
2 tsp. almond flavoring
4 cups blanched almonds
Whipped cream (garnish)
Candied cherries (garnish)

Mix the gelatin with the cream. Add sugar and scald. Add the corn syrup, salt and almond flavoring. Refrigerate until mixture begins to thicken. Then add the almonds, chopped fine. Pour into a steeple mold, if you have one, or any 4-qt. mold or two 2-qt. molds, and chill until firm. Unmold by dipping in warm water and turn out on a serving plate. Garnish with whipped cream and bits of candied cherries if you wish. Serves 12–15.

MAPLE SPONGE PUDDING

2 envelopes plus 1 tsp. unflavored gelatin
2 cups maple syrup
6 egg whites
1 cup crumbled macaroons
Whipped cream (garnish)
Grated maple sugar (garnish)

Mix the gelatin with ½ cup cold water. Boil the maple syrup 3 minutes. Add the gelatin and stir until dissolved. Chill until it begins to thicken. Meanwhile, beat the egg whites until a soft peak forms. Beat the gelatin mixture with a rotary beater about 3 minutes, until frothy. Fold in the egg whites, add the macaroon crumbs, and blend well. Spoon into a 2-qt. ring mold, making sure that no air bubbles form. If any pudding is left over, put into custard cups. Chill. To serve, unmold on a platter. Fill the center with whipped cream and garnish with grated maple sugar. Have the maple sugar cold and use a coarse grater. Decorate edges of platter with mounds of whipped cream and grated maple sugar if you wish. Serves 8.

ORANGE-APRICOT GELATIN MOLD

4½ cups orange juice
⅓ cup sugar
3 envelopes unflavored gelatin
1¼ cups apricot nectar
Almond flavoring
2 egg whites
Drained pears, peaches and/or apricots (pitted); seeded grapes; thawed or fresh berries

Heat 1 cup orange juice with the sugar and the gelatin in a saucepan. Stir until gelatin is dissolved. Add remaining orange juice and the apricot nectar. Add a few drops of almond flavoring. Chill until syrupy. Whip the egg whites until frothy and stir into the juices. Pour into a 1½-qt. mold. Chill until firm, 5–6 hours or overnight. When ready to serve, unmold onto a serving dish and surround with the fruits of your choice. Serves 6.

COCONUT BAVARIAN WITH FRUIT

1½ envelopes unflavored gelatin
1¾ cups milk
½ cup sugar
Pinch salt
½ tsp. almond flavoring
1 cup flaked coconut
1 cup heavy cream
Berries or peaches

Mix the gelatin with the milk; stir and heat to dissolve. Add the sugar, salt, almond flavoring and flaked coconut. Cool until it begins to thicken. Whip the cream until a soft peak forms. Fold the cream into the coconut mixture. Spoon into a 1-qt. mold and chill overnight. Turn out and serve with sugared fruit. Serves 6.

MAPLE-ALMOND BAVARIAN

6 tbsp. sugar
1 cup maple syrup
3 egg whites
1½ cups heavy cream
1 tsp. grated orange rind
1½ envelopes unflavored gelatin
¾ cup toasted blanched almonds, chopped fine
Toasted slivered almonds (garnish)
Orange sections (garnish)

Mix the sugar, maple syrup and ½ cup water together. Cook to soft-ball stage (235° F.). Beat the egg whites until a soft peak forms. Pour the hot syrup gradually over the egg whites, beating constantly as syrup is added. Cool. Whip the cream, and flavor with orange rind. Fold into the egg-white mixture. Mix the gelatin with 6 tbsp. water and heat until gelatin is dissolved. Cool to lukewarm and pour gradually into the maple cream. Fold together until mixed evenly. Stir in the chopped almonds and turn into a 1½-qt. mold. Chill until firm. To serve, turn out on a platter and garnish with slivered almonds and orange sections. Serves 8.

BUTTERSCOTCH BAVARIAN

1¾ cups light brown sugar
6 tbsp. butter or margarine
2 envelopes plus 1 tsp. unflavored gelatin
1 qt. milk
1 cup heavy cream (optional)
½ cup coarsely chopped toasted walnuts (optional)

Put the sugar and butter or margarine in a heavy saucepan and cook over low heat, stirring constantly. When butter or margarine has melted, turn heat up a little and watch carefully; it should not darken. Cook about 8 minutes. Put the gelatin in the milk; then heat and stir until the gelatin is dissolved. Add milk to the butterscotch and stir until the sugar is completely melted. Cool until it begins to thicken and beat with a rotary beater for about 5 minutes, until fluffy. If you wish, fold in the cream, whipped; this makes a smooth, rich mixture, but is not necessary. Transfer to the bowl in which it will be served and chill. Sprinkle with walnuts if you wish. Serves 6. This dessert can be used as a filling in a baked pie shell or tarts. If you use it as a filling, be sure to spread it before it sets.

COFFEE-RUM DESSERT

1 cup heavy cream
1 tbsp. instant coffee
1 tbsp. rum
6 tbsp. confectioners' sugar
2 cups gingersnap and chocolate-wafer crumbs

Whip the cream and fold in the instant coffee, rum and sifted sugar. Layer into parfait or dessert dishes with a mixture of gingersnap and chocolate-wafer crumbs. Chill. Serves 4–6.

CHERRY WHIP

1 (1-lb.) can pitted tart red cherries
2 tsp. unflavored gelatin
½ cup sugar
2 egg whites
Pinch salt

Heat the cherries to boiling point in a saucepan. Meanwhile, soften the gelatin in ¼ cup cold water. Add the sugar to cherries and stir until dissolved. Remove from heat. Drain, reserving the juice. Dissolve the gelatin in the hot juice. Chill until thickened. Beat the egg whites and salt until a soft peak forms, and fold with the cherries into the thickened juice mixture. Pour into dishes. Chill. Serves 4.

ORANGE FLUFF

3 cups milk
6 tbsp. sugar
3 tbsp. cornstarch
1 tbsp. grated orange rind
3 eggs
1 tsp. butter or margarine
½ tsp. salt
½ tsp. vanilla
2 seedless oranges (garnish)

Scald the milk in a double boiler. Mix ¼ cup sugar and the cornstarch together, add the grated orange rind, and mix in the egg yolks. Stir in ⅓ cup of the scalded milk and add sugar mixture to the remaining hot milk. Cook about 10 minutes, stirring constantly, until smooth and thickened. Add the butter or margarine, salt and vanilla. Cool in a pan of cold water. Peel and section the oranges and chill. When the custard has cooled, add 2 tbsp. sugar to the egg whites and beat until a soft peak forms. Gently fold into the custard and spoon into a serving bowl. Chill 1 hour. Garnish with orange sections. Serves 8.

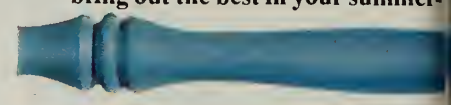
LEMON CHIFFON RING

4 tsp. unflavored gelatin
1 cup sugar
⅔ cup lemon juice
Pinch salt
6 eggs
2 tbsp. grated lemon rind
Seedless grapes
Fresh strawberries or other fruit
Whipped cream (optional)
Chopped mint (optional)

Mix the gelatin with ½ cup cold water. Meanwhile, mix ⅔ cup sugar with the lemon juice. Add the salt to the egg yolks and beat until thick and light. Add the lemon-juice mixture to the egg yolks, stirring constantly. Cook in a double boiler until mixture coats a spoon. Remove from heat, add the gelatin, and stir until dissolved. Add the grated lemon rind. Chill until it begins to thicken. Beat the egg whites until a soft peak forms and add remaining sugar a tbsp. at a time, beating well after each addition. Fold into the gelatin mixture. Pour into a 2-qt. ring mold and chill until set. Unmold and fill the center with grapes and fresh strawberries or your favorite fruits. The ring may be frosted with whipped cream and garnished with mint if you wish. Serves 6–8. ■

from 1 ja

One potato, two potato, three potato, four! Four marvelous, new potato salads from Best Foods to bring out the best in your summer-



time meals. Chilly, frilly, fancy potato salads, brought to a peak of flavor with the light, delicate taste and full-bodied texture of Best Foods Real Mayonnaise! This summer, make your potato salads stand out from all the rest. Make 'em fancy with Best Foods ...and bring out their best!

POTATO TOMATO SALAD

2-1/2 cups diced, cooked potatoes
1/4 cup chopped celery
1/4 cup julienne cheese strips
1/4 cup chili sauce
4 slices bacon, cooked and crumbled
1 teaspoon finely chopped onion
1/2 cup BEST FOODS® Real Mayonnaise

Combine ingredients. Chill. Makes 3 servings.

MASHED POTATO SALAD

1 pound potatoes, cooked and mashed
1/2 cup diced celery
1/4 cup finely chopped onion
1 tablespoon prepared mustard
1 tablespoon chopped radish
1 tablespoon chopped parsley
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/4 cup BEST FOODS Real Mayonnaise

Blend ingredients. Press into individual molds. Chill. Unmold and garnish with additional Real Mayonnaise. Makes 3 to 4 servings.

FRANKFURTER POTATO SALA

2-1/2 cups diced, cooked potatoes
2 tablespoons vinegar
1 tablespoon prepared mustard
1/2 teaspoon salt
Dash pepper
3 frankfurters, sliced
1/2 cup diced Cheddar cheese
1/2 cup chopped celery
1 hard cooked egg, chopped
2 tablespoons chopped FANNIN(Bread and Butter® pickles
1/2 cup BEST FOODS Real Mayonnaise

Combine ingredients. Chill. Makes 4 servings.

FRUIT POTATO SALAD

2-1/2 cups diced, cooked potatoes
1 (8-3/4 ounce) can pineapple tidbits, drained
1/3 cup green grapes
1/4 cup coarsely chopped nuts
1/2 teaspoon dried mint, crushed
3/4 cup BEST FOODS Real Mayonnaise

Combine ingredients. Chill. Makes 3 servings.

# of Best Foods...a new world of Potato Salads

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Thumbs Up/Thumbs Down!

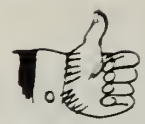
SOME CANDID VIEWS—OFF OUR MINDS AND ON THE RECORD

Thumbs down on the new "op art" fashions and makeup. "Op" (which came after Pop) is the latest "In" art movement. Its busy geometric patterns—stripes and checks and dots—are designed to dazzle the eye and leave the spectator reeling. It's OK on walls, but on *women?*

Thumbs up for mothers trying to master the new math! With some 30 million pupils now making the transition from traditional mathematics to "the new math," Mom's memory is little help. The new mathematics has a new vocabulary, stresses basic concepts such as "sets"—collections of objects or terms. Keeping up with the younger set means keeping up with other "sets" as well. But help is in sight. This spring, the Encyclopaedia Britannica launched an eight-week project in Iowa to explain this puzzling new teaching. If successful, it may be the start of nationwide courses for parents. Meanwhile, several books have been published for parents: *A Parent's Guide to the New Mathematics* by Evelyn Sharp; *Understanding the New Mathematics* by Evelyn B. Rosenthal; *The New Mathematics Dictionary and Handbook* by Robert W. Marks; and *The New Mathematics for Parents* by Ralph Heimer and Miriam Newman. So, while students will soon be enjoying summer vacations, millions of mothers will be doing homework. Thumbs up—and good luck to them all.

Thumbs down on toy manufacturers who package multipart games in flimsy fall-apart boxes. Have the presidents of these companies ever tried to sort and store a thousand loose parts after the original box has disintegrated? One mother we know solves the problem by covering cartons with contact paper and taping a sample part on the outside of each.

Thumbs down on Swiss men: They still haven't given their women the vote. In the federal voting this spring, it was "men only" at the polls. But not all of the Swiss women are distressed. Nearly half of a group surveyed recently expressed satisfaction with the men's making the decisions—at the polls, in any case. However, the suffrage movement among young women is gaining strength, and when the question comes up again in about three years, it seems likely that the ladies will be granted voting privileges.



Thumbs up for low heels—which have finally become fashionable, just as escalators have become spike-proof.

Thumbs down on the taste of envelope paste and the smell of cooking shrimp. You can avoid the former by not licking! Suggestions about the latter?

We wonder how the introduction of a new scented nail polish will affect the custom of hand-kissing. Will it boost the popularity of this *beau geste?* If the scent is appetizing enough, will there be a temptation to linger over milady's lovely fingertips—or even nibble a nail? We understand there is a distinct etiquette to hand-kissing. The man bows his head to the lady's hand—but his lips do not touch the woman's hand. The performance, moreover, must be completed in perfect silence. Thumbs up for hand-kissing—but if you indulge, keep your thumb down!

Thumbs up for dental researchers now working to perfect adhesive fillings, which will lessen dentists' drillings! Most materials now in use must be "locked" into cavities—which means extra drilling to make the cavity even bigger than it was. The new adhesive fillings will simply fit the cavity and stick—and do both so tightly that tooth decay as well as pain will be reduced. *And* they will be tooth-colored to boot!

Thumbs down on TV program interruptions for special news bulletins that make your heart skip until you learn that the subject isn't crucial and could have waited for a regular newscast.

Thumbs up for the University of Wisconsin, where many a young man's spring fancy may lightly turn to thoughts of the local Scientific Evaluation of Compatibility Service. Run by two male senior students, the service is described as "a cross between the old-fashioned, well-meaning fix-up and computer personality analysis." By submitting a data form, photograph and $1, applicants can have a date arranged with a hopefully compatible person of the opposite sex. On second thought, we're not sure how to point our thumb on the S.E.C.S.—but this is the first time we found out that sex is a four-letter word! ■

Now! A concentrated fruit drink that's specially made so you can mix it to your own taste ...2 to 1, 3 to 1, 4 to 1

REAL GOLD® Concentrated Fruit Drink comes from real fruit. It's made by a new Minute Maid Company method, then it's pasteurized like milk. You can mix REAL GOLD 2 to 1...3 to 1... 4 to 1—every time, fruity, fruity flavor! Try it—make today the day!

Mrs. Clark discovers REAL GOLD in the Fruit Drink Section of her store. (That's where you'll find it, too!) "Hey, Slim," she asks her favorite clerk, "what's this?" "Something new from Minute Maid Company", he says. "You mix it any way you want to." And because REAL GOLD is not frozen, it's even more convenient than frozen concentrates.

Most folks enjoy REAL GOLD mixed with three parts water. That's how Mrs. Clark now serves this new drink at their Sunday afternoon barbecues.

The Clark Family discovers Real Gold®

Mr. Clark is the school custodian, so he and his wife get up at 4 A.M. Are they sleepy! So they wake up with REAL GOLD Orange. He likes it mixed 2 to 1, she likes it mixed 3 to 1 ... they both start the day happy.

Mrs. Clark says her family's favorite REAL GOLD flavor is Orange—and Orange-Grapefruit—and Grape! When she goes shopping, she just can't miss!

At Susy's parties, Mrs. Clark now serves REAL GOLD Grape mixed 4 to 1. She saves a nickel or two and they get real fruity flavor.

11 P.M. Here's Mr. Clark in bed after enjoying REAL GOLD Grape mixed 2 to 1. Now he's dreaming about REAL GOLD Orange for breakfast, mixed 2 to 1. 2 to 1? He's in a rut.

Cool tip! Put REAL GOLD in your refrigerator as soon as you get back from the store so you always have this delicious treat ready to serve. Remember, it's made by a new Minute Maid Company method, and then it's pasteurized like milk.

Discover Fruity, Fruity Real Gold®!

REAL GOLD SALES, MINUTE MAID COMPANY, ORLANDO, FLORIDA © THE COCA-COLA COMPANY

This unretouched photo shows 3 big differences between Morton House and other pork & beans

1. The color of Morton House beans is dark and rich, because they're oven-baked, not boiled. 2. Other pork and beans have a sauce that's thin and watery. The Morton House sauce is thick. 3. The pork in most pork and beans is a chunk of fat. The Morton House pork is a thick slice of hickory smoked bacon. Morton House oven baked pork and beans taste as good right from the can as the beans you bake in your oven.

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Enclosed is the label from a can of Morton House oven-baked beans. Please send me coupon worth 25c for the purchase of my next can. Labels submitted without this offer form or by clubs or organizations will not be honored.

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Offer expires September 30, 1965. Limit one per family or address. Void wherever taxed, prohibited, restricted or license required

Beauty Signals

THE MESSAGE IS SUMMER

For a new summer face, try the sheer flattery of Evelyn Marshall's Pearly Blush Rouge. You apply it with a stubby brush on your cheekbone for highlights. It gives a shimmery sheen. Brush, $1.50; rouge, $3.50.*

The new Profile toothbrush by Pro-phy-lac-tic is pretty enough to rate a mention in a beauty column. The bristles rise in green-and-white stripes; the green bristles stimulate the gums and the white bristles give your teeth a special polish. 89c.

It's nice to know that a see-through soap with a perfectly delightful fragrance has extra-special built-in cleansing and treatment power. The new Ice-O-Derm medicated cleansing bar is packed with ingredients that can make the difference between a clear or troubled skin. For complexions of any age. Shulton, 75c.

Estée Lauder's Glow-In-The-Round is a light-textured blush-toned cream that works wonders as a finishing touch to makeup. In just one shade, it highlights your face, lending interesting contours and face color. Apply it over your foundation and powder. And an extra bonus: Your makeup appears fresher longer. $5.*

If you haven't already done so, add a lip liner to your bag of tricks. Besides giving your mouth definite shape, it keeps lipstick from smudging and traveling into tiny lines around lips. As easy to use as a pencil (that's what it looks like), it's great for correcting a not-so-perfect smile. Max Factor's comes in its own bright-red case. $1.10.*

One of those products women dream about is finally here, a hair-conditioning and setting lotion combined in one. The ingredients include the protein and vitamins that hair supposedly needs. This Swiss-formulated product—Forming de Pantene—actually holds hair for a longer-lasting set. For normal or fine hair, use Forming No. 1; for dry, tinted or bleached hair, use Forming No. 2; 4-oz. bottle, $2.*

Cutex has a fresh bouquet of nail-polish colors with a spring bonus. Each has its own special complementary scent. Emphasis is on the new light translucent shades—and the scents range accordingly, from light citrus to mixed florals. A band on the bottle gives you a clue of the scent that will be released at your fingertips as soon as the polish dries. The fragrance lingers throughout the day, can be renewed with a fresh coat. Nail Ac'Scents, 75c.*

Here's a new idea that is both handy and amusing at the same time. The Whiz Bang, by Baar and Beards, Inc., is a triangular cotton scarf equipped with fake (but not obviously so) bangs that snap on and off at will. Take your pick of blond, brunette or red bangs and snap them to your choice of black, white, beige, blue or pink triangles. Fringe benefits: You can shape and wash the bangs yourself to suit your face. The Whiz Bangs hide pin curls, but not rollers. The Whiz Bang is $4. Separate bangs are $2.50 apiece.

Slide astringent-soaked cotton over your face after cleansing. If the cotton doesn't come away completely clean, you just haven't done a thorough enough job. The remedy could well be Super Clean by Germaine Monteil. It's a deep-cleansing wash for all skin types, with an ingenious and amusing new way of application. You apply it with Monteil's Beauty Facial Brush, a feminine replica of a man's shaving brush. The soft nylon bristles serve to massage and freshen your complexion as well as whisking away deep-set grime. Super Clean, 5 oz.., $3.50.* Beauty Facial Brush is $5.

Hair color (natural or acquired) is most flattering when it is compatible with your skin color. And now for the first time a hair-coloring company (who should know better?) has brought together a whole collection of makeup to do just this. Everything has been charted for your coloring so that a mismatch is just about impossible. Clairol, which knows for sure what adding cosmetic color is all about—in hair and now in makeup—has a match-up test that you do right at the counter. Called the Skin Tone Identifier, it supplies the color clue for all your makeup. The line includes: A flowing foundation ($1.50)*; a loose gossamer face powder ($1.50)*; a powder-plus-foundation in a "tortoise" compact ($1.50)*; creamy lipstick in 22 colors ($1.10)*; nail polish to match in cream variety (85c)* or opaline ($1.00)*.

*Plus Federal Tax

From the Journal Workroom

Fashion Hints for Women Who Sew

Some of the most frequently asked sewing questions are in regard to lining dresses. Inasmuch as the proper lining not only gives the dress more body but also improves the fit, here are some of the most popular reader questions about summer fashions.

Q: I have a beautiful cut of pale beige reembroidered lace and want to make a simple dinner dress. What would be the most suitable lining?
A: A medium-weight silk or rayon taffeta in a matching color would be the best lining. If you are using a scalloped border at the bottom, make a straight hem on the lining at the highest point of the scallop.

Q: Is it necessary to line a linen dress?
A: It isn't absolutely necessary, but it does give a linen dress more body and helps prevent wrinkles. Be sure that the lining is washable, such as batiste, Pellon, Super Siri or the new machine-washable SiBonne.

Q: How do I go about putting the lining and the fabric together?
A: First cut out your lining, using your paper dress pattern. Mark all the seams and details on the lining (it isn't necessary to mark the fabric when you are lining a dress). Place the lining over the wrong side of your cut fabric and baste them together, following the marking on the lining.

Q: When lining a skirt or a dress, is it better to sew the fabric and the lining together as one, or to treat them separately?
A: It is almost always better to sew the two together as one. This makes a neater seam, and the hem can be sewn to the lining, making it invisible.

Q: Is it necessary to line a blouse?
A: Only if the fabric is sheer. Sometimes a silk blouse has more body and shape if you use a lining.

Q: Should slacks be lined?
A: Do not line slacks made in jersey or other stretch fabrics. Line silk shantung slacks with China silk. Use China silk also to line wool fabrics that might irritate the skin.

Q: I am making a beautiful silk print dress. The skirt has a soft drape in front. It seems to need a lining, but I don't want it to be too stiff.
A: Use China silk. It has a very soft, drapable hand, and it is one of the best fabrics for lining silk dresses that will be drycleaned. China silk is available in an unusually wide range of colors.

Q: What would you suggest to prevent skirts made from loosely woven fabrics from sagging in the back?
A: Make your skirt lining separately and fit it tighter over the hips than the skirt itself. Join the slip with the waistband as usual. This will help to prevent the fabric from stretching. We suggest a good quality rayon taffeta as a lining for woolen skirts.

Q: Is it necessary to line an entire dress, especially the sleeves?
A: If your dress is wool, you will probably want to line the entire dress for comfort. Also, when the lining might change the color of the fabric, for instance if you use a printed silk with a white ground, the entire dress should be lined. Otherwise the lined parts will appear whiter. ■

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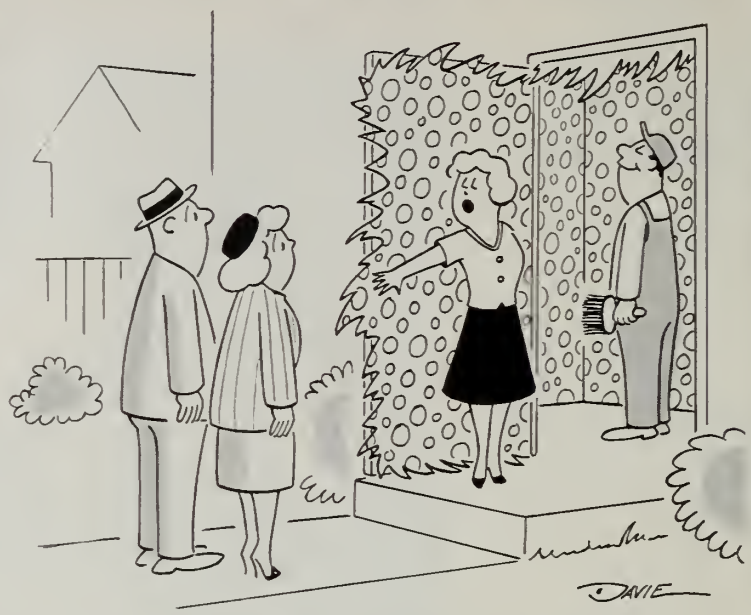
The Home Fires



"Come in and celebrate. Roger just saved us two hundred dollars on interior decorating."

"Horace's carrots came up exactly as pictured in the catalogue—one fourth actual size."

"I wish I could carry all my problems around in a little bag."

Taste this bacon's Corn-Country flavor — sweet 'n fresh as an Iowa morning!

Corn King
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sugar cured BACON
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KEEP REFRIGERATED
U. S. INSPECTED AND PASSED BY DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE
LIFT THIS WINDOW FLAP TO SEE BACON
QUALITY MEATS SINCE 1880
TO OPEN RAISE THIS FLAP▲PULL OUT TRAY...TO CLOSE TUCK FLAP INTO CARTON
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Corn King
QUALITY MEATS SINCE 1880
Corn King
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PERISHABLE - KEEP UNDER REFRIGERATION

Special flavor in ham comes from the land where tall corn grows. Enjoy Corn King, tender pink meat that's succulent and sweet.

M Sinclair & Co Ltd., Cedar Rapids, Iowa

"I like frozen grapefruit juice because it tastes just like regular grapefruit and you can drink it with oatmeal cookies."

Roberta Marie Jahn, Age 9

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For your free copy of "101 Ways to Enjoy Grapefruit," write "GREATFRUIT," Dept. L6, Box 148, Lakeland, Fla.

Beauty Where You Find It

By SKY WILSON

If you're coming to New York to visit the Fair this summer, you'll soon find how easy it is to fill every minute with imaginative only-in-New York things to do. At some point, however, you may want to take a beauty break. Whether you allow yourself a whole day or an hour of indulgence, a visit to any of the following places will give you a refreshing pick-up and, perhaps, a beauty trick or two to take home.

What the Scandinavians have taken for granted for hundreds of years is suddenly a new New York way of relaxing and reducing: It's the sauna, a dry-heat version of the steam bath. At Reilly's, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, a sauna session is followed by a Water Spray and a 45-minute massage. Entire treatment is $11. Without massage, $7. CO 5-8481.

You can indulge in the manicure of a lifetime at Revlon, 698 Fifth Avenue. It's a specialty of the house. In a room devoted solely to manicure—called Touch of Genius—your nails, hands and arms get royal treatment, while the rest of you sinks into red velvet cushions. As one hand is manicured, the other relaxes in a dish of heated cream. If need be, broken nails can be cleverly patched here too. $6. For Fair-sore feet, Revlon's pedicure works wonders too. $8. PL 7-1900.

A hairpiece or wig is a blue-chip investment that will pay handsome dividends through the years. You will invest your money wisely at Joseph Fleischer, 12 West 27th Street. This world-famous wigmaker can create something ingenious for you in a week. Only the finest European hair is used, and all work is done on the premises. You can also buy the works in wig-grooming accessories. Hairpieces start at $40. MU 4-7880.

For a beauty pick-up at the Fair—particularly if you're planning to stay through the evening—try Charles of the Ritz's Beautique. It's located in the penthouse of the Better Living Center. A shampoo and set is $6 and up. At the cosmetic bar, you can be advised on makeup, and with each purchase you will receive a gift of custom-blended face powder. You'll also find a wonderful selection of rain hoods, bonnets and scarves.

This year you will get makeup as well as hair-coloring advice on the Clairol Color Carousel at the Fair. Clairol's venture into the makeup field now makes it possible for you to key makeup to hair color. A look into Clairol's PreVuer shows how you would look as a blonde, brunette or redhead. No men allowed.

At Larry Mathews's unique salon in the Great Northern Hotel, 118 West 57th Street, you can make an appointment to have your hair done in the middle of the night. The salon is open 24 hours a day, closed only between midnight Saturday and 9 A.M. Monday. A shampoo and set is $4.50. CI 6-6100.

If you've decided that your skin isn't responding to your best efforts, let Georgette Klinger put you on the right track. In her salon at 501 Madison Avenue, a program will be prescribed for clearing or simply glowing purposes. One of Miss Klinger's European staff members will deliver a delightful facial—the highlight of which is a cleansing herbal tea-steam treatment. Your face is the center of attention for more than an hour. $12. PL 3-9825.

Summer makeup is a cinch after a visit to Victor Sabatino's Salon at the Tailored Woman, 742 Fifth Avenue, to have eyelashes and eyebrows darkened. You can forget about mascara and eyebrow pencil for 4 weeks. $5. MU 8-6800.

If you've always deplored your husband's haircuts, steer him to Jerry's bailiwick at 601 Madison Avenue. His hair will be shaped, perhaps even restyled—the approach is completely individual. A cut by Jerry is $20; by anyone else on his excellent staff: $6 for a razor cut, $3 for a scissor cut. Call PL 2-9583.

At Evelyn Marshall's beauty hideaway at the Royalton Hotel, 44 West 44th Street, the specialty is the natural look that comes from a skillful blending of her own cosmetics on your face. You are coached carefully at the counter. And, if you're ever going to play with false eyelashes, this is the place to start. For $7.50, eyelashes will be trimmed and applied with the utmost concern for plausibility. Miss Marshall also has a brand-new salon on the third floor of Saks Fifth Avenue.

Gourmet cooking is gas cooking, naturally

Broiled cubes of Lamb Shish Kabob must brown on the outside, be tender and juicy on the inside. Be careful you don't overcook the meat. If the meat browns too fast, don't bother with changing the level of the pan in a gas range. Merely adjust the flame to a lower level. Gas lets you pick any broiling heat you want.

Broiler smoke? Don't worry—if you cook on a gas range. The gas flame consumes the smoke. Your kitchen stays smoke-free no matter how close the meat or how high the flame. Your kitchen is filled only with the appetizing aroma of sizzling meat and the finished dish is browned on the outside, tender on the inside, and delicious all the way through. Just wait till they taste it!

Lamb Shish Kabobs

Use 2-2½ lbs. lamb from shoulder or leg, cut into 1½"-2" cubes, mushroom caps, summer squash, squares of green pepper, cherry tomatoes, small onions, stuffed green olives. Parboil squash, pepper, and dry onions until crisp-tender. Cook 1½ cups long grain rice in 3 qts. boiling water and 1½ tsp. salt. Drain, toss with butter and keep hot. Arrange meat cubes on broiler rack, leaving space between cubes. Brush tops and sides with oil. Place in broiler 4"-6" below gas flame. Broil 7-8 min. or until brown. Season with salt, pepper and Ac'cent. On 10" skewers alternate vegetables and meat cubes. Place skewers on rack with browned side of meat down (cover wooden handles with foil and let extend out of open broiler compartment). Brush oil over all. Broil 6-8 min. Season. Serve on bed of rice. Serves 4.

SMART WOMEN COOK WITH GAS IN BLUE STAR HOMES

PG and E
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St. Marys

What I'm Going to be When They Grow Up

Or why "those empty childless years" sound like heaven to me.

By JOYCE McWILLIAMS

I understand that some energetic people who have no children are forming committees to worry about what mothers will do when their children grow up. Well, dear Committee on How to Spend Your Golden Years, please cross me off your mailing list.

If my children ever grow up, I have some big ideas of my own. If the day comes when I can walk across the kitchen without one child around each ankle, I have *plans.*

First, I'm going to sleep. I'm going to sleep through the baby's two A.M. feeding and right through the scramb'e to get ready for school. I'm going to sleep through the early-morning TV cartoons, and when *Lunch With Uncle Bob* comes on, I'll snore. I'm going to sleep through peanut-butter lunches and the early-afternoon TV cartoons. I'm going to sleep through the room mothers' tea and the Brownie mothers' transportation-committee meeting. I'm going to sleep through a clutch of coffee klatches, and through dinner and the evening TV cartoons. I'll be asleep at bathtime and bedtime and this-is-the-last-time-I'm-telling-you-kids-to-be-quiet time.

Then, and only then, I am going to get out of bed, to realize my burning ambition: I'm going to watch the late show and the late, late show. That is, if they're still on 20 years from now. And by then the late, late show will be showing the movies they're showing on the early show now—which I can't watch because of the early-evening cartoons.

After I get tired of sleeping all day and have seen all the old movies, I'm going to take a bath. Right in the middle of the day. I've taken baths at night for so long, I'm not sure if I get clean or just wet. When there are no kiddies around to pound on the bathroom door asking help with homework, I might stay in the bathtub *all afternoon.*

After I'm thoroughly waterlogged, I will get out, dress, and count those pennies I'm saving in a broken plastic bag. At the rate I'm saving, in 20 years I'll have $47.12. Not much of a nest egg, I'll admit, but a start. With it, I'm going to the nearest beauty parlor and ask for The Works. They won't have much to work with, but updating my grown-out poodle cut might present a real challenge to the beauty world.

Then, with what's left of my nest egg, I'm going to buy a new dress. It will not be a practical plaid that drip-dries. It will not be permanently pleated. It will not be spot-resistant. It will be white, creasable, and have to be dry-cleaned. I will put it on and preen for a while, serene in the knowledge that this dream dress will never be smeared with ice cream or poster paints.

My nest egg exhausted, I'll have to look for a job. I can't spend my old age taking baths and sitting around in a white dress. It is at this point that those worrying committees get frantic. They tell young mothers to keep a hand in their premarriage occupation or learn a new skill for those empty childless years.

Forget about skills, girls. I have news for you. Years of motherhood will prepare you for *any*thing.

For instance, who answers the phone in a boiler factory? A retired mother, of course. Only years of training as a mother can prepare you for that.

If another mother beats me to the boiler factory, I'm going to try the U.N. They need translators like me. Who else but a mother could translate this:

Mybububustukumbrace—"My bubble gum is stuck to my braces."

Ycanitalkfulmoth?—"Why can't I talk with my mouth full?"

Ynomissmargonnow?—"So what if it is six o'clock Sunday morning, why isn't *Miss Margaret's Kiddie Show* on now?"

Then, on my lunch hour, I could slip over and help the U.N. with a few truces. I am a diplomat with years of experience at settling scraps. I could burst in on a two-country feud and patch it up something like this:

"Now listen here, Country No. 1. You take six green marbles and one red one and go back to your border before dinnertime. You, Country No. 2, take six red marbles and one green one, cover up all the shell holes you made in his country, pay the damage out of your allowance, and go home and write 'I will love my neighbor' a hundred times."

I am also well equipped for employment in a detective agency. Given only meager clues, I can put my finger on missing persons faster than you can say *77 Sunset Strip* with a loose tooth. For example:

"Let's see now. It's dinnertime and we're missing one child. Ah yes, it's Ann. Let me think. She said she was going to Tracy's house after school, so obviously she's not there. This isn't Scout day and there's no cookie sale. I have it! She's at Nancy's house. . . . Bonny, go get her, but come right back so I don't have to send someone after you." The lack of logic behind this kind of sleuthing would make Sherlock Holmes burst into tears, but it works, it works.

Or: "H'm'm, if I were an overdue library book with a title like *Baby Alligator Finds a Home*, where would I be? Not in an obvious place like the bookshelf, because I found all those missing hair clips there yesterday. Not—oh, no—in the bathtub. Oh, yes . . ."

So when my last child slams the screen door for the last time, I'm going to be *prepared.* But if nothing else turns up, I can always (sigh) baby-sit. ■

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New from NABISCO

Look for this in your grocer's freezer
It's too hard to make,
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Cordless Appliances

By Victoria Harris

This summer, people will watch TV on the beach, mow lawns with an electric power mower and crush ice by the pool side—all far from electrical outlets. You'll be able to use an electric typewriter on a sailboat or shave with a power shaver on a camping trip a hundred miles from the nearest power line. All these and many, many more cordless appliances are now available, and all come by their portability and convenience through battery power. Battery power is not new—we've had automobile and flashlight batteries for years; what *is* new is the development of smaller and more powerful batteries. Space-age research has been largely responsible for this spur to the development of practical battery-powered appliances for consumer use. There is a battery for a hearing aid so small it's hidden in an eyeglass frame and another so dependable it powers a pacer to regulate a heartbeat. This is just the beginning, and, as research continues, there will be even more to come.

Battery-operated appliances fall into two general classes: those that operate on small disposable batteries, and those that operate on batteries that are recharged by plugging them into an electric outlet.

Products using disposable batteries generally perform light-duty jobs that require little power. A tiny battery the size of an aspirin (and guaranteed for five years) powers a keyring flashlight that's handy for finding a keyhole in the dark. Another lightweight, button-size battery (guaranteed one year) keeps a wristwatch on time without winding. Other items use two to four batteries for increased power, such as heated socks and mittens, bath brushes that vibrate (because they are battery operated, they are safe in the tub), lights to illuminate the insides of garment bags, and manicure sets with power-rotated emery wheels and buffers. And more items, some in the novelty class, include automatic letter openers, electric fishing lures and fish-line reels, massagers, pepper mills, fish-tank cleaners that operate under water, hand-held fans, flour sifters, steak testers, clothes brushes with vacuum action, back scratchers, swizzle sticks and, of course, mechanical toys.

Decorative clocks also use this disposable-battery power. It's estimated 75 percent of these clocks will soon be hung without cords dangling down to the nearest outlet—over the fireplace, on bathroom tiled walls, on the patio, or out in the tool shed. (For cordless clocks, special batteries cost at the most about 75 cents and last for about a year.)

Products using batteries that can be recharged between use (by plugging into an electric outlet) are still compact, but they pack more power than the disposable kind. In this category we have such major items as food slicers, mixers, ice crushers, toothbrushes, drills, lamps, zoom movie cameras, radio and TV sets, record players, pot scrubbers and garden lights. Some of these products, such as radio and TV sets and record players, can be operated two ways, with a cord plugged into an electric outlet, and without a cord on battery power for portable use. A small refrigerator can be used at home the usual way, or kept cool with the battery power of a car or boat.

In a special category are the new battery-operated safety devices: fire alarms that sound off when temperature rises dangerously; a freeze alarm that flashes for hours to alert you (or your neighbors if you're away) to turn up the furnace thermostat when a sudden drop in temperature threatens to freeze pipes; and a new "flashlight" device that can be switched from a wide-angle floodlight to a concentrated 200-yard beam (it also has a red signaling lens). There are also new communication devices, such as a microphone attached to a tow rope that enables a water skier to talk with his boat captain; a two-way home communication set with a quarter-mile range for contacting children at play in the yard; a walkie-talkie with a three-mile range for use on boats or while hiking; and a pocket-sized alarm with a loud siren that signals for help at the push of a button.

The big plus of most battery-operated appliances is, of course, their convenient portability. In response to a changing whim it's no trouble to rearrange the garden lighting when you have battery-powered lamps; an outdoor-barbecued roast can be sliced on the spot when the meat slicer is battery-powered. However, at least for the present, cordless products usually outweigh their corded counterparts and are usually more expensive. And, so far, there is a limit to the power you can expect from battery-operated appliances: this means they may operate at slower speeds than the corded models, and those that have rechargeable batteries need to be plugged in fairly frequently for repowering. For big jobs, like mowing a large lawn, it's a smart idea to keep a spare recharged battery handy for a quick change. On just one charge, a mixer will whip cream, mash potatoes and mix cake batter; a hedge trimmer will clip about 1,300 square feet; a lawn mower will operate two hours.

To get best service from disposable batteries, buy them from a dealer you know has a fast turnover, to ensure freshness. When not in use, all batteries should be checked at least every six months, or before use, especially those depended upon for safety. All batteries last longer if stored in a cool, dry place (if there's room, keep them in a plastic bag in the refrigerator). When a disposable battery shows signs of losing power, remove it from the device, for it may leak on and corrode surrounding metal parts. Read *all* instructions before using a new product; they do not all work the same way. If your appliance operates both on home current and battery power, use the cord and outlet connection where practical so the battery will last longer.

Recharging a battery usually takes overnight—it needs to be plugged into an electrical source for 14 to 16 hours. All rechargeable batteries will last longer if plugged in for repowering before they stop operating.

Looking into the future, a big advance will be batteries that give more power and need far less time for recharging. When improved batteries are produced in quantity, they will operate many new or perfected products. For instance, a cordless vacuum cleaner will be available soon. Also look for solar batteries that convert light from the sun or from household incandescent lamps.

For vacationers and those who travel, we anticipate more appliances that run on either house current or rechargeable batteries or the special batteries of cars and boats. In sum, the future of appliances without entangling attachments is very bright. ■

Interior by Wm. Tishman, Inc.

How can you possibly make this bath more luxurious?

Add Aurora.
Lightly scented, two tones, two layers, exquisitely packaged . . .
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AURORA
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No softer, more luxurious tissue ever made

FROM THE JOURNAL
HOME MANAGEMENT
DEPARTMENT

The Big Throw Away

You'll have more carefree hours with the help of throw-away products. Useful the year round, but a special boon to summer living, the growing list of disposables does wonders to ease laundry, cleaning and dishwashing chores. Most of these products are now available in your local department or variety store. Here are some of the disposables to consider:

Put linens to bed and rely on paper throw-away sheets and pillow slips for the summer cottage or children headed for camp. The paper "linen" is sturdy and squirm-proof (it's been proved in hospitals), and when bought in quantity is economical in both cost and space. Also available are disposable crib sheets with moisture-proof linings—they can double as mattress pads and are held taut at the corners by adhesive that peels off easily.

Bibs. You won't cry over spilled milk or strained fruit when junior wears absorbent, but waterproof-backed, disposable bibs. These bibs come in plain pastels or in Mother Goose designs, and some have crumb-catching pockets. Grown-up bibs protect clothing at informal cookouts, lobster or spaghetti feasts, and some have matching place mats and napkins.

Kitchen savers. Paper and foil save kitchen time in hundreds of ways. It's a dishpan holiday when you use a disposable foil frypan or broiler sheet; baking aftermath is a breeze with throw-away pie plates, cake or muffin-pan liners. (Hint: when short of muffin pans, stack two fluted paper muffin cups together and group them on a cookie sheet.) Treated paper lining by the roll makes any baking pan carefree. Meals go from freezer to oven in a variety of foil containers—in ones you buy, or in those you make from heavy foil—or in individual plastic-lined casseroles.

Deck your tables with new settings every day, if you wish, with the colorful new plastic and paperware. Place mats, tablecloths and napkins all come in a fascinating variety of patterns and colors, giving you a chance to try new decorating ideas. Also available are paper dishes: bowls that will hold hot soup, cereal or dessert; plates that don't bend or soak through (some have a porcelain-like gloss, others have a matte finish); cups that are alcohol-proof, or you can use "hot" cups. The best new paperware is so made that it doesn't affect the flavor of delicate or hot foods. Be thrifty when buying paper dishes by looking for the packs of from 75 to 300 pieces.

Travel is made easier with treated, disposable washcloths; disposable plastic nursing-bottle liners; training panties; crib sheets; disposable diapers; paper shoe shiners that remove travel dust with neutral, go-with-all polish. Convenient for both travel and home are paper insoles to protect stockingless feet, and disposable, moistureproof dress- and slack-shields, held in place by adhesive tabs.

And no discussion of disposable products would be complete without mentioning dusters (in rolls) that clean as they pick up dirt; paper toweling; tissues, towels and bath mats for the bath or powder room—now available in coordinated colors. New for bathrooms is a paper-cup dispenser. ■

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It is a new method of family planning that works alone to provide reliable protection. Medically recommended, DELFEN Vaginal Foam is unobtrusive, safe and easy-to-use. At your pharmacy, or write for free booklet.

ORTHO PHARMACEUTICAL CORPORATION • RARITAN, N.J.

Ortho

Ready, Sew, Go

One, two, three, and there's a new plaything in your life. Ingenious fabrics—dots and stripes that share the same yardage, a circular print, cotton caught with fishnet—do the designing in advance. Two hours is all it takes to make the most of these red, white and blue playclothes. Simply cut, sew, go out and play.

1. Polka dots, belt band and stripes all occupy the same yardage for easy transformation into a swingy shift. Fabric by McLean. Butterick 2772.

2. Kicky bell-bottom pants, with matching top, that are striped in two directions. Fabric by Ameritex. Butterick 3585.

3. Join red and blue cotton with a midriff of cotton fishnetting for a beach cover-up. Lace a circle of ribbon for a hat. McLean fishnet. Butterick 3603.

4. Bias stripes shift easily into a V-neck shift of McLean's cotton duck. Butterick 3581.

5. Circular poncho cut out along the printed line and teamed with polka-dot pants. Poncho fabric by McLean. Butterick 3602. Pants fabric by ABC. Butterick 3441.

See all the great ideas for gifts (and keeps) at your Dominion Dealer

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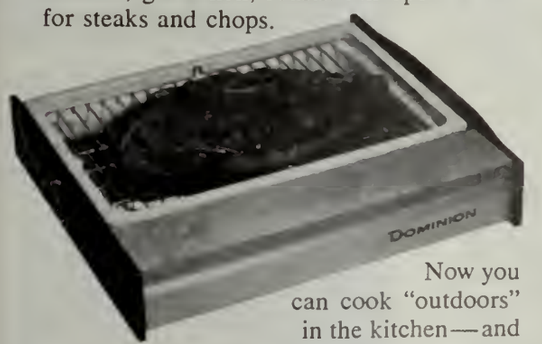
DOMINION ELECTRIC CORPORATION
MANSFIELD, OHIO

Until now, you had to buy a $400 range to get a rotisserie/broiler like this.

The new Dominion Smokeless Rotisserie/Broiler captures the great flavor of outdoor cooking. For about $40.

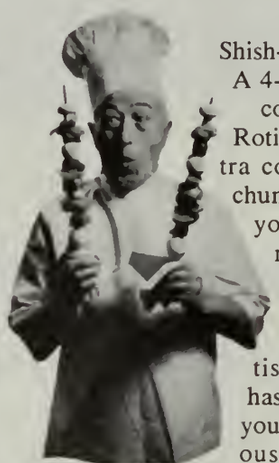
Once upon a time, you had to have a high-priced range or a fancy charcoal grill to roast meat in the Grand Manner. (Turning slowly on the spit, succulent and golden brown.)

Then we came along and put open-fire cooking in a 19-pound portable appliance. Or, really, *two* appliances. The Dominion Rotisserie/Broiler. It's a rotisserie for whole chicken, game hen, roasts. An open broiler for steaks and chops.



Now you can cook "outdoors" in the kitchen—and leave your oven free for the rolls, potatoes and pie. Or you can cook out on the patio—without all the mess of charcoal.

In fact, there's only one thing the Dominion Rotisserie/Broiler won't do: send up a lot of smoke and spatter. That's because its "Magic Mirror" tray reflects heat up, drains drippings below. Food cooks quickly with all the flavor sealed in. And you don't have to stand by with a fire extinguisher.



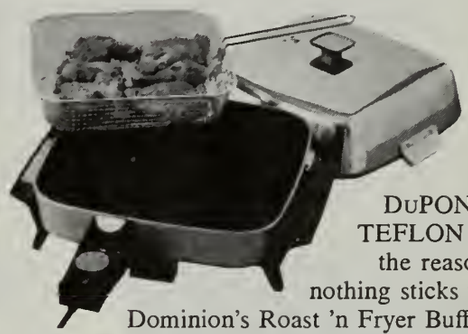
Shish-Kebab, anyone?

A 4-skewer shish-kebaber comes with Dominion's Rotisserie/Broiler. No extra cost. (Try alternating chunks of tenderloin with young tomatoes, fresh mushrooms and white onions. Delicieux!)

Great food is the big idea behind our Rotisserie/Broiler. But it has a lot of little things you'll like, too. A vitreous enamel broiler pan you can wash in the sink. And a built-in hardwood cutting board.

Look. The cutting board lifts up. Underneath is a storage compartment for all the rotisserie parts, so you can find them when you need them. (You can't lose a thing with Dominion.)

The Dominion Rotisserie/Broiler makes a magnificent gift because it's something no one else will think of. The only problem is, you may not be able to part with it.



DuPONT TEFLON is the reason nothing sticks to Dominion's Roast 'n Fryer Buffet Skillet. As a result, you cook without fear of failure. And clean it without a scouring pad.

When it's your turn to carve, approach the meat proudly with a Dominion Electric Slicing Knife. Guests will think you're a master chef.

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DOMINION
REPLACEMENT GUARANTEE
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Dominion

Mansfield, Ohio

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How can you improve on a good steak? Serve it with the real Cheddar cheese flavor of delicious au gratin potatoes from Betty Crocker. Easy, too. They're ready for the oven in three minutes, and everything is in the package. Serve them soon.

GENERAL MILLS

Journal Shopping Center

WINDOWS: THE ROMANTIC VIEW
pages 70–77

All stores, unless indicated, are in New York City

PAGE 70
"Cecille" cotton *chintz*, 48 in. wide, $9.79 yd., Brunschwig & Fils, Inc., 979 3rd Ave.* "Lattice" cotton *voile*, 72 in. wide, $12.75 yd., Patterson Fabrics, 235 E. 58th St.* Georgian mahogany *drop-leaf table*, $675; oak English *dresser*, 34¾ in. high, $975; both from Ashley-Kent, Ltd., 165 E. 54th St.* Sheraton *armchairs*, 23 in. wide, $600 pr., Florian Papp, Inc., 962 Madison Ave. Ceramic *floor tiles*, "Bianco Rosato," $1.95 sq. ft., Country Floors Inc., 214 E. 26th St. Ceramic *rooster*, Italian import, $150, Luten-Clarey-Stern, Inc., 1059 3rd Ave.* Green "Crinkle" *dinner plates* ($4.50 each), *salad plates* ($7.50 each), *bowl* (cover not shown, $45); onion-shaped ceramic *salt and peppers*, $13.50 pr.; Lalique crystal *goblets*, "Rambouillet," $10.75 each; all from Soupçon Inc., 147 E. 70th St. Sterling *flatware*, "Fairfax" 5-pc. place setting, $39.50, plus Federal tax, the Gorham Company.

PAGE 71
"Le Printemps" Dacron *batiste*, 48 in. wide, $7.50 yd., Quaintance Fabrics, 160 E. 56th St.* *Club chair*, $336 in muslin, and *love seat*, $462 in muslin, Thomas De Angelis, Inc., 1228 2nd Ave.* Both covered in light blue "Kent" Belgian linen, 48 in. wide, $4.95 yd., Norbar Fabrics Co., Inc., 36 W. 25th St.* Regency *armchair*, $425, Ashley-Kent, Ltd., 165 E. 54th St.* Red-lacquered *cane table*, 18 in. high, $150, Joseph Lombardo, Inc., 120 E. 55th St. Brass-bamboo and *glass table*, 16 in. sq., $115, Sequin Mirror and Brass, Inc., 1046 3rd Ave. Red *armoire* with wire grille doors, 90 in. high, $2,280, Auffray & Co., Inc., 921 3rd Ave.* Marble-topped Louis XV *table*, 22 in. high, $750, Tom Durkin, 237 E. 58th St.* Flokati *rug*, $79, Stark Carpet Corp., 979 3rd Ave.* Antique pine *mantel*, 52 in. high, $780; English brass *fireplace fender*, $160; brass *andirons*, 20 in. high, $300; all from Edwin Jackson, Inc., 315 E. 62nd St. Chinese porcelain *vase* converted into lamp base, $180 for vase, Ed Martine, 918 3rd Ave.*

PAGE 72
"Gossamer" Fortrel *batiste*, 48 in. wide, $2.98 yd. by Cohama at Lord & Taylor. Victorian style *sofa*, 76 in. long, $753 in muslin, Thomas De Angelis, Inc., 1228 2nd Ave.* Faience *palm-tree table*, 26½ in. high, $975, Frederick P. Victoria, 154 E. 55th St.* French Regency *chest*, circa 1730, serpentine on 3 sides, $2,295; Louis XV *lamps*, reproductions, $225 pr.; Louis XVI *mirror*, 67½ in. long, baguette frame, $600; all from Tom Durkin, 237 E. 58th St.* Louis XVI *armchairs*, 37¾ in. high, $1,800 pr.; Giacometti disk *lamp* of white plaster, $270; Norwegian crystal *ashtray*, $55; all from Christopher Chodoff, 117 E. 57th St. Quilted double *bedspread*, "Brick Walk," in magnolia, $69.50, Craig Creations, 315 Hudson St. Chinese duck-shaped *pewter box*, $225, David Barrett, 24 E. 54th St.

PAGE 74, TOP
Stoffel *tucked cotton*, 43 in. wide, $7 yd., by Burlington Retail Fabrics. *Venise lace*, 38 in. wide, $7.95 yd., Janice Lace Co. Both at B. Altman & Co. Ceramic *floor tiles*, "Bianco Rosato," $1.95 sq. ft., blue-and-white tiles, $3.40 sq. ft., both from Country Floors, Inc., 214 E. 26th St. Spanish ceramic *table*, $200, Luten-Clarey-Stern, Inc., 1059 3rd Ave.* Hushalon felt *wall covering* in Williamsburg blue, 54 in. wide, $15.95 yd., Central-Shippee, Inc., 24 W. 25th St. Antique brass *box*, $36, Waterford crystal *jar*, $50, both from J. Garvin Mecking, 188 E. 64th St.

PAGE 74, BOTTOM
"Fougeres" cotton *voile*, 66 in. wide, $14 yd., Margaret Owen, 979 3rd Ave.* Rare *seashells*, various prices; hand-wrought brass *stands*, $8 each; Stix Rare Shell Gallery, 13 Vandam St. Round ceramic *garden table*, $125; ceramic spaghetti *lamp*, base only, $100; both from Luten-Clarey-Stern, Inc., 1059 3rd Ave.* Drop-front *wicker chest*, $125, Decorative Imports, 408 Jackson Sq., San Francisco, Calif. English silver *coffee set*, George II reproduction, $240, James Robinson, Inc., 12 E. 57th St. Demitasse *cups and saucers*, "Blind Earl," $27.50 each, by Royal Worcester Porcelain Co. Inc., 11 E. 26th St.

PAGE 75
Kodel and cotton print, 45 in. wide, $2 yd., approx., Everfast Fabrics, at Bloomingdale's. Pedestal *dining table* designed by Eero Saarinen, 54 in. diameter, $317, Knoll Associates, Inc., 320 Park Ave.* Reed and rattan *armchairs*, $130 each, in muslin, Bielecky Brothers, Inc., 214 E. 53rd St.* *Chandelier*, carved wood, Chippendale design, $900; pheasant *salt and peppers*, silver vermeil, $750 pr.; both from Christopher Chodoff, 117 E. 57th St. Red-glaze Louis XV *salad plates*, $2 each; 13-oz. *wine glasses*, "Connoisseur," $3 each; both from Bloomingdale's, 59th St. & Lexington Ave. Bamboo-handled *knives* ($1.50), *forks* ($1.20), *spoons* (90c) from Azuma, 666 Lexington Ave. Straw *bread basket*, $2.50; white plastic *tray*, $1.95; both from Bonnier's, Inc., 605 Madison Ave.

PAGE 76
Cotton *dotted swiss*, $1 yd. approx., ABC Fabrics, at Gimbels. Queen Anne *armchair*, $495, Florian Papp, Inc., 962 Madison Ave. Louis XVI *candlestick*, wired and fitted with tole shade, $195, Tom Durkin, 237 E. 58th St.* Regency *pen and ink box*, circa 1810, $180, David Barrett, 24 E. 54th St. Chinese porcelain *vase*, $180, Ed Martine, 918 3rd Ave.* Sisal bouclé *rug*, $5.40 sq. yd., Stark Carpet Corp., 979 3rd Ave.*

PAGE 77
"Shellbound" Dacron *batiste*, 48 in. wide, $4.45 yd., Quaintance Fabrics, 160 E. 56th St.* Black Lintex vinyl cloth *wall covering*, 53 in. wide, 89c yd., Columbus Coated Fabrics. Rattan *chairs* with black-leather seat cushions, $225 in muslin, Bielecky Brothers, Inc., 214 E. 53rd St.* Polished aluminum and glass *drum table*, (24½ in. high, $210), *cigarette table*, (17½ in. high, $285), both from John Vesey, Inc., 969 3rd Ave.* Square-armed *chair*, 29 in. wide, $321 in muslin, loose-cushioned *sofa*, 80 in. long, $753 in muslin, both from Thomas De Angelis, Inc., 1228 2nd Ave.* Black vinyl *floor tile*, 9-in. sq., ⅛-in. gauge, approx. 92c sq. ft. unlaid, by Robbins Products, Inc. Steer-hide *rug*, $200 approx., Guccione, 215 E. 19th St. Plexiglass, glass and polished steel *cocktail table*, 15½ in. high, $875; brown-and-white Python-skin-covered *cigarette table* designed by Jean Michel Frank, 17 in. high, $375; Giacometti seashell *wall lights*, white plaster, $150 each; Giacometti bust *lamp*, white plaster, $225; all from Christopher Chodoff, 117 E. 57th St. Venetian glass *mirror*, one of pair, $1,600 pr., Nesle, Inc., 151 E. 57th St. Printed *animal pillows*, $40–$90; adjustable brass *reading lamp*, $85; both from Jansen, Inc., 42 E. 57th St.

ALL PAINTINGS in these rooms were loaned to us by Findlay Galleries, 11 E. 57th St.
*Through decorators only.

UP FROM THE SEA: SHELLFISH page 86

Oval lobster *platter*, $8.50, Hammacher Schlemmer, 145 East 57th St., New York 22, N.Y.; butter-sauce *dish*, $2.50, B. Altman & Co., Fifth Ave. at 34th St., New York 16, N.Y.

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- ☐ Page 70—#103
- ☐ Page 71—#104
- ☐ Page 72—#105
- ☐ Page 74 (top)—#106
- ☐ Page 74 (bottom)—#107
- ☐ Page 75—#108
- ☐ Page 76—#109
- ☐ Page 77—#110

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GENERAL MILLS

GOOD-BYE, BOSSY

(continued from page 83)

It was an apricot ranch, but no one was paying a cent for apricots that year, and, since the season was over, there weren't even any to eat. Lester didn't want to be an apricot rancher anyway. What he wanted to be was a dairyman.

"The first word Lester ever said," his mother told me, "was 'cow.' The first picture he ever drew was of a cow. So it's clear that's where his heart is. And where your heart is, there also is your treasure. That's Bible wisdom."

I didn't remind Mrs. Gunnison that the Bible also says that to him that hath shall be given. Lester didn't even have a milk pail, let alone a cow barn and a couple of tons of baled alfalfa. So no cow was given him. He went to the local dairies asking for work. But they had volunteers who would work for *milk*. And, since the Gunnisons had a family cow, that was the one thing that wasn't needed.

So we moved back with my family. My father, like my father-in-law, was a rancher, and his crop, which was oranges, was just as hard hit as Mr. Gunnison's apricots. They were *burning* oranges. Unlike Mr. Gunnison, my father had tinkered around with a variety of sidelines before the Depression hit. When Lester and I joined his household he was, in addition to being a rancher, a dry cleaner. On the very day we arrived, his chief driver, a Mr. Busby, quit. My father owned the route, and father offered it to Lester.

Lester didn't want the job. But he was in no position to say to my father, "Mr. Yancey, the first picture I ever drew was of a cow, not a dry-cleaning wagon."

To his surprise, mine and my father's, Lester was a great success at the job. He was a very nice-looking boy, with blue eyes and light-brown curly hair, and he looked younger than his twenty-two years. Once, when I was with him on his route, a motherly lady asked him to come inside and have a piece of her warm raisin pie.

Lester refused. "My wife is waiting for me in the truck."

"Oh, you poor boy!" the lady sympathized. "Married, and so young."

I jumped right out of the red truck and ran up to the porch. "Feel sorry for me too," I said. "I'm two years younger than Lester."

I don't think she did, though. I think she just felt sorrier for Lester.

As soon as Lester proved his success as a solicitor of dry cleaning, we moved into a house of our own, the best house I have ever lived in. It was really two houses, or at least two buildings. The bedroom was separated from the other two rooms, but connected by a vine-covered pergola.

The house proper consisted of living room, kitchen and bath. There was nothing in the bathroom but a bathtub, and it was homemade, a wooden base lined with tin. You had to be careful when bathing not to snag yourself on a nailhead. Also, before bathing you had to scare out the lizards and gather up the pepper berries, the acacia blossoms and eucalyptus leaves that had drifted through an open window into the tub.

The kitchen was walled only waist-high. Above that was screen. Since there was quite a hang-over to the roof, rain never blew in except with a hard wind from the southwest. And, inside or out, the smell of the blossoming groves dizzied you with sweetness. The rent for this estate of flowers and lizards, tin tubs and unwalled kitchens was fifteen dollars a month.

Meanwhile, Lester was going great guns as a dry cleaner, making *(continued)*

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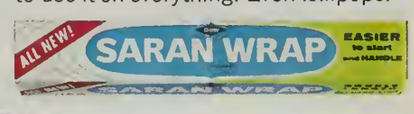


Dow

$180 a month already, and I began to work as the combined society editor and advertising staff of our local weekly. The society part was a cinch. Our town of 500 hadn't any. The advertising job was a burden for the same reason. No advertising either. So the owner of the paper gave me his Ford coupe, and on two afternoons a week I invaded outlying towns in search of advertising. It was a real invasion, noisy and spectacular as a bombardment, and the natives crowded the streets to watch. I was a great attraction in those towns, as long as I stayed in my Ford. It could do something that no car can do now, and that few cars then could do so well. I never knew the name for its maneuver, a kind of mechanical St. Vitus's dance, a motorized *grand mal*. It did, however, break the ice between me and my prospective customers. By the time I got to them, they were too weak from laughing to put up much sales resistance. In any case, I made money. Nothing like as much as Lester, but between us nearly $250—and this in Depression times, when an enormous pot roast was fifty cents, and ten cents bought enough carrots to live on for a week.

I remember Lester's twenty-third birthday. What a celebration! Fresh strawberry shortcake, new asparagus, fried steak and gravy. I had bought Lester a matching shirt and tie, a new collar for our police dog and a copy of *The Saturday Evening Post*.

The birthday party was a great success. After supper we talked about our life. We would soon be married a year. We were rich and growing richer; but what about our dreams? I thought about Lester's cow, but he didn't mention her, and I didn't either.

Then Mrs. Gunnison wrote us a long letter filled with soul-searching questions: Had she raised her son to be a dry cleaner? Were we selling our birthright of dreams for a mess of pottage of success? Where was Lester's cow?

She made us feel the way writers feel who are accused of having sold out to Hollywood. Had we sold out? Had we turned our backs on simple bucolic things? I reminded myself, and Lester, of the rain in the gravy when the wind was from the southwest. And the little house down the hill. Were these not simple? Was that bucking Ford luxury? Or the long hours we worked? Or a delivery van for a family car? Or building up the dry-cleaning route by knocking on strange doors?

The answer to these questions was "no." But perhaps we enjoyed them too much? And especially the $250 that came with them? And, in any case, where *was* Lester's dream? The cow? All that I had dreamed as a girl, though I hadn't said his name or drawn his picture, was a husband. I had him. But Lester's dream was still unfulfilled.

Mrs. Gunnison wrote that they were leaving the ranch, and Mr. Gunnison was going to work in a hardware store. We could have their house rent-free if Lester would take care of the ranch. And they would give their cow to Lester. I knew Lester wasn't quite as crazy about dairying as he once had been. But, faced by his mother's reminders, I think he felt that having once put his hand to the cow, he couldn't with honor turn back. How would we manage to feed ourselves and the cow too?

Mrs. Gunnison knew how. "Dear Janet," she wrote me, "I have told the local superintendent of schools, Mr. Arkell, that you would make a splendid teacher. He will be in Pasadena on August 17th at 3:30 in the afternoon and has agreed to talk to you. Now don't disappoint me about this, Janet, and remember that this meeting may change the whole course of Lester's life and make it nearer his heart's desire. Mr. Arkell is a very nice man. I am sure you will like him, and vice versa. It might be well for you to talk a little more slowly, dear, than you usually do. A teacher must, above all things, speak slowly and clearly. Good luck, dear. Mother."

I liked the way I talked, fast and furious; and I had no desire to be a teacher. I liked being a rich man's wife and the life of luxury we led.

But was I going to be the kind of wife who lets her selfish wishes stand between her husband and the fulfillment of his dreams?

My mother-in-law had been right about one thing: Mr. Arkell was a very nice man. He was shaped like a Toby jug: short, round, ruddy, bushy eyebrows over bright blue eyes and red hair going paprika-and-salt. He put me on a couch covered with an Indian blanket. He sat in a mission-style rocker. He looked at my college record, and I looked at him. When he had finished reading, he said, "It's too bad, Mrs. Gunnison, that your mother-in-law didn't know that I had hired all my teachers by the first of May."

I rose from the Indian blanket, happy as a lark. The danger was past. "I am sorry to have taken up your time, Mr. Arkell," I said, and was on my winged way to the cleaner truck.

"Just a minute, Mrs. Gunnison," said Mr. Arkell.

When I had once again settled myself he said, "Though it is true that I don't need any more teachers, I do have an opening of another kind."

I hoped I wouldn't fit it.

"My board," said Mr. Arkell, "has granted me a full-time secretary."

I relaxed. I couldn't even spell, let alone type. So when Mr. Arkell said, "How would you like to be my secretary?" I said promptly, "Oh, I would love to, Mr. Arkell, but I have no secretarial training."

"In my opinion," Mr. Arkell said, "formal training is less important here than other considerations."

I waited uneasily to hear what they were.

"Outside activities," said Mr. Arkell. "That is what I always look for in a candidate. I pay little attention to grades and classes. You have a fine record in outside activities."

There was no use denying my outside activities. They were down there in black and white, in what Mr. Arkell had just read, from fencing and basketball through debating and editing.

"The habit of accomplishment is what counts," Mr. Arkell said. "Grades and classes are what is required of you. Outside activities represent the true self." Mr. Arkell belonged to the era that believed that.

I didn't see what good fencing would do me at the typewriter, or how debating would help with the bookkeeping.

"I can't type," I protested feebly.

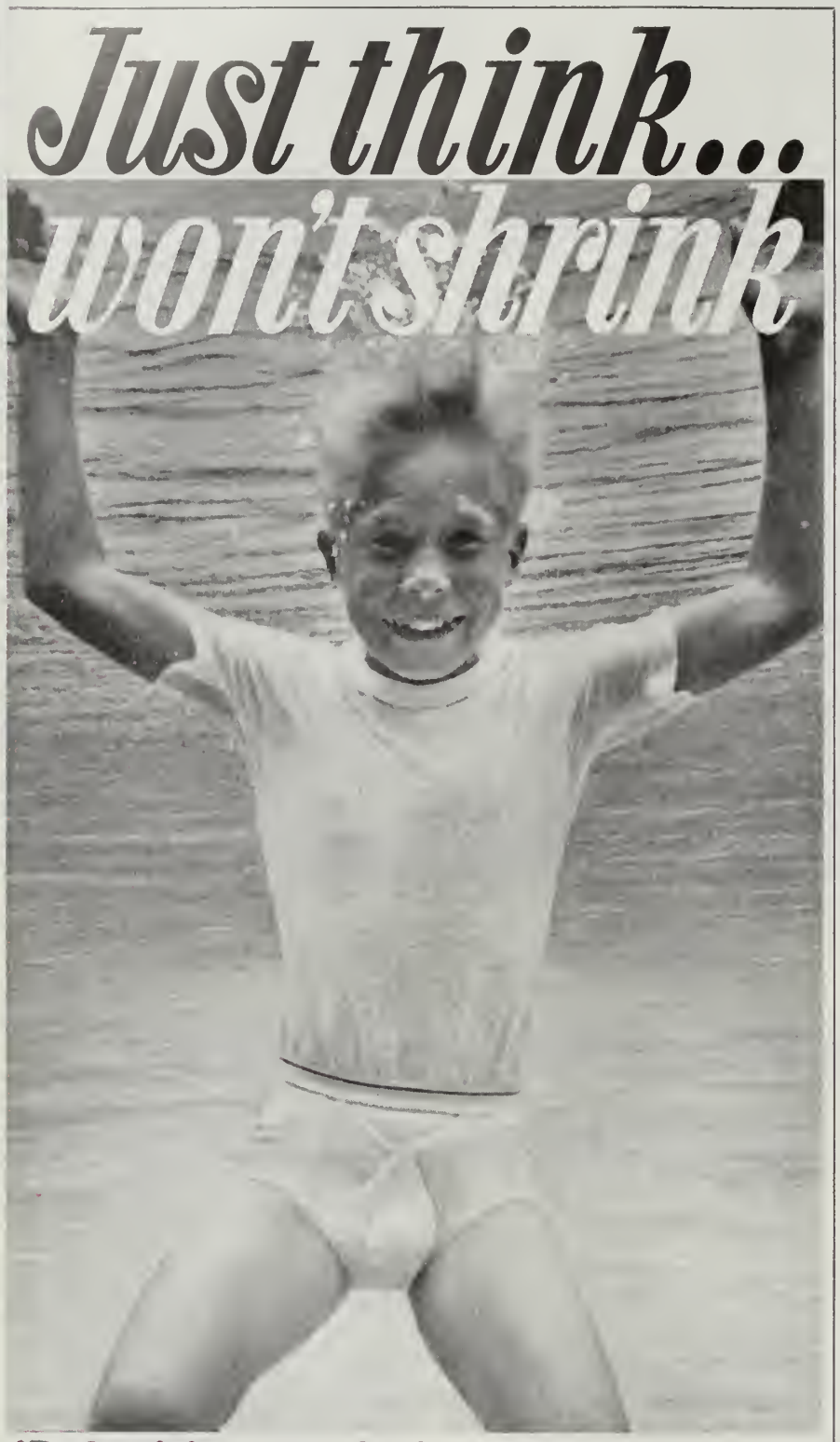
"There is a month before school begins," Mr. Arkell told me. "In that time you can learn to type."

"What's the pay?" I asked, hoping for sixty dollars, on which we couldn't possibly live.

"One hundred dollars," Mr. Arkell announced proudly. I went out to the cleaning van, head bowed, a secretary.

The job was peculiar. I never mastered typing, spelling, or double-entry bookkeeping. On the other hand, I had unusual abilities in some of the more unusual lines. The Depression was just as acute in Mr. Arkell's school district as elsewhere, and he was a popular superintendent in part because of his ability to save money for the district and to dig up money for it from unexpected sources.

One of his ways of finding money was to unearth students who had at least one eighth Indian blood. For the education of such students, the Federal Government reimbursed the local school district. There was, in Mr. Arkell's district, a Soboba Indian reservation near Ysidro, and many of the students had



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more Indian blood than their parents liked to admit. Finding persons who didn't mind confessing this one-eighth minimum to me, because I had some Indian blood myself, became one of my chief activities. Another was teaching. Ordinarily, when a teacher couldn't meet her classes a substitute was hired. Hiring a substitute cost money. If I was the substitute, the money was saved. Mr. Arkell may have been wiser than I thought in hiring somebody good in outside activities. When I went into his office in the morning, I never knew whether I'd be teaching algebra, running down Soboba Indians, or just secretarying. Once I was a janitor for half a day.

Though I did teach occasionally in the high school, officially I was the secretary there. As secretary I was, insofar as the teachers went, a segregated person. In the school cafeteria, teachers ate together at a table with place cards to indicate where each should sit. No place card was made for me. I had to bring my lunch from home in a paper bag; I ate in the library, a mere onlooker of the academic world.

Once, when I had lingered after school to watch a basketball game being played on an outside court, Mr. Harbison the vice-principal, opened the door of the room I was in to tell me he was going to lock it.

"Why?" I asked.

"It's my rule," he said. "No girls in the building after school hours. I'll make an exception for you, but the door will have to be locked. That way I'll know there's no funny business going on."

I felt half-sick at my stomach. Though Mr. Harbison had a great nose for funny business anywhere and was always coming into Mr. Arkell's office with reports of where he believed some of it might be going on, I never got to hear much of this; and didn't want to.

I told Lester, after I came home in the evening, about all these exciting goings-on. How many Soboba Indians I had rounded up that day. What school I taught in. Was there as much funny business going on as Mr. Harbison suspected? Where had I mislaid $37.50 in my bookkeeping? Lester was much less excitingly employed on the ranch. In fact, he was scarcely employed at all. An apricot orchard doesn't take much attention during the fall and winter, and one cow, even if she does represent your earliest dreams, can only take up, as *cow*, not dream, about thirty minutes' time per day. Milk her twice and feed her twice. After the hurly-burly of taking care of a dry-cleaning route, Bossy was a pretty tame affair. Lester was a young man accustomed to having around $250 in his pockets each month. Now he had no money, only a big, gloomy, rent-free house. He felt much better when he got a job working on the construction of the new junior high school. His job was pushing wheelbarrows filled with cement.

I wrote the checks for these workmen. When I saw that everyone except Lester was getting fifty cents an hour, I thought a mistake had been made.

"Mr. Arkell," I said, "there's been a mistake. Lester's getting ten cents per hour less than the others."

I left school early to get home and tell Lester of the injustice. The reason for it, Lester said, was that the other workers trotted back and forth with wheelbarrows half-filled, while he walked with a full one. "They just look more efficient than I do," Lester said. "They don't move as much cement in a day as I do by a long shot."

"I won't write you a check for forty cents an hour and the other men fifty."

"Then we'll both be fired."

"OK," I said. "We're fired." But I didn't really want us to be fired. "Why don't you get half a load and trot like the others?"

"I won't trot," said Lester.

Something better soon came up. Mr. Culp, the coach, needed an assistant to take charge of the B and C basketball teams. The coach owed me a favor. He had gone down to the storeroom and swiped some of the woodworking teacher's airplane paint. I don't know what was so special about airplane paint, but it wasn't supposed to be used to paint COACH on sweat shirts. The woodworking teacher couldn't prove that the coach's airplane paint had come out of his supply, and, though I knew it had, I kept quiet. So when Mr. Culp came to Mr. Arkell's office and said, "I've got to have help with the B and C teams," I said, "How about Lester?"

"Lester," said Mr. Culp meditatively. "Might be just the fellow I need."

When I got home that night, I was jubilant. "Guess what, you're going to be the assistant basketball coach."

Lester wasn't the least jubilant. "Basketball, are you out of your mind? I never played basketball in my life."

"We need money."

"Needing money won't make me able to coach basketball."

"By Monday you can know everything there is to know about basketball." I showed him the stack of books I had brought home from the high-school and public libraries.

"I'm no coach, and I'm not going to pretend to be."

"I'm no secretary, and I've been pretending to be all year. I'd rather coach basketball than pretend to be able to typewrite and keep books."

Lester couldn't resist looking into the books and magazines, and by Monday morning he knew a lot more about basketball than Mr. Arkell did. And enough to convince Mr. Culp that he'd rather take a chance on Lester than on my telling Mr. Arkell about the airplane paint. In fact, since things had gone as far as they had, he swiped a little more and fixed up a sweat shirt for Lester saying B COACH to match his own, which just said, COACH.

Lester was a great success. You would have thought that the first word he'd ever said was "basketball," not "cow." Ysidro B and C teams were soon the hottest in the league. Lester was away from home three evenings a week, and poor Bossy learned, or tried to learn, to live by basketball hours. After a tripleheader, A, B and C teams playing, she was lucky to be milked by midnight.

Lester hadn't given up his construction work. At four o'clock he changed out of his overalls, put on his B COACH sweat shirt and basketball shoes and became a coach. As an assistant coach, Lester was part of the high-school faculty and as such was entitled to eat with the teachers. But he was true to me. We ate our lunch together in the red cleaner wagon. Once in a while, Mr. Harbison would stick his head inside just to see who was in the car and to make sure that no funny business was going on. Since Lester and I were married, it wouldn't have been funny business anyway. Nevertheless, if Mr. Harbison had caught us kissing, we would have felt mighty guilty.

Lester's B's won the league championship, and when the basketball season was over, he was offered the job of track coach for the same boys. After reading a few manuals, he accepted that job, and his boys began to win at track too.

I still carried the (*continued*)

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alphabet, copied on a piece of cardboard, to help in filing; and Mr. Arkell had pretty well resigned himself to the fact that outside activities and spelling were not in any way related. But in other lines I, too, was succeeding. When I typed, the sound was that of a secretary typing. After two or three tries, I had the books in balance every month. We had enough Soboba Indians on the rolls to qualify as a reservation. The civics class, after a week of my substitute teaching, petitioned Mr. Arkell to make me their regular teacher. This was a personal, though not a professional, triumph. Mr. Arkell suggested that, when substituting, it was not necessary for me to try to prove myself the teacher of the year. True, I was still segregated. Lester was still looked down on by the construction boss as a nontrotter. The Pacific Electric Railroad station in Baranca was more inviting than the big, gloomy house we lived in. Bossy still bawled unmilked at night. But no one could say we weren't, in our chosen lines, even if we hadn't chosen them, making good.

Then, in May, more funny business.

One beautiful afternoon, too soft and dreamy for work really, Mr. Harbison marched Norm Pierson into Mr. Arkell's office. Norm was a nice seventeen-year-old senior. I recorded all grades in a big record book and knew that Norm, as well as being handsome, was a good student. Every school has its inseparable couples, and Norm and Jeannie Larkin were one of these. Always together, but staid and quiet, it seemed, as any married couple. Mr. Harbison had an armlock on Norm; why, I couldn't figure, for Norm wasn't struggling and didn't look, in fact, half as much like a man caught in a crime as Mr. Harbison himself. Mr. Harbison's eyes were bloodshot and shining. His pouting lower lip was wet; his little potbelly, an inconsistency on his Ichabod Crane frame, was more noticeable than usual. Just the *sight* of him was enough to make my skin start to chill as it does in a sudden onset of fever.

What Norm had done, and all Mr. Harbison *knew* he had done, was to go for a noontime flower-picking ramble with Jeannie Larkin and to return to classes an hour late. They had actually brought the flowers back with them. Lupine and Indian paintbrush and monkey flowers. An absolute sign of guilt in Mr. Harbison's eyes. A deliberate cover-up. Who would spend two hours picking flowers for *fun?*

"You went for a walk, Norm? You felt the need of exercise, Norm? It's not walking you're really interested in, is it, Norm? It's getting Jeannie Larkin off someplace out of sight. Two hours? Two hours? Did you walk ten miles, Norm? Didn't you just take a teensy-weensy little rest someplace, Norm? Didn't you sit down? Didn't you decide you 'bout as well lie down? All those flowers to be on? And wasn't it there you kind of lost track of time? Time just kind of flashed by for you and Jeannie, resting the way you were?"

Norm had stopped not trying to get away; but Mr. Harbison, with his armlock, controlled him easily.

"Just take it easy, boy," Mr. Harbison said. "Just be careful about making any false claims. Miss Bates has already talked to Jeannie. Girls get ashamed of themselves a lot easier than boys, then they try to clean themselves of what they've done that's shameful by telling all about it. They're ashamed, even if you aren't, of being out in the bushes at noontime, one hour, two hours, lost to time and decency. Jeannie's ashamed ——"

It was about here I interrupted. I don't know why Mr. Arkell had let Mr. Harbison rave on as long as he had. Sometimes I think it was because he was so disinterested in funny business himself, that he was afraid to trust his own lack of excitement about such goings-on. Perhaps Mr. Arkell reminded himself, sadly, that in a school someone had to take a strong hand with students taking two-hour walks in a forty-five-minute noon hour.

But I didn't think at all. I didn't have Mr. Arkell's responsibility for the school district, or for anyone's morals but my own. And I could no more have been quiet and listened to Mr. Harbison than to have watched him torture an animal in some particularly nasty way. Mr. Arkell had never had any proof of my ability in the outside activity of debating. Now he had some. I can remember, I think, every word Mr. Harbison said. I can't remember a word I said. I remember what I was thinking, though, and I suppose that my words conveyed my thoughts.

I was thinking that Mr. Harbison was a cesspool and that the words that he sputtered and steamed and spat at Norm were a description of him, not Norm. That he had absolutely no proof of any of his accusations. That if he had never had a pleasant ramble with a girl picking flowers, well, too bad for him, it could actually happen. And even if more than flower-picking had happened, it was a thousand times cleaner than the viciousness we had been witnessing. Too bad if Mr. Harbison didn't know this. Too bad if all his dreams were dirty. Too bad if giving pain was what gave him pleasure. Too bad ——

It was about here Mr. Arkell stopped *me.* He had perhaps trained himself to believe that he had to listen to a vice-principal who ranted on about funny business. But he'd had no experience with secretaries who ranted on about vice-principals.

He sent Norm Pierson home. He sent Mr. Harbison to his own office. He asked me if he could drive me home. As soon as he turned into the ranch driveway, he said, "How do you like the school out at Barley Point?"

I had substituted out there several times. It was a one-room school with six grades and seventeen pupils. The teacher had to carry the drinking water in canteens, and if she forgot her watch, she guessed the time by looking at the sun. There was not a tree on the grounds, and the school stood on a little knoll, an island washed by the waves of hundreds of acres of barley. All day long the green-and-silver waves ran toward the school building, breaking before they crested. I liked Barley Point, and told Mr. Arkell I did.

"Mrs. Hartshorn resigned this morning. How would you like her job?"

I couldn't answer.

"You can keep on where you are," Mr. Arkell said. "But in my opinion you're a born teacher."

I could hardly wait for Lester to get home that evening. He was driving faster than usual. I could tell by the clatter of the bell in the gong. I met him at the back door, and our first words were the same, "Next year . . ."

Next year Mr. Arkell had offered Lester a full-time job as coach at the new junior high. From cement pusher to coach. It was a big jump.

"I can have Barley Point if I want it."

Lester took it for granted I would. I was teaching half time as secretary, I might as well teach full time and get fifty dollars more per month. He would get one hundred and eighty again.

"I've got to get rid of that cow, though," Lester said. "I can't be bothered milking her early and late."

He sold Bossy next weekend to Mr. Appleby, who had four children. Mr. Appleby came for her at dusk with two or three of his children with him in his pickup. Bossy, though I had never paid much attention to her before, was a soft-eyed, delicate-legged Jersey. She didn't want to walk up the planks into Mr. Appleby's trailer, but, lured by a good, fat flake of alfalfa, she went. After she was in, she turned to watch us. She'd come to the ranch as a calf, and she'd had a couple of calves there herself. It was the only home she knew. She lowed several times, softly, as Mr. Appleby drove out of the driveway.

Lester didn't wait to watch her go. He began to whistle, "How you gonna keep them down on the farm, after they've seen Paree?" and marched to the house. I stayed outside, listening to lessening sounds of Mr. Appleby's truck and trailer and to one final bawl from Bossy.

She was the last tie with the lizards and acacia blossoms in our first little house. She was what I had given them up for, and, in losing her, I seemed to be losing them all over again. A coach and a teacher: winning games and maybe even, in time, acquiring Mr. Harbison's interest in funny business.

Lester came to the kitchen door and called, "Come on in, Jan. Let's celebrate."

He was still whistling "Down on the farm" when I came in, so I made up a song of my own and hummed it to myself. Its only words were, "Oh, Barley Point, be good to me." ■

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"She loves you—she loves you not—she loves you—she . . ."

GRACE METALIOUS

continued from page 59

childhood; her parents were divorced when she was 11, and the lower-middle-class household in which she grew up was dominated by her grandmother, a strong-minded woman who fancied herself an aristocrat. Grace's father was off in the merchant marine. But for writers, both good and bad, an unhappy childhood seems to be a necessity.

When *Peyton Place* was published in September, 1956, Grace was 32 and married to George Metalious, a teacher in Gilmanton, N.H. They lived on less than $3,000 a year and had three children.

But many writers have known poverty, Dickens for one, Dostoevski for two. Count Tolstoi was born wealthy, but by the end of his life he had succeeded in getting rid of most of his money.

At the time of Grace Metalious's death the newspapers estimated that her fortune would amount to a million dollars, but a few weeks later it was announced that her estate had assets of $87,690 and liabilities of $211,513. Not long before I went to Laconia, her house had been put up for sale by the bank that held the mortgage, and so was the motel she'd bought at Weirs Beach, a summer resort just outside Laconia. Grace had renamed it Peyton Place.

I had read a good deal about how and why Tolstoi managed to get rid of his fortune, but there had been nothing at all written about what happened to Grace Metalious's money. What's more, even *War and Peace* didn't do as well as *Peyton Place*, which sold 300,000 copies in hard-cover and more than 8,000,000 in soft-cover. The other three Metalious novels sold an additional 6,000,000 copies, and the week I went to Laconia *The New York Times Book Review* carried an advertisement, "Dell Best-Seller List." The second book listed was *Peyton Place*, published more than eight years ago; the fifth was *Return to Peyton Place*, published six years ago.

There are several reasons for the popularity of Grace's books. First, she had a great narrative skill. She may outrage you, but she never bores you. All you have to do is turn the page and you will come across another murder, an abortion or two, an automobile accident, a rape, and a lot of incest.

Her favorite writer was Somerset Maugham, who also knew how to keep a story moving, but Mr. Maugham was a man of wit, culture and humor. None of these qualities is apparent in Mrs. Metalious's work. Shortly before it was published, Hal Boyle, an Associated Press columnist, described *Peyton Place* as "*Tobacco Road* with a New England accent." Everybody knew that the South was degenerate; Grace Metalious's books insist—usually stridently—that Puritan New England has all the Southern vices and a few others that not even William Faulkner had come across.

An earlier and much better New England writer, Nathaniel Hawthorne, discovered that a lot of passion is spent during those long winters. But Hester Prynne in *The Scarlet Letter* is at last redeemed. None of Grace's characters is. She is a master of the hopeless situation.

In *The Tight White Collar*, which she considered her best book, she wrote, "I'm trapped, she (Lisa, the heroine) thought angrily. Trapped with a husband and a child and poverty, and I can't get out." There you have the typical soap-opera situation, the kind that has kept daytime radio and TV going. No wonder the American Broadcasting Co. has announced that *Peyton Place*, previously on television Tuesday and Thursday evenings, has been so successful that, beginning this month, it also will be on Friday night.

Grace Metalious was clearly Lisa in *The Tight White Collar*. Not long after she divorced George Metalious and married T. J. Martin, a disc jockey on a Laconia radio station, she wrote a magazine article describing how she had felt when, after the Second World War, she helped George struggle through the University of New Hampshire: "I am trapped, I screamed silently. I am trapped in a cage of poverty and mediocrity, and if I don't get out, I'll die."

On the surface it would seem that Grace, unlike Lisa, did get out. She made more money than all but a handful of American women writers; she wore dresses from Bergdorf's and had suites at the Plaza Hotel in New York and at the Beverly Hilton; she lunched at Twenty-One, but at 39 she died of what was politely described as a "chronic liver ailment." Bucklin Moon said, "The lady set out to kill herself with alcohol. She drank all day long every day."

By the time I finished typing the notes and making a list of the questions that I wanted to ask in Gilmanton and Laconia, an angry wind had sprung up.

The next morning after breakfast I went to the Gale (*continued*)

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Memorial Library across the street from the hotel. It is a large pink structure built in the early 1900's. I asked the younger of the two librarians if there was a file on Grace Metalious. She seemed at first not to have heard the name; then she said, no, there was no such file.

"That's odd, as she was a local girl."

"Not really," said the librarian.

Gilmanton is eight miles away. Only one Metalious novel, the first, was listed in the card catalog. I asked the librarian why they didn't have the other three.

"We didn't have much call for them," she said, closing the subject for all time.

On the way to Gilmanton, Ken Crain, a Laconia taxi driver, said, "Grace was a good friend of mine. I heard that maybe she drank before the book came out, but I think she drank a lot more afterwards. She was a very scared girl, and after the book came out, nobody let her be, and she was even more scared.

"What I liked about her, when it came to her way of thinking, she didn't give a hoot in hell, and she'd tell you to your face. Wasn't very popular with some people. Besides, I read that book, and what she wrote— well, the town wasn't Gilmanton, but most, maybe all she put down happened right here, either in Gilmanton or Belmont, where she lived. Even that girl and her little brother that killed their old man, only they buried him in the pig pen. When Grace wrote it up, she made it a sheep pen, only difference."

By that time we had reached Gilmanton, a village of less than 500 people; it looks like a too-pretty Christmas card. Almost all the buildings are painted white, including the school, the post office, and the Congregational Church.

We stopped in a shack in which two old men were sharing a pitcher of cider; both had known Grace.

"Grace was too good-hearted," said the first, "too good-hearted to hang onto the money."

The second man took a hearty slug from his cup. "She'd of been all right if she'd stuck to cider," he said. "They say cider is *good* for your liver."

There are only two houses on the five-mile road leading to the 180-year-old Cape Cod house Grace bought out of the advance she got on *Peyton Place*. Later she spent more than $85,000 on the house, adding a kitchen, three bedrooms, a three-car garage and wall-to-wall carpeting in almost every room.

The driveway was not plowed, and Ken Crain and I stood at the entrance, just outside the neat stone fence.

"There's hi-fi all over," said Ken. "She paid a lot for everything. Everybody took months on a job that should of taken only a week, and when they'd finish, Grace would ask them how much she owed them, and no matter what, she'd never question it. Everybody claimed they hated her, but they lived off of her.

"Before her movie came to town, everybody said they wouldn't go see it, but I notice when it was at the Colonial, in Laconia, they were lined up all around the block."

"Do people still come out to look at this place?" I asked.

"Oh sure," said Ken. "I drive them out, lots of them, only way to get here, by cab or you own a car. There's people to this day want to see where she lived. 'The freak' a lot of them call her."

"When Grace was still alive," said Evie Jarvin, "people'd knock on the door any time of day or night, want to see her or get an autograph or something; nobody ever called first. They just rang the doorbell and walked right in. I tried to get Grace to put up a no-trespassing sign or a chain across the driveway, but she wouldn't. I guess she thought it wouldn't be right."

Mrs. Jarvin, a widow, was an old friend of Grace's. I had interrupted her while she was completing a jigsaw puzzle, and we were sitting in her small living room, the windows of which looked out on the White Mountains.

"My husband had a music store, and one day I came in, and Grace was there; her blue jeans, the zipper broke, and my George was helping her. I said, 'Well!' and we got to laughing and talking; Grace had a good sense of humor, and she said she was a writer, but she didn't have a decent typewriter ribbon, and she was doing this book on seconds, you know, yellow sheets."

Mrs. Jarvin and I had another vodka and Bitter Lemon, and I asked her about Grace's three children. Marsha, the eldest, is 22, married, and has a two-and-a-half-year-old son, Billy. Until the house in Gilmanton was put up for sale, Marsha and her family lived in it; now they are in Laconia. Marsha has a job in the local I.G.A. supermarket.

Christopher, who has always been called Mike, is 18; he served for a short time in the army and now lives with his father. I asked if they also lived in Laconia, but Evie said no, she thought it was Ludlow, Vt., where George had a job as a vocational guidance teacher.

Cindy, Grace's youngest child, is 13 and lives with Marsha in Laconia. She takes the bus to Gilmanton every day because she wants to finish out her school year there.

"Grace loved those kids, and Billy, her grandson, too," Evie Jarvin said. "Sometimes she neglected them, and she wasn't the best housekeeper. She'd come in a room, and in five minutes it was a mess, but she loved those kids and they loved her. I don't know what they think now, one day they're poor, and then they're rich, and now they're poor again. I guess maybe they're confused. Who wouldn't be confused?

"Grace used to take them to the Plaza in New York, and she had no sense about money. I used to go with her, and she had hundred-dollar bills stuffed in her purse. When I'd tell her that was dangerous, she'd say, 'OK, Evie, you take care of the money,' and I would.

"Everything would go fine until she'd order a bucket of ice and a bottle; she'd sign for it, and I'd tip the bellboy, say, a dollar and a half, and then she'd get mad, and she talked *blue* when she was mad. She'd say the buck and a half wasn't enough and that she knew what it was like to be poor. So I'd have to give the boy some more money."

Had Grace liked New York, I asked. In the first three novels the heroines either want to get to New York or succeeded, and the city is always the answer to their sudsy dreams.

After Twentieth Century-Fox bought *Peyton Place* for $125,000, Grace wrote, "I thought, From here on in everything is going to be all beer and skittles, and nothing unpleasant is ever going to happen to me again."

"At first New York was just what she expected," said Evie, "glamorous and exciting, and I remember once at the Blue Angel some Englishman came up and said how much he liked *Peyton Place*, and she loved that.

"But, after a little, New York got to be just like everyplace else, and she was frightened, especially of all the people, and they wouldn't let her alone.

"I guess the worst thing she had to do—she thought it was the worst anyway—they asked her to autograph books, the paperback books these were, in Woolworth's window here in Laconia, and she hated that. Oh, she hated that. She said, 'Do I really have to, Evie?' And I said, 'You promised to. You have to.' And she did, but when it was all over, I think maybe— I don't know— that was the first time she finished a whole bottle by herself. That happened a lot, later on, and she'd call me at night; she never wanted to go to bed, and she'd say, 'Evie, the bottle is empty, and I can see myself at the bottom.'"

Bernard Snierson, the district judge in Laconia and Grace's lawyer and for years her best friend, said, "I think I understood Grace, perhaps because I was not emotionally involved with her, better than anyone except possibly George. We first met at a music-festival reception, and she was well dressed, had on a black cocktail dress; before the liquor took over she was quite thin and attractive. But that day she was the most frightened-looking person I ever saw. She came up to me and said that she'd written a novel and said that it was about to be published.

"I didn't take her very seriously, at first. Then she said, 'When it is published, I won't be able to live in Gilmanton.' I said, 'Do you want to live in Gilmanton?' Grace said, 'Yes.' And I said, 'Then don't publish the book.' She said, 'I have to,' and I said, 'Then don't live in Gilmanton.'

"She did, though; she had to have that book published, and she had to keep her haven in Gilmanton. She once said, 'I think I began *Peyton Place* the day I was born.' I believe she thought the book would help her escape from the realities of life. It never did."

At the time *Peyton Place* was accepted by a small New York publishing firm, Grace, George and the children lived in a tiny house with asbestos siding; Grace's name for it was, "It'll do." In the summer the well was often dry, and the only available water had to be carried from a spring two miles away. When he was not teaching, George worked for the state highway department at a dollar an hour, and their food budget was $20 a week.

Snierson said, "Grace didn't like housework; she could go into a room, and in two minutes it would be a shambles. Most of all she hated being poor. George, he smoked his pipe, and he never said much; what he thought, he kept to himself."

I asked Judge Snierson if Grace had made any previous attempts to escape.

He said, "Grace always said it was George's idea, but once the two of them and the children went off in an old car; they drove to Florida, and then they drove all the way cross-country to the state of Washington, living mostly on hamburgers, I think, but when all the money was gone, there wasn't anything to do but come back home. And home was always here. Even after *Peyton Place*, when she'd come back from New York, or wherever, Grace used to walk into that house out at Gilmanton, and she'd sort of embrace the fireplace, as if it were her rock of Gibraltar."

I said that I had read that as a result of Grace's novel George had lost his job teaching in Gilmanton.

"George's losing his job had nothing at all to do with the book. It had to do with local politics out there, no question about it, but there were times, I think, Grace convinced herself the book was the reason. The trouble with Grace— one of the troubles—was that she wanted it both ways. She used to say, 'All I want is everything, and I want it all the time. Like most of us, I suppose.'

"She once asked me to draw up a trust fund for the kids and her and George. She loved her children; they were good kids, nicely behaved, well-mannered, even through all the problems. If Grace wasn't around, they never complained, they'd make themselves peanut-butter sandwiches or open a can of salmon for lunch. At any rate, I asked Grace how much she needed to get along and she said a hundred and fifty a week would be more than enough; so I drew up the papers, and at that time—this was after the book was sold to the movies—there was enough money so she could have lived in comfort for the rest of her life, and so could the children, and maybe their children, without touching the capital. But she refused to sign; I kept asking, but finally I stopped.

"It was like the time we got her to go to a psychiatrist, and she did, once. She said, 'We talked about God and Spengler and Spinoza, but the doctor was sicker than I am. . . .'

"She was especially generous to people she'd known before the book came out," said Snierson. "Once, I remember, the daughter of an old friend was graduating from high school, and the girl wanted a sweater. Grace decided the sweater had to be cashmere, but she didn't send just one; she sent five."

Grace Marie Antoinette Jeanne d'Arc de Repentigny was born on Monday, September 8, 1924.

"'Monday's child is fair of face,'" she had said. "You bet. My sister Bunny was the pretty one and the popular one. I never had any real friends, boys or girls. I had an I.Q. of a hundred fifty-one, so they said, but I didn't get good grades. I read a lot, but only what I wanted to read. I was never the belle of the ball. George was my first date; we were both sixteen, and a year later we got married."

They were divorced 17 years later. "I found that what I wanted at seventeen I didn't want at thirty," said Grace.

Ken Crain said, "Grace always went it alone; she'd sit for hours at a table in the Rod and Gun Club, drinking and staring ahead; she always went on a road of her own, especially when she was writing."

Not long after the divorce Grace married T.J. Martin.

"He used to dedicate songs to her on the radio, while she was still married to George, and that gave people around here plenty to talk about," said Crain.

The marriage to T.J. lasted for two years, and an *old* friend of Grace's, who asked not to be named, said, "The day she divorced T.J., she was drunk when she came, but I don't think anybody knew that except me. She could hold a fifth and never show it, not if you didn't know her. . . . When it was over and we were on our way back to the

house in Gilmanton, she said, 'It was worth every penny. T.J. and I didn't get along after a while, but he was the only man I ever knew who made me feel like a woman. Even pretty.' . . . And then she said, well, she talked blue; and she was a woman who made fun of herself. 'Imagine me, thinking I was pretty.'"

After that, she returned to George Metalious, but a few months later they were separated again. George moved to Ludlow, Vt.

I asked Judge Snierson if George was still teaching there. "No, I don't think so. I'd heard that he'd given up his job and was busy writing a book. A biography about Grace."

In October, 1963, John Rees, a good-looking Welsh journalist of 37, came to the Cape Cod house in Gilmanton to interview Grace. He was working for a Manchester newspaper, and he later wrote of that interview, "We talked until dawn, with Grace as much interested in my background as I was in hers."

Rees was with her when she died in Beth Israel Hospital in Boston five months later, and she left to him all of what she must have thought was a good-sized fortune. In her will, which is now being contested, she said that she was sure Rees would take care of the children should the need arise.

I asked Snierson if Grace's children and Rees got along, and he said he didn't think so. As far as he could tell, they were anti-Rees, very much so.

Rees had a wife and five children of his own in London, and, a few days after Grace's death, he was quoted as having renounced the fortune. Rees dropped out of sight, and for a time was rumored to be working as an orderly in a Boston hospital.

In her last novel Grace dealt with great warmth with a French Canadian family, patterned, I was told, after her own. The most sympathetic character is Armand Bergeron, who is suffering from a liver ailment. The book opens with the sentence, "It took Armand Bergeron a long, long time to die, and even then there was no dignity to his dying."

In her will Grace asked that her eyes be sent to the Boston Eye Bank and her body either to Dartmouth College or the Harvard Medical School. She asked that she not be given a funeral service.

Her eyes never arrived at the Boston Eye Bank; nobody seems to know what happened to them. Both Dartmouth and the Harvard Medical School refused her body, and it was buried in the Smith Meeting House Cemetery in Gilmanton, which, when I was there, had a peaceful look. Grace once said, "It all looks peaceful, the whole town, and then you lift up the lid, and you really look. . . ."

In a 26-minute hearing the New Hampshire Supreme Court decided that, despite Grace's last wish, there had to be a funeral service.

It was held in a funeral home on Pleasant Street in Laconia, and 25 people attended, including the Metalious children and George, who wept.

The minister made what he apparently considered a concession to the author's wishes; he mentioned her name only once. He said, "May Grace rest in peace."

There is an account in a history of Gilmanton of a woman named Mrs. Mudgett, an early settler, who walked there in a blizzard: "At length, when about a mile from the end of her journey, she came to the conclusion that she could go no farther, and she sat down upon the cold snow, saying to her husband, 'I may as well die here as anywhere; if I attempt to go farther, it will kill me, and if I stop here, I shall but die.'"

May Grace rest in peace. ■

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COTY
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Alabama Birmingham WATV, Dothan WOOF, Gadsden WAAX, Mobile WKRG, Montgomery WCOV, Selma WGWC, Tuscaloosa WJRD, Tuscumbia WVNA **Arizona** Phoenix KOOL, Tucson KOLD **Arkansas** El Dorado KELD, Fort Smith KFPW, Hot Springs KZNG, **California** Bakersfield KBIS, Chico KHSL, Eureka KINS, Fresno KFRE, Los Angeles KNX, Modesto KBEE, Palm Springs KCMJ, Redding KVCV, Sacramento KFBK, San Diego KFMB, San Francisco KCBS **Colorado** Colorado Springs KVOR, Denver KLZ, Grand Junction KREX **Connecticut** Hartford-Manchester WINF, Waterbury WBRY **Florida** Delray Beach WDBF, Fort Myers WINK, Fort Pierce WARN, Gainesville WGGG, Jacksonville WIVY, Key West WKWF, Lake City WDSR, Miami Beach WKAT, Orlando WDBO, Pensacola WMEL, St. Augustine WFOY, Sarasota WSPB, Tallahassee WTNT, Tampa WINQ **Georgia** Albany WGPC, Athens WGAU, Atlanta WAKE, Augusta WGAC, Brunswick WMOG, Columbus WRBL, Gainesville WGGA, Macon WMAZ, Rome WLAQ, Savannah WTOC, Thomasville WPAX, Waycross WAYX **Idaho** Boise KBOI, Idaho Falls KID, Lewiston KRLC **Illinois** Champaign WDWS, Chicago WBBM, Danville WDAN, Decatur WSOY, Peoria WMBD, Quincy WTAD, Rock Island WHBF, Springfield WTAX **Indiana** Anderson WHBU, Fort Wayne WANE, Indianapolis WFBM, Kokomo WIOU, Madison WORX, Marion WMRI, Muncie WLBC, South Bend WSBT, Terre Haute WTHI, Vincennes WAOV **Iowa** Cedar Rapids WMT, Des Moines KRNT, Mason City KGLO, Ottumwa KBIZ **Kansas** Colby KXXX, Pittsburg KSEK, Topeka WIBW, Wichita KFH **Kentucky** Ashland WCMI, Henderson WSON, Hopkinsville WHOP, Lexington WVLK, Louisville WINN, Owensboro WOMI, Paducah WPAD, Paintsville WSIP **Louisiana** Alexandria KALB, Monroe KNOE, New Orleans WWL **Maine** Augusta WFAU, Lewiston WCOU, Portland WLOB, Rumford WRUM, Waterville-Skowhegan WGHM **Maryland** Baltimore WCBM, Cumberland WCUM, Frederick WFMD, Hagerstown WARK **Massachusetts** Boston WEEI, Fitchburg WFGM, Greenfield WHAI, Pittsfield WBRK, Springfield WACE, Worcester WNEB **Michigan** Detroit WJR, Escanaba WDBC, Grand Rapids WJEF, Kalamazoo WKZO, Saginaw WSGW **Minnesota** Breckenridge KBMW, Duluth KDAL, Minneapolis-St. Paul WCCO **Mississippi** Meridian WCOC **Missouri** Joplin KODE, Kansas City KCMO, St. Louis KMOX, Springfield KTTS **Montana** Butte KBOW, Groat Falls KFBB, Missoula KGVO **Nebraska** Omaha WOW, Scottsbluff KOLT **Nevada** Las Vegas KLUC, Rono KCBN **New Hampshire** Concord WKXL, Keene WKNE **New Jersey** Atlantic City WFPG **New Mexico** Albuquerque KGGM, Santa Fe KVSF **New York** Albany WROW, Binghamton WNBF, Buffalo WBEN, Elmira WELM, Gloversville WENT, Ithaca WHCU, New York WCBS, Plattsburgh WEAV, Rochester WHEC, Syracuse WHEN, Utica WIBX, Watertown WWNY **North Carolina** Asheville WWNC, Charlotte WBT, Durham WDNC, Fayetteville WFAI, Greensboro WBIG, Greenville WNCT, Rocky Mount WFMA, Wilmington WGNI **North Dakota** Bismarck KBMR, Dickinson KDIX, Fargo KVOX, Grand Forks KILO, Jamestown KEYJ, Valley City KOVC **Ohio** Akron WSLR, Cincinnati WZIP, Cleveland WDOK, Columbus WBNS, Dayton WHIO, Portsmouth WPAY, Youngstown WKBN **Oklahoma** Oklahoma City-Norman WNAD **Oregon** Klamath Falls KFLW, Medford KYJC, Portland KOIN, Roseburg KRNR **Pennsylvania** Altoona WVAM, DuBois WCED, Erie WWGO, Harrisburg WHP, Indiana WDAD, Johnstown WARD, Philadelphia WCAU, Pittsburgh-McKeesport WEDO, Reading WHUM, Scranton WGBI, State College WRSC, Sunbury WKOK, Uniontown WMBS, Williamsport WWPA **Rhode Island** Providence WEAN **South Carolina** Anderson WAIM, Charleston WCSC, Greenville WMRB, Spartanburg WSPA, Sumter WFIG **South Dakota** Rapid City KOTA, Yankton WNAX **Tennessee** Chattanooga WDOD, Cookeville WHUB, Johnson City WJCW, Knoxville WROL, Memphis WREC, Nashville WLAC **Texas** Austin KTBC, Corpus Christi KSIX, Dallas KRLD, El Paso KIZZ, Harlingen KGBT, Houston KTRH, Lubbock KFYO, San Antonio KMAC, Texarkana KOSY, Wichita Falls KWFT **Utah** Cedar City KSUB, Salt Lake City KSL **Vermont** Barre WSNO, Brattleboro WKVT, Newport WIKE, St. Johnsbury WTWN **Virginia** Norfolk WTAR, Richmond WRNL, Roanoke WDBJ, Staunton WAFC **Washington** Seattle KIRO, Spokane KGA, Sunnyside KREW, Walla Walla KUJ, Wenatchee KUEN **Washington, D. C.** WTOP **West Virginia** Beckley WJLS, Charleston WCHS, Fairmont WMMN, Parkersburg WPAR, Princeton WLOH **Wisconsin** Green Bay WBAY, Madison WKOW, Milwaukee WEMP **Wyoming** Casper KATI, Lander KOVE.

Mike Wallace

Lucille Ball

Betty Furness

Edith Head

Durward Kirby

Walter Cronkite

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Beautiful Hair
BRECK

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